

A moment of tense silence hung over the living room as Maddie pushed herself up from her chair and stood in front of Sam, looking down at her with an unknowing, innocent concern. The curvy goth could only look up at her, eyes wide, frozen in panic as her orgasm-addled mind struggled to reboot and think of an excuse that would let her get out of this situation with her dignity intact and deflect suspicion as to what she was really doing. It would have to be an expertly-crafted lie, clever and unexpected, and yet believable. She'd been lying to cover Danny's secret for years, but this would have to be the greatest lie she'd ever come up with...

"I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM." Sam suddenly declared, and shoved herself to her feet in an instant, forcefully colliding with Maddie in the process, then rushing past and practically running up the stairs.

Maddie blinked in surprise, turning to watch her son's girlfriend make her escape, confusion clear on her face. As the dark-haired teen disappeared up the stairs, she turned back around to the couch, only to see a hand-sized wet spot where Sam had been sitting. Naturally, her mind leapt to one conclusion. "Ectoplasm!" She gasped, and without hesitation, reached down and hit the button on her belt buckle, squeezing her eyes shut.

Danny was still stunned by Sam's sudden departure when a blinding green flash suddenly filled the room. He could only sorta see through the couch as he hovered, intangible, within it, but even then, the light was bright enough to make him squeeze his eyes shut in pain. Instinctively, he tried to phase out completely and fall back out of the room, but not only did it not work, he swiftly realized he couldn't move at all! His eyes opened again, only to find total darkness. What was happening? Was he blind? Panic swiftly welled inside him.

"Not so fast, ghost!" Maddie declared proudly, blinking away the stars dancing in her vision, even with her eyes closed, the light was startlingly bright, and it left everything in the room colored faintly green. "The Fenton Specter Stopper emits a burst of ghost energy that makes everything it touches impermeable to ghosts! You won't be getting away... from... me..." She elaborated as her vision cleared, her words trailing off as she caught sight of the couch in front of her. Sticking up from the middle of the cushion, right in the center of the wet spot where Sam had been sitting... was a dick. A big, fat, rock-hard dick, almost as long as her forearm and thicker than a soda can, colored faintly green by the specter stopper's energy. Her eyes widened with shock as it twitched and wagged in midair, its owner likely squirming, trapped inside the couch.

"Oh my god." Maddie muttered under her breath, staring at the mighty slab of meat in front of her in silence for a moment longer than she was proud of, before something clicked in her mind. "The Pervert Ghost!" she suddenly exclaimed, eyes widening again. "You... you attacked that poor girl in the school showers, and then followed her so you could attack her again!" She reasoned aloud, eyes

narrowing as her tone grew angry. "You're a real monster. The worst kind of ghost! A sick pervert, attacking an innocent teenage girl just to get a thrill..." she spat, angrily. "Just... following her everywhere, treating her like a plaything, a convenient hole to fuck whenever you want, no matter where she is, no matter who's watching..." She continued, but the tone of her voice shifted as she went on. "Just grabbing hold of her and... fucking her like an animal... stuffing your dick inside her over and over... that disgusting fat cock stretching her... defiling her..."

Fuck, it had been too long. Maddie bit her lip as something in her core twitched, some deep, primitive, shameful part of her mind envious of Sam. Jack was sweet, and he was no slouch when it came to... equipment... but he was so wrapped up in the kids and the ghost hunting... Years of denial and frustration began to roil in Maddie's core as she stared at the spectral cock sticking out of her couch. But she couldn't let herself get distracted, even by the long-forgotten hunger that had awakened and begun to gnaw at her. "I need to deal with you..." She muttered, fingers coming up to her chin as she began to think. She couldn't suck him out of the couch with a Fenton Thermos while the Specter Stopper effect was still active, and when it wore off, he'd almost certainly phase away and disappear before she could do anything. She couldn't get him out of the couch without destroying it, and she'd just replaced it after the Fenton Ecto-Grenade incident... Maddie paced in front of the couch in silence for a long while, wracking her brilliant mind for solutions, all the while trying not to let herself stare at the thick, veiny slab of cock that laid out on her couch cushions, slowly softening in the cool air.

Danny's heart had been pounding with panic when he first found himself trapped in the couch, but as the seconds ticked by, the panic faded and was replaced by shame and boredom. Thankfully he hadn't had his face out of the couch when she'd hit the button, so his identity was still safe, but still, knowing his mom had seen his dick was agony, though, at least she didn't know it was her son's dick. If she did, she probably wouldn't have sounded quite so... impressed, on first seeing it. At first, she'd been angrily berating the pervert ghost, which he really, really hoped wasn't going to be another god-awful nickname like Inviso-Bill, but since she'd gone quiet, he was stuck doing absolutely nothing. There was no sight, no sound, and he couldn't move, at least, not more than wiggling an inch or two against the padding of the couch.

When he felt something smooth and warm brush against his shaft, he jolted in shock. The touch lingered, then slid along the sensitive skin, until he realized what what was rapidly wrapping itself around his cock was a delicate hand in a rubber glove. His... his mom was touching his cock! His mind spun wildly, uncertain, but his cock, having been just recently denied release, stiffened to attention in an instant under her latex grip.

