

The Dark Stone

By Rawly Rawls

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

Sam skipped out of the alley behind the 7-11 and turned onto the old train tracks. Weeds brushed along his ankles. The faint scent of creosote rose up from the weathered wood beneath him. He hopped from one tie to the next. His brown eyes scanned the ground. The weight of his backpack cut into his shoulders. He didn't care. It was all about finding that next remarkable rock.

It wasn't the most direct route between school and his quiet suburban home. But he was passionate about rock hounding, and he'd found quite a few prize pieces along these tracks. Sam, a senior in high school now, had been taking this path the last four years.

Something caught his eye. Sam bent to his knees and reached his steady right hand down to tug at the thing lodged against the metal rail. It was jet-black with jagged red veining. It wasn't chromite. It wasn't some sort of volcanic glass. He had no clue what it was.

With a little effort, Sam pulled the thing loose. He dusted it off and held it up to the light. The red veins seemed to pulse as he cupped it in the palm of his hand. Interesting trick. This might be his best find yet. He shoved it in his pocket and resumed his hopping down the tracks. He hummed a little song to himself and scanned the ground for more interesting finds.

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"Mom, I'm home." Sam threw down his backpack in the hall, kicked off his shoes, and fished the rock out of his pocket. It seemed to throb in indoor light too. Really strange. He held it loosely in his right hand, eager to show his mom, Joyce. She'd pretend to be interested. That was enough for Sam.

"Hi Sammy, I'm in the kitchen." Joyce's voice echoed throughout the house.

Sam bounced down the hall and into the kitchen. His mom was chopping something at the counter, her back to him. Her long brown hair hid her face. She was still taller than Sam, but hopefully not for long. He just needed a little late growth spurt. Just past his eighteenth birthday, he was bound to start growing soon.

Sam was about to tell her all about the rock in one big gush of exuberance. But he suddenly fell quiet. Warmth pulsed through his right hand and his fingers clenched tighter around the rock.

“Sammy?” Joyce chopped away at the vegetables in front of her.

Why hadn’t he noticed the flare of Joyce’s hips before? She was wearing a knee length skirt and a white blouse that sort of hugged her waist. Her butt curved nicely under that skirt. Sam shook his head and looked again. The outline of her bra straps under the shirt was unmistakable. Was that sexy? He took a step into the kitchen. He could see the swell of her right side-boob under her shirt, jiggling as she chopped with the knife. Holy smokes. His mom was hot.

“What is it, young man?” She turned around and gave him an appraising stare. “You okay?” The beauty of her face caught him by surprise. Her wide brown eyes and soft feminine features lit up as she gave him a sly smile. “What’s gotten into you.”

“Ah, sorry Mom.” Sam ran the fingers of his left hand through his messy brown hair. “I guess I’m a little tired.”

“Well, your father’s getting home late, and Bex has yearbook, so maybe we can spend a little time together this afternoon.” She put down the knife and her smile broadened. The concept of the hourglass figure suddenly made sense to Sam. “But first you have to do your homework,” she said.

“Yes.” Sam nodded and backed out into the hall. “I’ve got a lot of homework. Might need to go right until dinner.”

“Okay, honey.” She turned back to her vegetables. “Come down if you get done early.”

He turned and ran up the stairs, taking two steps at a time. He got to his bedroom and slammed the door. He needed to fap like never before. It sounded crazy, but wanted to hold that rock the hole time. That pulse was spreading up his right arm. It felt really good.

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A couple hours later, the family sat around the table for dinner. Sam’s dad, Paul, sat next to Sam’s Sister, Bex. Joyce and Sam sat on the other side of the table.

“Dad, stop with the politics,” Bex said. Her short blonde hair bounced as she cocked her head at their dad. “I wanna tell you all about yearbook. We’re gonna do some cool things this year.”

Sam tuned her out until her babbling was just background noise. He looked down at his plate. He’d barely touched his mashed potatoes and green beans. But he’d eaten all his meatloaf. He’d had three helpings and he still wanted more.

Fapping had helped, but he still felt really weird. Before dinner, he'd tucked his new rock under his mattress. Somehow, he'd become afraid he might lose it. Or that someone else might touch it. For some reason, he worried about Joyce touching the thing.

Looking up from his dinner, he surveyed the table. Joyce gave him a quizzical look. He tried to smile at her. Paul did his best to engage his sister on matters yearbook. His older sister looked different. How had he not noticed how pretty and delicate she was? Soft blue eyes. A warm engaging smile. Her bra straps visible on her narrow shoulders. Her boobs. Oh God, her boobs. Small and firm, just hanging out right there. How had he not noticed before?

"I have to go," Sam stood up. Everyone looked at him. "I don't feel well."

"Do you need anything, honey?" Joyce said.

"No." He turned and ran out of the room. He was still hungry. Maybe he'd come back down for some more meatloaf later. But now, more fapping.

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The next morning, Sam woke early. It was still dark outside. He could barely make out the NASA poster above his bed, the planets faint smudges in the solar system. He rolled over in his tangle of sheets and groaned. Something felt odd. He tossed and turned, trying to get comfortable. Very odd.

Something was wrong with his dick. He rolled over and jumped out of bed. He pulled down his briefs and looked. His eyes refused to register what he was looking at. It was impossible.

What growing boy hasn't seen his share of big dicks in porn? But not in real life. Not in the showers at school. And certainly, never before with this view, looking down past his measly pecks and smooth, flat belly. There between his legs was a huge dick. It was soft, but maybe seven or eight inches resting against his leg. And fat. Good Lord, was it wide. His old scrawny dick had been replaced overnight.

The rock. The rock had caused this. He pulled it out from under the mattress and it was pulsing. Red light glowed in his dark room. He held it in his right hand. The red veins in that black surface flowed, and throbbed, and spread warmth into his hand. He tightened his hand around the rock. Images of his mom leapt into his head. He grabbed his cock. He was hard now and it truly was a sight to behold. It had to be at least a foot long. The head purple and angry. The veins, throbbing.

Ten minutes later he came all over his sheets. Tons of cum exploded out. He'd never experienced anything like it.

He waddled over to the window with his briefs still around his ankles and pulled it open. The cold, crisp air cleared his head. Sam pulled up his briefs, which barely contained the deflated monster between his legs. He gathered his bedding into a great ball and carried it off toward the laundry room. He'd never washed laundry before, but he sure as hell wasn't going to let his mom do it this time.

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At school, Sam didn't tell his friends about what had happened. He didn't seek out the school counselor. Although, come to think of it, she did have nice round boobs and a round butt.

Sam kept to himself at school that day. Looking forward to getting back to his rock. And his new equipment.

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That afternoon, Sam didn't take the railroad tracks home. He went the shortest route, directly via Oak Avenue. When he got to his house, he burst through the front door. He didn't bother calling for Joyce. He needed to get to his room right away.

The stairs took longer than he remembered. He took three steps at a time. He raced down the hall, about to burst into his room. He stopped. His heart pounding in his chest. A moan escaped out the partially open door to his room.

Sam tiptoed up to the door and peeked in. His mind nearly exploded when he saw what lay inside.

There, under the NASA poster. Under the other poster that hung over his bed, the one of cat Gandalf, telling you to "Hang in there, you fools," was his mom. She had on a t-shirt and jeans. Her head back on his pillow. Her right hand furiously rubbing under her jeans, her left hand clenched round something that throbbed red. Oh no, she'd found his rock.

Joyce's eyes were closed. Her mouth hung open. Sam had never seen her like this.

His rock-hard dick pulled uncomfortably at his pants. He looked down, it had snaked its way past his waist band and under his shirt. Past his belly button, Sam guessed.

"Oh my," Joyce said. "Oh my." Under her t-shirt, her boobs bounced as her hand dug between her legs. Her tits jiggled. Wow, she was hot.

This wasn't good. This wasn't good at all. Sam backed away from the door. He crept down the hall and went to the front door. He'd have to figure out how to deal with an erection this size. It was mightily uncomfortable in his pants.

"Mom, I'm home," Sam called out. He eased himself awkwardly into a chair in the kitchen to wait for her to come down. His brain feverish with the images he'd seen upstairs. He tried to clear his mind. He'd play it cool. He'd check to make sure she put back his rock later.

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Twenty minutes passed before Joyce came downstairs. "Oh, hi Sammy, how was school?"

"It was fine." His dick had deflated somewhat as he scrolled Twitter on his phone while waiting for her. It still felt huge in his pants. He squirmed a bit in his chair. "I got a B on a math test." He looked up at her.

"You. Um. Need to do better." Joyce's face was flushed. The freckles on her nose more pronounced. She didn't make eye contact with Sam. "Your father and I need you to get As, honey." She stepped over to the refrigerator, opened it, and looked inside. Sam watched her butt wobble in her jeans. How had he not seen her like this before?

A thought popped into Sam's head. "I, uh, haven't been able to concentrate lately."

"Um-hmm," Joyce leaned into the fridge to get a better look.

"My body has been going through some changes." Sam resisted the urge to stand up and grab her butt. His dick began to harden again.

"You are that age, Sammy. Things are changing." She straightened and looked over her shoulder at him, making eye contact for the first time. Her soft brown eyes captivated Sam.

"I think I need your help," He squirmed in his seat again, making sure the kitchen table hid the monster in his pants.

"Of course, sweetie, I'm your mom. I'll do whatever I can for you."

"When's Bex getting home?" Sam said.

"She's over at Sarah's. They're working on a computer project." Joyce turned to face him. "She's probably staying over there for dinner."

"And Dad?"

"He just texted, he'll be home in an hour," she said. "Do you want to talk to him instead?" Her face was still flushed.

"No, I feel more comfortable with you, Mom."

"Okay, honey."

"Can I show you something and you can tell me if it's normal?" Sam's heart beat faster.

"Of course." Joyce stood before him, hands clasped in front of her.

"It's about my dick. My penis I mean."

"Well, perhaps your father –"

"No." Sam shook his head. "I need your help."

"What do you need?" A look of concern spread across her pretty face.

"I need to show it to you. I need you to see me fap. Uh. Masturbate. I need you tell me if it's normal. It doesn't seem normal." These were the craziest words he'd ever said. Where did he get the courage?

Joyce's hand went to her mouth. "Oh my gosh, Sammy. Absolutely not."

“But you said —”

“I could never.” She shook her head slowly, back and forth. Her hand still covering her mouth. Something in her body language told Sam he had a chance.

What followed was fifteen minutes of begging and pleading by Sam. And consistent refusal by Joyce. Sam couldn't tell what had finally happened. Had he convinced her? Had she finally just worn down? Was the rock somehow behind this? But here he found himself. Both of them in the bathroom. Forty-five minutes until his dad came home. His mom sitting on the toilet lid, hands on her knees, watching him with wide eyes.

“Let me show you what the problem is.” He pulled off his shirt. Sam stood in front of the bathroom sink. Looking at his scrawny torso in the mirror. The rock certainly hadn't made anything else bigger. He unbuttoned his pants. The sound of his zipper descending filled the little bathroom. He dropped his pants and then his briefs. His dick flopped out, fully hard and enormous.

“Oh my goodness. Sammy, Sammy, Sammy.” Joyce recoiled, but her eyes fixed themselves on her son's thing. “I didn't know. Oh my, I didn't know.”

“Here we go Mom.” Sam grabbed his dick with his right hand and pumped away.

“I don't know, honey.” Joyce leaned forward like she might get up.

“You ... ah ... promised ... Mom.”

She didn't get up. Joyce leaned forward again. And watched. And watched.

About ten minutes later. “Mom ... I'm ready ... to ... show ... you ... the ... problem ... aaahhhhhh.” Sam let out a torrent of cum into sink. He came and came.

“Oh no,” Joyce murmured. “So much ... and the smell.”

After a few more spasms, Sam looked over at his mom. “What about the smell?”

“Don't worry, honey. It's normal. Just ... very pronounced.”

“And the rest of it?”

“Well.” Joyce leaned against the back of the toilet. Her chest rose and fell with shallow breaths. “I've never seen anything like it. But everything seems to function ... normally.”

“Am I a monster?” Sam said. He didn't mean it, but fishing for sympathy with his mom always worked pretty well.

