



CHAPTER 1
PART 3

THE DARK STONE

FICTION

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Sam went back to his room and thought long and hard about his sister's reaction. His mom had said no at first, but not like this. Joyce had found the rock in his room, probably while she was in there cleaning up. Bex never went in his room. If he wanted her help, he'd have to help her find the rock.

The more he thought about the rock, the more worked up he got. He almost fished it out for another fap session, but he had other ideas. Sam left his room and walked downstairs.

His parents were in the living room. Paul was watching a football game. His mom reading a book. Sam walked over to Joyce and stood next to the armchair she was curled up in. "Mom, I need some help."

"Not today." She didn't look up from her book. "You know the rules."



"It hurts Mom. I'm not doing it right. It's been too long."

"What's going on, Sam?" Paul's eyes never left the television.

"Nothing Dad, I'm just trying to learn some yoga."

"You wanna watch the game with me?"

"Maybe later, Dad." How did his dad not realize what Sam hated sports? Sam turned back to his mom. He raised his eyebrows and motioned his head upstairs.

"Well." Joyce took off her reading glasses. "Paul when's the game over?"

"It's the third quarter." Paul still hadn't looked over from the game.

"I'll be right back, Paul." Joyce stood up.

Sam's dad waved a hand at her. "Okay, do your thing."

Sam's heart raced.

Once Joyce and Sam were in their usual positions in the bathroom upstairs, Sam looked over at his mom.

"Thanks Mom. It's really hurting."

"This is the only time I'm helping with your dad and sister home. You have to be quiet." Her eyes fixed themselves on his dick.

"All right Mom." Sam looked down at his dick bobbing inches from the sink.

"Why don't you start first with the head only, and then try two hands to finish up? And we have to be quick. No half-hour sessions. Okay?" As she leaned forward on the toilet lid, her boobs pressed tightly into her t-shirt.

"I'll try." Sam rubbed his right hand on the angry purple head.

Ten minutes past. "Are you almost there?"

"I'm trying. Ah ... it's still hurting." It wasn't.

"We've been in here too long." Joyce whispered. She stared at his dick, watching Sam's two hands slide up and down over the pulsing veins. Sam looked over at her. She was on the very edge of the toilet now. "I'm going to have to help you. Good Lord. I'm going to have to do it."

"Please, Mom, I need it to get out."



“Okay.” Joyce took a deep breath and bit her lower lip, ever so slightly. “Move your hands away Sammy.”

Sam dropped his hands by his sides. He turned to face her.



“No, stay facing the sink,” she whispered. Joyce turned him back to the sink. “Now, my hands might be a little cold at first.” She stood behind him, reached around, and hesitated before placing her hand on his thing. After a deep breath, she grabbed his penis. “I’m going to have to show you how to take care of your thing, Sammy. After this, you can do it on your own.” She started stroking, using long slow strokes. Her delicate hand did not quite wrap all the way around his dick. The sparkle of her wedding ring contrasted with his purple head.

“Oh. Ah ... thanks Mom. You’re the best.”

She smiled a slight half crescent, eyes still on her task.

Five minutes later. “I’m getting close, Mom. Ah ... ah ... ah.”

“Good, honey.” Joyce’s boobs bounced under her shirt with the effort. The flare of her lower back out to her butt and hips was a magical sight for Sam looking down at her.

“Can you ... ah ... believe that Dad ... ah ... ah ... is right downstairs. And Bex ... ah ... ”

Joyce’s hands slowed. “Don’t you start, Sammy.”

“Sorry, Mom.”

“Okay.” She sped up again.

“Here it comes, Mom.” Sam tried to whisper.

“Let it out, honey.”

Sam came for what felt like forever. He couldn’t believe his luck. This was the best thing that ever happened to anybody.

“That smell is so ...” Joyce stood and turned on the faucet to wash the cum down the drain.

“Is it bad?”

“No, it’s good. It’s just so strong. It’s like all of you down there. Perfectly normal. Just more than most boys. I guess.”

There was no way Sam was waiting until tomorrow for another round.

“Okay, I’m going to go take a quick nap now.” Joyce turned off the faucet.

“Mom?”

“Yes?” Joyce stood up and scooted behind Sam. She tousled his hair as she stepped by.

“It still hurts.”

Joyce stopped at the door. “Oh, no. No, no, no, no.”

“It really hurts.” Sam’s dick still stood perfectly straight. One time wasn’t going to do it.

“Well ...” Joyce frowned and looked down at his enormous thing. “It can’t be helped then. We’ll have to be fast.”

Sam nodded with enthusiasm. “I promise.”

“Okay.” Joyce sighed, opened the door, and checked down the hallway, looking both ways. She stepped back inside, closed and locked the door. “Why am I doing this?” She whispered.

“Thanks, Mom.” Sam smiled.

And Sam got the second handjob of his young life in the same day by the most beautiful woman in the world. And they finished before the end of the fourth quarter.



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There was another beautiful woman in that house. It was too bad Sam had upset Bex like that. He'd have to make it up to her. As he lay in bed that night, he hatched a plan. His parents were watching TV downstairs. Bex was in her room down the hall. Sam reached under the mattress and pulled out the rock. Its smooth black finish cooled his hand. At the same time, on a completely different level, the red pulsing veins sent ribbons of warmth up his arm. He stood and walked over to his sister's room.

