

CHAPTER 2
PART 1

THE DARK STONE



FICTION

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The Dark Stone

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Joyce looked around her room. She was in her bra and panties since a little while ago Sam had nearly ruined her dress. That was total madness. She wore sensible underwear, as she did almost always. Except for a few frilly numbers she had tucked away for special occasions with her husband Paul.



The t-shirt she'd slept in last night was still on the dresser. She pulled it on.

Something had to be done about Sam. Joyce knitted her brow and chewed on her bottom lip. Things were spiraling out of control. All because of Sam's new urges. And his gargantuan penis.

No, that was wrong. It was the rock that was doing this. Everything was normal before the rock came into the house. Now, everything with Sam had gone bananas. Not to mention her sex drive was out of control. She masturbating at least twice a day. Once, while the kids were at school. And then once after her bathroom session with Sam. Add to that all the sex she'd been having with Paul.

There was only one thing to do. She walked out of her bedroom, down the hall, downstairs, and into the kitchen. The rock still rested on the linoleum floor where she'd dropped it. Its surface a complete black. Except, of course, the red veins which glowed and pulsed as she watched it.

This would end now. Joyce walked over to the rock. A couple splashes of Sam's cum had landed next to it on her beautiful, patterned floor. She'd clean that up later. But first, she'd take that rock and throw it into a nearby lake. No one would find it. Ever again.

Joyce bent down and picked up the rock. It throbbed at a faster pace. She took several steps toward the garage and stopped. She hadn't put any pants on. She looked down at her bare legs, so pale in the morning light. She turned around to head upstairs, find a pair of jeans, and then get back down to the car. She'd do away with this evil that had invaded her home.



Once in her room, Joyce's mind went a little foggy. Her legs. She had come up here to do something about her legs. She pulled off her panties and tossed them into the laundry basket. Done. Now, she needed something else. Joyce sat down on the edge of her bed. What?

A daydream about Bex, her wonderful daughter, crept into her mind. Sam's older sister was smart, passionate about her nerdy things, and so ... pretty? Joyce was more than a little jealous of her daughter's tight body and silky skin. Bex got her blue eyes and blonde hair from her father.

“Mom,” the imagined Bex stood in the room with her. Her daughter walked toward her. Wearing her usual tank top and skirt. “I want to talk to you about code.” Bex pulled off the top and skirt and tossed them into nothingness. Her tight little body looked so perfect in her bra and panties. Bex kneeled in front of her mom.

“What?” Joyce’s voice was feeble. “What code, Bex?”

“Code is language. It needs to be translated.” The imagined Bex looked up at her mom, her little oval face so pretty. She reached out her hands and rested them on Joyce’s knees. “You have to listen. To break any code, the first step is to listen.”

“What are you talking about, Bex?” Joyce felt faint. A pulsing warmth spread up her right arm and into her chest.

“Ones and zeros, Mom.” Bex applied pressure with her hands and slowly spread Joyce’s knees apart, until the outside of each knee touched the mattress.

“Oh no.” Joyce looked down at the t-shirt logo draped across her breasts. She pulled down the collar of her shirt to expose her cleavage, she needed to see her own breasts.



Bex leaned in toward the triangle of brown hair between Joyce’s legs. “Tongues and heros.” Bex licked at her mom’s vagina and looked back up. “Ones and zeros.”

“Oh ... my ... goodness.” Joyce, lost in her daydream, furiously masturbated on her bed with her left hand, her legs spread wide. Her right hand clutched the rock and didn’t let go.

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Sam swung the front door open. He was out of breath. He wasn't used to running. Certainly not all the way home from school. "Mom." He stopped in the front hall to slow his heart rate. "I'm home." How were they going to top this morning? Not easy, for sure. But it'd be fun to try.



"Mom?" Sam walked into the kitchen, but she wasn't there. He wandered through the main level. No one. He went upstairs. "Mom, you up here?" Nothing. He slowly descended back to the main level and called down at the basement door.

"Mooooooooommmmm?" She wouldn't be in the basement anyway.

Sam walked through the kitchen and opened the door to the garage. No cars. His mom was out. He closed the door and looked around the kitchen. Not even a note.

This morning, they'd left the rock on the kitchen floor. It wasn't there. Panic struck. Sam raced upstairs into his room and lifted the mattress. He let out a deep breath. The rock was there. Joyce had put it back.

The mattress fell back with a thump. Sam sat down on the bed. He was already completely hard. A warmth spread through him. Lately, it seemed like having the rock under the mattress was just as good as holding it. He pulled off his pants and briefs and lay down on the bed. The monster between his legs looked angrier than usual. Maybe it didn't like it when his mom disappeared either. Time to fap.

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Sam stayed up in his room until well after his sister and dad came home. When his mom called up that she'd brought home take out, Sam came down.

Paul and Bex carried most of the conversation that night. If they noticed that Sam and Joyce were quiet, they didn't mention it. Joyce made eye contact with Sam a couple times, but quickly looked away.

After dinner, Joyce excused herself. "I have to lie down," she said.