Joyce stood and stepped over to Sam, careful to steer well clear of his still erect penis. “No way. You're my special little man.” She tousled his hair and looked at him quizzically. She was a few inches taller than Sam, and he had to look up a little to see her eyes. “Some parts of you are just a little more developed than others. The rest of you will catch up.” She stepped around him and opened the bathroom door. “Clean that up.” She pointed to the sink. “Now I need to take a little nap before cooking dinner.” She walked out of view down the hall.

“Okay.” Sam smiled. “Can I show you again tomorrow?”

"This was a one-time thing." Joyce called back to him. "Just needed to see it once." Then the click of his parent's bedroom door followed as she went down for her nap.

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Later that night, after Sam's dad, Paul, got home. After their pizza dinner. After some stilted conversation, without much eye contact by anyone. Sam had turned in early to his room. He fished the rock out from under his mattress. Joyce had returned it after all. Thank God. He sat down in his chair and with one hand clenched around the rock, and the other around his dick, he passed several hours. He'd have to keep a stack of towels by the bed. He couldn't keep washing sheets all the time.

After school the next day, Sam fapped in front of the sink in the main floor bathroom.

Even though she swore she wouldn't, Joyce sat on the toilet lid, watching his hand slide up and down that huge thing. "Does it hurt at all? The head looks really purple, and your veins ... I can practically see your pulse."

Sam gave Joyce a sidelong look. "Um ... yeah ... Mom ... it hurts. The stuff needs to get out."

"Oh, honey. I'm so sorry. Maybe you should try just keeping your hand around the head. That's what your dad does." Her eyes didn't move from his thing. "We really have to hurry. Your sister will be home soon."

After a few more minutes of fapping just the head. "Did you tell Dad?" Sam said.

"No, honey." Her pretty mouth turned itself into a small, little frown. "I don't think he'd understand."

"Understand that you like to watch my dick?" He had no idea where this confidence was coming from.

The frown deepened. "I'm doing this for you, Sammy," she said. "To make sure you're okay. So that you can concentrate on schoolwork. So, it doesn't bother you anymore. You're doing better with the head there. Does that feel any better?"

"A little. It still hurts." It didn't hurt at all.

"Okay, you just need some practice."

"What would Dad say if he saw us right now?" Sam's hand moved faster.

"Sam, stop talking about your father."

"You ... ah ... brought him up. Are you a ... ah ... good wife ... doing this with your ... ah ... son?" Sam said.

"Sam Higgins," Joyce raised her voice.

"Sorry." He looked over at her, perched on the toilet. Arms crossed over her chest. Brown eyes piercing through him. Eyebrows furrowed. She was pissed. "I'm sorry," Sam stopped fapping. "What I meant was you're the best mom in the whole world. Thank you for doing this for me."

"You're welcome, Sammy." Her face softened. Her eyes fell back to his thing.

"You won't tell Dad?"

"I won't tell your father." Joyce's arms unfolded and her hands fell back in her lap. "And you can't tell anyone either. This is our secret."

"Not Bex?" Sam grabbed the head again and resumed stroking.

"Goodness no," Joyce said.

"Not my friends?"

"No."

"Not ... ah ... Mrs. Prescott?"

"Sarah's mom? Nobody, Sammy. Promise me." Joyce leaned forward eyes fixed on Sam's motions.

"So ... does this mean ... ah ... you'll watch me again?"

"Maybe Sammy. If you're good. And it helps with your grades."

"Oh ... I'm gonna ... I'm gonna ..." Sam erupted in the sink again.

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The next couple weeks Joyce watched Sam in the bathroom every day after school. She told him no on the weekends. "We'll never do this while your sister or father are home," she'd said.

Sam used the rock every night before bed. He'd noticed that it was moved to a slightly different place under the mattress every day. He knew that his mom was using it while he was at school.

Somehow, he managed to get his homework done. Things had never been better. His mom even let him talk about how clueless his dad was while they were in the bathroom. Sometimes. And only just a little.

As great as this all was. He wanted more. Joyce's curvy body called out to him. It seemed like she was ever more sexy every day.

He'd also began to hear his parents doing it at night after he and Bex went to bed. The first night was an accident while walking to the bathroom. He'd heard the rhythmic thump and his mom moaning.

"Your incredible, Joyce," Paul had said. "You're so tight."

"Do it, do it, do it." Joyce had chanted.

Sam listened and thought about what he could do with his powerful new weapon.

After that, he snuck out to hear them most nights.

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It was Sunday, and Sam was thinking about his sister. He'd never noticed Bex like this before. Her trim little hips. Her elfin nose. Her long, slender neck. How had he never seen it before? He needed more than fantasies.

Sam knocked on his sister's door. "Come in," Bex said.

"Hey." Sam opened the door and stepped in.

She was working at her computer. She didn't look up. "What?"

"I was wondering if you could help me with something?" Sam stood just inside the door. Their parents were both downstairs. He thought he'd probably hear them if they started up the stairs. "In the bathroom."

"I'm busy." Bex pounded her fingers on the keyboard.

"I really need you to tell me if you think something is normal."

"What?"

"I'll show you in the bathroom," Sam said.

"Just tell me now." Her eyes didn't leave her monitor.

Sam sighed. This would be harder than he thought. He gently closed the door behind him. "I'll have to show you here." He unbuttoned his jeans and dropped them around his knees. He lowered his briefs too.

"What?" Bex said.

"This." Sam's new dick bounced, slightly, to the rhythm of his pulse. It stuck proudly out in front of him, looking as angry as ever.

Bex turned to look at him. Her eyes widened. "Ewww, gross. What's wrong with you pervert." She threw a pen at him from her desk.

"I ..." Sam ducked out of the way as the pen sailed past.

"Get out of my room. Put that disgusting thing away."

Sam pulled up his underwear and pants. "I just wanted your help."

"Go show one of your perverted friends. Your dick looks deformed." She threw another pen at him.

"Sorry." Sam retreated, opened the door, and slid out. He closed the door behind him.

"Try that again and I'm telling Mom," his sister yelled out at him.

"Sorry," Sam said.

"Sammy?" Joyce called up to him from downstairs. "Everything okay?"

"Bex and I just had a fight." Sam called down. His voice was a little shaky.

"You apologize to her, right now." Joyce said.

"I did," Sam said.

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Sam went back to his room and thought long and hard about his sister's reaction. His mom had said no at first, but not like this. Joyce had found the rock in his room, probably while she was in there cleaning up. Bex never went in his room. If he wanted her help, he'd have to help her find the rock.

The more he thought about the rock, the more worked up he got. He almost fished it out for another fap session, but he had other ideas. Sam left his room and walked downstairs.

His parents were in the living room. Paul was watching a football game. His mom reading a book. Sam walked over to Joyce and stood next to the armchair she was curled up in. "Mom, I need some help."

"Not today." She didn't look up from her book. "You know the rules."

"It hurts Mom. I'm not doing it right. It's been too long."

"What's going on, Sam?" Paul's eyes never left the television.

"Nothing Dad, I'm just trying to learn some yoga."

"You wanna watch the game with me?"

"Maybe later, Dad." How did his dad not realize what Sam hated sports? Sam turned back to his mom. He raised his eyebrows and motioned his head upstairs.

"Well." Joyce took off her reading glasses. "Paul when's the game over?"

"It's the third quarter." Paul still hadn't looked over from the game.

"I'll be right back, Paul." Joyce stood up.

Sam's dad waved a hand at her. "Okay, do your thing."

Sam's heart raced.

Once Joyce and Sam were in their usual positions in the bathroom upstairs, Sam looked over at his mom. "Thanks Mom. It's really hurting."

"This is the only time I'm helping with your dad and sister home. You have to be quiet." Her eyes fixed themselves on his dick.

"All right Mom." Sam looked down at his dick bobbing inches from the sink.

“Why don’t you start first with the head only, and then try two hands to finish up? And we have to be quick. No half-hour sessions. Okay?” As she leaned forward on the toilet lid, her boobs pressed tightly into her t-shirt.

“I’ll try.” Sam rubbed his right hand on the angry purple head.

Ten minutes past. “Are you almost there?”

“I’m trying. Ah ... it’s still hurting.” It wasn’t.

“We’ve been in here too long.” Joyce whispered. She stared at his dick, watching Sam’s two hands slide up and down over the pulsing veins. Sam looked over at her. She was on the very edge of the toilet now. “I’m going to have to help you. Good Lord. I’m going to have to do it.”

“Please, Mom, I need it to get out.”

“Okay.” Joyce took a deep breath and bit her lower lip, ever so slightly. “Move your hands away Sammy.”

Sam dropped his hands by his sides. He turned to face her.

“No, stay facing the sink,” she whispered. Joyce turned him back to the sink. “Now, my hands might be a little cold at first.” She reached out with both hands, hesitated. Maybe she wouldn’t go through with it. But then she reached all the way and grabbed his dick. “I’m going to have to show you how to take care of your thing, Sammy. After this, you can do it on your own.” She started stroking with both hands. Long slow strokes. Her delicate hands not quite wrapping all the way around his dick. The sparkle of her wedding ring contrasting with his purple head was amazing.

“Oh. Ah ... thanks Mom. You’re the best.”

She smiled a slight half crescent, eyes still on her task, and dropped to her knees to better help her son.

Five minutes later. “I’m getting close, Mom. Ah ... ah ... ah.”

“Good, honey.” Joyce’s boobs bounced under her shirt with the effort. The flare of her lower back out to her butt and hips was a magical sight for Sam looking down at her.

“Can you ... ah ... believe that Dad ... ah ... ah ... is right downstairs. And Bex ... ah ... “

Joyce’s hands slowed. “Don’t you start, Sammy.”

“Sorry, Mom.”

“Okay.” She sped up again.

“Here it comes, Mom.” Sam tried to whisper.

“Let it out, honey.”

Sam came for what felt like forever. He couldn’t believe his luck. This was the best thing that ever happened to anybody.

“That smell is so ...” Joyce stood and turned on the faucet to wash the cum down the drain.

"Is it bad?"

"No, it's good. It's just so strong. It's like all of you down there. Perfectly normal. Just more than most boys. I guess."

There was no way Sam was waiting until tomorrow for another round.

"Okay, I'm going to go take a quick nap now." Joyce turned off the faucet.

"Mom?"

"Yes?" Joyce stood up and scooted behind Sam. She tousled his hair as she stepped by.

"It still hurts."

Joyce stopped at the door. "Oh, no. No, no, no, no."

"It really hurts." Sam's dick still stood perfectly straight. One time wasn't going to do it.

"Well ..." Joyce frowned and looked down at his enormous thing. "It can't be helped then. We'll have to be fast."

Sam nodded with enthusiasm. "I promise."

"Okay." Joyce sighed, opened the door, and checked down the hallway, looking both ways. She stepped back inside, closed and locked the door. "Why am I doing this?" She whispered.

"Thanks, Mom." Sam smiled.

And Sam got the second handjob of his young life in the same day by the most beautiful woman in the world. And they finished before the end of the fourth quarter.

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There was another beautiful woman in that house. It was too bad Sam had upset Bex like that. He'd have to make it up to her. As he lay in bed that night, he hatched a plan. His parents were watching TV downstairs. Bex was in her room down the hall. Sam reached under the mattress and pulled out the rock. Its smooth black finish cooled his hand. At the same time, on a completely different level, the red pulsing veins sent ribbons of warmth up his arm. He stood and walked over to his sister's room.

"Rebekah?" He knocked softly on her door.

"Go away." Her muffled voice carried out into the hall.

"I'm sorry about before. I just wanted some help. I haven't been feeling all that well."

"Go away you pervert."

"Okay. Well, anyway, Mom wants you downstairs." Sam placed the rock in the hall outside his sister's door. "She said it's important."

“Fine.”

Sam walked back to the bathroom and closed the door almost all the way. He peeked out. The rock glowed faintly in the dark hall. Bex opened her door and stepped on the rock on her way out. “Ow.” She looked down. She was wearing shorts and tank top.

“Another stupid rock.” Bex bent down and picked up the rock with her right hand. “She straightened back up and held it in front of her to get a better look. She took a few steps down the hallway toward Sam’s room. “Sam, I found another one of your dumb ...” She stopped in the hall, looking at the pulsing light. Bex turned and went back to her room. She closed the door and locked it with a soft click.

After about ten minutes, Sam crept down the hall and listened at her door.

