

Roll Ten for a Save

By Rawly Rawls © 2021

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

“You boys need anything else?” Becky smiled down at the crowded basement table. It was the summer before college for her son, and Brian and his friends were still playing Dungeons and Dragons. It was sweet.

“We’re good, Mrs. Hall.” Kevin smiled over at her.

“Okay, then.” She caught sight of the newcomer and shivered. She didn’t like the look of Malcolm Maddox. But if he was a friend of Brian’s, she supposed he was welcome.

“We’re good, Mom. You can go.” Brian always felt self-conscious about the way his friends stared at his mom. Although, she seemed oblivious to the attention.

“Okay, Brian. Don’t stay up too late tonight, remember we’re picking your father up from the airport tomorrow morning.” Becky smoothed out her dress and beamed at her son. She had to soak him up before he left the nest.

“I didn’t forget.” Brian nodded toward the stairs. Time for her to go.

“Great. Well, if you need anything, I’ll be in the living room.” She ruffled her son’s hair and walked up the stairs.

Everyone but Brian turned to watch her ass sway as she left them.

“Back to the game, everyone.” Brian frowned, but didn’t want to make a big deal out of it.

“Okay, as I was saying.” Malcolm smiled at the group. “The incubus approaches within thirty feet. Before you can draw your sword, the fiend uses a charm spell. You need a fifteen wisdom saving throw, or you’ll be charmed for a day.”

“Shit.” Brian wasn’t sure who had invited the creepy Malcolm to their game. Or how he’d talked himself into being the dungeon master. He tossed the die. A fourteen turned up. “Shit.”

“The fiend has dark plans for you.” Malcolm’s smile looked positively feral. “You have one recourse. You may use your mother’s innocence to thwart the evil. Her power is strong, so you only need a ten. But if you fail, she will be charmed, too.”

“But I’m a mighty warrior from the Eastern Edge.” Brian knitted his brows. He didn’t understand. “I was born not from mother or father, but from the –”

“Not your character, Brian. I mean your mom.” Malcolm leaned back in his chair. “The one upstairs right now.”

“That’s not how you play the game,” Sam said.

“What are you even talking about?” Kevin eyed Malcolm like he was the incubus himself.

“Well?” Malcolm shrugged. “It’s basically a free roll. And we’re not talking a long seduction here. No souls involved. Just a twenty-four-hour charm.”

“Free roll. Sure.” Brian picked up the die and rolled again. It tumbled across the table and came to rest on a nine.

“Too bad.” Malcolm raised his hands like he was conjuring the spell himself. “The incubus has your character and your mother.” He turned to the next player over. “Now, Sam, you watch in horror as a member of your party succumbs to the fiend. What do you do?”

“I attack using the Sword of Duquesne.” Sam picked up the die.

Upstairs, Becky sat on the sofa reading her New Yorker. A breeze blew through the living room. “Brian, did you open a window?” She looked around. Her blood froze when she saw someone, or maybe something, standing in the doorway. “Malcolm?”

“I am not the humanoid Malcolm. I am Razzool, a servant to Lord Graz'zt. I will allow you to see my true form, for I have been given the unsatisfactory task of bringing you under control without true seduction.” The thing stepped out of the shadows. It was naked and a horror to behold.

“What? I don’t ...” Becky scrambled to the far side of the sofa. Was she being pranked? Was her husband behind this? The creature before her seemed so real. It had furry legs

that ended with cloven hooves. A spaded tail swished behind its folded, leather wings. There were two small horns on its head above its smoldering red eyes. But most disturbing of all was the long, black penis that hung between its legs. "Get out of my house." But just as she said those words, the monster spoke in some strange language and green, iridescent light filled the room. Her vagina spasmed and her stomach did cartwheels the way it had on her first date with her husband. Suddenly, the creature was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

"There now, how do you feel, charmed one?" The incubus's toothy grin spread into a nasty half crescent.

"Like George Clooney just asked me out on a date." She giggled at Razzool and bit her bottom lip shyly.

"Give me the ring that you wear." Razzool held out his hand.

