

# THE DARK STONE



CHAPTER 1  
PART 1

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

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Sam skipped out of the alley behind the 7-11 and turned onto the old train tracks. Weeds brushed along his ankles. The faint scent of creosote rose up from the weathered wood beneath him. He hopped from one tie to the next. His brown eyes scanned the ground. The weight of his backpack cut into his shoulders. He didn't care. It was all about finding that next remarkable rock.

It wasn't the most direct route between school and his quiet suburban home. But he was passionate about rock hounding, and he'd found quite a few prize pieces along these tracks. Sam, a senior in high school now, had been taking this path the last four years.

Something caught his eye. Sam bent to his knees and reached his steady right hand down to tug at the thing lodged against the metal rail. It was jet-black with jagged red veining. It wasn't chromite. It wasn't some sort of volcanic glass. He had no clue what it was.

With a little effort, Sam pulled the thing loose. He dusted it off and held it up to the light. The red veins seemed to pulse as he cupped it in the palm of his hand. Interesting trick. This might be his best find yet. He shoved it in his pocket and resumed his hopping down the tracks. He hummed a little song to himself and scanned the ground for more interesting finds.

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“Mom, I’m home.” Sam threw down his backpack in the hall, kicked off his shoes, and fished the rock out of his pocket. It seemed to throb in indoor light too. Really strange. He held it loosely in his right hand, eager to show his mom, Joyce. She’d pretend to be interested. That was enough for Sam.

“Hi Sammy, I’m in the kitchen.” Joyce’s voice echoed throughout the house.

Sam bounced down the hall and into the kitchen. His mom was chopping something at the counter, her back to him. Her long brown hair hid her face. She was still taller than Sam, but hopefully not for long. He just needed a little late growth spurt. Just past his eighteenth birthday, he was bound to start growing soon.

Sam was about to tell her all about the rock in one big gush of exuberance. But he suddenly fell quiet. Warmth pulsed through his right hand and his fingers clenched tighter around the rock.

“Sammy?” Joyce chopped away at the vegetables in front of her.

Why hadn’t he noticed the flare of Joyce’s hips before? She was wearing a knee length skirt and a white blouse that sort of hugged her waist. Her butt curved nicely under that skirt. Sam shook his head and looked again. The outline of her bra straps under the shirt was unmistakable. Was that sexy? He took a step into the kitchen. He could see the swell of her right side-boob under her shirt, jiggling as she chopped with the knife. Holy smokes. His mom was hot.



“What is it, young man?” She turned around and gave him an appraising stare. “You okay?” The beauty of her face caught him by surprise. Her wide brown eyes and soft feminine features lit up as she gave him a sly smile. “What’s gotten into you.”

“Ah, sorry Mom.” Sam ran the fingers of his left hand through his messy brown hair. “I guess I’m a little tired.”

“Well, your father’s getting home late, and Bex has yearbook, so maybe we can spend a little time together this afternoon.” She put down the knife and her smile broadened. The concept of the hourglass figure suddenly made sense to Sam. “But first you have to do your homework,” she said.



“Yes.” Sam nodded and backed out into the hall. “I’ve got a lot of homework. Might need to go right until dinner.”

“Okay, honey.” She turned back to her vegetables. “Come down if you get done early.”

He turned and ran up the stairs, taking two steps at a time. He got to his bedroom and slammed the door. He needed to fap like never before. It sounded crazy, but wanted to hold that rock the hole time. That pulse was spreading up his right arm. It felt really good.

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A couple hours later, the family sat around the table for dinner.



“Dad, stop with the politics,” Bex said. Her short blonde hair bounced as she cocked her head at their dad. “I wanna tell you all about yearbook. We’re gonna do some cool things this year.”

Sam tuned her out until her babbling was just background noise. He looked down at his plate. He’d barely touched his mashed potatoes and green beans. But he’d eaten all his meatloaf. He’d had three helpings and he still wanted more.

Fapping had helped, but he still felt really weird. Before dinner, he’d tucked his new rock under his mattress. Somehow, he’d become afraid he might lose it. Or that someone else might touch it. For some reason, he worried about Joyce touching the thing.

