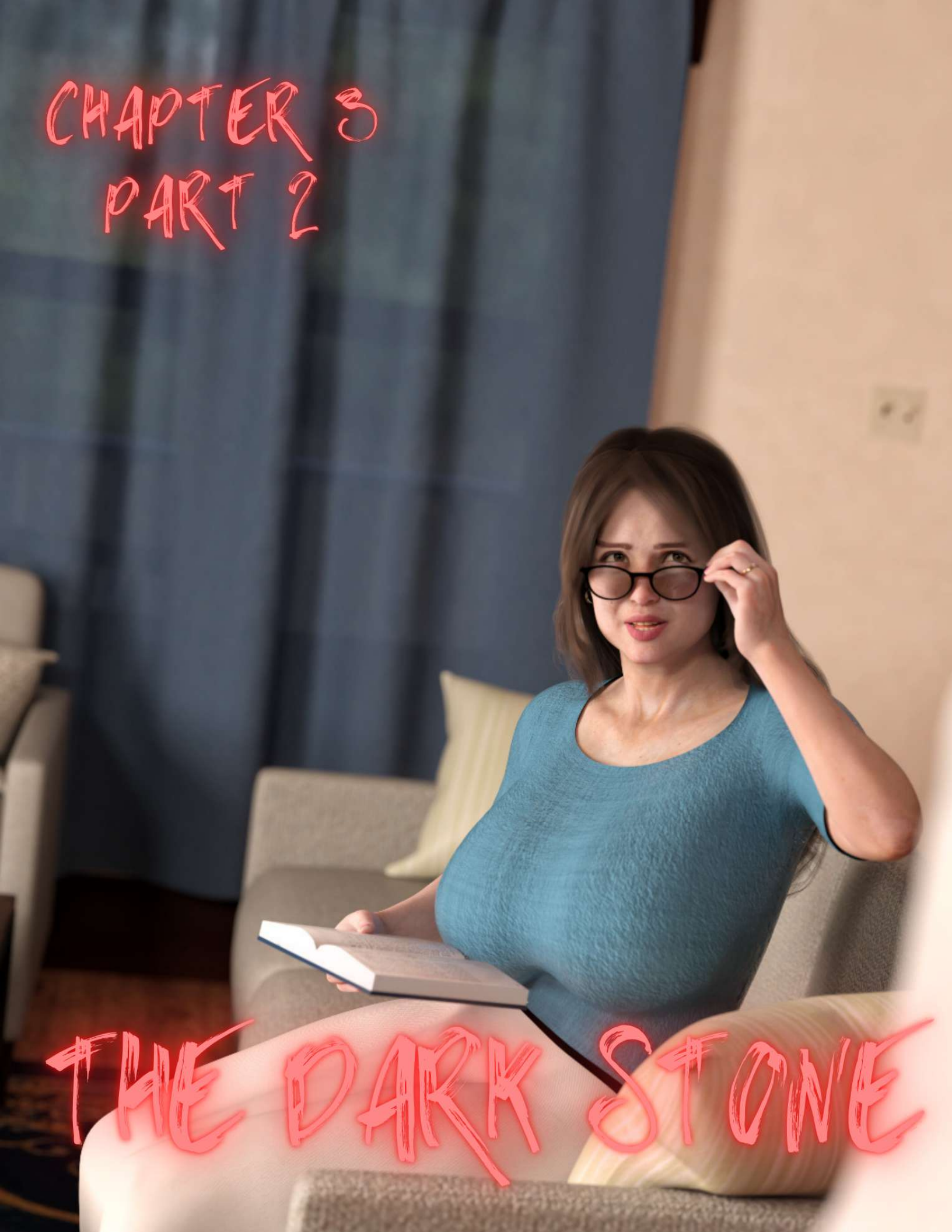


CHAPTER 3
PART 2

THE DARK STONE



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Dark Stone

Chapter 3 Part 2

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Sam was satisfied for the next few days. For that, Joyce thanked all that's good and holy. He settled for a blow job after school and didn't push for more. She was able to finish him in a towel each time. She did catch him staring at her breasts a few times through her blouse or dress. That was fine, she'd given him what he needed for his imagination.