Without thinking, Becky slipped her wedding ring off her finger and handed it to the fiend. She watched, nonplussed, as he slid it onto the left horn on his head. "You will give it back?" She thought it looked quite nice glittering on him.

"I think not." Razzool's cock inflated as the moment of his conquest approached. He would prefer to have had her innocent soul, but her pretty body was an acceptable consolation. "You are very hot now, my pet. Almost burning."

"Oh, gosh." Becky stood, sweat beading all over her body. "So, hot!" She quickly wriggled out of her dress, pulled off her panties, and nearly tore her bra in her haste to remove it.

In the basement, Malcolm switched on some music. He picked something theatrical for the game. There was some consternation. Music was usually forbidden, but no one seemed to want to push back on Malcolm.

The music vibrated the floorboards under Becky's feet. If she hadn't been swooning for that tall creature, she might have opened the basement door and told Brian to keep it down.

"Have you received oral pleasure with your mate standing?" The incubus knew she hadn't.

"What, no. You see, James, my husband has a bad back. But ... ohhhhh." Becky found herself lifted by muscular arms and flipped upside down. Her face was now inches away from that curved, cruel penis. "Uuuuggggghhhhhhhh, gggoooooosssshhhhhhhh." Becky didn't understand what was happening at all. Razzool had placed his mouth to her vagina and it felt like his tongue was a foot long. She had her first orgasm of the evening within a minute of the tongue probing her depths. Before she could scream, she felt a hand guide her mouth to that penis. Going for an upside down sixty-nine with the most beautiful creature on the planet had not been on Becky's bingo card that night, but

she couldn't have been happier. She sucked and drooled on his massive thing. Stars shot before her eyes, both from the orgasms and the blood rushing to her head.

Razzool pulled his tongue from her clutching pussy. "Enough then, charmed one. Prepare yourself." He spun her in the air and placed her on her hands and knees on the floor. She did not flee. She did not protest. She waited for him. He squatted behind the human woman. "You may keep your soul, but your body is mine."

"Okay ... sure ... just ..." She looked back over her shoulder at the gorgeous specimen of masculinity. "... Just ... put it in." She was not disappointed when his head entered her. "Oh ... gosh ... stretching ... me."

"And so, you enter the Cavern of Draconis." Malcolm's smile grew colder when he heard the faint thumping from upstairs.

"What's that?" Kevin cocked his head and listened. It was hard to hear over the music. "Turn off the music for a second."

"The music stays on," Malcolm said.

"Oh, well, I thought I heard something." Kevin shrugged and then went back to playing.

One floor above, Becky clenched her teeth and tried to meet the thrusts that pummeled her from behind. Not only was Razzool undeniably attractive, he fucked like a maniac. A guttural scream rose up inside her as the tidal wave of her latest orgasm began to crest. She felt him stuff his fingers into her mouth to quiet her, pulling her head upright. She arched her back, completely under his control. She didn't mind. "RRRrrraaazzzzzzlllllll," she mumbled around his thick fingers. Her eyes rolled back and she convulsed, skewered by that cruel cock.

Razzool fucked his charmed woman for quite a while. Eventually, he was ready for his end. "Will you ... uuuuuhhhhhhhh... take your ... gggggghhhhaaaaa ... prize ... bitch?"

"Yes ... yes ... yes ..." Becky squealed. His semen was like molten fire inside her. She had never been more satisfied.

When he was finished, he pulled out of Becky and let her fall to the floor. Razzool's cock softened and he thought for a moment. "I see no reason to leave you before the charm expires." He picked up the naked woman, placed her in his arms, and flung the window open. He leapt out, extended his wings, and the pair flew high into the night.

When the game was over, Brian and his friends walked up to the main floor, but didn't see his mom anywhere. He figured she'd already gone to bed, so he sent his friends home and went to sleep. He dreamed that night of rolling a nine over and over.

When he woke in the morning, his mother was waiting for him down in the kitchen. She seemed oddly happy, and moved with a skip in her step. Brian noticed her wedding ring was missing. That was odd. She never took it off. "Everything alright, Mom?"