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh.” He could hear her grunting, barely audible through the door. He’d let her keep the rock for the night.

Sam thought about getting his mom back up to the bathroom, but three times in one day felt like it might be pushing it. He went back to his room and fapped without the rock or his mom for the first time in weeks.

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The next morning, Sam waited for Bex to head off to the bus. After her little butt was safely out the front door, he snuck into her room and found the rock. She’d tucked it under her mattress. Must be a thing with this rock. He pulled it out, looked down at it, and had an idea.

Sam tucked the rock into his pants pocket and jogged downstairs. He found his mom in the kitchen.

“Is Dad still here?” Sam said.

“I’m right here, kiddo.” His dad walked into the kitchen wearing a suit and tie, briefcase in tow. “Need something?”

“Just wanted to wish you a great day,” Sam said.

“Thanks.” Paul grabbed a piece of toast and strode out of the kitchen. “You too,” he called over his shoulder.

Sam and his mom looked at one another. She was wearing a blue, flowing dress that didn’t reveal too much and ended just below the knees. “You’re gonna be late,” Joyce said.

They heard the front door slam as Paul left for work.

“I’m hurting a bit today. And I’ve got a test this afternoon,” Sam said. “I don’t know if I can concentrate.”

“No way, young man.” She crossed her arms and gave him a stern look.

“And I’m also really upset because Bex took my favorite rock and wouldn’t give it back.” Same took the rock out his pocket and held it out to her. This was the first time they’d been with the rock together. That felt important for some reason. “I had to get it back from her room.”

“Well, she shouldn’t have done that.” Joyce stared at the rock and bit her lip. “Off to school with you.”

“I can be a few minutes late. The test isn’t until later. I want you to see my favorite rock. And then, maybe you can help me.”

“Come on, buster.” Her arms fell to her sides. “Not now.”

“Just ten minutes.” Sam walked slowly over to his mom. He held out the rock to her.

Joyce reached out her hand and picked it from Sam’s palm. “What is this stone, Sammy?”

“I don’t know. Do you like it?”

“I do.” She was breathing heavily and her boobs rose and fell under her dress. “And I don’t.”

Sam pulled down his pants.

“Don’t do this Sammy.”

Sam pulled down his briefs.

“My goodness. It’s huge.” She said. Before she knew it, she was on her knees on the cold linoleum floor. The rock rolled out of her hand and fell next to her. “So you can concentrate,” she said. Her hands reached up for his thing. The diamond on her wedding band sparkled in the morning light. She tried not to think of her husband.

Ten minutes later, she had the purple head of her son’s penis in her mouth, both hands stroking up and down the shaft. How had this happened?

“Wow, Mom, I can’t believe you’re doing this.” Sam looked down at her. She was struggling with his size, nostrils flaring, as her head bobbed back and forth.

“Uuuuhhhmmmm,” Joyce said.

“I’m getting ... close.” Sam put his hands on the back of his mom’s head. Her hair was silky and smooth.

“Uuuukkkmmmm.” She said.

“What ... about ... ah ... oh Mom. What about the sink?”

Joyce pulled her mouth off her son’s thing. “It’s okay Sammy. I can’t believe I’m letting you do this. But it’s for the best.” She looked up at him. “Just let it out.” She put her mouth back on and rolled her tongue around the head.

“Oh ... my ... God ... Mom,” Sam said. Shot after shot of hot, salty cum sprayed into her mouth. The heat was startling. So different from her husband’s.

Joyce groaned and tried to swallow. It tasted so good, but there was too much. She sputtered, pulled his thing out her mouth, and not knowing what to do, pointed it at her dress. By the time he was done, her chest was a goopy, sticky mess.

Sam let go of his mom's head. "You are the best mom ever."

"There you go, Sammy." Before she knew what she was doing, Joyce licked up and down his shaft, trying to get him clean for school. "Now go get an A on that test." She picked up the rock, smoothed out her dress, and stood. Her hands were sticky. She didn't make eye contact. "Now I'm going to go upstairs and see about getting this dress cleaned. And you're going to hurry to school."

"Yes, Mom." Sam pulled up his underwear and pants. "See you afterschool." He grabbed his backpack and skipped to the front door.

Chapter 2

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 Harvard 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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

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.”

“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.

Chapter 3

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.

~~

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 lifted 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.

~~

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 floor, one leg tucked under her. She leaned her back on the bed, her right shoulder 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 reached behind and 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 dark, puffy 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 ..."

"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. "Oooooooooohhhhhhhhh."

"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 ... uhhhhh." 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. Ooooohhhhh. 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.

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Chapter 4

Friday night was awkward in the Higgins house. Earlier that day, Sam's mom, Joyce, had put Sam's thing inside her again. She'd sworn she wasn't going to do that. She looked at her Husband, Paul, sitting across the dinner table and felt her cheeks flush with guilt.

Sam and his older sister, Bex, seemed to be having a hard time too. Joyce had overheard them having a fight shortly after Bex got home. They were upstairs and Bex had yelled at Sam, “I don't care. It'll never happen again. Got it?” And she'd slammed a door. Now, they weren't making any eye contact, and they both glumly poked at their food. Joyce thought it better not to intervene. Let them sort it out.

Paul was oblivious to it all. He regaled them with tales from poker nights past. Tomorrow was his monthly poker night with the guys, and he was excited. Joyce smiled and nodded at his stories.

Bex interrupted her father. “I need to get out of the house this weekend. I'm going to spend tonight and tomorrow night at Sarah's.”

“That's fine, honey.” Joyce tried her best warm smile, but it wasn't as bright as usual. “How about you, Sam? Are you getting out of the house this weekend?”

“Well, actually.” Sam looked up from his plate of food. “I have a date tonight. Can I stay out late?”

That broadened Joyce's smile.

“That's great, sport. Who's the lucky girl?” Paul said between mouthfuls.

“Ashley. She's in my class.” Sam poked around his food again.

Bex rolled her eyes at Sam.

“Well, your mother and I want you home by eleven.” Paul winked at Joyce. He was such a dummy sometimes.

“Thanks, Dad,” Sam said. “That'll be great.”

“Have fun you kids.” Paul smiled at his family.

Joyce's smile faded. She had faith in Sam, but he really needed to make it work with this girl. She thought about might happen if he didn't. She fought off the frown that tried to form.

Both kids pushed off from the table and carried their plates into the kitchen. "I guess that means dinner's over," Joyce said. "Have fun you two."

The kids grumbled back their affirmation. Paul kept on happily eating his chicken.

~~

The next day, Sam spent the morning at the library studying. He stopped by a friend's house for some video games and got home in the late afternoon. He wandered around the house, but couldn't find anyone. He walked out into the back garden and found Joyce pruning the flowers. "Hi, Mom."

"Hi, honey." Joyce looked up, she was on her knees in the flower bed, pruners in hand. "Have a good day?"

"Yeah." Sam walked over to where she was working and leaned on the old wood fence.

"How was last night?" Joyce stood up. Her jeans were covered in dirt. Sweat stained her t-shirt. She wiped off her brow with the back of her hand. Her hair frizzed in the humidity and was generally a mess. To Sam, she was the most beautiful woman in the world. He took in the outline of her bra straps and the swell of her boobs that her frumpy t-shirt couldn't hide.

"It went well." Sam offered a sheepish smile. Should he be guilty telling his mom about a date? "I took it real slow. But she laughed at my jokes and she was fun to talk to. I think she'll want to see me again."

"That's great, Sammy." Joyce lowered her voice so the neighbors wouldn't hear. "How slow did you take it?" A positive date was a good start, but she needed more than that. She needed to stop helping her son with his thing. She needed things to go back to normal.

"Slow." Sam shrugged. "I gave her a goodnight kiss." He lowered his voice too. "She seemed to like it."

"Okay, honey. Well, that's a start." Joyce brushed off her jeans. She was filthy.

"Where's Dad?" Sam offered the phrase with complete nonchalance.

"Well." Joyce's eyes narrowed at her son. "He left early for his poker game."

"And Bex?"

"She's still at Sarah's." She shook her head. "I see where you're going with this. Weekend rules apply, young man. I'm going to go take a shower and make us some dinner. I won't help you with your thing on the weekends."

"But I could really use some help." Sam straightened and picked up the basket of flower clippings. Eager to help in any way. "My penis hurts, and I did good with Ashley, right?"

"Shhhhh." Joyce stepped over to Sam and dropped the shears in the basket. "You cannot talk about this where someone might hear you," she whispered. She looked around the fence line.

"Come on, Mom." Sam nodded toward the house. "Please?"

Joyce put her hands on her hips. She looked him up and down and sighed. "Fine. But first I need a shower." She turned and walked toward the house.

"I don't care about that." Sam followed her. Clutching tightly to the basket. His eyes fixed themselves on her round butt.

"Listen to my words." Joyce said over her shoulder.

"Yes, Mom." Sam followed her inside and into the laundry room.

Joyce unbuttoned her jeans and started to shimmy out of them. Once they were about halfway, she looked up to the doorway.

Sam stood, the basket still in his hands, jaw hanging open.

"Give me some privacy, Sammy."

"Okay, Mom." Sam didn't move.

"I mean it, Sam Higgins. Only your father sees me naked." She furrowed her brow. Her deep, brown eyes fierce. She was still bent over, hands on the waistband of her jeans midway down her legs.

"Okay Mom." Sam didn't move.

"Sammy, you can't keep pushing me like this." She pulled the dirty jeans the rest of the way off and tossed them into the hamper. She straightened and looked at her son. His mouth agape. His bulge more than obvious in his pants. She shook her head. "What am I going to do with you, Sammy?" She reached down and pulled off her shirt and tossed it in the hamper.

"You're so beautiful, Mom." Sam couldn't believe his luck. There were so many soft curves to look at that Sam didn't know where his gaze should go. Her boobs, her hips, her tummy. All perfect.

"Thank you, sweetie." Joyce looked down at the checkered linoleum floor. Was she really doing this?
"Really, I'm dirty. Go wait in your room."

Sam nodded but didn't move.

Joyce reached behind her and undid her bra. It dropped to the floor.

It was the second time Sam had seen Joyce's boobs. And they were every bit as magical as he remembered. They hung down in two breath-stopping tear drops. Her areola so large and enticing. "Can I touch them?" Sam dropped the basket, and the flower clipping spread across the floor. He unbuttoned, unzipped, and stepped out of his pants. He pulled his briefs off and his dick sprung free.

"Oh, my." Joyce looked down at his monster. "Oh ... oh ... kay," she stuttered.

Sam stepped up to her and reached up. He cupped each boob and hefted them up. They were indeed heavy as he'd guessed. "I love you, Mom." He massaged them gently, feeling the swells of flesh under his fingers.

"Ohhhh. I love you too, sweetie." Joyce was crazy for doing this with Sam. "She reached down with her left hand and stroked the head of his thing." The glitter of diamonds on her wedding ring reminded her

of her husband. "We ... oohhhh ... need to go up to your room and lock the door. Your father could come home."

"Wow, Mom." Sam couldn't resist any longer. He lowered his mouth to her right boob and sucked it in. She smelled of sweat, and dirt, and of life itself.

"Ohhhh, no, Sammy." She instinctively cradled the back of his head. "We need one of your condoms, sweetie."

Sam reached his hands down to her hips and tried to lift her onto the washing machine right behind her. She was too heavy. "Mom, could you?"

"We need a condom." But instead of rushing for one his condoms upstairs, she pulled off her soaked panties and hopped back onto the washing machine. Sitting there, looking down at Sam, she spread her legs.

Sam looked down at the triangle of brown hair. He stood up on his toes to put his dick level with her pussy. He dropped his mouth to her left boob and licked and sucked.

"Ooohhhh," Joyce cradled his head with her right hand and grabbed his thing with her left. "What would your father do if he found us?"

Sam lifted his face from her boob. "He'd probably murder me, Mom."

"Oh my gosh. He would." She guided that monster into her vagina. "Don't ever let him catch us, Sammy."

Sam was too busy sucking to respond. Once inside her, his hips moved back and forth.

"Oh, it's ... uh ... uh ... happening already. I'm going to ..." And with that, Joyce's whole body shook in a massive orgasm.

Sam placed his hands on the curve of her hips. He thrust in and out.

A few minutes later, "Ohhhh ... again." Joyce spasmed on his thing.

