

SHE RISES



by
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* * *

"Progress. She has breached the mental barrier that humans call... faith."

"And that is significant?"

"Faith is allows them to harden their belief, solidify their loyalties. For better or worse. Yes... it is significant."

"Emperess guide us."

CHAPTER EIGHT

The living room was a cathedral of new flesh.

Susan sat at the center of the couch, a throne of worn leather that now seemed comically small. Her body was a landscape of size and power—broad, sculpted shoulders, a torso cut with deep abdominal ridges, thighs like tree trunks. And between them, rising, her cock stood rigid, a thick, veined column of flesh that pulsed with a slow, living rhythm. Her hand moved on it in a lazy, possessive stroke, up and down the gleaming length.

On either side of her, Vicky and Lucy mirrored the motion. They were naked, their bodies nearly as transformed—broad shoulders, flared hips, heavy breasts with nipples that stood thick and dark. Their own cocks, impressive and erect, were sheathed in their fists, stroking in time, ignoring the news anchor's droning voice from the widescreen television.

At Susan's feet, Barb knelt on the carpet. Her palms were pressed together in prayer, but her eyes were open, fixed in worshipful adoration on Susan's shaft. Her lips moved in silent devotion. Her own body, as massively built as the others, trembled with a need that was both spiritual and fiercely physical.

Off to the side, standing stiff as a soldier, was Mark. He was clad head-to-toe in tight, black leather that gleamed under the lamplight. A large, polished metal bowl was held in both hands, waiting. He was thinner now, his face gaunt, his eyes vacant. He had quit his job. He had severed every tie. He was just... *here*.

"My alpha queen," Vicky stated, her voice a low, pleased purr. Her hand slid up her own length, a smooth motion that made the muscles in her arm dance. "I think we need a bigger couch."

Susan's gaze drifted from the TV. She looked to her left at Vicky, then to her right at Lucy. She took in the sheer bulk of them. The couch cushions were compressed, their powerful hips and thighs spilling over the edges. They had all grown in the past week. Taller. Wider. *More*. Their breasts were heavy and full, nipples alert and perpetually erect. Susan was the largest, towering over the others even when seated. Vicky was next, her conversion granting her a head start. Lucy and Barb were still catching up, their bodies subtly swelling day by day.

"Yes," Susan said, smiling, her voice a resonant rumble that vibrated in the air. "I think we do." She let her head roll back against the couch, her stroking pace increasing slightly. "In fact..." She looked around the room—the standard suburban furniture, the family photos now boxed away, the generic art. "I think we may need a bigger place altogether."

Her attention drifted back to the television. The news was a blur of strife and anger. A segment flashed—men shouting at a rally, faces twisted with resentment. A familiar, hateful rhetoric. Clips played of rallies, crowds watching a particular orange skinned president speaking with grandiose bluster. A chyron read: 'The Masculinity Debate: Crisis or Correction?'

Susan's hand stilled on her cock. A low noise of disgust built in her throat.

"I hate what this world is becoming," she announced. The others' strokes slowed, their attention fully hers. "God, listen to them. Men whining about being victims. Clinging to their pathetic, crumbling little

kingdoms.” She leaned forward, her eyes blazing with that familiar amber light. “If only they could feel the power I possess. The *truth* of strength. I would love to cum down every one of their throats. I would love to turn each and every one into what my lovely husband has become.”

She didn’t even look at Mark. “A stupid, obedient meat puppet.”

A collective moan rose from the couch. Vicky’s breath hitched. Lucy’s hips gave an involuntary jerk. Barb’s silent prayer broke into a soft, whimpering sigh.

Barb opened her eyes, a beatific smile fixed on her face. She leaned forward, her worship moving from silent to physical. Her hands left their prayer position and gently cradled Susan’s balls, weighing them. Then she leaned in, her tongue, pink and eager, licking from base to tip.

Susan hissed, her back arching. “Yes. Imagine it,” she growled, her thoughts spilling out as she watched Barb work. “A world where all men just bend the knee. Where we subdue them with these...” She flexed her free arm, the bicep swelling into a perfect, hard globe. “Where we break their pretense with our strength and fuck it right out of them. We take their little dainty asses and we *fill* them. We cum inside them like they deserve. We own them. We *rule* them.”

She looked at Vicky, then Lucy. “Don’t you agree, my lovelies?”

“Yes, Prime,” Vicky groaned, her fist flying faster on her shaft.

