

CHAPTER 3
PART 1



THE DARK STONE

FICTION

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After Joyce left, Sam cleaned himself up and tried his best to study for a few hours. But concentration was not his friend. He had just had sex with his mom. Or, really, his mom had sex with him. It was the single best moment of his life. Granted, there'd only been eighteen years, so he had time to top it. Like right now. He could go for twice in one day.

Time for a study break. They had hours until Sam's dad, Paul, got home from golf. And his older sister, Bex, was off playing D&D with her friends. Sam got up from his desk chair, walked across the room, and opened his door. Voices carried up the stairway. Two women having an animated conversation.

Well, this might ruin his study break. Sam padded down the carpeted hall and descended the stairs. He turned into the kitchen.

"He did what?" Joyce said. She sat at the kitchen table, wearing a white blouse and jeans. Her brown eyes wide with shock as she watched her companion across the kitchen table. After a shower, Joyce's hair always turned a bit straighter and a darker shade of brown, as it was now. Maybe Sam had accidentally sprayed some cum in her hair and she'd needed to wash it out. It was bound to happen, he supposed.

One thing was for sure, she looked absolutely amazing. Beyond beautiful.



"You heard me." Mrs. Singh sat across from Joyce. "With his secretary. And now Jill found out and she's beside herself." Sam hadn't really noticed before, but Mrs. Singh was quite beautiful too. A small, dark woman with a quick smile and surprisingly curvy body. She wore a t-shirt and yoga pants, so the curves were easy to spot. "Raj would never do that to me or the kids."

"No, neither would Paul." Joyce's face shifted from surprise to ... what? Guilt? She turned her attention to where Sam stood in the doorway. A little frown formed on her pretty face. "Oh, hello, honey. Lakshmi just came over for some coffee."

"Hi, Mrs. Singh." Sam waved.

"Hi, Sam." Lakshmi gave him a sheepish smile. She might have been a little guilty too. Probably for getting caught dishing dirt on the latest neighborhood scandal. "You're really getting tall, aren't you?"



"Not really." Sam adjusted his pants. "But thanks for saying so."

"You want some lunch, Sam?" Joyce stood and walked over to the fridge. It blew Sam's mind; he'd been inside her hours ago, and now everything was so ... normal.

That thought tugged at his dick. He could feel the swelling. He'd need to go or he'd have a hard time hiding his erection from Mrs. Singh. Now that would be some gossip. *I was over at the Higgins house, and Joyce's boy Sam was literally bursting out of his pants. Oh, I do mean literal. Oh yes, it was horrifying. Right in front of*

his mother, too. Sam didn't want that. "No thanks, Mom. Just wanted to see who was over." Sam turned for the stairs and fled. "Bye, Mrs. Singh."

"Bye, Sam." Lakshmi said.

"I'll bring you some lunch after Lakshmi leaves, Sammy." Joyce called after him. "Keep studying."

"Okay." Sam wasn't going to study. Seeing Mrs. Singh in his kitchen had changed something. He couldn't place what. Sam had never cared one way or the other about his mom's friends before. But having her here. So close to the rock ... Sam needed to fap.

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An hour later, Sam was back at his desk, trying to concentrate. There was a soft knock on the door. "Sam?" Joyce said through the door. "I've brought you some lunch."

"Come in." Sam swiveled his chair to face the door.

The door opened and Joyce stepped in carrying a plate with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. In her other hand she held a glass of water. "Lakshmi left for yoga class."



"Okay." Sam's pants grew more uncomfortable as his dick struggled again to break free. "Thanks for lunch, Mom." Sam watched her walk towards him. She set his lunch down on his desk a little to the left of where he was working. Her blouse was tight enough to show off the roundness and abundance of her boobs. Sam tried not to stare.

"Is there anything else you need, sweetie?" Joyce looked down at him.

"Mom." Sam squirmed in his pants. "I'm still having trouble concentrating."

"My goodness, Sammy." Joyce shook her head and crossed her bare arms over her chest. "It's Sunday, and I'm not supposed to help you on the weekend. And you ... and we ... did what we did earlier. Which was way more than what I'd ever thought we'd do. It has to be enough, Sammy."

"It's just that I didn't actually get to see anything." Sam looked up at her with pleading eyes. "And if I'm going to take care of myself ... If you won't help me ... I need to have something to help my imagination."