Now that she had put sex with Sam behind her, Joyce channeled her sex drive back to masturbation, with and without the rock, and sex with Paul. To her surprise, her vagina still worked much as it had before Sam tried to wreck it on Sunday. This meant sex with her husband was pleasant, even if it didn't measure up to what she had done with Sam.



Now if only Sam could find a woman other than his mother to satisfy his urges. Then they might be out of the woods.

~~

Thursday night, after their parents went to bed, Bex and Sam sat around talking in his room.

"I've got my robotics test this week, mind if I show you what I've been working on?" Bex sat on the bed inches away from the rock tucked under the mattress.

"Sure." Sam leaned back in his chair flipping a pen up in the air and catching it, or often not catching it. He kept the cap on so he wouldn't mess up his "After a while, alligator" t-shirt. "There's a robot class at the JC?"

Bex watched her brother closely. "Yes, for the eleventh millionth time. I'm taking a robotics class. You don't seem interested. I thought you'd want to see it, since you like science." She didn't get up to go get it.

"Why do you say that?" Flip, flip, flip.

"Well, you like space. And geology." Bex wore baggy pajama bottoms and a long-sleeved t-shirt.

"I'm sorry, Bex. I'm just really tense. I've got a big chemistry test this week." He looked down at her. She was older, but smaller than Sam. Thank God for that. Sam was tired of looking up at people. Her pretty blue eyes sparkled.

"I'm interested in your science stuff, you know," Bex said. She absentmindedly twisted a strand of blonde hair. "I'd love to see your rock collection."

"It's under the mattress, right behind you." Sam pointed. "No, the other side. On the right."

Bex pulled the rock from under the mattress. The deep black mineral was very familiar to Sam. The rock's veins glowed faintly and cast a red reflection in Bex's eyes. "How'd you know which one I meant?"

"It's my very best rock." Sam caught the pen and placed it on his desk. He turned his chair toward his sister. "What other one would you want to see?"

Bex stared at the rock for a while. Sam watched his sister.

"Have you had a chance to practice what I showed you? You know, about girls?" Her eyes didn't leave the glowing light in the palm of her hand.

"I tried, Bex. But I'm too awkward with girls. I never make it that far. And then I'm also worried about showing them my dick."



"I can see why. It looks like some sort of deformed monster." Bex looked up from the rock and curled her lips into a frown. "Sorry. I mean, I've never seen one like it before. Have you?"

Sam shook his head. "Maybe if you gave me some more tips, I could feel better around girls. Maybe if I was more comfortable ... I just need to know how it's supposed to work."

"Well ..." Her frown dissipated. She gently bit her bottom lip. "Don't worry, Sam. You just need to learn what to do. I suppose a good big sister should show you how the world works. Bex looked back at the rock and then back at her brother. "Take off your pants."



"Really?" But he didn't wait to be told again. Sam stood and pulled down his sweatpants and his briefs. He kicked them onto the floor. His dick bounced out of its confines, standing at attention. A small drop of precum trickled down the purple head.

"Wow." Bex put her hand to her mouth. "I'm sorry, it really is scary looking. Does it always shake like that?" His dick did its subtle bounce to the rhythm of his heart.

"I think they all do that." Sam fought the urge to start fapping.

"No, they don't. Not like that." Bex dropped the rock on the floor and crawled on all fours toward him across the carpet. Her hips were so much slimmer than their mom's, but the curve out from her waist was still magical. As was her little round butt as it rolled

under her pajama bottoms.

She stopped when she reached his feet and sat up on her knees, staring at that monster. The crisscross of veins stood out prominently, making it look even more ghastly. "Does it hurt at all?"

"A little." Sam's legs trembled in anticipation.

"I'm going to show you how a girlfriend is supposed to take care of her boyfriend. Hopefully, once you know how this works, you can relax with girls and you won't scare them away." She reached her hands out to his knees. Sam's balls hung down. They looked very full. Very heavy. "I'm sure you'll find someone who will know what to do with this thing."

"Do you?" Sam tried to calm his shaking legs. "I mean, do you know what to do with it?"

"I know what do with a normal one." Bex slid her hands up Sam's bare thighs. "I think I can manage this."

"Well, thanks Bex." Sam watched her pale, little hands snake their way toward his dick. Life was beyond good.

