

CHAPTER 2  
PART 3

THE DARK STONE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Dark Stone

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The next day was Saturday, and Sam found his parents sitting on the back patio eating breakfast.

“Good morning, Sammy,” Joyce looked up at him with her warm, enveloping smile.

“What’s the news, sport?” Paul said.

Sam pulled up a patio chair and sat down next to his father. “I’ve got a date tonight.”

“Well done, Sam. Who’s the lucky girl?” Paul tousled Sam’s hair.

Joyce’s smile broadened. It’s a good thing Paul was looking at Sam, because he surely would have wondered why his wife was smiling her head off about one little date.



“Kelly Becker. She’s a girl in my class,” Sam said.

“Great, well I want you to be home by nine,” Paul said.

Joyce playfully slapped at Paul’s arm. “Come on Paul, let him have some fun.” She winked at Sam while her husband’s head was turned.

“Okay.” Paul turned to his wife and raised his eyebrows. “Ten-thirty?”

“I’ll take it.” Sam stood and headed back into the house.

“Where you off to?” Joyce called after him.

"The library," Sam called back. "I've got tons of homework."

"That's my boy," Paul said.

Joyce nodded, still smiling. Everything would be back to normal soon.

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The next morning Sam sat at the kitchen table, by himself, eating some toast.



Paul walked into the room. "How'd it go last night?"

"Okay," Sam looked up. His dad had his golfing clothes on.

"Going to see her again?"

"I think so."

"That's great." Paul tousled his son's messy brown hair. "I'm golfing with the guys today, want to come?"

"No thanks, Dad. That's not really my thing." Sam's eyes brightened a little. "When are you coming home?"

"Not for a while. We're playing eighteen. And if you're not coming, I'll probably stop for a beer or two afterwards." Paul grabbed a piece of toast from the counter. "Where's your mother?"

"I think she's in the living room, reading."

Paul wandered off toward the living room, calling his wife's name.

A few seconds later, Bex burst down the stairs wearing a tank top, skirt, and a big backpack on her back. "I'm off to Sarah's for D&D with the girls. Won't be back till late." She rushed right through the kitchen, through the front hall, and out the front door. It slammed behind her.

"Bye," Sam said to the door.

Paul returned to the kitchen. "Just said goodbye to your mother. Sure you don't want to come?"

“No thanks.” Sam took the last bite of toast.

“Okay, have a good one, sport.” Paul strode off to the garage. A few minutes later the car engine rumbled, the garage door groaned open, the engine faded, and the garage door groaned shut. Sam sat with his hands clasped and listened to the kitchen clock tick away.

He stood and walked into the living room. His mom was curled on the couch, head in her book. She wore a light blue dress and had her feet tucked up under the hem. Sam stopped near the couch and looked down at her. The morning light flooded into the room and highlighted the soft freckles on her arms. She was radiant.

“Hi, Mom.”



"Hello, Sammy." Joyce put down her book and took off her reading glasses. She looked up at him with her deep brown eyes. "How did it really go last night?"

"It was good." Sam sat on the arm of the couch. "Then, later, she wanted to see my dick ... penis ... and ..."

"And?" Joyce said.

"And she got scared and went home. I don't think she'll want to see me again."

Joyce's hopeful smile turned into a little frown. "Well, don't worry honey. There's plenty more girls out there. Just keep trying."

"In the meantime," Sam said. "It really hurts."

"Now, Sam." Joyce gave him a hard look. "It's Sunday, you know the rules. It can wait until tomorrow."

"But Dad and Bex are gone. And it really does hurt." It didn't really hurt.

"Well, okay." Joyce sighed. "Let's be quick." She stood up, took her son's hand, and led him upstairs to his room.



Twenty minutes later, her head bobbed on his thing. She released her mouth with an audible pop. "Oh, my goodness, Sammy. Are you ready?" She kept stroking him with both hands.

"Almost ... there ... Mom." Sam looked down at the diamond flashing on her wedding ring. "Here ... it ... comes."

Joyce let go with her right hand and grabbed a towel from the dwindling stack by the bed. She finished him off into the towel.

A minute later, she removed the towel and licked up the remaining cum. Joyce sighed, leaned forward, and rested her right cheek on his bare thigh. "Wow, honey." She turned her head a little to look up at him. From this angle, his thing looked bigger than ever. It was still hard, bouncing to the beat of his heart. His veins wrapped themselves all around in jagged zigzags, and they pulsed too. "I hope you feel better. I'm going to go to my room for a little nap."



Sam looked down at her. The skin of her cheek on his thigh felt electric. "One more time? Please."