“You... You’re just going to keep attacking Sam, aren’t you? Just keep fucking her, over and over...” Maddie muttered as she knelt in front of the couch, her hand slowly stroking up and down the insanely thick shaft in front of her face, watching it stiffen and throb with fascination. “She... She’s a good girl. She doesn’t deserve to be... attacked, like this. Raped. Publicly humiliated. Defiled by this... this... disgusting, fat ghost cock...” She elaborated, her words growing breathy. She could feel her nipples harden, eraser-sized nubs poking out against the spandex-like material of her skintight jumpsuit. Her mouth was watering, and she swallowed, nervously. Was this real? Was she really thinking about doing this? She couldn’t! But in defiance of her better judgement, her lips parted, and she asked a fateful question. “If... if I... take care of you... will you leave her alone?”

Danny’s mind was swimming. Was this actually happening? Was his mom offering to... get him off? Rationally, he knew he should feel disgusted. But his traitorous cock throbbed harder than ever in her grip, thick veins bulging, looking ready to explode. He didn’t understand it, she was his mom! Sure, she looked pretty good for her age, he couldn’t help but notice, since she walked around in a skintight spandex jumpsuit all day... the smooth, vaguely shiny material hugging her pert, softball-sized breasts, tapering down over her tiny, toned waist, then stretching around those wide, rounded hips, that thick, jiggling ass, and those soft, creamy thighs... Fuck. His mom was hot.

Danny was still stunned by that realization when he felt a second latex-gloved hand wrap around his shaft and join its twin in stroking up and down the thick, meaty shaft, their pace accelerating with each passing moment. He couldn’t see what was going on, which made the sensations just that much more intense. A soft groan escaped his lips before he could think to stop it, the cushions muffled the sound, but couldn’t stop it from reaching his mother’s ears. Maddie bit her lip at the sound of pleasure. It had been a long time since she’d heard that sound... “I’ll take that as a yes.” She muttered, her gaze still riveted on the thick, pale green pillar of ghost cock throbbing in front of her, watching, fascinated, as it responded to her movements.

As Maddie’s black-gloved fingers slid up and down the shaft, barely able to wrap halfway around the thickest part, the helmet-shaped head throbbed impatiently, demanding attention. Without thinking, her thumb swept up over the ridge to stroke the gleaming, swollen knob, and in response, a faintly glowing glob of pale green ectoplasm formed at the very tip, a drop the size of a marble that quivered for a moment before it lost shape and began to trickle down his vein-marbled shaft to coat her gloved fingers. She stared, mouth falling slightly open, but she didn’t stop stroking, and soon the beastly shaft produced another, and another, rivulets of emerald cream cascading over her fingers, her movements coating the throbbing shaft with a layer of slick, spectral precum that let her latex gloves glide over its length like silk. It was so warm, she could feel its heat through her gloves, and the smell... a familiar salty, musky scent that stirred memories of passionate nights years ago, but also, a hint of something exotic, something that made her nose light up, something... minty? It made her head swim, her mouth water, and beckoned her closer... closer...

Danny was still torn between guilt and lust, but his dick had long since made up its mind, eager to get the release it was just recently denied. As her thumb swept over the sensitive head once more, his hips bucked involuntarily against her hands, they couldn't move much more than an inch or two, but his basic instincts demanded he try, and much to his surprise, his efforts were rewarded when his fat cockhead pushed against Maddie's soft, plump lips.

Maddie was equally surprised by the contact, she hadn't realized how close she'd leaned in, but once the flared cockhead touched her lips, there was no resisting anymore. His emerald precum clung to her soft lips, the salty, musky, minty flavor making them tingle deliciously, fanning the flames of lust inside her into a raging inferno. Involuntarily, she let out a whimpering moan that was soon muffled as her head shot forward, soft, red lips wrapping themselves around the ghost cock's fat, throbbing head. Her eyelids fluttered as she found his swollen tip stretching her lips, wider, wider, and wider still, until the corners of her mouth began to strain. Before she could pull back, though, the ghost-cock bucked forward again, and with a pop, the crown slipped past them entirely, filling her mouth with wrist-thick cock. She let out another muffled moan as her tongue rushed to greet the invading head, the wet, pink muscle hungrily licking and swirling over the throbbing tip, gathering up that delicious precum. Soon her entire mouth tingled deliciously, completely coated with the musky, minty flavor of the ghostly criminal's precum.

Maddie felt like a whore. She was kneeling in her own living room, stroking and sucking a strange ghost's cock without even seeing his face... she was cheating on her husband! Betraying their shared mission of hunting down ghosts! And yet... she couldn't stop. She'd told herself, when she'd started, that this was to protect Sam, that if she did this the ghost wouldn't attack her again, but now... That intoxicating flavor filled her mind now, and like an addict, she needed more. Her hands pumped the ghostly shaft faster, stroking the fat, bulging shaft in unison as her lips clamped down around the head and her cheeks began to hollow, sucking hungrily at the spectral cock, her tongue licking and swirling over the cum-slit at its tip, impatiently begging for another taste of her new drug.