"This ..." Bex grabbed his dick with her right hand just under the head. "Is how ..." She placed her left hand below it. Her fingers didn't quite reach all the way around. This really was a monster. "A girl helps her boyfriend." Her hands moved up and down. On the downstroke her left hand hit the base, on the upstroke her right hand nudged the head.

"Wow." Sam clenched his fists by his sides. "What else does a girlfriend do?"

"Do you have any lotion?" Bex's thin arms worked hard as she kept up a steady rhythm.

"No."

"You need lubrication." She pulled her right hand off, brought it up to her mouth, and spit into the palm. Her left hand continued while she did this. She put it back and her strokes spread the spit around the shaft. "That's better, right?"

"Yeah."

Bex continued the handjob on her knees for about ten minutes. "Are you getting close?" Her eyes fixed themselves on her task.

"Not ... ah ... yet."

"You are strange." She cocked her head to the side, watching the precum ooze from the head. "Okay, since I'm already doing this. I'll show you how a girlfriend can help speed things along." She leaned forward and licked some of the precum. Salty and very hot. The temperature was all wrong, but the taste was ... really good. She dipped her head and licked again. "There now. A girlfriend can also do this." Bex opened her mouth wide and lowered it onto his dick. She bobbed her head up and down.

"That ... feels ... good." Sam clutched the armrests.



After a few minutes, Bex lifted her mouth off the head with a pop. "Girls like it when you put a hand on the back of their head when they're doing this for you." She went back to sucking.

"Okay." Sam released the armrest with his right hand and cradled the back of her blonde hair.



Bex lifted off his dick again. "Gentle, but firm. No pushing." She dropped back to his dick.

"Okay." Sam hadn't really done much head holding with his mom. Really only that first time. He wondered if she'd like it too. He'd have to give it a try tomorrow after school.

Another ten minutes passed and the room filled with the sounds of Bex's slurping and Sam's grunts. Hopefully they weren't being too loud.

Bex lifted off again and looked up at Sam. "Are you close?"

"Um ..." Sam didn't usually have this sort of staying power with his mom. But he sensed if he could hold out a little while longer, he might be rewarded. Bex seemed really into her birds-and-the-bees demonstration. Behind her, on the floor, the red glow from the rock shown brighter than before. "Not yet."

“That’s crazy.” Bex let go of his dick and stood up in front of him. “You must be some kind of mutant.” She grabbed the waist band of her pajama bottoms and pulled them to the floor. She slipped her thumbs under the sides of her panties and shimmied them down too. There was that little triangle of blonde hair again. She shuffled the clothes to the side with her foot. “There’s something else I can show you. But you can’t tell anyone I did this for you.” She grabbed the bottom of her shirt, pulled it off and tossed it behind her.



“No one, I promise,” Sam said.

She was so different from their mom. Small, skinny, and taut. Her boobs were a couple handfuls that defied gravity, with pink nipples. She didn’t really have freckles, but she did share their mom’s pale skin. “You can’t tell anyone about any of this.”

“Yeah, yeah. I promise.” Sam was so surprised, he didn’t bother to remove his own shirt. He sat down in his desk chair.

“This will help you finish and hopefully build your confidence.” She stood with her hands on her hips. “But I’m only going to show you one position. I don’t think I could handle that thing any way but on top. Can you move those armrests?”

The armrests did swivel to the side. Sam pushed them out of the way.

Bex awkwardly straddled the chair, looking down at her brother’s frightening dick. Was she really going to do this? “When the girl’s on top, it’s always best to let her put it in.” She reached down and grabbed his dick with her right hand. “Like this.” She lowered herself onto her brother’s lap. “Aaaaahhhhh. You’re huge. There’s no way I’ll get it all inside me.”



"Oh," was all Sam could say.

Bex's muscles slowly relaxed. She lowered herself inch by inch. Grunting and moaning, but trying not to make too much noise. After a few minutes, improbably, Sam bottomed out in her pussy. "I ... uh ... uh ... don't believe it."

"Me either." Sam rested his hands on her hips. Trying to be gentle, but firm. No pushing. His gaze moved down to her boobs, up to her pretty face, and back to the boobs again. Her chest rose and fell with the effort.