"Splendid, just splendid." She winked at him and served pancakes.

Brian thought he heard her singing a song under her breath. Something about "*There ain't no tool like ol' Razzool, 'cause he's got the biggest in the shed.*"

"What, Mom?" Had she been listening to their game last night?

"Nothing, sweetie." She kissed him on the head. "Enjoy your pancakes. We'll go pick up your father from the airport in a half hour. I'm going to go take a shower." She winked again and sashayed out of the kitchen.

Brian shook his head. When she'd gotten close to him, she'd smelled quite ripe, and he noticed her mascara was running. Parents were weird sometimes. He shook his head. At least she was happy.

Chapter 2

“I didn’t invite him, did you?” Kevin whispered into Brian’s ear.

“It’s Sam’s house, maybe he invited him?” Brian shrugged and looked from Sam to their creepy dungeon master, Malcolm.

Cool air from the air conditioner blew over the kitchen table where the four boys huddled. At eighteen, they would all start college soon. Sam, Brian, and Kevin had played D&D together for years. But this was only the second time Malcolm had joined them.

“How deep is the river?” Sam eyed Malcolm speculatively.

“The River Oor is –”

“Don’t mind us, boys.” Laura walked into the kitchen, wearing a conservative one-piece swimsuit. She leaned over and kissed her son, Sam, on the cheek, unaware of all the male attention her cleavage drew.

“We’re just passing through.” Becky followed her friend into the kitchen. She wore a skimpy bikini, and was well-aware of how teenage boys received her near-nakedness. She wondered how many of them were popping boners. “We didn’t mean to disturb your silly game.”

“Jeez, Mom. What are you wearing?” Brian’s cheeks turned scarlet at the sight of her.

“Laura and I are having a girls’ night. I can wear what I want.” Becky smiled mischievously at the boys, winked, and walked off toward the back door.

“We’ll be in the pool if you need anything.” Laura followed Becky, and they were gone.

Brian and Sam exchanged an embarrassed look. Malcolm smirked at each of them in turn. Kevin pushed his chair farther under the table, hiding his uncomfortable erection.

“As I was saying, the River Oor is swift, murky, and deep enough that it carries an icy chill. Do you want to cross?” Malcolm pretended to consult his notes. “Maddroi, the Old Ones, dwell among the rounded stones. You might wake them when you splash the water. You’ll need a seventeen stealth throw to escape their notice.”

“If I cross, I get the Sword of the Night King?” Sam watched Malcolm nod slowly. He picked up the die and rolled an eleven. “Damn.”

“The mighty creatures wake when they hear your crossing.” Malcolm’s grin widened. He turned to Brian, who rolled to save his friend but failed. The same happened to

Kevin. Malcolm stared at Sam. "Your turn again. Long disjointed limbs rise up around you. You feel icy fingers upon your skin."

"I strike with my sword." Sam shouted. His heart beat in his ears. He was really worked up.

"You could do that, but the water would slow your thrust. You would need a twenty. Or, the innocence of your lovely mother could save you." Malcolm shrugged like he hadn't been planning this all along. "You only need to roll a ten on her behalf."

Brian almost said something. Ever since the night when Malcolm had made him a similar offer, his mother had been acting oddly. But he didn't want to sound silly, so he kept his mouth shut.

"Okay." Sam picked up the die and rolled an eight. "Shoot."

"The creatures will now have their way." Malcolm gave a quick glance of satisfaction toward the back of the house.

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"Are you a little sad that Brian will be gone soon?" Laura lazily floated on her back looking up at the stars. "Mark and I will be empty nesters in the fall."

"I do think Brian and I should bond before he moves out. We've grown distant over the years." Becky treaded water on the other side of the pool. She stared out at the expanse of dark forest that surrounded the house. She had always marveled at the seclusion of Laura's home. "Oooohhhhh ... do you feel that? That buzzing ... it's just like the last time." She spun in the water searching the darkness. "Is that you, Razzool?"

