

CHAPTER 2
PART 2



THE DARK STONE

FICTION

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The next day when Sam got home, Joyce asked him if he had a girlfriend yet. Sam said no and before long she was in Sam's bedroom, the door locked behind her, on her knees, sucking on his monstrous thing. He came again in a towel, saving her new red dress.

This repeated itself for the rest of week. And two weeks after that. Every day after school he'd come home with no girlfriend and she'd end up on her knees. She didn't know how to stop it. Sam looked like he was in pain, and he really was trying to find a girl to replace her.



Joyce put her foot down on the weekends. And didn't return to his room again at night either, or anytime when Bex and Paul were home. That was progress. Or if it wasn't, at least she had stopped the descent. One thing was for sure, she'd now given more blowjobs to Sam than she had in her whole marriage to Paul.



This would all be over soon, and Paul was none the wiser.

And on the plus side, her sex life with Paul had never been better. They did it most nights after the kids went to bed. And her vagina had never felt better. It felt tighter and relayed back to her brain in ecstatic detail every ridge and knob of her husband's penis.

Things were okay, and once her son found a girl, they'd probably be close to perfect.

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Sam stood in the hall outside his parent's room. He curled his bare toes in the carpet and fought the urge to lower his pajama bottoms. On the other side of the door he could hear his mom.

"Oh, Paul. Oh, Paul. Just like that."

His father was grunting. He was probably close, the lucky bastard.

"What are you doing?" The soft voice behind him carried all the weight of a thunderclap.

Sam spun to see Bex standing, hesitantly, in the hall. It was hard to make her out in the darkness. She had on some sort of long-sleeved top and pajama bottoms. Her blonde hair and pale face seemed to glow in the gloom.



“Just coming back from the bathroom.” Sam’s voice faltered a little.

“That’s where I’m going. You’re going the wrong way.” Bex moved to step by Sam. Even though she was older, her head crested several inches below Sam’s eyeline. At least he had outgrown somebody.

“I was just ...” Sam looked down at her.

Bex stopped next to Sam in the hall. The noise from their parent’s room crept out to the hall with soft, but distinct grunts and thumps. Her eyes widened in the dark. “You are so gross.”



“I’m sorry.” Sam dropped his head and snuck back to his room. He lowered himself onto his desk chair. A beam of moonlight fell into the room from a gap in the curtains. His dick was hard as could be. His pajama bottoms didn’t offer much support, so it was probably lucky he hadn’t accidentally whacked his sister as she walked by. Then she might have really exploded.

If the rock had any lasting effect on her, it didn’t show. And Sam was afraid to lend it to her again. He might not get it back. The experiment with Bex was over.

A few minutes passed as Sam pondered the moonlight and his embarrassment. He was about to leave the chair for his bed and enjoy the rock as it hid under his mattress when a quick tap-tap sounded at his door. “Yes,” he said.

The door opened and Bex stepped in. “We need to talk.” She closed the door behind her.

Sam gestured at the bed and turned his chair slightly to hide his bulge from view.

Bex looked at the bed, sighed, stepped over to it and sat on the edge with her knees pressed together. “I know you’re going through lots of changes.” She was sitting right on top of the rock. In the same exact spot Sam had been sitting earlier that day while their mom bobbed her mouth on his dick.



“Yeah,” Sam said.

“And you’ve obviously got some messed up issues with that ... that thing you’re trying to hide right now.”

Sam blushed and just sat there.

“But you need some ... some ... self-control.” Her eyes trailed away off to the closed door. Bex shook her head and looked back at her brother. “Maybe you could meditate or something.”

Sam didn’t move.

“I’m talking to you,” Bex said.

“No, you’re right.” Sam’s embarrassment floated away, replaced by something very akin to boldness. He spun his chair to face her, no longer hiding the tent in his pajamas. “It’s just I need a girlfriend. And I don’t know anything about girls. I need your help.”

Bex snorted a laugh, and at the same time spread her knees apart a few inches. “You’re not listening to me.”

“I am. I don’t want to be a pervert.” Sam’s shoulders relaxed and he sat up in the chair a little. “If you could just help me get a girlfriend, I’m sure I wouldn’t bother you any more about this stuff.”

“I don’t know.” Bex shook her head and opened her legs a little farther. “What kind of stuff do you need to know? Look it up on the internet.”

“I just need to know how a girl’s body works. You know? A real girl. The internet is all full of crazy and fake stuff.”

“Sam, I don’t think this is a good idea.” She cocked her head and gave him a quizzical look. She then spread her legs all the way.

“Please. I promise, it’ll be just till I find a girl that wants me.” Sam steepled his hands together, pleading.



Ten minutes later, Bex had removed her pajama bottoms and her white cotton panties. “This is the clit here, right at the top of the pussy.” Her legs were still spread, showing off a perfect blonde triangle of hair and the tight slit between her pussy lips. She spread two fingers on her left hand and put them on either side of her clit and gently pulled to expose it. “This is really important. Girls like this spot, but you don’t want to overstimulate it. You have to be gentle.” She was looking down at herself as she did this, hair partially concealing her face.



“Okay.” Sam rubbed his dick through his pajamas. “I think I get it. Can you show me how to do it?”

“Um ... well, you reach down like this.” She lowered her right hand down to her pussy and started to rub with soft circular motions. “Oh ... um ... oh ... you see?”

“Yes.” Sam pulled down his bottoms and his dick sprung out. “You mind if I practice on myself while you show me? So, it’s more realistic.” He reached out and stroked the shaft with his right hand.

“What?” Bex raised her eyes to watch her brother. He looked like a little twig with a horrific branch jutting out from between his legs. “I ... ah ... I guess that’s okay. Just keep it away from me.” She looked back down at her pussy and sped up her right hand.

“I promise.” Sam was riveted to the scene playing out on his bed. Bex’s little boobs jiggled with her motions, creasing the fabric of her pajama top. Her grunting increased in frequency. He looked up at the Gandalf cat poster above her on the wall. Hang in there you fool. It was working.



“And then ... ah ... after a little while ... ah ... ah ... she’ll start to cum.” Bex spasmed, her whole body contracting, her narrow shoulders scrunching forward. “Oooohhhh.”

“Quiet, Bex.” Sam kept stroking. “Mom and Dad will hear you.”

A few more spasms, and she relaxed and leaned back on the bed, her hands moved to her sides. Her chest rose and fell with each deep breath. "Sorry." In the moonlight, her pussy lips glistened. "Anyway, that's how you do it." She looked up and her eyes widened. "Oh, my God." Her brother's dick was colossal.

"I'm getting close." Sam was using both hands, moving them up and down in long quick stokes. "Toss me ... ah ... a towel."

Bex looked around, spotted his stack of towels, reached over, and tossed it across the room to where Sam sat in his chair.

"Thanks." Sam took his left hand off his dick to catch the towel, covered up, and started to cum. "Ah ... it's coming out."

"Oh, my God," Bex said again. Her mouth fell slack as she watched her brother cum for a long time. His balls hung below the towel, and they almost looked like they were pulsing red. They were bigger than any she'd ever seen.



When Sam had finished, Bex quietly stood, collected her bottoms and panties, and walked to the door. She opened it and exited without another word.

Sam watched the twin white globes of her butt bounce and disappear out the door.