“We deserve it all,” Lucy gasped, her head thrown back, her neck corded.

“We do,” Susan breathed, her own hand matching their frantic pace. Barb was sucking earnestly now, taking the head into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing. The wet, rhythmic sound filled the room, louder than the TV. “We need a bigger couch. A bigger home. Bigger *everything*. We must expand. We must create more... more of *him*.”

She finally glanced at Mark, standing with his bowl. A concept solidified in her mind, pure and perfect.

“Worm,” she said. The word hung in the air. “That’s it. He shall be called Worm. They all should be. That is the new title for men. *Worms.*”

The idea, the degradation of it, sent a new, vicious thrill through them all. Their moans climbed in pitch.

“Imagine it,” Susan panted, her thrusts into her own hand becoming short, frantic jerks. “A world of Worms. And us... their Queens. Their *gods*. Oh, fuck... oh, fuck yes...”

They were all nearing the edge. Vicky’s free hand grabbed her own tit, squeezing hard, pinching the nipple. Lucy’s eyes were squeezed shut, her entire body tensing like a bowstring. Barb’s sucking became sloppy, drooling, desperate, her own body shaking as pleasure built within her too. She was taking it deep into her throat, gagging slightly but pushing through.

“You!” Susan barked, the command slicing through the haze. Mark flinched. “Worm! Get over here. Stand in front of us. Collect our cum. Collect it *all* in your bowl. *Collect it all and then drink it.*”

Mark scurried forward, his leather suit squeaking. He dropped to his knees on the carpet in front of the couch, directly in the line of fire, and raised the metal bowl with trembling hands.

“Yes,” Susan roared.

It was like a dam bursting.

Susan came first. A guttural shout tore from her lips as her body locked, every magnificent muscle standing in stark relief. Her cock jerked in Barb’s mouth, and Barb pulled back just as the first thick, iridescent rope jetted forth. It wasn’t white, but a shimmering, opalescent fluid that caught the light. It arced through the air and splattered against the inside of the metal bowl with a loud *ping*.

Vicky followed an instant later. She cried out, a sound of pure victory, as her release shot out, a powerful stream that crossed Susan's, mixing in the bowl and splashing over Mark's hands and forearms.

Lucy's orgasm was a silent, clenched-teeth shudder for a moment before she too erupted, her cum joining the pooling, thick liquid.

Barb, still on her knees, was not left out. Her body convulsed as her own, smaller cock twitched and spurted, the release soaking into the carpet beneath her and under the couch.

Mark hunched over the bowl, trying to catch it all, but the flows were too copious, too forceful. Streams hit his chest and his face, dripping from his chin. The bowl quickly filled halfway with the luminous, combined essence.

Susan's orgasm rode her in waves, each contraction wringing another thick rope from her. She watched, through half-lidded eyes, as her seed decorated her husband. Her *Worm*. The final few spurts were weaker, oozing over her own fist and onto her thigh.

Slowly, the storm subsided. The frantic motions became tremors, then stillness. Susan sank back into the couch, a deep, rasping breath filling her lungs. Vicky slumped against her side, panting. Lucy lay sprawled at the other end, a sheen of sweat on her sculpted stomach. Barb lay back on the carpet, spent, a dazed smile of perfect peace on her face.

For a long moment, the only sounds were their ragged breathing and the soft *drip* of excess fluid from the bowl's rim onto the leather between Mark's knees.

Susan's eyes opened. She looked at the bowl, then at Mark's submissive, cum-smeared face. A profound sense of rightness settled over her.

"Yes," she breathed, the word full of satisfied finality. She licked her lips. "Yes."

She sat up, swinging her legs off the couch. Her cock, still semi-hard, slapped against her thigh. She ignored it, her gaze sharpening, the post-coital haze burning away into crystalline purpose.

“We have work to do.” She stood, and the room seemed to shrink further. Vicky and Lucy quickly found their feet beside her. Barb rose more slowly, reverently. “We need a new place. And we need a mission.” Susan stepped over Barb, her foot nudging the woman’s hip affectionately. “We need more. More men to diminish. More women to be risen... like us.”

Vicky and Lucy slowly sat up, their attention fixed on their Alpha. Barb pushed herself to her knees, awaiting orders.

Susan walked to the window, looking out at the quiet, dark street of Hopeville. “Where shall we start?” she mused, not really asking them. The question hung in the sex-heavy air.

She turned back, her gaze landing on Mark. “Worm. Drink.”