Danny just couldn't hold back any longer once that warm mouth began to suck and lick at his head. A deep groan rose from deep in his chest, once more muffled by the cushions he was trapped inside, and his shaft began to twitch forcefully, bucking in Maddie's grip as the head throbbed inside his mother's hungrily-sucking lips. Maddie was almost in a trance as she unknowingly swirled her tongue over her son's cockhead, her gloved grip tightening to hold it steady, not yet realizing what she was inviting.

Inside the cushion, Danny's sack tightened, pulling his egg-sized balls tight against the base of his shaft as cum surged its way up from deep inside him, coursing up his length. The head swelled against Maddie's tongue, the mature redhead's hands still stroking at its length as she continued to suck, letting out muffled moans and whimpers around its girth. When his boiling seed reached his tip,

his shaft gave a mighty lurch and fired a geyser of thick teenage cum directly onto Maddie's talented tongue. Her eyes widened in surprise at the impact, then fluttered as she let out another muffled moan as the intoxicating flavor of his spectral seed coated her tastebuds, then widened again as she realized it was still coming, and her mouth was more than half-full already.

Danny couldn't see anything, but that only made the sensations all the more intense, he couldn't do anything but feel the knot of tension in his core explode in a slow-motion fireball, expanding and expanding until it consumed his entire body, from the tips of his toes to the top of his head, the shockwave burning away all thought as it consumed his mind in pure ecstasy. The most intense sensations only lasted a few seconds before they began to fade from overwhelming pleasure to warm, lingering bliss, his mind slowly rebooting in their absence. One of the first thing he noticed as his senses returned was a sound- a quiet, rhythmic... gulp.

Maddie swallowed, and swallowed, and swallowed, the mysterious ghost's thick, minty cum coating her throat as it slid down to pool in her stomach, rapidly filling her with what was simultaneously the nastiest and most delicious protein shake she'd ever had. The salty, musky, minty, slightly bitter taste clung to her tongue, her lips, and her cheeks, she just knew she'd be tasting it for hours afterward, even days! She moaned again at that thought, then swallowed again as she felt her cheeks start to balloon. The ghostly rapist's balls seemed endless, it just kept coming, and coming, she was swallowing as fast as she could and she could still barely keep up! It never stopped! She didn't want it to stop! A side of her she'd repressed for far too long had awakened, and the taste of the specter's seed fueled a hunger deep in her core. She needed to FUCK.

Maddie never stopped sucking and stroking the gigantic ghost cock in her mouth, she must have swallowed more than a cup of thick teenage cum before that massive load began to taper off, the spurts growing weaker and weaker until the beast could only drool his thick cream onto her eagerly-searching tongue. Her cheeks hollowed as she gave it one last long, hungry suck, drawing the last few drops of his cream from his shaft and swallowing as her lips pulled off the head with a wet pop. She fell back, her hips dropping to rest on her heels as she panted for breath, hands still gripping the steel pillar of spectral cock that had filled her stomach so thoroughly. Her eyes widened as her gaze fell upon it, or, more precisely, didn't. The pale green glow that had revealed its shape had faded while she wasn't looking, leaving her hands seemingly empty. Though, they certainly weren't, she could feel that ghost cock throb against her palms, feel her fingers slide through that slick, spectral precum as she experimentally stroked along its length.

Danny watched his mom's hands slowly pump up and down his length for a moment before the peaceful bliss of his afterglow was shattered by the realization that he could see through the back of the couch again, which meant- He moved his hands experimentally and found that, yes, they were free! Finally, he could get out of here, figure out what to do next... Suddenly, he felt his mother's grip tighten around his cock. "You- You're still hard." Maddie breathed, half-dazed, her expression needy. "That means- that means I have

to- to keep going- until you're completely satisfied- so you won't attack Sam." She justified, panting slightly to catch her breath. "I'll- I'll do anything it takes. Anything." She added, leaning back down to plant a kiss on the invisible tip of her son's ghostly cock.

Danny's cock lurched. This was so wrong. He had to leave, now, and repress this memory forever. His mother had just sucked his cock, how could he look her in the eye after that? And yet, the word 'anything'... it made his mind swim with images of infinite possibilities and his cock throb, hard as steel once more. The temptation was all but overwhelming.

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Sam chewed her lip as she knelt on the stairs, one hand gripping the vertical bars of the railing as she stared, transfixed, at the scene unfolding in the living room in front of her. The other hand had disappeared beneath her skirt, two fingers rubbing up and down over the soaked fabric of her panties. She didn't know what she'd expected to happen after bolting like that, but this- this was not it. This was beyond wrong, but that just made it even HOTTER.

"Sam?" A soft voice asked.

Sam froze and looked up, toward the source, only to see a familiar green-eyed redhead standing at the top of the stairs, a look of confusion and curiosity on her face- Danny's big sister, Jazz.