"Oh, Mom" Sam alternated his sucking between her boobs. They were so heavy and full.

Twenty minutes later, Sam looked up into her brown eyes. "I'm ... gonna ... I'm ... gonna ..."

Joyce's eyes shot wide. She wiggled her hips to dislodge him. "Not ... uh ... in me ... uh ..."

"Mom ..." Sam pulled free and sprayed her belly and boobs with his hot sticky mess. "Ah ... ah ... ah ... aaahhhhhh ..."

"Saammmmmmyyyyyy." So much of it. And the smell was intoxicating and overpowering. Once he was done, Joyce reached down with her right hand and wiped up some of his stuff off her left boob. She put it in her mouth. So hot and salty. It tasted delicious. She looked down. Sam was fighting to catch his breath, his thing still hard. "That's enough for now, honey. I'm going to go take that shower. I'll have dinner ready in a little while." She jumped down off the washing machine and sprinted out of the laundry room, hopping over the spilled basket. She didn't like running naked, covered in sperm, through her house. But she didn't want Sam to catch her for round two.

“Okay,” Sam said. He watched her bounce and wobble out of sight. What a view. He bent down, picked up his mom’s panties, and tossed them in the hamper. “Wow,” he said to no one.

~~

Dinner that night was just Joyce and Sam. Joyce took small bites of salmon and cauliflower.

“This fish is so good. How’d you cook it?” Sam shoveled his food into his face.

Joyce thought about telling him to slow down, but she was happy Sam liked the meal. “I baked it.”

“Well, it’s really good.”

“Thank you, sweetie.” Joyce took a long gulp of red wine. She had a lot on her mind, and the wine helped unload some of it.

“I was thinking.” Sam put down his fork and looked over at his mom. His big, brown eyes were earnest and sincere. “I don’t want to ruin it with Ashley. We had fun the other night.”

“Mhmm?” She swallowed another large sip of wine.

“Anyway, I don’t want to scare her off with my dick.” Sam nodded for emphasis, like this was a normal sort of conversation that any mother and son could have.

“Your penis, Sammy. Or you can call it your thing.” Joyce’s wide-set eyes were so striking in the low light of their dining room.

“Well, my thing can be a little scary. Right?”

“Yes.”

“I’d like to keep seeing Ashley, but to help me out with my ... needs ... well, I need an older girlfriend.” He sipped at his water. “A more mature woman that knows more about sex.”

“I will not be your girlfriend.” Joyce shook her head slowly. “All this stuff we’re doing stops very soon.”

“I know.” Sam smiled. “I didn’t mean you.”

“Oh?” Joyce picked up the wine bottle and refilled her glass.

“I was thinking you could help me to date one of your friends.” Sam’s smile widened.

“You’re crazy, Sam Higgins,” Joyce said. “Most of my friends are married. And regardless, I’d never put one of them in your bed.”

“Please, Mom. It’d take a lot of pressure off. I’m sure things would go back to normal with us.” Sam knew they wouldn’t.

“No way. I’m putting my foot down on this.” Joyce drank half the glass in one swallow.

“Well, just think about.” Sam stood and carried his plate into the kitchen. “Thanks for dinner, Mom. That was great. Now can we go up to my room?”

“Again?” Joyce looked at the swelling in Sam’s pants.

“Dad won’t be home for a while,” Sam said.

Joyce finished off the glass of wine. “Okay.” She stood and took Sam’s hand. She’d clear the table later. “But, let’s be quick. And you’re wearing a condom.”

“Okay, Mom.” Sam felt the pleasant warmth of her hand in his. He let her lead him upstairs.

They did it in Sam’s room, with the door locked, and she never removed her blouse. Small victories. What was now the status quo, Sam plowing her vagina with his enormous thing, would have been a tremendous defeat just a little while ago. At least he was wearing a condom.

The problem was it felt so good. She’d never felt anything like it. And Joyce began to worry about what life would be like when this was all over. Would Paul really be able to give her all that she needed?

Joyce came five times riding her son. And when it was time, she dismounted him, pulled off the condom, and finished him in her mouth. She swallowed almost all of it.

Things were slipping out of control. But she was clean, showered, and ready for Paul when he got home.

There had to be a solution that would put things right again in her household. Joyce would do anything to ease the pressure with Sam.

~~

The birds sang outside the kitchen window. The sun worked its way over the horizon. Paul was already off to his Sunday golf outing. He and the guys were getting an early start for a busy day. Joyce sat at the kitchen table wearing jeans and blouse, her hands wrapped around a warm mug of coffee. Across the table, Lakshmi gossiped about the neighborhood. Steam from her own mug rose and drifted past her soft, dark eyes. Upstairs, Sam slept in.

“... and that’s what she said, if you can believe it,” Lakshmi said. She was a pretty little thing. A small nose and a wide curving mouth. Her skin was a very dark brown and flawless. Her attire left a lot of skin to see. Joyce eyed her bare arms. They were thin, but toned.

“I can hardly.” Joyce’s finger tapped on her mug. A nervous tick. “Can I talk to you about something personal?”

“Of course, Joyce. What is it?” Lakshmi smiled; warm, friendly, and helpful. Her teeth very white.

“Well ... It’s kind of embarrassing.” Joyce’s face flushed. “I’ve been having fantasies lately. Sex ... sex fantasies.”

“Oh, girl, we all do. That’s okay.” Lakshmi waved her hand dismissively.

“They’re about a younger man. With a very big ... you ... know ... what.”

“Well, young men have all that mythical virility. And our bodies still send us signals that we’re supposed to be making babies. I’m sure it’s normal. Anyway, after years of marriage things can get a little stale.” The steam continued to rise and twirl in front of Lakshmi. “Have you tried to spice it up with Paul?”

“That’s just it. We’ve never had more sex. Lately, it’s just been about every night,” Joyce said.

“Well, I’m jealous.” Lakshmi’s cheeks darkened just a bit. With her skin, it was hard to tell when she was blushing. “It’s been a little slow for Raj and me lately.” She sipped at her coffee. “Who am I kidding, it’s been a slow decade. We do it a couple times a month, maybe.”

“Really?” Joyce watched her friend closely. Was this really about to happen? This was even more crazy than usual, but something had to be done about Sam. And it might actually be good for Lakshmi. “Well, Sam found something that might turn it around for you and Raj.”

“Sam?” Lakshmi crinkled her nose in confusion. “What are you talking about?”

“Here, I’ll show you.” Joyce stood, walked to the counter, opened a drawer, and pulled out the rock. It was incredibly black, and the red veins glowed faintly in the morning light. The telltale warmth spread from the rock through her hand and up her arm. It felt very, very good. She closed the drawer, walked back to the table, and sat down. “Have a look at this.” Joyce held out the rock to her friend in the palm of her hand.

Lakshmi looked at it. “I don’t get it.”

“Take it.” Joyce leaned across the table. “Don’t be shy.”

“I really don’t ...” Lakshmi reached out and lifted it out of her friend’s hand. “It feels weird.” She held it up and looked closer at the rock. “I feel a little strange, Joyce.”

“That’s fine. Don’t worry about it.” Joyce sat up straight in her chair and wrapped her hands around her mug again. “So, while my sex life has been great. Poor Sammy hasn’t been able to find himself a girlfriend.”

“What?” Lakshmi lowered her hand to the table, holding the rock in her palm. She didn’t take her eyes off it. “He should talk to Arjun. That boy goes from one girl to the next. There’re so many, I can never keep them straight.”

“Sammy and Arjun are very different boys.”

“That’s ... true.”

“And Sammy is sort of a special case.” Joyce stood up and stepped around the table.

“How so?” Lakshmi looked away from the rock for the first time in what seemed like ages. Her gaze roved its way up Joyce’s body. Her friend was so tall and pale and ... and ... and busty. Lakshmi hadn’t given it too much thought before, but Joyce really had some big ones.

“Come on.” Joyce reached down with her left hand.

Lakshmi took Joyce's hand with her own right hand, still holding the rock in her right. She didn't want to let go of either the hand or the rock.

"Don't worry, you can take the rock with us." Joyce gently lifted her by the hand out of her chair.

"Where are we going?"

"Upstairs."

They walked upstairs and Joyce led Lakshmi to Sam's room. They opened the door and stepped inside. Lakshmi watched her friend lock the door behind them. This was beyond strange.

"Sam, sweetie. Time to wake up. Sammy?" Joyce pulled Lakshmi over to Sam's bed.

Lakshmi looked around the room. A wizard-cat-thing poster hung on the wall. Next to it was a solar system poster. And over in that corner, a Star Wars poster. Or was that Star Trek? She could never keep them straight. No wonder Sam was having trouble with girls. Sam slept in a t-shirt and briefs on top of the covers. He was on his stomach, with his pillow off to the side. He was so thin. So unlike her strong, muscular Arjun.

"Mom?" Sam rolled over. "What is it?"

"Oh, my God." Lakshmi released Joyce's hand and put her hand to her mouth. Inside Sam's briefs, and stretching up under his Guardians of the Galaxy t-shirt, was the most enormous morning wood bulge she'd ever seen. And she could see the outline of his balls too. The boy's genitals were totally, horrifically, out of proportion with the rest of him. She squeezed the rock tight in her right hand.

"We have a guest," Joyce said.

Sam looked up at his mom, bleary eyed. And then over to Lakshmi. He smiled. "Oh, cool." His brown hair stuck out in all different directions. "Hi, Mrs. Singh."

"Like you asked for, Sammy." Joyce stepped behind Lakshmi. "I thought this was best."

"Wow, thanks Mom." Sam sat up in bed and pulled off his briefs. His penis bounced out of its confines.

It was a monstrosity in more ways than one. Such a dark, purple head. Veins that stood out and pulsed. The whole thing throbbed. Jesus, Lakshmi could see his heart beat in that thing. Danger messages flashed all throughout her brain, but her feet remained fixed to the carpet.

"Sammy needs lots of help." Joyce's breathing quickened. Why was she so confident in this craziness? Why was she even participating in this craziness? "His thing hurts him. He needs a woman to help him take the edge off. So he can concentrate. College is on the line, you understand. Right, Lakshmi?" She gave Lakshmi a gentle nudge in the back.

Lakshmi took a step forward.

"Could you take your top off, Mrs. Singh?" Sam scooted to the edge of the bed and put his feet on the floor.

"Good God, no. Are you kidding me?" Lakshmi shook her head, but she didn't run. Why wasn't she running? A warmth had spread from the rock up her arm. She could feel it pulsing to the same beat as

Sam's monster. She reached down with her hand, grabbed the bottom of her top, and wiggled out of it. She dropped it next to her on the floor.

"The bra too, please." Sam smiled up at her. Such an innocent, kid-in-the-candy-store smile.

"Joyce?" Lakshmi said.

"It's okay, Lakshmi." Joyce stepped over to Sam's computer chair and sat down, confident she wasn't needed to guide Lakshmi anymore. She watched with wide eyes. It was all so wrong, but maybe this is how they'd get it sorted out.

"Um ... okay, I guess." Lakshmi reached up between her boobs and released the clasp on her bra. Her wedding ring glinted in the morning light. The bra opened and her boobs fell out.

"Wow." Sam couldn't believe it. "You're beautiful Mrs. Singh." Her boobs dropped and bounced. They were big for her small body, standing out proudly and a little to the side. Her areolae and nipples were smaller than Joyce's and so dark that they were almost black. Sam had never seen boobs like these.

"I don't know." Lakshmi lifted up her right arm to cover her boobs. But that was a mistake, because the warmth from the rock had a more direct route. "What would Raj think?" The warmth spread completely through her.

"Honestly? I don't think he'd like it." Joyce watched her friend. "But he'll never know. The important thing is that we have to help Sammy. His thing really hurts him, Lakshmi. He needs some relief and a mother can't do that for her son."

"No." Lakshmi shook her head. "No, she can't." Lakshmi dropped to her knees and crawled over to Sam. She dropped the rock by his left foot.

"Please help." Sam looked down at her.

"Okay. I'll help this one time, because it looks painful." She took a deep breath and looked up at that monster. "Remember all those years ago when you fell off your bike and broke your arm?"

"Yeah," Sam said.

"And I held you until your mom got home." Lakshmi reached out and lightly touched the purple head. Some precum dribbled down the side. It did look like it was hurting. "This will be like that." She grabbed his penis with both hands and stroked up and down. Her hands had a long way to go.