She lifted her head and looked Sam in the eyes. "Now, honey, let's not get carried away."

But, forty-five minutes later, both Joyce's hands moved up and down her son's long thing. "Are you almost there?"

"Not ... ah ... yet." Sam lay back on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

"Please hurry." Joyce rubbed her legs together. Her panties had soaked through long ago. She needed to go take care of herself, like she always did after helping Sam.

"A few ... more ... minutes," Sam said.

"Oh, honey." Joyce couldn't take it anymore. She let go of him and his thing flopped on his belly. She stood up. "Scoot back on the bed." She sat on the bed next to him.

"What?" Sam propped himself up and looked down at his mom. She pulled the hem of her dress up to her waist. Her dark blue panties were stained an even darker blue on the triangle that covered her pussy.



"Scoot back, sweetie." Joyce's milk-white legs looked so vulnerable, exposed as they were.

Sam got the idea and scrambled back to the middle of his bed.

"You can't do it inside me." Holding her dress up with her right hand, she pulled her panties to the side with her left. "Tell me if you're going to orgasm."

Sam nodded.

“I need this, but I’ll be quick.” Joyce stepped up onto the bed and planted her bare feet on either side of Sam’s hips. “Are you okay, honey?”

Sam nodded again.

Joyce lowered herself to her knees, let go of her dress, and reached down with her right hand. Her left still held her panties to the side. She grasped the head of her son’s thing and guided it home.

Slowly, very slowly, she lowered herself. “Oh, my gosh, Sammy.” She’d had a large boyfriend in college and he had painfully hit her cervix several times. As Sam got close to bottoming out, Joyce’s shoulder’s tensed, waiting for the pain. But none came. Her descent halted and their hips met. Somehow, this monster fit perfectly inside her. Joyce knew it was the rock. It had done this to her.



"I ... I ..." Sam stuttered. "I can't believe it, Mom."

"Sshhhh, honey. Give Mommy a minute here. Okay?" Joyce put both her hands on her son's flat chest, digging her fingertips into the coarse cotton of his NASA t-shirt. She rocked her hips very gently. "Ooohhhh. Sammy, I think you might break me." She'd never felt anything like this. Not her husband. Not her large college boyfriend. Not the other two boys she'd dated in college. Nothing before even resembled this feeling.

Sam looked down at his sweet mother, gyrating on his dick. He had an eyeful of cleavage down the front of her dress. He reached up with his left hand to cup her right boob.

"No, honey." Joyce lifted her right hand and guided Sam's hand away from her breast. Once safe, she placed her hand back on his chest. Her hips rocked faster.

Not knowing what else to do, Sam simply grabbed the blanket and held on.

Within a few minutes, Joyce was grunting uncontrollably and grinding Sam with fast, rolling thrusts. She leaned back, placing her right hand behind her, on Sam's thigh. She now bounced up and down with long, wild thrusts. "I'm going to do it, Sammy," she shrieked. "I'm doing it." Joyce tossed her head back, and her shoulders twisted in. Her hips stopped moving, and her whole body jerked several times.



The scene was unequivocally the most erotic thing Sam had ever seen.

Joyce's breathing slowed, her head dropped forward, and she opened her eyes. "Were you a good boy, honey?"



Sam nodded. "I didn't cum."

"Good boy." A faint smile crossed her lips. "I'll finish you off now." She pulled herself off him. A loud plop filled the room as his dick fell out. She crawled between his legs and dropped her mouth to that angry purple head.

It didn't take long. "Mom ... ah ... it's coming out."

Lost in the moment, Joyce didn't reach for a towel. Spurt after spurt of the hot, salty liquid filled her mouth. She did better at swallowing than the last time in the kitchen, but it still overwhelmed her. She pulled her mouth off, pointed the thing at her dress, and let Sam spray her.



Once he was done, she looked up at her son.

Sam propped himself up on his elbows and smiled down at her. "Think I should have played golf with Dad today?"

"You know how I feel when you talk about your father at times like this." Joyce looked stern, but that was somewhat offset by a rogue streak of cum that dripped slowly down her forehead.

"There has never been a time like this," Sam said.

Joyce smiled, despite herself. "Do you have homework to do?" She was still crouched between his legs, holding his thing with her right hand. The front of her dress was drenched with cum. "I need to go save this dress and take a shower."



"Yeah, I've got homework."

"Good." Joyce stepped back off the bed and turned. Her dress fell back below her knees. She walked across the room and stopped at the door. "Don't forget to take a break later. I'll make you some lunch." She opened the door and left.

"Okay, Mom." Sam couldn't wipe the grin off his face.