For a little while, they just sat there, Sam fully inside his sister. "Uh, you're all the way up in my belly, Sam." She could feel him pushing things around inside her. She gently rocked her hips. "Now, there are two ways we can do this. I can rock my hips back and forth, or I can try bouncing up and down."



"Bounce, please." Sam gripped her hips a little tighter. His fingers made indentations in her tight flesh.

Bex pressed her hands onto Sam's chest and pushed herself up and down and up and down. Slowly at first, but when the pain she expected never came, she sped up. "Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh ... uh ..."

"You're ... amazing," Sam said. He had now experienced both women in the house. Joyce was round in places Bex was not. Joyce's movements were smooth and fluid.

Bex bounced like a maniac, her motions herky-jerky. Her body brimmed with kinetic energy. Sam looked down between their legs. On each upthrust, her pink pussy lips spread themselves tight around his dick, hugging it all the way up.

"So, this ... uh ... uh ... is one ... uh ... oh ... position in sex." Bex's boobs shook and jiggled right in Sam's eyeline. Little beads of sweat trickled over and between them. "Are ... you ... close?"

"Not ... yet."

Bex looked down at her brother, her mouth hanging open, her eyes wide. "Oh, Sam. You're gonna ... make me ... ooohhhhh ... cum." She thrust down and held her pussy there, grinding her narrow hips into his.

"Oooooooohhhhhhh."

"Shh." Sam put his hand over her mouth. "You'll wake Mom and Dad."

Bex shook uncontrollably. Her fingernails dug painfully through Sam's shirt and into his chest.

A minute later, she was pumping her pussy up and down again. "Sorry." She looked over her shoulder back toward the door. "I think we're okay."

Sam returned his hand to her hip. She looked so amazing, spread wide, bouncing herself up and down on his dick. She was so small, he wondered where it all went inside her. "Get off, Bex. I'm ... gonna ..."

"It's okay. You can ... uh ... leave it inside." She looked down at her brother with a faint half smile. Sweat dripped down her forehead. "I'm on the pill."

Sam gripped her hips hard. He wasn't gentle or polite. "Uh ... uh ... uhhhhhh." He pulled her up and down on his dick to the rhythm of the blasts that covered the inside of her womb.

"Oh, Jesus. It's ... so ... warm." Bex shut her eyes tight and came again.

After he was done, Bex leaned forward and rested her head on his slim shoulder. Sam's hands held loosely to her hips. She stared off in a daze into the corner of the room. The red pulsing light shone against the wall. Her breathing gradually slowed. "So, now you know what a girlfriend does. Feel better?"

"Almost." Sam's fingers tightened around her hips. He pulled and pushed, rocking her on his dick. The room filled with the squelching sound of his sister's cum filled pussy. "I want to know what that back and forth thing is all about."

"Oh, Sam. Oooooohhhh. You are not normal."

A little later, Sam came for the second time inside his sister. Afterwards, she staggered back to her room and fell into bed. A puddle formed in her sheets between her legs. Sam had really filled her up. She didn't care. It was all so crazy.



~~

The next day was Friday and before school Bex avoided Sam. She made no eye contact as she whirled through the kitchen, picked up breakfast, and rushed out the door to her robotics test. Sam watched her little butt go. It was fine, she was probably just uncomfortable after last night. They'd be fine.



Paul left for work and Joyce chased Sam out the door so that he'd make it to school on time.

Sam tried to concentrate at school. But daydreams of his mom and sister crept into his mind. Then his imaginings took flight and went in new directions. He found himself thinking of his neighbor Mrs. Singh. She had a son, Arjun, who was in Sam's class. He was the tall, athletic type, who played sports all year round. So, Sam didn't have much in common with him. As his daydreams unfurled, he saw Mrs. Singh flirting with her son. Seemingly innocent at first, with just a hint of the dirty events to come. He saw things spiral out of control. Once started, they'd slide down a never-ending abyss of lust.

Eventually, Arjun would be nailing his mom from behind in the upstairs bathroom, while his father, Raj, got ready for work downstairs. Mrs. Singh was always very proper and quick to shake her head at other's scandals. This made the daydream exponentially better.

And so, Sam wasted the day playing out these perverse stories in his head. But school wasn't a total loss, he did get his chemistry exam back, and it had a big, fat A at the top.