Sam looked back and forth between the two women in his room. His mom sat transfixed. Whatever her plan, Sam guessed it hadn't involved watching her friend give him a handjob.

"It's really thick." Lakshmi stared at her work, mesmerized by her task.

"Ah ... that's really good, Mrs. Singh. But I think I need more."

"Really?" Lakshmi looked up at him with pleading eyes.

Sam nodded.

“Um.” Lakshmi pulled her right hand off his penis and brushed a lock of black hair behind her ear. Before she knew it, that fat knob was in her mouth. It tasted so good. She wanted more.

“That’s ... ah ... good,” Sam said. He watched Mrs. Singh’s little head bob on his dick. “Keep going.” He put his right hand behind her head and held her, firm but gentle.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Singh was still between Sam’s legs slurping on his dick.

“Okay,” Sam said. “That’s ... uh ... enough.”

“Uuuuurrrgggghhhh?” Lakshmi said around his dick.

With the hand behind her head, Sam gently pulled on her hair until his dick popped out of her mouth.

“What?” Lakshmi panted. Drool dripped off her pretty little chin.

Sam scooted back in the bed. “Come on up.”

“You want?” Lakshmi blinked up at him a couple times. “There’s no way that will fit.”

“Maybe we’ve gone far enough,” Joyce said.

Lakshmi looked over at her friend questioningly.

“It’s okay, Mom.” Sam pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the floor. “I’ve got this.” He leaned over the edge of the bed, picked up the rock and put it under his mattress. He then grasped Lakshmi’s left hand and pulled her up onto the bed. Her wedding ring rubbed against his thumb and Sam thought of poor Raj putting it on her for the first time all those years ago. And how, at that time, they must have been so confident she’d take only Raj’s dick inside her from then on.

“I don’t know.” Lakshmi watched as her teenaged neighbor pull off her pants and sopping panties. “Do you have a condom?”

“Always wear a condom, Sammy.” Joyce said

“Oh, yeah.” Sam pulled one out from beside his bed, tore the packet, and rolled it on.

Even sheathed, Sam’s penis looked fearsome. Lakshmi gulped and lifter her leg over him. “I really don’t know.” She reached under her and held his penis with her left hand. She could feel it pulsing. Penises weren’t supposed to do that. Not like this. She slowly lowered herself and guided it in. “Oh,” she said as it spread out her entrance.

“You’re so tight, Mrs. Singh.” Sam watched his dick disappear inside her. The triangle of hair between her legs was black. The outside of her pussy was the same deep dark brown of her skin. But, as she inched up and down, adjusting, he could see the bright pink of the inside of her pussy lips, stretched to their capacity. It was amazing.

“It ... fits.” Lakshmi was breathing hard again. She’d hit bottom and it hadn’t killed her. She gently rocked her hips. This was all so warped. How was this actually happening? “Ughhhh ... I have to ... go slow. You’re ... ah ... oh ... so much bigger than my husband.”

"That's fine, Mrs. Singh." Sam reached up with his right hand and caressed her left boob. A little more compact than his mom's, but still very heavy and full. When she didn't push him away, he grabbed each boob and gently massaged her. She was rocking too slowly for Sam. He pulled on her boobs a little to get her into a faster rhythm. It worked. Her wide hips ground down onto his narrow ones with an increasing pace.

"What's your husband ... ah ... doing right now?" Sam moved his hands from her boobs down to her hips and held on tight.

"What?" That brought her back to reality. She looked down at the boy she was riding, with his smug grin. "He's ..." But her hips wouldn't stop. She leaned forward and placed her hands on his meager chest. So unlike her Arjun. "He's ... uh ... uh ... playing tennis with ... oohhhhh ... friends." She was getting close.

"And Arjun?"

"Aaaaahhhhhh." Her pussy clenched and she stopped her rocking motion. She closed her eyes tight and trembled all over. Thirty seconds later, she was back grinding at a steady pace.

"I asked ... ah ... about Arjun." Sam watched her petite frame rock back and forth. She wasn't as smooth as his mom or as frenetic as his sister. She was probably not all that experienced.

"He's ... ah ... basketball practice." She spit the words out.

"The whole ... Singh family ... playing with balls," Sam said.

"Don't torment her, honey." Joyce leaned forward on the chair, looking on in fascination.

"Sorry, Mom." His grip tightened on Lakshmi's hips. "I'm ... uh ... getting close."

"What ... uh ... uh ... uh ... what do I do?" Lakshmi looked down at Sam below her. Those big balls held a lot of cum. That condom might not hold it all.

"Finish him with your mouth," Joyce's voice was almost a whisper.

Lakshmi dismounted him with some effort. She crawled between Sam's legs, grabbed his penis, and pulled off the condom. She lowered her mouth and sucked for all she was worth. Her butt stuck up directly in Joyce's line of sight. Her best friend probably had a clear view of her gaping pussy. This thought disturbed Lakshmi, but not enough to stop.

"Aaahhhhhh." Sam erupted in her mouth.

Lakshmi coughed and sputtered. She pulled off his thing and he sprayed her face, hair, and boobs. It was all over her. She couldn't believe the intoxicating smell. This was all a revelation. A horrific revelation to her thinking about pleasure. His cum was so much hotter than her husband's. She licked her lips. And tasted so much better. When he was done, she turned toward Joyce with a look of complete disbelief and then fell face first onto the blanket.

"That was awesome, Mrs. Singh. Can't wait to do that again," Sam said from somewhere behind her.

"Never ... again," Lakshmi said between gasps for air.

The bed bounced a little as Sam moved behind her. If he was anything like Raj, he'd be soft by now and ready for a nap.

"Don't you dare, Sam Higgins," Joyce said. "Not like that. I mean it."

Lakshmi sighed. What could she be talking about? He'd already done everything he could do.

"It's okay, Mom." Sam got on his knees in between Lakshmi's legs. He placed his hands on her wide hips and pulled her up onto all fours.

"What are you doing?" Lakshmi looked back at him over her shoulder. To her horror, she discovered he was still hard.

Oh no, he was going to mount her.

Sam pushed in.

"Oooohhhh." She felt him split her wide open. "I won't be able to ... oooohhhh ... take it. In this ... position." She panted as he inched it in.

"You're treating her like an animal." Joyce had her fingers over her eyes, peeking in between them like a kid watching a horror movie.

"It's okay." Sam hit bottom. Her pussy spasmed around his dick. He held on firmly to the curve of her hips and pushed and pulled, getting into a steady pace. The pink of her pussy clutched desperately to his dick on every outthrust.

"Oh ... God." Lakshmi looked up at Joyce. Sam's cum dripped off her chin and down her cheek. It was all over her hair. "I can take it ... aaaahhhh." Lakshmi's face was twisted in desperate ecstasy. Her mouth hung open, her eyes glassy. "Joyce ... I ... uh ... uh ... can take it ... uh ... uh ... I can take it ... all."

Sam was really giving it to her now.

"Oh, Sammy. I can't believe you're doing that to her." Joyce's hands dropped to her knees. She watched in amazement. Her little friend was bouncing like a rag doll, her back arched, her boobs swaying beneath her.

No one but Sam noticed he was no longer wearing a condom. But that was fine. He'd pull out. "This is ... my first ... uh ... uh ... doggystyle. You?"

"My ... my ... husb ..." Lakshmi was quite the sight. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the blanket. Her butt rippling with every thrust from Sam. Her eyes rolled upward. Sam's stuff still dripping off her face. She couldn't get out the words. She came again.

"You and Raj do it like that?" Joyce stared on. "I can't believe you two."

"I'm going to ... going to ... cum ... Mrs. Singh." Sam jackhammered into her.

"AAaaahhhgggghh," Was all Lakshmi could say.

"Goodness, Sammy." Joyce's hand went to her mouth. "Not inside her. You don't have a condom on." She had noticed after all.

“Ah ... okay ... Mom.” Sam pulled out and blasted load after load all over his neighbor’s butt and back. She was now nearly covered from head to toe. Sam fell next to her onto to his back. He looked over at the sweaty, cum soaked, mess she’d become. “That was great.” A big smile spread from ear to ear. “Will you be my girlfriend Mrs. Singh?”

Still on her hands and knees, panting, eyes closed, Lakshmi thought about her situation. She’d gotten up this morning a happy suburban wife and mother. And now this. How could this happen? “Not in a million years,” she said.

Joyce stood, picked up one of the clean towels by Sam’s bed, and wrapped her friend in it. She helped her off the bed. Lakshmi’s legs wobbled. She walked her to the door and looked back at her son. His thing still stood straight up. “Give it a little time, sweetheart. These things take time.” She turned back to Lakshmi. “Let’s get you in the shower.”

Sam watched them go. They turned into the hallway and disappeared. The last thing he heard was his mom. “I can’t believe you let Raj get behind you like that.”

~~

Lakshmi swore she didn’t know what came over her, and it’d never happen again. But the next day, she arrived at the Higgins door right before Sam got home from school. Sam took her in his room again and covered her in cum while his mom watched. It was the most perverted scandal ever to hit their neighborhood and she was right in the middle of it. No one could ever find out.

Each day, as Lakshmi cleaned off in Joyce’s shower, she’d vow never again to let Sam’s horrific thing near her. But the day after, she’d find herself walking next-door around 3 p.m.

Why did she let this happen? Why did Joyce let this happen?

She was just lucky Sam was responsible enough to keep his cum on the outside.

But that wasn’t all. Every night that week, she’d accost Raj for sex. He was thrilled at first, but by midweek he was making excuses. And Lakshmi found herself in her bathroom, furiously fingering her pussy and thinking of her teenage neighbor’s enormous cock. What had she become?

~~

Bex got home early on Thursday. Usually she’d be working at the coffee shop in the afternoons, but someone covered her shift. “Mom?” She expected to find her mom in the living room, reading. Or in the kitchen. Or working out in the garden. But she wasn’t around. Maybe she was out shopping or something. Bex didn’t care enough to check the garage.

Time to get back to coding that app on her computer. She walked upstairs and down the hall toward her room. She stopped by Sam's door. She put her ear to the door. It was unmistakable. The rhythmic thumping, slapping skin, and grunting. Sam had a girl in there.

Well, good for him. Maybe he'd stop being such a pervert if he was getting some. But he should be more careful. He couldn't let Mom catch him. She'd flip out if she knew he was banging someone under her roof. Bex listened and smiled.

"Sam ... aaaahhhhhh ... oh ... it's so deep," a girl said.

Her smile faded. Wait, Bex knew that voice. Not a girl at all. That was a woman. It couldn't be.

"Right there ... ahhhhh ... bounce on it, Mrs. Singh," Sam said.

Oh ... my ... God. Bex could not believe he was banging Mrs. Singh. She was old enough to be his mother. Jesus. It was so wrong. Suddenly, Bex noticed that her panties were very wet. She snuck back to her room and rubbed her clit for a long time. All the while, imagining her little brother breaking the pussy of their married next-door neighbor. Pure insanity.

Chapter 5

Sam nailed his married, next-door neighbor, Lakshmi, every day after school that week. And to make things even better, his mom watched every single time. Joyce would sit in his desk chair and stare at them while they did it.

Joyce complained the first several times Sam mounted Lakshmi doggy. Saying things like, "You're degrading her." Or, "It's too dirty." Or, "You look like animals." But eventually Joyce gave up her complaints. And while she didn't exactly encourage Sam that week, the way she looked at them, Sam could tell she might even like it. At least a little bit.

The downside to that wonderful week was that Joyce declared herself off limits now that Sam had a girlfriend.

And so, the three of them found themselves in Sam's bedroom on Friday afternoon. Sam had already cum three times all over poor little Lakshmi. He had her on all fours again. With his success that week, he felt bold.

"You like my dick, Mrs. Singh?"

"Ughhhh," she said. Her head hung down and she watched the blanket below her.

His mom didn't like Sam to use the word dick, but he felt mostly indestructible at the moment. He pulled back on Lakshmi's hips, thrusting harder. Her brown skin smacked against his pale hips. "Do ... you ... like ... my ... dick."

"Yesssss." Lakshmi had practically been pounded into a coma.

"Tell me you like it." Sam watched his rod open her up and vanish inside her.

"I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... like it," she squeaked.