"Rebekah?" He knocked softly on her door.

"Go away." Her muffled voice carried out into the hall.

"I'm sorry about before. I just wanted some help. I haven't been feeling all that well."

"Go away you pervert."

"Okay. Well, anyway, Mom wants you downstairs." Sam placed the rock in the hall outside his sister's door. "She said it's important."

"Fine."

Sam walked back to the bathroom and closed the door almost all the way. He peeked out. The rock glowed faintly in the dark hall. Bex opened her door and stepped on the rock on her way out. "Ow." She looked down. She was wearing shorts and tank top.

"Another stupid rock." Bex bent down and picked up the rock with her right hand. "She straightened back up and held it in front of her to get a better look. She took a few steps down the hallway toward Sam's room. "Sam, I found another one of your dumb ..." She stopped in the hall, looking at the pulsing light. Bex turned and when back to her room. She closed the door and locked it with a soft click.



After about ten minutes, Sam crept down the hall and listened at her door.

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh.” He could hear her grunting, barely audible through the door. He’d let her keep the rock for the night.

Sam thought about getting his mom back up to the bathroom, but three times in one day felt like it might be pushing it. He went back to his room and fapped without the rock or his mom for the first time in weeks.



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The next morning, Sam waited for Bex to head off to the bus. After her little butt was safely out the front door, he snuck into her room and found the rock. She'd tucked it under her mattress. Must be a thing with this rock. He pulled it out, looked down at it, and had an idea.

Sam tucked the rock into his pants pocket and jogged downstairs. He found his mom in the kitchen.

"Is Dad still here?" Sam said.

"I'm right here, kiddo." His dad walked into the kitchen wearing a suit and tie, briefcase in tow. "Need something?"

"Just wanted to wish you a great day," Sam said.

"Thanks." Paul grabbed a piece of toast and strode out of the kitchen. "You too," he called over his shoulder.

Sam and his mom looked at one another. She was wearing a blue, flowing dress that didn't reveal too much and ended just below the knees. "You're gonna be late," Joyce said.

They heard the front door slam as Paul left for work.



"I'm hurting a bit today. And I've got a test this afternoon," Sam said. "I don't know if I can concentrate."

"No way, young man." She crossed her arms and gave him a stern look.

"And I'm also really upset because Bex took my favorite rock and wouldn't give it back." Same took the rock out his pocket and held it out to her. This was the first time they'd been with the rock together. That felt important for some reason. "I had to get it back from her room."

"Well, she shouldn't have done that." Joyce stared at the rock and bit her lip. "Off to school with you."

"I can be a few minutes late. The test isn't until later. I want you to see my favorite rock. And then, maybe you can help me."

"Come on, buster." Her arms fell to her sides. "Not now."

"Just ten minutes." Sam walked slowly over to his mom. He held out the rock to her.

Joyce reached out her hand and picked it from Sam's palm. "What is this stone, Sammy?"

"I don't know. Do you like it?"

"I do." She was breathing heavily and her boobs rose and fell under her dress. "And I don't."

Sam pulled down his pants.

"Don't do this Sammy."

Sam pulled down his briefs.



"My goodness. It's huge." She said. Before she knew it, she was on her knees on the cold linoleum floor. The rock rolled out of her hand and fell next to her. "So you can concentrate," she said. Her hands reached up for his thing. The diamond on her wedding band sparkled in the morning light. She tried not to think of her husband.

Ten minutes later, she had the purple head of her son's penis in her mouth, both hands stroking up and down the shaft. How had this happened?

"Wow, Mom, I can't believe you're doing this." Sam looked down at her. She was struggling with his size, nostrils flaring, as her head bobbed back and forth.

"Uuuuhhhmmmm," Joyce said.



"I'm getting ... close." Sam put his hands on the back of his mom's head. Her hair was silky and smooth.

"Uuuukkkmmmm." She said.

"What ... about ... ah ... oh Mom. What about the sink?"

Joyce pulled her mouth off her son's thing. "It's okay Sammy. I can't believe I'm letting you do this. But it's for the best." She looked up at him. "Just let it out." She put her mouth back on and rolled her tongue around the head.

"Oh ... my ... God ... Mom," Sam said. Shot after shot of hot, salty cum sprayed into her mouth. The heat was startling. So different from her husband's.



Joyce groaned and tried to swallow. It tasted so good, but there was too much. She sputtered, pulled his thing out her mouth, and not knowing what to do, pointed it at her dress. By the time he was done, her chest was a goopy, sticky mess.



Sam let go of his mom's head. "You are the best mom ever."

"There you go, Sammy." Before she knew what she was doing, Joyce licked up and down his shaft, trying to get him clean for school. "Now go get an A on that test." She picked up the rock, smoothed out her dress, and stood. Her hands were sticky. She didn't make eye contact. "Now I'm going to go upstairs and see about getting this dress cleaned. And you're going to hurry to school."

"Yes, Mom." Sam pulled up his underwear and pants. "See you afterschool." He grabbed his backpack and skipped to the front door.