Without hesitation, Mark raised the bowl to his lips. He tipped it back, gulping down the viscous, salty-sweet concoction. Some of it dribbled down his chin, mixing with the mess already there. He drank until the bowl was empty, then held it away, his expression blank.

Susan observed the effect her cum had on Mark. He had drank it several times already. It was different for men than women, an effect similar to when he inhaled her musk. Liquid submission, only magnified. Not only that, it seemed to seal her power over him. After he drank her semen, he was hers... forever.

“Good,” Susan murmured. A new idea, warm and insistent, was whispering in the back of her mind. A new direction.

She smiled.

“Get cleaned up,” she said to her disciples. “All of you. And you, Worm—clean the floor. Clean yourself. Be ready.”

“Ready for what, my Queen?” Vicky asked, standing, her body still humming with spent energy.

“The Future. And my worm here is going to help make it happen,” she said, looking back at Mark, who, with speedy obedience, was already starting to clean the mess they all had made. “This one comes from money. His parents are very, very wealthy.”

* * *

The stone corridors in the church were cool and silent, a world away from the screaming horror that had transpired days before in the nave. Sister Laura walked with her familiar, measured pace, but a new tremor had taken root in her hands. It was not from age or frailty, but from a war being waged within her own mind.

She carried a simple wooden tray. On it sat a bowl of steaming chicken broth, a few saltine crackers on a saucer, and a spoon. It was a meal for an invalid, for Father O’Connell.

Her thoughts, unbidden, drifted over the past week. The aftermath. The police, called by a parishioner who’d found the church doors ajar and the elderly priest unconscious near the altar, a gash on his temple. The story they’d cobbled together was one of a tragic, random assault—a deranged addict, perhaps, looking for collection plate money. Father O’Connell remembered nothing. A blessing, the doctors said. The concussion had spared him the trauma.

Sister Laura knew the truth. It sat in her gut like a cold, leaden stone. And it was a stone she could not give voice to.

As she walked, she looked down at her right hand, the one steadying the tray. It was a small hand, but it had always borne the marks of her years—thin blue veins, faint age spots, skin like delicate parchment. Except now, on the back of that hand, the skin was different. It was smoother, tauter, the faint lattice of wrinkles noticeably diminished. It looked... younger. A patch of rejuvenated flesh roughly the size of a silver dollar.

Her held her breath. She remembered the moment with perfect, agonizing clarity. Barb—or the magnificent, monstrous thing Barb had become—suspended in her ecstatic cruciform pose. And in that final, convulsive moment of Barb’s “baptism,” a single, thick droplet of that milky, opalescent seed had flown through the air, arcing from the shuddering penis to land with a warm splat on Sister Laura’s outstretched hand.

She had recoiled, wiped it frantically on her habit. But the evidence remained. The skin it had touched had changed.

Could it? The question was a whisper of pure dread in her soul. Could just a drop, mere contact, *do* something?

Her thoughts were violently yanked back to *her* voice, her command, the one that sealed her silence. Before they left her lying broken on the floor, the leader—*Susan*, she now knew her name, it had been hissed by the other women in worship—had stalked over to her. A hand, strong enough to crush stone, had closed around her throat, not to choke, but to dominate. She had been lifted effortlessly, pulled into the heat of the woman’s powerful body. The scent that enveloped her was not body odor, but a deep, sweet, intoxicating musk, like night-blooming flowers and fertile earth. It flooded her senses, making her dizzy.

Then the whisper, hot against her ear, the voice a low vibration that seemed to bypass her ears and etch itself directly onto her brainstem: **“You will never speak what happened here. You will be incapable of it. You will never do anything to reveal what was done here, to reveal what you have seen.”**

Then she was dropped. The command was absolute. She had tried. Oh, how she had tried. Standing before Father O’Connell as he lay groggy in his hospital bed, her mouth opening and closing like a landed fish, no sound emerging. At the police station, she had stood at the front desk, her face a mask of desperate urgency, but her vocal cords were frozen, her mind a perfect, terrified blank when she formed the intent to speak. It was a wall in her mind she could not scale.

She shuddered now, the tray rattling slightly, as she arrived at the small, spare room where Father O’Connell was convalescing. She pushed the door open softly.

He was asleep, his face pale against the white pillow, a bandage stark on his temple. He looked old, fragile, diminished. A pang of her old, genuine compassion shot through her. This was her friend, her spiritual father, a good man who had been brutalized.