"Tell me you like my big dick."

"Sammy, that's enough." Joyce leaned forward in Sam's desk chair. Staring at them as they pounded away.

"It's okay, Mom." Sam looked over at Joyce and took his hand away from Lakshmi's hip long enough to give a thumbs up. "She likes it."

Lakshmi lifted her head and looked up at her friend. "Oh, my God ... Joyce ... I love ... your son's ... huge cock." Lakshmi's eyes were wide, her jaw slack, and she had streaks of Sam's cum everywhere. She was a mess. If Joyce didn't like the word dick, Sam wondered how she felt about her friend saying cock. At any rate, she didn't try to correct Lakshmi.

Later, after Sam had emptied his fourth load on Lakshmi's back, Joyce helped Lakshmi shower, got her dressed, and then sent her home. After Sam cleaned up, he found his mom in the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"You must be hungry." Joyce had her back to him as she did a few dishes at the sink. Her dark dress hugged her hips and showed off her voluptuous backside. "I mean ... after all that."

"I'm not hungry." Sam watched her backside jiggle as she washed dishes. "But I could use some help. I didn't get it all out with Mrs. Singh."

"Sam Higgins." Joyce looked over her shoulder at him. She brushed her curly brown hair out of the way. "We've been over this. That's behind us now that you have a girlfriend."

"But —"

"No buts, young man." Her pretty face softened. The line of her jaw eased. "And speaking of girlfriends, when are you going to see Ashley again?"

"Tonight, Mom."

"And how's it going with her, sweetie?" Joyce turned back to her work in the sink.

"Good. I really like her."

"That's great, honey. Maybe you can move it along with her and give poor Lakshmi a break."

"I'm trying." Sam sighed. "But I don't want to scare her off with my di ... my penis."

"I understand. But I do think Lakshmi's gotten more than she bargained for. You've been insatiable this week." Joyce switched off the faucet and turned to face her son. She rested her hip on the edge of the counter.

"What'd she bargain for, anyway?" Sam took in the shapely swell of her boobs, so poorly hidden in her dress.

Joyce dropped her gaze to the floor. A surge of guilt spread through her. But Lakshmi really was enjoying herself. Joyce pressed her legs together, thinking about how Sam took her little, dark friend over and over again that week. "Well, anyway." Joyce turned and busied herself at the counter. "I'm happy things are going well with Ashley. Don't stay out too late."

"I won't Mom." Sam got up and headed for his room. If his mom wasn't going to help him, he needed another fap before he met up with Ashley.

~~

Sam rolled out of bed late on Saturday. He'd had another great time with Ashley, but it was mostly talking and laughing. No need to rush anything with her. Sam had enough on his plate at home. And first and foremost, was the fact that his mom had really upped her game of hard-to-get. He was grateful for Mrs. Singh. But Joyce was the most beautiful woman in the world, and to have her and then to lose her was maybe a little too much.

Golden light filtered in through Sam's windows, telling him he had really overslept. He pulled on some jeans and socks. Straightened his t-shirt and headed downstairs.

The sound of college football echoed up the basement stairs. His dad was already getting his football fix on the big screen in the basement. He found his mom curled up on the couch in the living room, legs tucked under her long dress. She was, of course, reading a mystery novel.

"Morning, Mom."

"Hello, Sammy." Joyce didn't look up from her book. "How was your date last night?"

"Good." Sam sat on the edge of the couch and watched her read. She was cute in her round reading glasses. She'd tied her brown hair back in a ponytail. Her fair skin glowed in the sunlight that flooded through a nearby window. Sam watched the graceful curve of her dainty neck, so feminine and enticing.

"Still taking it slow?" Joyce continued to stare at her book, but she clearly wasn't reading anymore.

"Yeah."

"That's fine. I want you to make it work with her. But don't take too long, you need a girl your own age."

"Okay, Mom." Sam looked around the room. "Where's Bex?"

"She took off early. School project? Maybe?" Joyce took off her glasses and looked up at her son. She blinked a few times.

"And Dad's watching football?"

"Yes. There's a big game, or games, or something, going on today." She closed the book and put it down.

"I have some errands to run today. Want to come with? Unless, you've got homework to do."

"I don't have that much homework this weekend."

“Oh, good.” Joyce smiled up at him, full of warmth.

“Is ... um ... Mrs. Singh coming over today?” Sam’s jeans felt uncomfortably tight.

“Ssshhhh.” Joyce looked around the room and lowered her voice. “We have to keep that quiet. Okay?”

“Okay.” Sam looked down at his hands.

“And, I’m sorry, honey. The weekends are a busy time for Lakshmi. She’s spending time with her family.” She kept her voice just above a whisper. She eyed the growing lump in Sam’s pants. “Anyway, I’m sure you can wait until next week. You certainly must have gotten it all out of your system. That was a lot of ... um ... exercise this week.”

“I wish.” Sam looked up at her with sad, puppy-dog eyes. “It hurts again.”

“Well, you’ll just have to take care of it yourself, young man. I’m done helping you.”

“I ... I ... please?” Sam looked for all the world like he was going to cry.

“Sam Higgins, your father is home. Your sister could return at any time.” She looked toward the basement stairs. “I took a very big risk in bringing my friend to help you. You should be grateful.”

“I am.”

“And then you did all those things to her and you want more? I just, can’t ... and ... are you crying?”

“I’m just so sorry Mom. I’m sorry for all of it.” Sam was crying a little bit. “It hurts if I don’t let it out.” But maybe not that much.

“Oh, Sammy.” Joyce reached over and took his hand in hers. She patted it. “Okay, okay, I’m here. What can I do for you?” She glanced at the basement again. “Maybe I can watch you in the bathroom, like we used to do. Would that help?”

Sam nodded and wiped a tear from his cheek.

“Okay, but we have to be quick and quiet.” Joyce stood up and pulled him by the hand upstairs. “No more tears. Come on, before I change my mind.”

They entered the hallway bathroom upstairs and Joyce locked the door behind them. She stepped past Sam and sat on the toilet lid. “This will be fine. As long as I don’t have to touch anything, we’re not really doing anything wrong.”

“Sure, Mom.” Sam dropped his jeans and his briefs. He kicked them to the side. “So, you want me to do it in the sink then?”

“Yes, honey.” Joyce nodded, eyes fixed on that throbbing monster. How could it stand up so proud after all it did last week? “In the sink.”

Only five minutes later, Joyce found herself with both hands on her son’s thing. Stroking hard and trying to get him to do his business in the sink. “Is that okay, sweetie?”

“Yeah, Mom. Ah ... ah ... I’m ... ah ... close.” Sam looked down at her wedding ring sliding up and down his dick. “Dad’s ... ah ... in the basement ... watching ... ah ... dumb football.”

“Don’t talk about your father, Sammy.” Joyce’s hands kept up their pumping.

“While his ... ah ... wife ... is ... fapping ... her son.”

“Sam Higgins.” Joyce looked up from his penis. Her eyes were narrow and fierce. But her hands kept on milking him.

“You’re the ... best ... aaahhhh ... Mom ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Sam emptied his balls into the sink.

After about a minute, Joyce finished draining his penis. “There, all done.” There was so much in the sink. More than came out of Paul’s penis in a whole week of nightly sex. And the smell. So rich. Joyce tried to stand but her knees felt weak.

“Thanks, Mom.” Sam helped her up. His dick bounced and throbbed in the space between them. It didn’t seem like it was done. “Just a little more, okay?”

“No, Sammy.” Joyce shook her head, but didn’t stop Sam when he guided her to the sink and placed her hands on the edge, facing all that sperm. She looked up to the mirror and saw a woman with wild eyes, flaring nostrils, and parted lips. It was a completely unfamiliar view of herself. “Not like this, sweetie.”

Sam ignored her. With his feet, he pushed at his mom’s ankles and widened her stance to lower her hips to his level. He lifted her dress and rested it on the small of her back. Her round, panty-covered butt was beyond perfect. He wanted to smack it, but didn’t want to break the moment. He pulled her panties aside. Her pussy looked so inventing, lips spread and glistening.

“Oh my gosh, we need a condom,” Joyce said. She grunted as her opening stretched around her son’s penis. “Uh ... Cooonnnnddddoommmmm.” Of all the new sensations she’d experienced with Sam over these past months, this was by far the most shocking. From back there, he had access to some special point that just melted everything else. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” She was already cumming, breathing in the smells of her son’s sperm and pushing back on his enormous thing. She spasmed and shook and Sam plowed into her.

“You feel so good, Mom.” Sam held onto her hips and pulled her back onto his dick again and again. “You’ve never done this with Dad?”

Joyce shook her head. Her ponytail swished back and forth. “Nevvveeeerrrr.” She looked in the mirror at herself being taken from behind like an animal and then down into the sink were copious amounts of her son’s stuff slowly slid into the drain. She closed her eyes.

“Dad’s ... oh, Mom ... aaaaahhhh ... Dad’s missing out.” Her butt jiggled and bounced, every thrust sending ripples out like it was some sort of soft round ocean.

“You’re ... uh ... uh ... going to make me ...” Joyce came again on Sam’s penis while her husband blissfully watched his stupid football downstairs.

They continued on for another ten minutes. Joyce would occasionally open her eyes and see the woman in the mirror getting debased by her own son. She hardly recognized herself. And then she’d have another orgasm. Just one after the other.

“Okay ... Mom ... here ... it ...” Sam sped up his pounding.

“Outside.” Joyce looked over her shoulder. Sam had his eyes shut tight, his skinny arms working hard to drive her on his thing. “Not ... uh ... uh ... inside meeeeeee.”

“Sorry ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” And Sam came in his mom’s pussy.

Joyce threw her head back and orgasmed like never before. The world burned, stars shot before her eyes, and every cell in her body exploded with pleasure. “Oooooohhhhhhhhh.” She could feel the heat from her son’s sperm deep, deep in her tummy.

Sam pumped more and more cum inside her as he convulsed and banged her again ... and again ... and again. Eventually he stopped and held himself firmly pressed against her butt. “I love ... you ... Mom,” he panted.

“Oh ... honey.” The world came back into focus for Joyce. She panted too. “We ... should not have ... done that.” Her vagina contracted on his penis, trying to milk every last bit of his sperm.

“Sorry, Mom.” Sam pulled out of her and stepped back.

Joyce moved her panties back into place and stood up straight. She wiggled her hips to get her dress back in place, it fell below the knees again. She turned for the door, not making eye contact with Sam. “I’m going to go check on your father.”

“Bring him a beer, Mom.” Sam’s dick still stood at attention, hard and pulsing. “I want you to bring him a beer with my cum inside you.”

“Sam Higgins.” She looked back at him. Her thin boy with the monster thing. It was covered in his sperm and her juices. “Never talk about your father like that.”

“Sorry, Mom.”

“You’re lucky this is my safe time of the month. What if I got pregnant?” she whispered. “What would we do then?”

“Sorry, Mom.” Sam had the inclination to grab her, bend her over, and do it all over again. But something told him the moment had passed.

“You really shouldn’t have done that. Go to your room.” Joyce opened the door and looked both ways down the hall. She looked back at Sam. “Think about what you did and we’ll talk about this later.”

“Okay, Mom.”

With that, Joyce left him there and headed back downstairs.

After all that, Sam needed a fap. She was totally going to bring his dad a beer while Sam’s cum leaked out of her. He picked up his pants and underwear and headed back to his room.

~~

Saturday afternoon rolled around, and Sam was still in his room. Which was also, for the moment, his mom's doghouse. Paul and Joyce were out running errands, and Joyce had made sure Sam knew he wasn't welcome. Paul had been a little confused as to what was going on, but he figured whatever Sam had done, he probably deserved Joyce's wrath. Such as it was.

There was a soft knock at the door. "Yeah?" Sam spun his chair to face the door.

Bex walked in. "We need to talk." Bex absentmindedly tugged at her sweat pants. She wore the frumpiest clothes she owned. Baggy pants and an Evergreen sweatshirt about two sizes too large for her.

"Okay." Sam watched her close the door and walk over to the bed.

"I heard you the other day." She sat down on the edge of the bed, knees together, hands in her lap.

"Yeah?" Sam wondered which thing she had heard exactly. He played it cool. "So, what did you hear, exactly?"

"I heard ..." Bex looked back at the door and then back to her brother. "I heard you boning Mrs. Singh."