When Sam got home, he found Joyce reading on the couch in the living room. She looked up at him, blinked through her reading glasses, and then took them off. "How was your day, honey?" She had on a long white skirt and a blue sweater.

"I got an A on my chemistry exam." Sam held up the exam for her to see.

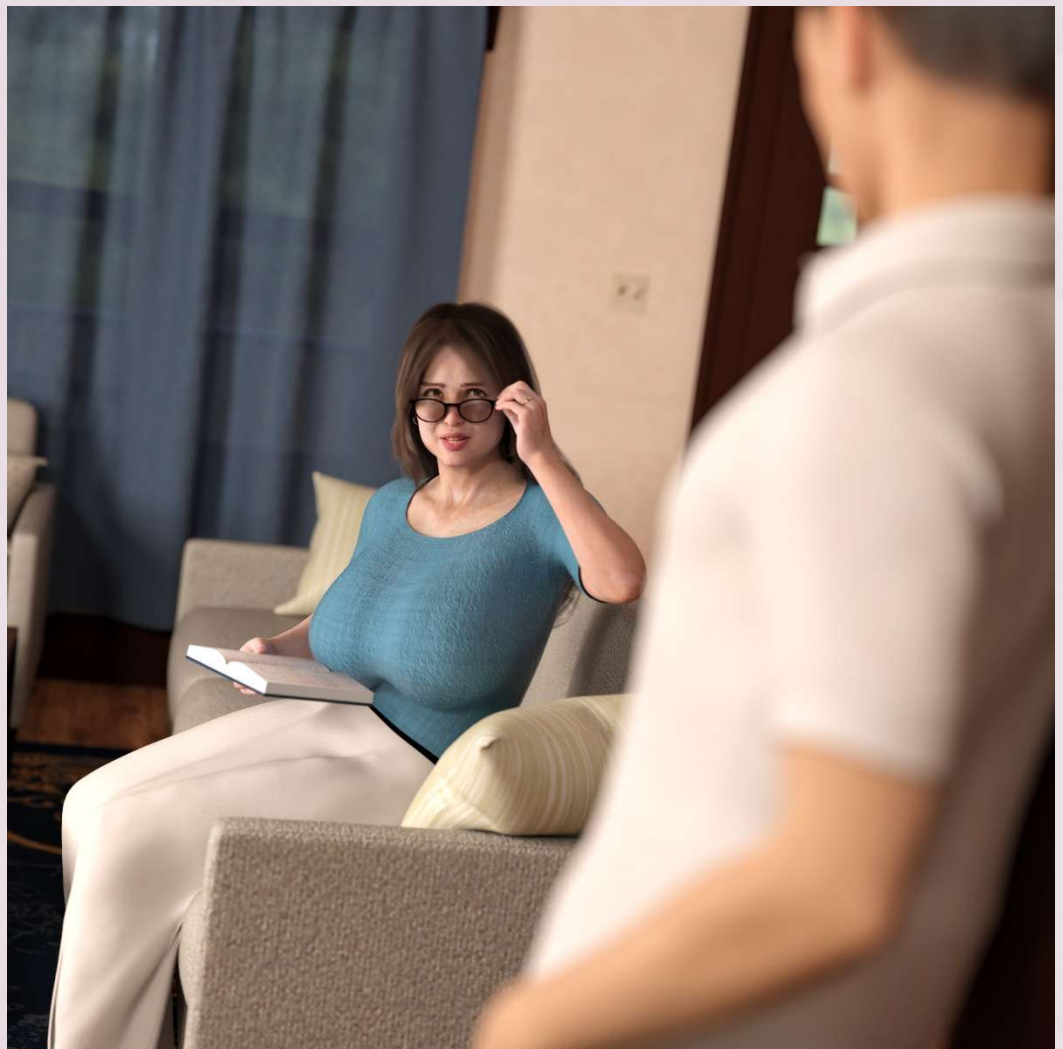
"That's great." Her face lit up with a wide smile. "I'm proud of you, Sammy. I know how hard you've been working in that class." Joyce's smile shone at about a million watts.

"We should celebrate, Mom." Sam returned a sly smile to his mom.

"Ice cream?" Joyce stood up and smoothed out her skirt. It fell below the knee.