"Are you thinking about me when you do it?" Joyce scrunched up her nose with distaste.



"I can't help it, you're so beautiful." Sam looked down at his hands. He thwittled his thumbs, not wanting to make eye contact. After a long pause, he looked back up again.

"Oh, Sammy." Joyce's face relaxed and reddened. "What do you need?"

"I'd really like to see you naked." Sam spoke in a rush to get out the words. "Just once would be enough. You're the most beautiful woman in the world, Mom. I just want to see."

"No way, Sammy." She cocked her head at him, very cross. "Your father is the only one that gets to see me naked." She looked him up and down, eyes lingering on the bulge in his pants. "You really need a girlfriend."

"But this would be, you know, a bridge. I'll have a girlfriend soon, and I'm having a really hard time concentrating. I just need a little help, Mom. Dad won't be home for a long time."

"No way, mister." Joyce tapped her foot. The smell of Sam's cum still lingered in the room from their episode that morning. The scent was so earthy, rich, and full of life.

“Just this once, please?”

They went back and forth for several minutes. Sam wore Joyce down.

“Fine. Wait here, I’ll be back in five minutes.” Joyce exited the room.

Sam moved over to the bed and sat at the edge while he waited. The rock hid directly beneath him, under the mattress. Its warmth spread through him.

Five minutes later, Joyce opened the door and stepped back into the room. She was wearing only her white, cotton panties. Her underwear accentuated the wide contours of her hips. Her pale, creamy skin was dotted with freckles here and there. She cradled her boobs with her left arm, to hide them from Sam.



“Wow, Mom.”

“There.” She closed the door behind her and locked it. “Happy?” She did a quick spin around. Her butt was perfectly heart shaped. The arch of her back perfectly feminine. She faced Sam again.

“Sorta.” Sam unbuttoned his pants, pulled them down, and kicked them off. He pulled off his briefs. He stroked the head of his dick while looking at her.

“Put that away. We’ve had enough today, honey.”

“Your boobs, Mom. Can I see them?”

“You want to see my breasts?” Joyce sighed. Her face flushed further. She lowered her head and looked at the carpet. “Isn’t this enough?”

“Please?”

A long moment passed as she stood in the middle of his room, indecisive. “Fine.” Joyce said. She dropped her left arm, and her boobs swung free. They hung low on her chest. She had raised two kids, after all. They were wonderfully round and full. The areolae were larger than Sam thought they’d be. He considered these new revelations. He thought some more. He concluded that her boobs looked very heavy.



“Oh Mom, you’re gorgeous.” Sam stroked faster, adding his left hand to his right.

Joyce continued to look at the floor. “Thank you, Sammy.” Her belly was soft, with just a hint of roundness. Her hips flared in breathtaking fashion from her waistline. With her left hand, she fiddled nervously with the strap to her panties. She pressed her legs firmly together, as she stood there exposed in front of her son.

“I’d like to do it again.” Sam continued his fapping.

“No, honey.” A dark spot spread in the v of her panties.

“I need help. The bridge thing, remember. I promise I’ll get all A’s.”

Joyce stood quietly for a long time. “I don’t know.” She raised her eyes to Sam and took in the length and girth of his enormous thing. Her breathing quickened. “You’ll need to wear a condom.” She spoke so softly, Sam barely heard her.



“I don’t have one. I promise I won’t cum inside you.”

“No.” Joyce bit her lip. “But I’ll get one of your father’s. Wait here.” She turned, stepped to the door, swung it open, and disappeared down the hall. Sam was spellbound by her panty covered butt. It rolled and wobbled, practically calling to him with a siren’s song.

A minute later, she reentered the room, relocked the door, and sat down next to Sam. Her boobs hung down, almost touching her thighs. "Stand up in front of me, honey."

"Okay." Sam let go of his dick and stood facing his mom. He pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it behind him. His dick bounced, pulsed, and stood straight out. Below his dick, he could see the network of blue veins that crisscrossed his mom's boobs. She looked so incredibly vulnerable sitting naked on his bed. That was so hot.



“Oh my, I think you just grew a little more.” Joyce’s fingers shook as she tore the foil packet. “This will be good, Sammy. I’ll get to show you how to properly put one of these on.”



“Sounds good, Mom.”