"Ohhhhh." Sam's face turned red. "That's it?"

"My God, Sam. What if Mom found out? Or Dad. You'd be dead."

Sam watched his sister, unsure what to tell her.

"What's gotten into you?" Bex rubbed her thighs together. Was it hot in Sam's room? She realized her panties were wet. "How did it happen? I mean, it's crazy. She's a PTA mom. She's friends with our mom, for Christ's sake."

"Well ..." Sam stood and walked over to the door. "Mind if I lock this? If I'm going to tell you, I don't want Mom or Dad coming in here."

Bex nodded.

He locked the door. "It started when she accidentally saw my dick." Sam walked over to the bed and sat down next to Bex. He angled his body toward hers. "I was heading to the bathroom in the morning, and she was using the bathroom upstairs for some reason, and my morning wood was sorta popping out of my underwear." He didn't know what Bex would do if he told her the truth. This was much better.

"Oh, my God." Bex took in every word.

"She said she'd never seen anything like it, dropped to her knees, and started slobbering on my dick."

"Oh ... my ... God." Somehow, Bex's hand had found its way onto Sam's thigh.

"She said she'd never done anything like that before." Sam's dick was straining at his shorts. The rock under the mattress sent up waves of warmth. "I came down her throat and she swallowed it all up." Mrs. Singh had not yet been able to swallow more than the first spurt of Sam's cum. "The next day, when Mom went out for some groceries, Mrs. Singh came over and practically jumped on my dick. She said it was the best sex she'd ever had." That last part was true.

"I can't believe it, Sam." Bex was now rubbing Sam's dick through his pants. It was so long and thick. So improbable, on her little brother. "How did you do it?"

"Well, she was on top at first. Then on bottom. Then I got behind her. She went wild when I had her on all fours."

"Did you use a condom? I mean, can you use a condom with this?" She squeezed his dick with her hand for emphasis.

"Yeah, I found some that fit."

"Remember when I said never again?" Bex slid off the bed and kneeled between Sam's legs. She pulled off his pants and briefs. "About us?" She stared up at that nightmare of a cock. It bounced, and swelled, and oozed precum from the tip. "I'm sorry about that. I can be sorta mean sometimes."

"That's okay." Sam watched her hands glide up his thighs and cup his balls. Each testicle practically filled her hand. She gently squeezed them.

"Did you hold her head when she gave you a blowjob? Like I showed you?" She reached up and stroked both hands up and down his shaft.

Sam nodded.

"Would you like me to show you what else you can do to her?" Bex lowered her mouth to that deep, purple head and sucked him in. "Mmmmmmmmm."

"Yes, please."

Bex released her lips from his dick with a pop. She stroked him and looked up into his eyes. "You had her on all fours. How was her ass?"

"It was ... ah ... amazing. Round, and she had wide hips."

"I bet. Did you put her down flat on her stomach, with her legs together?" Bex licked up some precum.

"No."

"Well, I'll teach you about that." Bex let go and stood. She peeled off her sweatshirt and dropped her pants. "There's something about you, Sam." She stood, mostly naked, and gave her brother a questioning look. "I can't believe I'm doing this again." She slid down her panties and stepped out of them. Her firm, lithe body so different from the other two women Sam had come to know. Her little boobs bounced as she hopped onto Sam's bed. She gave him a wink and got on her stomach. Her feet kicked the blanket with little fits of enthusiasm. Her tight butt was so compact, rounding up and away from her lower back in a bewitching arc. "Get behind me."

Sam eyed the door. It was dangerous doing this when his parents could come home at any second.

"Okay." But nothing could have stopped him just then. He climbed up behind her and straddled the back of her thighs. His dick hung in the air over her butt. How was all of it going to fit inside her?

“Unlike when the woman’s on top, you should put it in ... uuuuhhhh ... when you’re behind.” Bex grabbed a handful of blanket with each fist and held on tight. “Just ... like ... that.” She clenched her butt cheeks as Sam slid inside her. “Oooooohhhh. You’re so fucking big.”

“I’m going to go slow. I don’t want to break you.” Sam placed his hands on her back and watched his dick disappear. When he hit bottom, he slowly pulled out until he’d almost exposed the tip and then back in.

“Good ... uh ... idea.” Bex looked back over her shoulder at her brother. He looked so happy. She smiled at him.

“Wow, Bex, I love this.” Sam fell into an easy pace. His sister’s butt pushed back at him. He bounced off of it with a satisfying thump every time he hit bottom. “Thanks.”

“You’re wel ... uh ... uh ... uh ...” Her voice trailed away into a series of grunts. Her smile departed, and was replaced by a vacant expression. She turned her head and buried her face in the blankets to stifle her moans.

Sam pumped her like that for a long-time. He watched her shoulder blades flex and the little muscles in her back spasm as she came again and again. Eventually, Sam was ready. “Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh ... inside?”

“Yeah,” Bex squeaked out. The warmth spread through her tummy as Sam washed her insides with his cum. “Oooooohhhhhh.” She came one last time.

Sam stayed on top of her for a while. “That was amazing.”

“Good.” Bex wiggled her butt into him. “But you need to move or we’ll fall asleep like this.”

“One more time?”

Bex shook her head into the covers.

“Okay.” Sam rolled off her and lay on his back. “But you can’t get mad at me again.”

“I won’t.” Bex sat up on her knees and kissed his cockhead with a quick peck. “I promise.” It was salty and so delicious. She almost changed her mind about one more time, but quickly jumped off the bed instead. “I’ll see you later, dummy.” She picked up her clothes and walked to the door. Her tight butt bounced with each step. “I’ve got some homework to do.”

“You’re the best big sister.” Sam said.

“Thanks.” She smiled to herself as she opened the door.

Sam watched her go and sighed.

~~

It seemed like at least one of the women in his life was angry at Sam at all times. Joyce barely said hello to him when he came down for breakfast the next morning and didn't offer to make him anything. She made zero eye contact and left the room a few seconds later. On the other hand, Bex skipped down the stairs while Sam was eating cereal. She greeted him with a warm smile and a friendly punch on the shoulder.

"What are you up to on this fine Sunday?" She dropped a slice of bread in the toaster.

"Maybe some video games. And some studying, I guess."

"Why so sad, Sam?" Bex hoisted herself onto the counter. Her bare legs swung as they dangled. Sam was at the right angle to see up her skirt. She had on blue panties today. "You should be happy. You're learning all sorts of new things." She winked at him.

"Mom's mad at me." Sam shoveled in another spoonful of cereal.

Bex frowned. "Am I in trouble?"

"You're fine. It's me." He waved his hand at her.

"Phew." The toaster popped and she grabbed her toast. "Well I'm off."

"Where to?"

"I've got more to do on that school project. Meeting some girls to work on it at one of their houses." She scooted off the counter and walked past Sam. She gave him another playful punch on the way out. Bex lowered her voice in a bad impression of their father, "See you later, sport."

"Bye, Bex." Sam watched her skip out the kitchen door. What a difference a week makes. The slam of the front door reverberated as she went off to her project.

A minute later, Paul walked into the kitchen. "Did I miss Rebekah?"

"Yeah, she's off to do a school project." Sam pointed to some papers Paul had in his right hand. "What's that?"

"Some college info I wanted to give Rebekah." Paul dropped two slices of bread in the toaster and hit the switch. "We're doing some tours soon."

Sam perked up. "Can I go?"

"You know the drill, Sam." Paul frowned at his son. "Two years of junior college and then a four-year school. Same as your sister. Money's a little tight."

"Yeah." Sam looked down at his nearly empty bowl. "Is Mom going? On the tours?"

"No, Mom's staying with you."

"I can stay by myself." This was a rote response, but Sam didn't really mean it. What an amazing opportunity to have his mom all to himself for a while.

"We know." The toaster popped. "Anyway, I don't know why I bother to ask, but do you want to play some golf today?"

"No thanks."

"Okay." Paul grabbed his toast. "Bye, Joyce," he yelled toward the living room.

"Bye, Paul. Have fun today," Joyce's called back from the other side of the house.

"See you later, sport. You're missing out on a beautiful day outside." Paul gave Sam a smile and went into the garage.

"Bye, Dad." Sam waited for the sound of the garage door closing before he rose, put his bowl in the sink, and went searching for his mom. He found her folding clothes in the laundry room.

"I'm sorry, Mom." Sam stood in the doorway, unsure if he should get too close to her. He looked down at the floor and remembered where he'd dropped the basket the day they'd done it in that room.

Joyce looked up at him. She held one of his sister's skirts, mid-fold. "I don't know why you keep pushing me, honey. I've tried to give you what you need."

"I know, I'm sorry."

"And I have such a hard time saying no to you." She finished folding the skirt and put it on top of a pile on the counter next to her. She picked up a shirt from the unfolded pile and pressed it to her chest. "I can't have another baby, Sammy."

"I know. I'm really sorry."

Joyce was wearing jeans and floral print blouse. She'd braided her hair in the back. "It seems like whenever we make a little progress, we slip up again." She bit her bottom lip and looked at her son. Her eyes trailed down his body and lingered on the lump in his pants. She looked away and folded the shirt. "Do you need some help, today?" She mumbled.

"Yes." Sam nodded, full of earnest remorse. "I'll use a condom from now on. I promise. Let me show you."

"Oh, Sammy." She picked up a pair of his shorts to fold. "I could never stay mad at you." She fiddled with the hem of the shorts. "But I thought we'd gotten beyond this."

"I love you, Mom." Sam's face brightened in a hopeful smile. "You're so amazing."

"I love you too, sweetie. But ..." Her eyes fell down to his crotch again. "But Lakshmi will be your girlfriend during the week. Right? I'm only helping you on the weekends from now on."

"Sure." Sam took a step into the room.

"Not in here, honey." She dropped the shorts back on the unfolded pile. "Let's go upstairs and get a condom. I can fold laundry later." She walked over to Sam and gave him a chaste kiss on the forehead.

Sam reached up and grabbed her left boob. He squeezed and hefted it up. It was so wonderfully heavy.

Joyce didn't push him away. "Come on, Sammy. Not here." She stepped around him and led him by the hand.

"Okay, Mom." He followed her upstairs.

A little while later, Joyce's jeans, panties, and blouse lay discarded on Sam's bedroom floor. She still had her bra on, so there was some dignity in that. They were on the bed, and Sam's sheathed thing pierced deep into her as she rode him for all she was worth. Sweat dripped down her neck, trickled down her chest, and disappeared inside her bra. "Oh, Sammy. You're ... ooohhhh ... you're going to make me do it ... again." Her hips stopped and she trembled all over.

Sam watched her boobs jiggle and sway. The bra was a thick, supportive number, but he could still see lots of wobbling cleavage. He reached both hands up and grabbed her boobs. When she'd stopped shaking, Sam gently pulled and pushed her breasts to get her hips rocking again. "You're ... ah ... oh ... so beautiful."

"Thank you ... honey." Joyce placed her hands on his chest. She worked to catch her breath. "How did ... ooohhhh ... this happen?"

"I don't ... know." Sam gave her boobs another squeeze. "Could you ... please ... face the other way ... while you're ... up there? It's not ... like animals."

She looked down at his handsome face. So sincere. She nodded. "Okay." Joyce lifted off Sam and held his thing with her left hand. She turned around, all the while holding him under her vagina. It wasn't easy, but she got in position, facing his legs. She looked down at the huge penis that was somehow going to slip right back inside her. Her wedding ring was smeared with her own juices. There was a quick rush of guilt, and Joyce lowered herself back down onto Sam. "Oooooohhhh. You're hitting all sorts of places, Sammy." She put her hands on his thighs. Joyce found it awkward to grind him from this position, so she bounced up and down. Soft, gentle little bumps as their hips met over and over.

"Wow ... Mom." Sam reached out and grabbed her butt. His fingers made indentations in her pale, pliant flesh. "Have you ... ah ... done this with Dad?"

Joyce shook her head. She looked down at her son's skinny legs and rode him a little faster.

"Amazing." They made a wet sloshing sound as Joyce drove her hips into him. Sam had the perfect view of his dick parting her pussy lips. He gave her right butt cheek a soft slap.

"Sammy." Joyce looked back at him over her shoulder. Her face was more quizzical than angry. With her head at that angle, it forced her back into an exquisite arc. She reached up and cradled her boobs with her hands. She bounced harder.