"You're having one of your spells again, Becky?" Laura didn't move her eyes from the stars. She was used to her friend's odd outbursts lately. It was no cause for alarm. Of course, the icy fingers that suddenly gripped her legs *were* a cause for alarm. Her scream was cut off before it started when something pulled her underwater. There was a ripping sound and her swimsuit was gone. And then, so were the fingers. She kicked to the surface, sputtering. "Becky ... Becky ... something had me ... something ..." She spotted her friend and was struck dumb. There was a strange man floating on his back. Becky had propped herself up on his stomach. His penis was absurdly long and thick, standing straight up. Unimaginably, Becky had the tip of it in her mouth. As Laura took in more of the scene, she realized the owner of the penis wasn't a man at all, but some sort of sea monster with fins jutting out of his head and arms, and strange leathery skin. "Becky ... what are you ...?"

Becky paused the blowjob and looked at her friend. She could feel her new friend's chilly presence seeping into her skin. "He's not Razzool, but maybe he's even better." She cackled, her laughter echoing back from the forest line. "He brought a friend. You're going to love it."

"What?" Laura swam as fast as she could toward the edge of the pool, but icy fingers clamped on her ankle and slowly dragged her toward a frigid embrace.

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"Did you hear something?" Sam cocked his head.

"Only your flailing in the River Oor." Malcolm put his phone on the table and turned on some spooky music. He looked at Brian. "You and your comrade are both stuck in the current. The creatures have not enjoyed human flesh in a long time. Will you cast a spell?"

Brian shivered. There was something unholy in the way Malcolm said "human flesh." He stood. "Maybe I'll go check on my mom."

"If you do, you'll lose your turn." Malcolm frowned.

"Okay." Brian sat, glancing nervously at the back of the house. "I'll try a spell. Let me think about which one." He rubbed his chin as he thought.

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Becky rubbed her clit as she rode the amphibious creature. She looked down to see her belly bulging with each stroke. He was gargantuan. She was awash in happiness to have found such pleasure again. And to share it with Laura made the moment even sweeter. She watched her friend's round body bounce as Laura rode the other floating monster like a sea-cowgirl. Water violently splashed around Laura's legs.

"Oh ... boy ... oh ... boy ... oooooohhhhhhhh." Laura stared down at the inscrutable expression on the creature's fishy face. Laura guessed he was enjoying himself. She sure as hell was. Her third orgasm was just around the corner. That was more than she had experienced in the last year. And it wasn't just quantity. If she rolled a lifetime of previous orgasms into one, it wouldn't come close to equaling the ecstasy she felt on that massive, frigid penis.

“Do you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... like it ... Laura?” Becky’s eyes rolled back. “This is ... what ... I felt with ... Razzool. Ooohhhhhhhh ... he’s driving me ... insane.”

“Yes ... yes ... yes ... I love him ... I love him.” Laura bent down and kissed his cold, wet lips. Her hips never missed a beat, continuing with strokes long enough to easily dislodge her husband.

Both women orgasmed at the same time, their howls of delight echoing into the night.

It was incredible to smash her vagina onto that long cock. But when the creature dragged Laura to the shallow end and took her from behind, she thought she might die from pleasure. Her new mate was dogged and determined. “Oooooohhhhhhhh ... you’re turning me ... inside out.” Her mind in a haze, she saw that Becky was getting the same treatment from her monster.

“He’s going to ... do it ... in me ... Laura.” Spit flew from Becky’s mouth, joining the spray of water all around them. “He’s ... going to make me ... his.”

“Oh ... yes ... I can feel it ... toooooooo.” A chill flooded into Laura’s core as the creature released his icy sperm inside her. “He’s ... spewing ... his stuff ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled back, and she knew only joy. When he had finished inside her, she felt him withdraw from her. Strong, disjointed arms lifted her and held her tight as they dove underwater. She held her breath and closed her eyes. In a few seconds, they broke the surface. Laura opened her eyes and looked around, taking a deep breath. They were in a moss-covered grotto with a white sandy beach lit by a bonfire. “Becky ... where have they taken us?” She saw the other monster carrying her friend over his shoulder.

