

CHAPTER 1
PART 2

THE DARK STONE



FICTION

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The Dark Stone

Chapter 1 Part 2

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Twenty minutes passed before Joyce came downstairs. "Oh, hi Sammy, how was school?"

"It was fine." His dick had deflated somewhat as he scrolled on his phone while waiting for her. It still felt huge in his pants. He squirmed a bit. "I got a B on a math test." He looked up at her.

"You. Um. Need to do better." Joyce's face flushed. The freckles on her nose were more pronounced. She didn't make eye contact with Sam. "Your father and I need you to get As, honey." She stepped over to the refrigerator, opened it, and looked inside. Sam watched her butt wobble in her jeans. How had he not seen her like this before?



A thought popped into Sam's head. "I, uh, haven't been able to concentrate lately."

"Um-hmm," Joyce leaned into the fridge to get a better look.



“My body has been going through some changes.” Sam resisted the urge to grab her butt. His dick began to harden again.

“You are that age, Sammy. Things are changing.” She straightened and looked over her shoulder at him, making eye contact for the first time. Her soft brown eyes captivated Sam.



"I think I need your help," He squirmed again.

"Of course, sweetie, I'm your mom. I'll do whatever I can for you."

"When's Bex getting home?" Sam said.

"She's over at Sarah's. They're working on a computer project." Joyce turned to face him. "She's probably staying over there for dinner."

"And Dad?"

"He just texted, he'll be home in an hour," she said. "Do you want to talk to him instead?" Her face was still flushed.

"No, I feel more comfortable with you, Mom."

"Okay, honey."

"Can I show you something and you can tell me if it's normal?" Sam sat on the counter. He knew she didn't like when he did that, but he felt like he needed to sit down. His heart beat faster.

"Of course." Joyce stood before him, hands on her hips.



"It's about my dick. My penis I mean."

"Well, perhaps your father -"

"No." Sam shook his head. "I need your help."

"What do you need?" A look of concern spread across her pretty face.

"I need to show it to you. I need you to see me fap. Uh. Masturbate. I need you tell me if it's normal. It doesn't seem normal." These were the craziest words he'd ever said. Where did he get the courage?

Joyce's hand went to her mouth. "Oh my gosh, Sammy. Absolutely not."

"But you said -"

"I could never." She shook her head slowly, back and forth. Her hand still covering her mouth. Something in her body language told Sam he had a chance.



What followed was fifteen minutes of begging and pleading by Sam. And consistent refusal by Joyce. Sam couldn't tell what had finally happened. Had he convinced her? Had she finally just worn down? Was the rock somehow behind this? But here he found himself. Both of them in the bathroom. Forty-five minutes until his dad came home. His mom sitting on the toilet lid, hands on her knees, watching him with wide eyes.

"Let me show you what the problem is." He pulled off his shirt. Sam stood in front of the bathroom sink. Looking at his scrawny torso in the mirror. The rock certainly hadn't made anything else bigger. He unbuttoned his pants. The

sound of his zipper descending filled the little bathroom. He dropped his pants and then his briefs. His dick flopped out, fully hard and enormous.

"Oh my goodness. Sammy, Sammy, Sammy." Joyce recoiled, but her eyes fixed themselves on her son's thing. "I didn't know. Oh my, I didn't know."

"Here we go Mom." Sam grabbed his dick with his right hand and pumped away.

"I don't know, honey." Joyce leaned forward like she might get up.

"You ... ah ... promised ... Mom."

She didn't get up. Joyce leaned forward again. And watched. And watched.

About ten minutes later. "Mom ... I'm ready ... to ... show ... you ... the ... problem ... aaahhhhhh." Sam let out a torrent of cum into sink. He came and came.

"Oh no," Joyce murmured. "So much ... and the smell."



After a few more spasms, Sam looked over at his mom. "What about the smell?"

"Don't worry, honey. It's normal. Just ... very pronounced."

"And the rest of it?"

"Well." Joyce leaned against the back of the toilet. Her chest rose and fell with shallow breaths. "I've never seen anything like it. But everything seems to function ... normally."

"Am I a monster?" Sam said. He didn't mean it, but fishing for sympathy with his mom always worked pretty well.

Joyce stood and stepped over to Sam, careful to steer well clear of his still erect penis. "No way. You're my special little man." She tousled his hair and looked at him quizzically. She was a few inches taller than Sam, and he had to look up a little to see her eyes. "Some parts of you are just a little more developed than others. You're eighteen. You can still have a late growth spurt. I'm sure the rest of you will catch up." She stepped around him and opened the bathroom door. "Clean that up." She pointed to the sink. "Now I need to take a little nap before cooking dinner." She walked out of view down the hall.

"Okay." Sam smiled. "Can I show you again tomorrow?"

"This was a one-time thing." Joyce called back to him. "Just needed to see it once." Then the click of his parent's bedroom door followed as she went down for her nap.

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Later that night, after Sam's dad, Paul, got home. After their pizza dinner. After some stilted conversation, without much eye contact by anyone. Sam had turned in early to his room. He fished the rock out from under his mattress. Joyce had returned it after all. Thank God. He sat down in his chair and with one hand clenched around the rock, and the other around his dick, he passed several hours. He'd have to keep a stack of towels by the bed. He couldn't keep washing sheets all the time.