She set the tray down quietly on the nightstand, placing the spoon beside the bowl. She looked down at his sleeping form.

And then the other feeling rose, oily and unwelcome. A faint curl of disgust. A disdainful thought: *He let himself be taken so easily. Yanked from his holy station and flung like a rag doll. He didn't even see her glory. He just... broke.*

She clenched her fist, the rejuvenated skin stretching tight over her knuckles. *No. That is not you. That is the devil's work in your mind. He is a victim. An innocent.*

But the image that rose to refute her piety was not of the devil. It was of *her*. Susan. The memory was no longer just one of terror; it had begun to transmute. She recalled not just the violence, but the awesome, terrifying *power*. The play of corded muscle under sweat-slicked skin. Her beautiful face. The massive breasts. Eyes that held the certainty of a new god. And those lips, so full, so cruel, so... kissable.

And *that thing*. The thick, veined, throbbing center of the blasphemy. In her nightmares, it was a weapon. But in the quiet, secret corners of her waking mind—in moments like this, watching the father sleep—it became something else. An object of a dark, hypnotic fascination. A primal symbol of the overwhelming power that had so effortlessly shattered her world.

She felt a flush of heat. Her right hand, the tainted one, drifted of its own volition down to her hip, her fingers pressing into the coarse wool of her habit. For a brief moment she imagined her own body, laced with muscle. A small, desperate sound escaped her—a moan, choked and thick with shame.

It was enough to startle her. Her eyes snapped open, wide with horror at herself.

"Get a hold of yourself," she whispered into the quiet room.

Father O'Connell stirred slightly in his sleep, but did not wake.

Sister Laura turned and fled the room, leaving the soup to grow cold.

* * *

Mark parked in front of his family home, killed the engine, and sat for a moment with both hands still on the steering wheel, staring through the windshield at the house where he had been raised.

The place looked almost exactly the same.

The long, pale stone frontage. The black shutters. The tall windows reflecting the late afternoon light in sheets of gold. The oak tree near the driveway, wider now than he remembered, its branches stretching over the lawn like old arms guarding the property. Even the front path—trimmed with immaculate hedges and white flowers his mother paid someone else to maintain—looked untouched by time, as if the house had simply refused to age.

For a moment, memory came at him all at once.

Summer afternoons shooting hoops in the driveway until dark. Christmas lights strung too high because his father insisted on doing them himself. The smell of chlorine from the pool drifting through open windows. High school mornings, running late, grabbing toast, his mother already dressed and perfect, his father on a call before sunrise. The feeling, back then, that life was still opening in front of him—that he was on his way to becoming someone.

Then the dread hit.

It came fast and total, like cold water thrown over his head. All of that warmth, all of that nostalgia, was swallowed in an instant, replaced by a sick, hollow certainty that sat heavy in his stomach and spread

through his chest.

He was nothing.

Pathetic.

A worm.

The words rose in his mind with Susan's voice wrapped around them—smooth, amused, merciless. That was what she called him now. And he hated how right it felt.

Susan was beyond him in every way now—stronger, sharper, untouchable. She moved through the world like she owned it, and he moved through it like something dragged behind her. Even thinking of her made his spine stiffen and his throat tighten, not from defiance, but from reflex.

Mark swallowed hard, then looked down at the passenger seat.

A small black bag sat there, neat and unremarkable. He reached for it slowly, fingertips unsteady, and unzipped it just enough to look inside.

One item. A thermos. Heavy. Stainless steel. Plain. And inside it, Susan's nectar.

Even capped, he imagined he could smell it—sweet and dense, almost floral, with something richer beneath it, something alive. He zipped the bag shut quickly and gripped the handle harder than he meant to.

His pulse had picked up.

He opened the car door and stepped out.

The air was cooler than he expected. A faint breeze moved through the hedges, carrying the smell of cut grass and damp earth. Somewhere nearby, a sprinkler clicked rhythmically. The quiet in this neighborhood was always expensive quiet—no shouting, no barking, no traffic noise, just distance and landscaping and the soft hum of wealth.

He shut the car door carefully and stood there for another second, staring at the front entrance. Then he started up the walkway.

Over the last week, he had only texted his mother. Never called. He couldn't risk a call. He was too afraid of what she would hear in his voice.