“They want us to stay ... the night.” Becky was so excited her voice squeaked. “We will ... ugh ... never be the same.” She spread her legs when the creature dropped her to the sand. She saw Laura do the same. The creatures mounted their women. Ecstatic screams bounced off the cave walls.

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“I definitely heard something. I don’t care about my turn. I’m checking on them.” Sam got up with Brian and Kevin. When they got to the pool, there were puddles everywhere. The water was sloshing onto the deck like there was a party going on, but no one was there. “Mom? Mrs. Hall?” Sam looked around, confused.

“Mom?” Brian felt a chill run down his spine. “Where are they?”

They never got a good answer to that question. Fathers were called. A search party was organized. In the end, the women walked out of the forest at dawn with wide smiles on

their faces. Their bathing suits were dirty and torn. They were muddy and smelled like some strange fermenting fruit. But the grins never left their faces.

The lie they told was that they had decided to take a walk and had gotten lost. Becky and Laura exchanged an odd look when they promised never to do anything so silly again. But they did insist that they'd had the most lovely time in the woods together.

With everyone safe and sound, the families put the strange night behind them. Sam, Kevin, and Brian agreed to have another D&D night at Kevin's house to make up for the unsettling night at Sam's place. They all agreed they would not invite Malcolm.

Chapter 3

“Look ... you need to leave. No one invited you.” Kevin sat with his arms crossed. It was his house, so he was taking the lead. Brian and Sam nodded and offered muted encouragement to Kevin. They were gathered for one of their last game nights, and no one wanted Malcolm spoiling it. Besides, they were all eighteen now. Too old to be bullied.

“I’m hurt. I’m offended.” Malcolm held a hand over his heart. “I thought we had fun the last two nights. And I really wanted to complete my trilogy as dungeon master. This was supposed to be the night of the big reveal. When I show you all the grand sweep of my plans. Come on, don’t you want to see what this has been building toward?”

“Get out!” Kevin pointed to the door just as his mother walked in.

“Oh, how fun. You’re already playing. Good acting, Kevin. I would applaud, but I brought you all drinks.” Sally was carrying a tray with sodas. She wore a conservative dress and had her hair in a ponytail. She put a can down in front of each player. “And so nice of you to invite Malcolm along. His mother dropped him off. So, we invited her to stay for drinks.”

“Hey, boys.” Laura stepped into the room. Her dress was so low cut, her breasts were practically spilling out. The boys all went bug-eyed at the sight of all that cleavage.

“Mom ... what are you –” Sam wasn’t impervious to his mother’s rack. He stared along with everyone else.

“Howdy, boys.” Becky strutted into the room wearing cutoff shorts and a tank top. She made sure they all got an eyeful of her legs.

“Mom?” Brian said.

“Good evening, gentlemen.” Hettie strode into the room wearing a long, black gown. It matched the color of her eyes and her raven hair. “Thank you for letting my sweet Malcolm play with you tonight.” She tussled her son’s hair. “I hear he has the titular challenge for you tonight.”

“We’re going to a dungeon?” Sam was still staring at his mother’s cleavage.

“The other one, darling. The dragons.” Hettie leaned down and kissed her son on the lips. It was a long, lingering kiss. She then straightened and smiled. “Have fun.”

The kiss had drawn the attention of Kevin, Brian, and Sam. They all stared at Malcolm as their moms filed out of the room.

“So.” Malcolm slapped his hands together and rubbed them. “Sorry my mom spoiled the main event. I wanted the dragons to be a surprise.”

“We ... um ... we can’t fight dragons. They’re too powerful.” Sam wanted to go home, but he could hear his mother laughing in the next room. He couldn’t very well leave her behind.

“Well ... we’ll see. Your party will certainly be in for a challenge, because these dragons all worship Tiamat.” Malcolm’s smile was devilish. “Bad news, fellas, bad news.”

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“It’s going to happen again, isn’t it?” Laura eagerly nodded at Becky. “I can feel it in the air.”

“Oh ... yes. It is. I’m so fucking horny.” Becky’s grin was ear to ear.