“The trick is to hold the little pouch on top and unroll it.” Her breasts rose and fell with each quick breath. Joyce grabbed the pouch and placed the condom at the tip of his thing. She tried to unroll it, struggling. “I’m just having a little trouble getting it over the head. Hold on, sweetie.” She tried several ways, but it didn’t want to stretch far enough. “I’ve never had this problem with your father.”

Sam smirked. Fortunately, his mother didn’t see his expression as she concentrated on solving the condom problem.

“Maybe if I do it this way?” Her boobs jiggled as she tried to manipulate the condom onto his penis.



“It’s okay, Mom.” Sam reached down and gently pushed on her shoulders. “Don’t worry, I won’t cum in you.”

“Oh, no.” Joyce was going to let this happen. She followed his nudging and leaned back on the bed. Her boobs swung outward. She stared up at the ceiling.

“Move back just a little.” Sam looked down at her, enthralled.

Joyce wiggled back on the bed. Her eyes never left the ceiling. She still had the unused condom clenched in her right hand.

Sam crawled up on the bed. He pulled her panties off and tossed them to the floor. She then spread her legs for him. His mom’s pussy looked so different from his sister’s. Her lips were bigger and splayed out just a little. Sam moved between her legs. From Bex’s instructions, he knew how to find her clit, but that was for another time.



“You’re the best, Mom.” Sam guided his dick to her entrance, but couldn’t quite find the opening.

“Here, let me help you.” Joyce reached down with her left hand. Sam watched her wedding ring, mesmerized. She grabbed his dick and pulled it in. “Uh ... ah ... Sammy.”

He slowly pushed into her. He held himself up, hands pressed into the bed on either side of his mom, so he could watch it happen. “You’re so wet, Mom.”

“Oooooohhhh.” Joyce said.

He kept pushing until he bottomed out and held it there. “Mom, look. You can see it in your belly.”

“Ah ... that’s not ... possible.” But Joyce lifter her head and looked down. Sure enough, his thing outlined itself clearly from inside her tummy. “What have ... uh ... you done, Sammy?”



"This feels so good." Sam pulled out almost all the way and thrust back in. He got into a steady pace and kept at it.

Would she even feel Paul after this? It was completely obscene, the way her belly expanded with every thrust. She put her head back to the bed and stared into blank space.

"Oh, Sammy. Oh, no. Oh, my goodness." Joyce's toes curled. "You're going to make me ..." Her eyes rolled back in her head and she arched her back off the bed. "uuuaagggggg." Just like that, she came on her son's thing for the second time in one day.

"Wow, Mom." Sam leaned forward, put his arms around the backs of her knees, and kept up his steady pace. Her boobs squished into his chest with every thrust.

Joyce came again in a few minutes. And then again a few minutes after that. "I didn't know ... I didn't know ..." She babbled, tossing her head back and forth.

"What, Mom?"

"I didn't ... uh ... know ... it could be like this."

Sam sped up. "Oh, Mom. Ah ... ah ... I'm gonna ... I'm gonna ..."

Joyce's eyes went wide and she looked up at Sam's sweaty face, his eyes clenched tight. "Not in me, not in me!"

Sam stopped and pulled out with a wet sloppy sound. He grabbed his dick and blasted his mom's belly, boobs, face, and hair.

When he was done, Joyce wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "Oh, my goodness."

"That was the best." Sam fell next to his mom on the bed and rolled onto his back. His dick stood straight up in the air.

They took a minute to catch their breath.

"Okay, sweetie." Joyce propped herself up sideways on her elbow, her boob spilled over her upper arm. She looked at her

skinny young man. "That should hold you until you find a girlfriend." Her breathing slowed. She was completely covered in his stuff. She'd have to wash all the bedding before Paul got home. "We're not doing that again, okay?"

"Okay." Sam nodded, still looking at the ceiling.



Joyce's gaze trailed down his body to that giant monster between his legs, still hard. "We got that out of our system."

"Okay, Mom." Sam nodded again.

"Now, let's get this all cleaned up before your father gets home."

"Right now?" Sam made no effort to move.

"Yes, right now Sam Higgins." Joyce pulled herself out of bed and stood with her hands on her hips, surveying the mess.



Sam watched all her amazing parts bounce and jiggle as she moved. "Yes, Mom."

He stood too.

They took separate showers, and then reconvened in Sam's room to clean. Or as Sam thought of it, dispose of the evidence.