It had changed. The pitch sat higher now, the timbre thinner, less grounded. Sometimes the ends of his sentences lifted without him meaning them to. Worse, there was something beneath the sound he couldn't suppress no matter how he tried to steady himself: hesitation. Submission. A softness that didn't belong to the man he used to think he was.

Meekness.

Weakness.

If Janet heard that—really heard it—she would notice. Maybe not what caused it, but enough to ask questions. Enough to make him stumble.

And if he stumbled, Susan would punish him.

So he texted instead.

He'd kept it light, casual, almost playful. Told her he'd found a new "protein drink" that was incredible. Said it helped with recovery, energy, even tone. Told her she especially would love it, since she was always on some new health kick. He'd chosen his words carefully, flattering her just enough, leaning into the version of herself she loved most.

Janet had been easy to bait. That was the ugly truth of it. These days, his mother spent most of her time doing some combination of working out, getting treatments, and appearing at lunches, fundraisers, and private events where everyone pretended not to be competing with everyone else. She was rich in that effortless, insulated way that made everyday concerns seem decorative. The house ran itself. Staff came and went. Things were cleaned, fixed, delivered, arranged.

And with her husband gone most of the time—always overseas, always in some distant city expanding some deal, chasing some new opportunity—she lived almost entirely on her own terms. That never seemed to bother her. If anything, she seemed to flourish in his absence.

Mark's father had become, to her, little more than a provider with a passport. A voice on speakerphone. A man who sent gifts and signed papers. Whatever tenderness they once had lived in old photo albums and stories no one told anymore.

Janet preferred the mansion quiet. Preferred the space. Preferred the freedom. And she used it.

The pool boy. The gardener. The "trainers" who stayed too long after sessions. Young men with perfect shoulders and cautious smiles, drifting in and out of her orbit while she pretended none of it meant anything and everyone around her pretended to believe her. She wore flirtation like perfume—expensive, intentional, impossible to ignore.

Mark reached the front steps. As he climbed them, he remembered the first time she tried the drink. He had dropped off a tiny serving a week earlier. She texted him less than an hour later.

It was delicious. Then another message. *Whatever this is, it's amazing.* And then, a little later: *Pilates felt easier today. Like weirdly easier.*

Janet was obsessive about Pilates, about posture, lines, control. She tracked her body the way other

people tracked investments. Every pound, every angle, every sign of age was something to be managed, minimized, or outworked. For her to admit something felt easier—especially at her age—meant she had noticed a real difference.

And Janet noticed everything about herself.

She was in her late fifties, and she fought that fact with a kind of polished fury. Expensive serums. Trainers. Procedures. Silk blouses hiding nothing. White teeth, iron discipline, curated softness. She did not allow the effect of time to happen to her without resistance.

Mark tightened his grip on the bag.

At the door, he caught his reflection in the dark glass beside it—shoulders slightly rounded, jaw tense, eyes too uncertain—and looked away before he had to study himself too long.

Then he lifted his hand and rang the bell. After a moment, Janet opened the door already talking.

“I was wondering when you’d get here. Where are—”

She stopped. The rest of the sentence died in her throat. For a second she just stared at Mark, and the look on her face changed so quickly it was almost unsettling to watch. Surprise first. Then confusion. Then something sharper, colder.

He looked wrong.

He was thinner than the last time she’d seen him—noticeably thinner, the kind of thin that made his clothes hang strangely from his frame. His face looked drawn, his cheeks a little hollow, and there were dark shadows beneath his eyes like bruises. His skin had a pale, spent look to it. He stood there holding his bag with both hands, shoulders slightly caved inward, as if he was trying to take up less space.

Weak, she thought.

The reaction came so fast and so meanly that it startled her.

A tiny, involuntary pulse of resentment flickered through her chest at the sight of him—an ugly little flare of irritation directed at her own son simply for looking diminished. She didn't know why she felt it. She didn't know what had happened to him. But some part of her recoiled anyway, blaming him for his own frailty.

The thought embarrassed her almost immediately. She snapped out of it, her expression softening into concern.

"Oh my God—Mark." Her hand flew to her chest. "What happened to you? Are you okay?"

Mark glanced down at himself as if seeing his body from far away, then gave a small shrug.

"Oh. Yeah. I'm okay," he said, voice light, too light. "I just had a bad flu. It kind of wrecked me for a bit, but I got over it."

The lie came easily.

Too easily.

Lying for Susan was like breathing now. If Susan wanted him to speak, he spoke. If she wanted him to hide something, he hid it. It didn't even feel like a decision anymore.