“Oh my gosh, Becky. What sort of language is that?” Sally frowned at her friend.

“Let’s step out onto the back patio. I think it’s a little cramped in here for dragons.” Hettie sipped her cocktail.

“Oh ... yes!” Becky took Laura’s hand, and they ran out the back door, leaving their drinks behind.

Hettie smiled demurely at Sally, put down her drink, and followed them out.

“Wait ... what’s going on? You forgot your appetinis!” Sally picked up all the drinks, holding them precariously. She followed her friends out to the patio.

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“Three sets of wings beat the crimson evening sky.” Malcolm leaned forward, a sinister cast to his face. “At first you mistake them for bats. But as the creatures grow nearer and nearer, and larger and larger, you know what hunts you.”

“Oh ... shit ... spells ... spells ... what spells guys?” Sam looked around at his friends frantically.

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“Do any of you hear that? Sounds like ...” Sally dropped the drinks when she looked up into the sky. Three massive, winged reptiles were coming in for a landing.

“It *sounds* like you are about to become a brooding mare.” Hettie held out her arms and laughed. The dragons were perfect. About twice the size of a man and full of evil intent. Her son had outdone himself. “You will be the prize addition to each of their hordes.”

“Oh my God. Yes!” Laura stared in awe at the strange, massive penises on full display as the dragons moved into a glide. She wiggled out of her dress.

“There’s nothing like it, Sally. When a creature takes you ... it’s out of this world.” Becky already had her shorts off. She tossed them aside.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Sally said. Because you screamed when dragons landed in your backyard. And that’s exactly what these were doing.

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“Did you hear that?” Kevin pushed back from the table and stood. “That sounded like a scream.”

“Yeah ... it did.” Brian stood.

Sam knocked over his soda he was so quick to follow his friends to his feet.

Malcolm regarded the three friends as they looked at each other and tried to come up with a plan. He rolled his eyes. “The party is under attack. You should go investigate.”

Sam and Brian ran from the room.

Kevin stayed behind. “You ... what did you do?”

“Go find out.” Malcolm let out a peal of laughter.

“Oh ... no.” Kevin turned and ran after his friends, Malcolm’s cackling followed him through the house. When he exited into the backyard, he came to a sudden halt next to his friends. “Dragons!” That was all he could think to say. His mother was on her hands and knees on the lawn, her dress was up over her exposed butt. She was whimpering as the dragon held her ponytail, its massive cock resting on her back. “Mom!”

Sally’s eyes went wide with fear when she saw the boys. “Stay back, Kevin. I think it wants to eat us.”

Becky's dragon was on its back. She was perched on top of it, licking its scaly balls.
"Don't be silly. They only want to mate us."

"Mmmmmppphhhh," Laura agreed. She was under her dragon, bobbing her head on its repulsive, reptilian cock.

"We need to do something. They obviously have psionic abilities." Brian stared at what his mother was doing to the foul creature. She wouldn't do something like that willingly. The thing had to be in her mind.

"They don't have psionic powers, you silly goose." Hettie sat in a lawn chair with her legs crossed. "But I do. And I'm afraid your little party has none of the magic or trinkets from your roleplaying. Game over, gentlemen." She snapped her fingers and each of the sons lowered their pants and underwear.

"I ... uh ... have an erection because of the psionic attack," Brian said.

"Me, too." Sam tried to run but couldn't.

Kevin didn't say anything. He was too busy watching his mother wail as that giant penis entered her from behind. "Mom! Mom! I ... uuugghhhh ... can't help myself." Kevin grabbed his dick and began fapping while staring at his mother. She was too preoccupied to chastise him for it.

"Why ... why ... does this feel ... so ... good ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Sally had never had rough sex with her husband, but she found that she loved the way her beast was handling her. Her eyes rolled back, and she screamed her orgasm into the night.

"Yes ... hump me ... yeeesssssss ... that's it ... hump ... hump ... big guy ... I'm your treasure ... now." Laura was similarly situated to Sally, on all fours with the massive cock plunging into her. She dropped her face to the grass, and her eyes rolled back.