Sam went back to his room and played video games for a few hours, until a knock on the door interrupted him.

"Yeah," Sam said.

The door opened half way and his dad leaned in. "Just wanted to say goodnight, Sam. Everything okay at school?"



"Thanks, Dad." Sam paused the game and spun his chair from the computer screen to face the door. "There's been some tough tests lately, but I'm getting through it."

"Good to hear it." Paul smiled. "Your mom and I are counting on you to get more A's."

"Yeah, she's been helping me focus."

"That yoga stuff?"

"More or less," Sam said.

"Well, goodnight." Paul softly closed the door.

"Goodnight, Dad." Sam waited for the click of the latch and then turned back to his game.

A few hours later, a soft knock at the door intruded on his game again. Sam paused it and spun his chair to face the door.

"Yeah?"

"Sammy?" The door opened halfway and Joyce's head peeked through. "You're still awake?" She stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. She didn't lock it.

She was so strikingly beautiful, even in an old t-shirt and sweatpants. Her soft face so perfect and calming. Sam hadn't turned any lights on, so the glow from his monitor cast all sorts of shadows. Wherever the light could find her curves, it did. Even in those bulky clothes, there were plenty of curves to find.

"Sam, I'm sorry I wasn't here when you got home from school today. I just needed ... I needed a little break." She clasped her hands in front of her. "We have to talk."

Sam's shoulders slumped. Suddenly, all the anger at her leaving melted. "I'm sorry, Mom."

"For what, honey?" She didn't move.

"For everything. There's so much that's hard to control these days."



Joyce stepped over to his bed, smoothed out his blanket a little, and sat down. She eyed the pile of clean towels and looked back to Sam. "It's not your fault, Sam. You're growing and going through changes. It happens to all boys your age." She patted the bed next to her. "Come here. We need to talk about the rock."

Sam rose from the chair and dragged himself to the bed. He sat down next to Joyce.

"Now, everything's going to be okay." She put her arm around his shoulders and gave him a warm motherly squeeze, careful not to press her right breast into his shoulder. "Two things need to happen. We need to stop touching that rock. And you need to find yourself a girlfriend."



"You want me to throw it away?" Sam knew it was the right thing to do, but he was still crestfallen.

"If you can, honey. But I tried that already, and it wasn't easy." Joyce squeezed him tighter. Her boob pressed into his shoulder. "I think we should put it away somewhere and agree not touch it. Ever again."

Sam felt the warmth spread up from below. The rock rested right under where they were sitting. "Touch it how?" His dick hardened in his shorts. It was about to be very hard to hide it from his mother.

"You know what I mean, Sammy." Joyce looked Sam in the eyes, a stern and searching look. But it softened by the second. She was feeling it too.

"Like this?" Sam put his left hand on his mom's right leg. Friction from the soft fabric of her sweats warmed his hand as he rubbed up and down.

"No, honey. Not like that." Joyce didn't push his hand away.

"How about like this?" Sam pulled down his shorts and briefs and leaned sideways a little so that his dick rested on Joyce's thigh.

"Oh, honey, that's not what I'm talking about."

"Just one last time, Mom. To help me until I get a girlfriend." Sam's dick bounced slightly with his pulse as it rested there.

Joyce looked down at the monster, her eyes wide, lips parted. She was breathing in quick shallow gasps. "You promise you'll work hard to find a girlfriend?"

"I promise."

"Oh, honey. It looks so painful." Joyce reached her left hand over and gently stroked the purple head. "This will be the last time."

"I promise."

"And only my hands." Joyce slid her hand down the shaft and then back up.

"Okay," Sam said.



Ten minutes later, Joyce found herself on her knees on the carpet in her son's room. Before her, Sam sat on the bed, leaning back, resting on his elbows. He looked down as his mother lovingly slobbered on his dick. "I'm getting ... close, Mom."

"Uuummmmmmm," Joyce said. She closed her eyes tight. Her head bobbed, her hands pumped, and her pretty lips spread themselves to their max around Sam's dick.



“Here ... it comes.” This was better than the morning session. Sam was living the dream.

Joyce pulled her mouth off his thing and looked up at him. “Okay.” She grabbed one of the towels from beside the bed and covered his thing with it. She wasn’t going back to her husband with a t-shirt covered in cum.

“Oh ... Mom ... oh ... Mom.” Jet after jet of cum spewed into the towel. Sam jerked and spasmed for a long time.



After a while, Joyce removed the towel. It was saturated. She looked down at the still hard thing before her. Some of her son’s sperm leaked down the shaft. She couldn’t help herself. She bent down and licked it up in one deft move. She straightened and stood up. “There, now. Tomorrow you can go find a girlfriend.” She held the towel away from her body. “I’m going to go put this in the laundry.”

Sam leaned back and looked up at his ceiling. “You’re the best, mom. Whatever you say.”

“Goodnight, honey.”

“Goodnight, Mom.” Sam heard the door open and then close with a soft click. Sam thought she’d probably need to lock it next time.