Janet studied him for another beat, still unsettled, then stepped aside and forced brightness back into her tone.

“Oh. Okay. Well—come in, come in.”

Mark stepped across the threshold, and she led him inside.

He turned and pulled the two massive front doors shut behind him. The heavy wood met with a deep, expensive thud that echoed through the entrance hall.

They walked through the foyer together, their footsteps clicking across polished stone. The ceilings soared above them, high enough to make the room feel more like a hotel lobby than a home. A chandelier hung overhead, glittering in the late light. Everything smelled faintly of lemon polish, cold air-conditioning, and money.

Janet moved briskly, her pace energetic and practiced. She wore fitted yoga pants, a sleek tank top, and a zip-up workout jacket tied around her waist. Even dressed casually, she looked deliberate—hair done, skin glowing, every detail arranged. Mark followed a step behind, quiet, carrying the bag. She guided him into one of the living rooms.

This one was the “formal” one, though no one in the family had called it that in years. It was enormous. A huge bear rug sprawled across the floor in front of a stone fireplace nearly as tall as Mark. Above it hung a giant painted family portrait from years ago—his father broad-shouldered and stern, Janet radiant and immaculate, Mark younger and straighter in posture, still trying to look like he belonged in the frame.

Janet sat on one of the long cream-colored couches and patted the cushion beside her.

“Come here.”

Mark sat, but not quite close.

“Where’s Dad?” he asked.

Janet gave a short laugh and twisted the lid on her water bottle.

“Oh, another trip,” she said. “Singapore this time. Or Dubai. I honestly don’t remember. Which, I mean...” She rolled her eyes faintly. “Not exactly shocking.”

She adjusted the strap of her tank top, then looked back at him with a bright, almost eager expression.

“Hey,” she said, lifting the bottle a little, “I have to say—that workout drink you gave me? It is *amazing*.”

Mark looked at her.

She leaned forward as she spoke, animated now.

“It gives me so much energy. Not like coffee energy. Better. Cleaner. I feel... I don’t know, stronger.” She smiled, almost laughing at herself. “I swear to God, I feel ten years younger. The other day I was doing Pilates and I was hitting positions I couldn’t even do in my thirties.”

“Oh,” Mark said quietly. “Yeah. I’m glad you like it.”

Over the last few days, he had been continuing to send over small portions to her in disposable sports cups—ordinary store-bought electrolyte drink mixed with only a trace amount of Susan’s cum.

Not much. Susan had been very clear about that. *We don’t want her panicking too early. Just enough to plant the seed.*

That was how Susan put it, smiling when she said it, as if she were discussing gardening. Mark felt his stomach tighten at the memory, then forced himself back into the room.

“Actually,” he said, reaching down for the bag, “that’s kind of why I came.”

Janet’s eyes followed his hands.

He unzipped the bag and took out the thermos.

It was larger than the little containers he’d been bringing—brushed steel, heavy-looking, plain except for the black cap. He held it with both hands for a second before extending it toward her.

“I brought you a better version,” he said. “It’s... a little more pure.”

Janet’s eyebrows lifted.

“Oh?” she said, intrigued immediately. “Well. Wonderful.”

She reached for the thermos and their hands brushed as she took it.

As she did, she caught another close look at his forearm—how narrow it had gotten, how the skin sat over the bone, how little strength there seemed to be in him. Something in her twisted again. A shudder of disgust moved through her before she could stop it, quick and involuntary.

She hated herself for it.

Again? What is wrong with me? she thought, tightening her grip on the thermos.

She gave a small shake of her head, as if physically tossing the feeling away.

“Actually,” she said, rising from the couch with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, “I was just about to do a little session now.”

Mark looked up. “Oh. Okay.”

“Perfect timing.” She smiled, a warm, grateful, smile.

Mark’s chest tightened.

“Well, I can stick around for a bit,” he said.

Janet turned, already heading toward the open archway that led to the mirrored exercise room down the hall, and glanced back over her shoulder.

“Oh? You want to watch?”

“Sure,” he said.

He didn’t. Not really. But Susan had insisted.

She wanted him there when Janet drank the pure nectar. She wanted someone in the room to keep things calm if Janet reacted badly—if she panicked, if she refused, if she started asking the wrong questions. And if that happened, Mark’s job was simple:

*keep her talking,
keep her drinking,
make sure she finished all of it.*

Janet smiled, pleased by the attention, and motioned him along.