"Oh ... shit ... Mom!" Sam was masturbating while watching the beast take ownership of his mother.

Brian watched his mom ride her horrible dragon. He couldn't look away, and he couldn't stop pumping his dick with his hand. She was howling, her face twisted with ecstasy.

"This ... isn't real."

"It's real enough." Malcolm strolled into the backyard. He lowered his pants, too. But he didn't masturbate like the other eighteen-year-olds. He sat on a lawn chair, and his mother quickly moved over to him. She lifted her dress, turned away from him, and lowered herself onto his erection. Malcolm sighed. "Ahhhh ... that's good, Mom. But you're missing out on dragon dick."

"I have all the dick ... I need ... right here, darling." Hettie rode her son in reverse, watching the spectacle. "The view is to ... oohhhhhh ... die for."

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii,” Becky, Laura, and Sally screamed in unison. They were all cumming again.

“Why?” Brian was going to cum on his lawn. He couldn’t help it.

“Just ... fucking with you, dude.” Malcolm slapped his mother’s ass. “No other reason ... really. I like watching ... innocence fade.”

“Ooohhhhh ... Kevin ... Kevin ... Kevin!” Sally was still under the dragon on all fours. She was now pushing back to meet each thrust.

“Yeah ... Mom?” Kevin fapped harder. He had never seen anything so horrible or ... anything so hot.

“He ... doesn’t want to eat us ... he ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... he wants to breed me. Uuuuuggghhhhh ... I can feel it.” Sally tried to look at her son, but her head was bouncing so quickly that it was difficult to focus. Was he ... masturbating? “When he ... takes me ... oooooohhhhhh ... Kevin ... Kevin ... your father ... Kevin ...”

“Mom?” Kevin said.

“Tell ... your father ... I left him ... for a dragon ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Sally came again.

Kevin came too. He had no choice.

The dragon behind Sally growled deeply and plunged his cock all the way inside her. He held himself there for several minutes as the woman wailed with pleasure. When he pulled out, a cascade of dragon spunk poured out of Sally.

The other dragons finished inside Becky and Laura. While Brian and Sam dumped their loads on the lawn. Malcolm was the last to finish. He did so inside his mother accompanied by a curse-laden tirade.

Then, the dragons picked up their women and lifted into the air. The three sons could only watch as their mothers disappeared into the night.

“Okay, that’s a wrap on this session.” Malcolm smiled as he pulled up his pants. “The dragons aren’t really going to keep your moms. That was just us messing around. You’ll get them back after they spend a few more hours fucking. But your dear mommies won’t be the same when they return. Anytime they hear the word *dragon*, they will get crazy horny. Consider that a parting gift from me, since you were all such good sports.” Malcolm waved to the boys and walked back through the house.

Hettie stepped up and kissed each teenager on the cheek. They all stood there, dicks still in their hands. “In case it wasn’t clear, my son is telling you that you can ... um ... how should I put this? You can hit that pussy whenever you like. Just be careful where you are when you say the word *dragon*. Your mothers will go crazy.” She walked to the back

door. The boys stood rigidly staring into the night. She stopped before going inside. “Oh, and the magic will wear off in about ten minutes. I’m not going to make you stand there with your penises out all night. But I can’t have you following us either.” With that, she disappeared.

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Sometime later that night, when their fathers asked where their mothers were, the boys said they didn’t know. They couldn’t bring themselves to tell the truth.

Just like when Laura and Becky had disappeared, the police were involved, and there was a search. And just like last time, the women returned in the early morning. Sally’s dress was torn and soaked in some sort of pungent slime. Becky and Laura were naked. They all smelled like overripe fruit. And they all carried strange gold coins in their hands.

They said they’d gotten lost out on a walk, were attacked by wild beasts, and took shelter in a cave. There they found treasure. Later, when pressed to locate the cave, they couldn’t. They promised they wouldn’t go wandering at night again. And they didn’t.

The boys decided they would have more game sessions before heading to college. Malcolm didn’t show up again. But Brian, Sam, and Kevin did invite their mothers.

THE END