Looking up from his dinner, he surveyed the table. Joyce gave him a quizzical look. He tried to smile at her. Paul did his best to engage his sister on matters yearbook.



His older sister looked different. How had he not noticed how pretty and delicate she was? Soft blue eyes. A warm engaging smile. Her bra straps visible on her narrow shoulders. Her boobs. Oh God, her boobs. Small and firm, just hanging out right there. How had he not noticed before?



"I have to go," Sam stood up. Everyone looked at him. "I don't feel well."

"Do you need anything, honey?" Joyce said.

"No." He turned and ran out of the room. He was still hungry. Maybe he'd come back down for some more meatloaf later. But now, more fapping.



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The next morning, Sam woke early. It was still dark outside. He could barely make out the NASA poster above his bed, the planets faint smudges in the solar system. He rolled over in his tangle of sheets and groaned. Something felt odd. He tossed and turned, trying to get comfortable. Very odd.

Something was wrong with his dick. He rolled over and jumped out of bed. He pulled down his briefs and looked. His eyes refused to register what he was looking at. It was impossible.

What growing boy hasn't seen his share of big dicks in porn? But not in real life. Not in the showers at school. And certainly, never before with this view, looking down past his measly pecks and smooth, flat belly. There between his legs was a huge dick. It was soft, but maybe seven or eight inches resting against his leg. And fat. Good Lord, was it wide. His old scrawny dick had been replaced overnight.



The rock. The rock had caused this. He pulled it out from under the mattress and it was pulsing. Red light glowed in his dark room. He held it in his right hand. The red veins in that black surface flowed, and throbbed, and spread warmth into his hand. He tightened his hand around the rock. Images of his mom leapt into his head. He grabbed his cock. He was hard now and it truly was a sight to behold. It had to be at least a foot long. The head purple and angry. The veins, throbbing.



Ten minutes later he came all over his sheets. Tons of cum exploded out. He'd never experienced anything like it.

He waddled over to the window with his briefs still around his ankles and pulled it open. The cold, crisp air cleared his head. Sam pulled up his briefs, which barely contained the deflated monster between his legs. He gathered his bedding into a great ball and carried it off toward the laundry room. He'd never washed laundry before, but he sure as hell wasn't going to let his mom do it this time.

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At school, Sam didn't tell his friends about what had happened. He didn't seek out the school counselor. Although, come to think of it, she did have nice round boobs and a round butt.

Sam kept to himself at school that day. Looking forward to getting back to his rock. And his new equipment.

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That afternoon, Sam didn't take the railroad tracks home. He went the shortest route, directly via Oak Avenue. When he got to his house, he burst through the front door. He didn't bother calling for Joyce. He needed to get to his room right away.

The stairs took longer than he remembered. He took three steps at a time. He raced down the hall, about to burst into his room. He stopped. His heart pounding in his chest. A moan escaped out the partially open door to his room.

Sam tiptoed up to the door and peeked in. His mind nearly exploded when he saw what lay inside.



There, under the NASA poster. Under the other poster that hung over his bed, the one of cat Gandalf, telling you to "Hang in there, you fools," was his mom. She had on a t-shirt and pants. Her head back on his pillow. Her right hand furiously rubbing under her pants, her left hand clenched round something that throbbed red. Oh no, she'd found his rock.

Joyce's eyes were closed. Her mouth hung open. Sam had never seen her like this.

His rock-hard dick pulled uncomfortably at his

pants. He looked down, it had snaked its way past his waist band and under his shirt. Past his belly button, Sam guessed.

"Oh my," Joyce said. "Oh my." Under her t-shirt, her boobs bounced as her hand dug between her legs. Her tits jiggled. Wow, she was hot.

This wasn't good. This wasn't good at all. Sam backed away from the door. He crept down the hall and went to the front door. He'd have to figure out how to deal with an erection this size. It was mightily uncomfortable in his pants.



"Mom, I'm home," Sam called out. He eased himself awkwardly into a chair in the kitchen to wait for her to come down. His brain feverish with the images he'd seen upstairs. He tried to clear his mind. He'd play it cool. He'd check to make sure she put back his rock later.