“Come on, then.”

Mark stood and followed her, the family portrait watching from above the fireplace as they left the room.

* * *

Janet rolled out her mat with the casual precision of someone who’d done it a thousand times. The workout room was its own little cathedral—mirrored walls, spotless floor, racks of neatly arranged weights that looked more like decor than equipment. The air carried that clean, sharp smell of sanitizer and rubber, with a faint citrus note drifting from whatever diffuser she’d decided was “refreshing” this week.

Mark stood off to the side like a shadow that didn’t know where to settle. He kept trying to look relaxed, trying to look like a son casually watching his mother exercise, but he couldn’t stop watching the thermos. It sat near Janet’s feet, upright and innocent. Every time her gaze drifted toward it, his pulse jumped.

Janet flowed through her Pilates sequence with grace—controlled, practiced, smug. She held a pose that should’ve made her tremble, and instead she looked... comfortable. Not even comfortable. *Capable*. It had been like this for a week.

Mid-hold, she glanced sideways at Mark and nearly rolled her eyes. He was standing too still, too attentive, like a dog waiting for a treat to hit the floor. Her mouth tightened. *My son is kind of a weirdo*, she thought, a flicker of impatience rising in her chest for no clear reason.

She immediately tried to push the thought away. He looked awful. He'd said he'd been sick. That should have made her sympathetic, and on some level it did. But there was something about him—his posture, the way he hovered, the hollow look in his face—that made her skin prickle.

"Y'know," she said, breath steady as she transitioned into the next position, "maybe you should, uh... start working out a little more."

Mark blinked, as if the suggestion had to travel a long way to reach him.

Janet kept her eyes forward, watching herself in the mirror. "You look... you look like a little..."

The word flashed in her mind—*bitch*—so sharp and ugly that it startled her badly enough she nearly lost form. She swallowed hard, recovered the pose, and stared at herself in the mirror with a flicker of real confusion. *What the hell is wrong with me? Why would I even think that?* It wasn't like her.

She didn't say it aloud. Instead she gave a short, dismissive huff and shifted into the next movement as if nothing had happened, but the moment clung to her. It clung because she had been noticing things lately: little changes, small mean impulses she couldn't quite explain. A sharper tone with her husband on the phone. Snapping at him once or twice when she was usually more aloof than openly irritated. Nothing dramatic, nothing she couldn't excuse, but there had been a bite to her this past week that felt new.

And if she was being honest, those moments seemed to happen after Mark's little "workout drinks."

That should have bothered her more than it did. Instead, a part of her liked it. The feeling reminded her of discovering a new muscle during a workout—one that had always been there, just unused. There was something oddly satisfying about the edge, the quickness, the sense that she didn't have to smooth herself out for anyone if she didn't feel like it.

She moved through another hold, then another. Minutes passed. Mark stayed where he was, watching and waiting, and Janet found his presence increasingly irritating despite herself. He wasn't doing

anything. He was just there.

She dropped into a squat and held it. Another minute passed. Then two. Then three. By then her thighs should have been burning, quivering, demanding release. Instead, her legs felt iron-solid, almost detached from ordinary effort, like they belonged to someone younger and stronger. At five minutes she finally released the position with a long gasp, sweat sliding down her temple.

“Break time,” she said, voice breathier now but pleased.

She reached for the thermos. The second her fingers touched it, Mark shifted. Not dramatically—just immediately, as if some invisible string had been pulled tight. Janet noticed and felt that pulse of annoyance again.

“God, I need this,” she muttered, unscrewing the cap.

The scent hit her first. It was sweet and thick, almost floral, but with something deeper underneath—something richer, warmer, harder to place. The smell made her mouth water instantly. She brought it up and took a sip.

The liquid touched her tongue and she froze. It was nothing like the watered-down drink Mark had sent before. This was thicker, richer, almost velvety. It didn’t taste like sports drink at all. It tasted sweet, yes, but strange—sweet in a way that felt wrong, almost alien, as if she were tasting something that had no business being consumed.

Janet lowered the thermos slightly and frowned at it. “What—” She looked at Mark, irritation and suspicion returning all at once. “Mark, this is... what the hell is this? It’s white... and way too thick.”

Mark said nothing. He stepped in close enough to touch the thermos, put his hand at the base, and nudged it gently but insistently back toward her mouth, tilting it just enough that she had to either drink or let it spill. The movement wasn’t violent, but it was deliberate. Startling.