After school the next day, Sam fapped in front of the sink in the main floor bathroom.

Even though she swore she wouldn't, Joyce sat on the toilet lid, watching his hand slide up and down that huge thing. "Does it hurt at all? The head looks really purple, and your veins ... I can practically see your pulse."



Sam gave Joyce a sidelong look. "Um ... yeah ... Mom ... it hurts. The stuff needs to get out."

"Oh, honey. I'm so sorry. Maybe you should try just keeping your hand around the head. That's what your dad does." Her eyes didn't move from his thing. "We really need to hurry. Your sister'll be home soon."

After a few more minutes of fapping just the head. "Did you tell Dad?" Sam said.

"No, honey." Her pretty mouth turned itself into a small, little frown. "I don't think he'd understand."

"Understand that you like to watch my dick?" He had no idea where this confidence was coming from.

The frown deepened. "I'm doing this for you, Sammy," she said. "To make sure you're okay. So that you can concentrate on schoolwork. So, it doesn't bother you anymore. You're doing better with the head there. Does that feel any better?"

"A little. It still hurts." It didn't hurt at all.

"Okay, you just need some practice."

"What would Dad say if he saw us right now?" Sam's hand moved faster.

"Sam, stop talking about your father."

"You ... ah ... brought him up. Are you a ... ah ... good wife ... doing this with your ... ah ... son?" Sam said.

"Sam Higgins." Joyce raised her voice.



"Sorry." He looked over at her, perched on the toilet. Arms crossed over her chest. Brown eyes piercing through him. Eyebrows furrowed. She was pissed. "I'm sorry," Sam stopped fapping. "What I meant was you're the best mom in the whole world. Thank you for doing this for me."

"You're welcome, Sammy." Her face softened. Her eyes fell back to his thing.

"You won't tell Dad?"

"I won't tell your father." Joyce's arms unfolded, and her hands fell back in her lap. "And you can't tell anyone either. This is our secret."

"Not Bex?" Sam grabbed the head again and resumed stroking.

"Goodness no," Joyce said.

“Not my friends?”

“No.”

“Not ... ah ... Mrs. Prescott?”

“Sarah’s mom? Nobody, Sammy. Promise me.” Joyce leaned forward eyes fixed on Sam’s motions.

“So ... does this mean ... ah ... you’ll watch me again?”

“Maybe Sammy. If you’re good. And it helps with your grades.”

“Oh ... I’m gonna ... I’m gonna ...” Sam erupted in the sink again.

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The next couple weeks Joyce watched Sam in the bathroom every day after school. She told him no on the weekends. “We’ll never do this while your sister or father are home,” she’d said.



Sam used the rock every night before bed. He’d noticed that it was moved to a slightly different place under the mattress every day. He knew that his mom was using it while he was at school.

Somehow, he managed to get his homework done. Things had never been better. His mom even let him talk about how clueless his dad was while they were in the bathroom. Sometimes. And only just a little.

As great as this all was. He wanted more. Joyce's curvy body called out to him. It seemed like she was ever more sexy every day.

He'd also began to hear his parents doing it at night after he and Bex went to bed. The first night was an accident while walking to the bathroom. He'd heard the rhythmic thump and his mom moaning.

"Your incredible, Joyce," Paul had said. "You're so tight."

"Do it, do it, do it." Joyce had chanted.

Sam listened and thought about what he could do with his powerful new weapon.

After that, he snuck out to hear them most nights.



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It was Sunday, and Sam was thinking about his sister. He'd never noticed Bex like this before. Her trim little hips. Her elfin nose. Her long, slender neck. How had he never seen it before? He needed more than fantasies.

Sam knocked on his sister's door. "Come in," Bex said.

"Hey." Sam opened the door and stepped in.

She was working at her computer. She didn't look up. "What?"

"I was wondering if you could help me with something?" Sam stood just inside the door. Their parents were both downstairs. He thought he'd probably hear them if they started up the stairs. "In the bathroom."

"I'm busy." Bex pounded her fingers on the keyboard.



"I really need you to tell me if you think something is normal."

"What?"

"I'll show you in the bathroom," Sam said.

"Just tell me now." Her eyes didn't leave her monitor.

Sam sighed. This would be harder than he thought. He gently closed the door behind him. "I'll have to show you here." He unbuttoned his jeans and dropped them around his knees. He lowered his briefs too.

"What?" Bex said.

"This." Sam's new dick bounced, slightly, to the rhythm of his pulse. It stuck proudly out in front of him, looking as angry as ever.



Bex turned to look at him. Her eyes widened. "Ewwww, gross. What's wrong with you pervert." She threw a pen at him from her desk.

"I..." Sam ducked out of the way as the pen sailed past.

"Get out of my room. Put that disgusting thing away."

Sam pulled up his underwear and pants. "I just wanted your help."

"Go show one of your perverted friends. Your dick looks deformed."

She threw another pen at him.

"Sorry." Sam retreated, opened the door, and slid out. He closed the door behind him.

"Try that again and I'm telling Mom," his sister yelled out at him.

"Sorry," Sam said.

"Sammy?" Joyce called up to him from downstairs. "Everything okay?"

"Bex and I just had a fight." Sam called down. His voice was a little shaky.

"You apologize to her, right now." Joyce said.

"I did," Sam said.