"I was thinking about something better," he said.

The bulge in Sam's pants was evident from where Joyce stood. "Better than ice cream?" She looked at him in mock confusion.



He gave her an exaggerated shrug.

“Okay, fine, hotshot. I’ve been saving something for a special occasion.” She stepped by Sam and ruffled his hair with her right hand. “Go up to your room and wait for me. I have to go get something.”

Sam jogged up to his room and pulled off his clothes. He tossed them toward the hamper. He turned, sat on the bed, and waited.

A minute later, Joyce stepped into the room and locked the door behind her. She had a box in her right hand. She looked at her naked son. “Goodness, Sammy, you don’t waste any time.” She held the box up to show him. “Magnum XLXL, the biggest condoms I could find.” She walked across the room and handed the box to Sam. “I want you to keep these hidden in your room. Your father is not to find them. Understand?”



“Okay.” Sam’s smile faded. “Aren’t we going to use them?”

“Such a long face.” Joyce smiled down at him. “I got these for you to use when you get a girlfriend. They’re not for me. Here.” She motioned for him to hand the box back to her. “How about I show you how to put one on, and then I’ll help you with my mouth. Sound good? We have a little while until your sister and father get home.”

Ten minutes later, Joyce had impaled herself on his giant thing again. She rode Sam on his bed, her skirt bunched around her waist. Her panties, long since discarded, lay on the floor. Her sweater remained in place. Their hips ground together. Joyce leaned back and put her hands on Sam’s knees.

Sam watched her body undulate. “Mom?” He grabbed a handful of skirt at each of Joyce’s hips and held on tight.

“Just ... a ... minute, sweetie.” Joyce continued to grind her hips in a smooth rocking motion. “Mommy’s kind of ... oooooohhhhhh ... busy here.” Her thrusts sped up, and she leaned back further. Her neck straining, her eyes looking up at the ceiling. “Aaaaahhhhhhhh, Sammmmmmy.” Her hips stopped and she convulsed several times.

When it was over, she leaned forward, eyes shut. She placed her hands on Sam’s bare chest. It wasn’t easy to catch her breath. “What did you need, honey?”

“I was wondering. Um.” Sam looked over at his cat Gandalf poster for support. The little cat hung to the edge of the Bridge of Khazad-dûm. “Can you get naked again?”

Joyce opened her eyes and looked down at Sam. A bead of sweat dripped off her nose. “That was a one-time thing, Sammy. I wanted to help you with your imagination. Only your father gets to see me naked.”

“Okay.” Sam kept his eyes on cat Gandalf. *Hang in there you fool*, it said to him. “Can I get behind you, then?”

“Sam Higgins” Joyce’s vagina gave an involuntary clench around Sam’s thing. “That’s how animals do it. Not people.”

“Please?”



Joyce reached with her hand and turned his face until they made eye contact. "Animals, Sammy. Mommy is not an animal." Her vagina clenched again.

"Fine, Mom." Sam tightened his grip on her skirt.

"Thank you, honey." Joyce rocked her hips in slow easy arcs.

"I love you, Mom." Even with the condom on, her pussy felt amazing. Their rhythm sped up.

"Oh, honey, I ... uh ... love you too." She was now rolling her hips and thrusting that thing of Sam's deep, deep inside her.

"Uh, Mom. I'm ... ah ... getting close." He was transfixed by those big boobs, bouncing in unison under bra and sweater. "Can I ... do it ... inside?"



She shook her head.

“But the ... ah ... condom.”

“Not inside, sweetie.” Joyce pulled herself off his thing with an audible plop and reached for a towel. She crawled between Sam’s legs, grabbed his thing, pulled off the condom, and stroked with two hands.

“Oh, Mom. Oooooohhhhhhh.”

Joyce finished him off inside the towel. She gave him a minute to calm down. “There now. I’m proud of you for getting that A.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Now get yourself cleaned up. Everyone will be home soon. Dinner’s in a couple hours.” Joyce stood up holding the towel away from her body and walked across the room. She shook her hips a little and her skirt fell down below her knees again. She bent down and picked up her panties. Sam watched her round butt.

“Okay, Mom.”

She left the room and closed the door.

One more fap wasn’t going to hurt him. Sam grabbed his dick again.