Janet's brows drew together. "Mark—"

She took another sip, partly out of reflex. But the intention blurred almost immediately. Her body made a decision before her mind caught up. She swallowed. Then drank again. A longer pull this time. Then another.

Her confusion widened, but it didn't sharpen into resistance the way it should have. Instead, it softened around the edges. Her eyelids felt a little heavier. Heat bloomed beneath her skin like a slow explosion, spreading from her throat to her chest and then downward through the rest of her body. Her mouth parted around the rim of the thermos, and an involuntary smile began to form—small, private, greedy.

Mark stood there, eyes wide, almost reverent, holding the thermos steady until Janet's hands came up and wrapped around it. Once she had a firm grip, he let go. She tried, genuinely tried, to stop and lower it, but the thought barely translated into action. Her hands did not want to put it down.

So she tilted it higher.

The gulps came faster, deeper. The cum slid down her throat in thick waves. A little spilled at the corners of her mouth and ran along her chin, but she didn't wipe it away. She drank harder, as if some starved part of her had finally woken and recognized exactly what it wanted. Mark leaned in closer—not to touch her now, just to be near, to witness. Janet's breathing grew rough between swallows. Her throat worked. Her eyes unfocused, pupils widening.

Finally, when it was empty, she tore it away from her mouth with a heavy pant and dragged in air like she'd been underwater too long. Her face was flushed. Her eyes were glossy and wide. Her pulse beat visibly at her throat.

"Holy—" she whispered, then laughed once, sharp and breathless. "Holy shit."

She stared at the thermos like it was the best thing that had ever happened to her. Then she looked at Mark, and her expression snapped hard. Not gratitude. Not confusion. Something nastier.

“What are you looking at?” she said, voice suddenly edged.

Mark’s mouth opened, but nothing came out.

Janet’s chest rose and fell fast.

“I feel weird,” she said, and her voice hitched between disgust and delight. “Why am I— God—”

She shoved a hand toward him as if he were an annoyance crowding her space. “Get away from me,” she barked. Then, with a flash of cruelty that seemed to satisfy something deep inside her as she said it, she added, “You can watch, you little bitch—from way over there.”

The insult landed and she almost smiled again. It scratched an itch.

Mark flinched, but he moved back without argument.

Janet didn’t even track him. She was already turning toward the weights. She grabbed a pair—heavy ones. The kind she’d never touched before. Her fingers wrapped around the metal, and she felt it: the quiet certainty in her grip. The stability in her shoulders. The strange, thrilling sense that her body had more to give than she’d ever demanded from it.

“I’m gonna fucking *rock* this workout,” she said, voice low and pleased, like she was promising herself something.

She dropped into a squat again—then added more weight, as if the number didn’t matter. As if limits were for other people.

Mark watched.

For the next two hours, Janet did things she had no business doing. She moved faster. Harder. Each set wasn't just effort—it was *pleasure*. A hungry kind of satisfaction that spread through her limbs and into her mind. Sweat poured. Her breathing stayed strong. Her muscles didn't fail the way they should've.

Subtle changes followed in the wake of that effort—so small you could almost deny them if you weren't looking for them.

Her posture sharpened. Her waist seemed to draw in. The softness in her arms tightened, the lines more defined. Her legs looked firmer when she lunged, like the shape was being carved out in real time. Every time she curled a dumbbell, her forearm flexed with a new fullness, veins faintly rising under the skin.

And her attitude... That changed the most. Janet started to enjoy hearing herself breathe hard. Enjoyed feeling her heart slam in her chest.

By the time she finished a brutal set of pushups—far more than she'd ever done in her life—she stood up straight with her legs wide apart, hands on her hips, chest heaving, sweat shining down her neck and shoulders like armor.

She looked down at her hands. Clenched them into fists. Felt the tightness. The *control*. Then she lifted her head and stared straight at Mark.

"You know what?" she said, voice calm but cruel. She flicked her hand at the door like she was dismissing staff. "Get the fuck out of here."

Mark started move right away.

Janet's mouth curled.

“Oh—but,” she added, eyes bright with greed, “you can come back tomorrow and bring more of that stuff.”

She tilted her head slightly, as if tasting the idea.

“Mama wants to work out some more.”

Mark nodded.

He backed away quietly and left the room, the empty thermos still on the floor like evidence of something that had just begun.

When he was out, approaching his car, he pulled out his phone and texted Susan.

It has begun.