"You ... uh ... like that, Mom?" Sam slapped her again, just a little bit harder.

With her face still turned toward him, she closed her eyes and shook her head. Her mouth hung open. She liked it.

Sam slapped the other cheek. It wobbled and shook, both from the slap and Joyce's bouncing.

"Oh, Sammy."

"I'm going to cum, Mom." Sam gripped her butt again. "Outside?"

"It's ..." Joyce was lost in the moment. "It's okay. Condom."

With that, Sam dug his fingers in and pulled her butt down, impaling her all the way. He lifted her up and pulled her down with the rhythm of the bursts of cum that erupted from his dick.

Joyce tossed her head back, gripped her boobs tighter, and came again.

When they were done, she pulled herself off him and sat cross-legged next to him. She put a hand on his thigh and slowly caressed him as she panted. "Oh my, gosh. That was ... phenomenal. Crazy. Where did you learn to do that, Sam Higgins." She looked at his thing. The condom stretched obscenely around his load, but it somehow held. Thank goodness.

"I've seen it in porn." Sam smiled up at her.

Joyce rolled her eyes. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Okay, get yourself cleaned up, honey." Joyce patted his thigh and climbed out of bed. "Remember to take your condom out to the big trash can in the garage. We can't have your Dad finding it." She bent down to pick up her clothes.

"Okay." Sam could see her juices trickling down her leg.

"I'll have some lunch for you in about an hour." Joyce walked over to the door, unlocked it, and disappeared out into the hall.

"Thanks, Mom."

Sam rolled over and pulled the pillow under his head. He was physically and emotionally exhausted. Before too long, his soft snore echoed through the room.

~~

Chapter 6

"Everything happened so fast." Lakshmi sat across the table from Joyce. She cradled her hot mug of coffee between her hands. The warmth radiated through her fingers. Such a familiar sensation. Lakshmi hung onto familiar sensations now. New feelings had bombarded her lately, making the world more than a little alien.

It was Monday afternoon, around two in the afternoon. Joyce's kitchen smelled faintly of baking. Cookies, maybe. That was a familiar smell. Lakshmi tried to hold onto that.

"How are things with Raj?" Joyce watched her friend closely. Sitting there, in that moment, it was hard to tell last week had ever happened to poor, little Lakshmi. "Better, right? Lots of sex?" Lakshmi was such a pretty thing, with her dark eyes, soft, feminine features, flawless, brown skin, and wide smile.

"The first few days after I started with Sam were sorta wild with Raj." Lakshmi looked off into space, thinking. "But then Raj started avoiding me around bedtime, and making up excuses. I think I'm too much for him now."

“Oh, honey, I’m sorry.” A small frown clouded Joyce’s warm face. Her brow furrowed, sending a crease along her forehead.

“Well, I’m coping.” Lakshmi lifted the mug and took a sip. She regarded her friend through wisps of rising steam. Joyce really was a beautiful woman. Lakshmi had never given it much thought, but after this past week, she was seeing things differently. Joyce’s brown hair was so full and vibrant. Her skin wonderfully milky, with a dappling of freckles. And her body was ... was ... very womanly.

“What do you mean?” Joyce took a sip of her coffee. The smell mixed with the other kitchen smells in a rich, soothing way.

“Well, this is embracing, but after what you’ve seen ...” She kept her mug up near her eyes, a shield against the intimacy of the moment. “I bought a large cucumber at the grocery store, and I’ve ... been using it.”

“Oh, my,” Joyce said.

“After everyone else is asleep, I sneak into the hallway bathroom and use the cucumber on myself.”

“I ... I ... oh, my gosh.” Joyce didn’t know what to say.

“I told you a secret.” Lakshmi put the mug down and leaned on her elbows. She was aware this was exposing a good deal of cleavage to her friend. She had on a revealing white summer dress. “Now you tell me something. Why are you watching us? How can you watch your son ... do that to me?”

Joyce leaned back in her chair. She folded her arms over her blouse. “I guess, I just wanted to be there for you. You know?”

“That’s crazy, Joyce.” Lakshmi shook her head. “He’s your son.”

Joyce’s shoulders stiffened. “I know it’s unusual.”

“What’s really going on? What’s happening to me?” Lakshmi leaned a little more forward, her dark eyes almost black and so fierce.

“Well ...” Joyce licked her lips. “You’ve always been ... um ... persuadable.”

“That’s not true.”

“No, it is true.” Joyce didn’t like arguing with her friend, but it was true. “You tend to go with the flow. Remember the canoe trip? Or the softball team? Or heavens, pick any game night.”

“Fine.” Lakshmi sighed and leaned back in her seat. She wrapped her fingers around her mug again. “But that doesn’t explain last week.”

“Well, Sammy has a way about him.” Joyce smiled to herself. “He’s good at persuasion. And you’re good at ... um ... listening. So ...” Joyce spread out her hands, palms up and shrugged her shoulders. “And you’ve been frustrated with Raj. So, I suppose it’s only natural.”

“I don’t know, Joyce.” Lakshmi stood and walked around the table. She held out her hand. “What about Sam’s rock?”

"It might have ..." Joyce looked at her friend's outstretched hand. "Where are we going? Sammy won't be home for a while." Joyce cocked her head at her friend, confused.

"I know, but he asked me to do something for him." Lakshmi reached down, squeezed her friend's hand, and gently pulled her to her feet. Joyce's large breasts were now just below Lakshmi's eye level, the blouse she had on was loose, but it still couldn't hide her assets very well. Lakshmi took in an eyeful and then looked up into her friend's surprised eyes.

"When?"

"On Friday, when he was rearranging my insides. He whispered in my ear." Lakshmi reached up and grabbed two fistfuls of Joyce's blouse, just below the shoulders.

"What?" Joyce whispered.

"He wanted me to ..." Lakshmi pulled on her friend's shirt and brought Joyce's face down to hers, "... kiss you." Their lips met. The soft silky warmth of Joyce's mouth mixed with the earthy aroma of coffee was enthralling. She moved her mouth away. "And as you say ..." Lakshmi pulled her friend's face down again and delicately licked at Joyce's top lip. "I am suggestable."

"No." Joyce looked down at her friend with frightened eyes. "I didn't mean —"

Lakshmi pressed their lips together and tenderly slipped her tongue into her friend's mouth. They kissed like that for several minutes, standing in the middle of the kitchen, lips locked.

Joyce pulled her face back. "We can't —" Lakshmi dragged her into another long kiss. After a minute, Joyce pulled away. "Lakshmi, the window. Someone could see."

Still holding two fistfuls of blouse, Lakshmi ripped to the sides. Buttons flew throughout the kitchen and Joyce's blouse hung open. Joyce had on a very sensible, supportive bra.

"Lakshmi!" Joyce realized she had her hands on her friend's shoulders. As if they had a mind of their own, her hands snaked around and pressed themselves into Lakshmi's delicate back. She'd never touched a woman like this before.

"Sam asked me to." Lakshmi kissed Joyce on the neck. She kissed a little lower. A trail of soft, tender nuzzles and licks made their way down Joyce's chest and up onto the exposed part of her breasts. "You smell so good, Joyce. Like fresh cut flowers." Lakshmi's hands snuck inside the blouse and made their way to the bra strap on her back. With a quick manipulation, the bra snapped open. Lakshmi tugged at the sleeves of Joyce's blouse, pulled it off and dropped it to the floor.

Joyce sucked in her breath.

"It's okay." Lakshmi smiled up at her friend. Her teeth so white behind her dark lips. "You were always such a goody two-shoes, Joyce. Time to loosen up a little." She pulled the bra off Joyce and dropped it to the floor. Lakshmi looked down at those beautiful, tear-drop breasts. "My God, Joyce. I never really appreciated these before." She trailed her fingernails over the soft, pale skin, following the meandering blue veins just beneath the surface.

"We can't do this." Joyce stared at her friend's nimble fingers as they brushed along her breasts. She shivered.

Lakshmi lowered her lips to Joyce's right nipple. "So beautiful." She sucked it in and rolled her tongue. Her hand brushed its way down over the gentle curve of Joyce's belly. Lakshmi reached for the button on Joyce's jeans.

"Oooohhhhhh." Joyce instinctively cradled Lakshmi's head with her right hand. With her left hand she guided Lakshmi away from her jeans. "We can't do this, Lakshmi. Oh, my gosh. We can't do this in my kitchen."

Lakshmi released her mouth from the nipple and gave Joyce's breast a playful, little slap. She watched the boob bounce. "Okay, upstairs then?" She pushed Joyce toward the stairs and gave her butt a slap.

"Oh." Joyce looked back at her friend in surprise. She covered her boobs with her right arm and hurried toward the stairs, eager to get away from any and all ground floor windows.

Lakshmi followed close behind.

~~

Sam got home from school sweaty. He'd run almost the whole way home. The women in his life were good for his cardio in more ways than one. He threw open the front door and looked for his mom and Mrs. Singh in the kitchen, living room, and backyard. Not finding them, he walked upstairs.

The door to his bedroom was closed. He stepped over to it, turned the handle, and slowly swung it open. He stepped inside and his jaw dropped.

Joyce sat on the bed completely topless, although she still had her jeans on. She was cooing and moaning. Lakshmi was naked, curled on the bed next to her. Her dark hair hung in Joyce's lap as she eagerly sucked on Joyce's left boob. Joyce held her head lovingly and ran her fingers through her black hair.

"Wow." Sam stood just inside the room, not sure what to do.

"Oh, my gosh, Sammy." Joyce looked up at her son. "You're home already?"

"This is when I get home, Mom."

"Oh no, oh no." Joyce moved Lakshmi away from her breast and stood up. "I'm sorry, Sammy. I don't know why ..." She looked around the room for her blouse, but it wasn't there. "I don't ..." She covered her boobs with her arm and sprinted past Sam and out the door. She slammed it behind her.

Sam looked at Mrs. Singh, sitting on her knees on his bed. "I can't believe you did it."

"Me either." Lakshmi wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Thank you." Sam looked up at his poster of cat Gandalf. That's what you get when you hang in there. Sam pulled off his pants and flung them across the room. He stepped out of his briefs and his dick swung free.

“Wow. I’d almost forgotten.” Lakshmi gazed at his penis with longing. “How do you want me?”

“On all fours, please.” Sam walked toward the bed. He didn’t bother taking off his socks or t-shirt.

“Okay.” Lakshmi turned her butt toward Sam. She was already breathing hard. “You don’t need a condom. Just finish outside, okay?”

“Sure.” Sam climbed up on the bed behind her. “Miss me over the weekend?”

“Yes.” She wiggled her round butt at him. “God, yes.”

Sam lined up his dick and entered her pussy. “Are you my girlfriend, Mrs. Singh?”

“Uh ... yes, Sam. I can’t ... uh believe it. But yes.”

“Sweet.” Sam grabbed her hips and got himself into rhythm.

“Oh, my God. Already ... Sam. Already ...” Lakshmi shook all over as she came on the teenager’s enormous cock. He split her in two.

Sam pounded her for about ten minutes. “Can I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... cum inside?”

“Oh, my God. Oooooohhhhhh. Oh, my God,” Lakshmi chanted.

Sam took that as an affirmative. “Take it ... Mrs. Singh.” He erupted inside of her pussy, sending spurt after spurt deep into her.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhh.” Lakshmi’s eyes rolled back and every sensation in her body exploded in the most powerful orgasm she’d ever had.

Sam held her there, on all fours, impaling her. After a few minutes passed, he flipped Lakshmi over, spread her legs and went for round two. When he finished the second time, he sprayed her face, boobs, and belly.

After they were done, lying on their backs and catching their breath, Sam reached over and squeezed her boob. It hung a little off to the side of her chest and swayed with each gulp for air. “I liked that,” Sam said.

“I can’t believe,” Lakshmi panted. “... you did that.”

“Me either.” Sam nodded. “And I can’t believe you kissed my mom. That was hot.”

“Jesus, Sam, she’s your mother.” Lakshmi turned her head to look at him. Her face was covered with dried and drying cum. She looked ravishing.

“Yeah, but still.” Sam traced his finger around her dark nipple and Lakshmi shuddered. “I’d like you to do it again.”

“What?” Lakshmi’s eyes widened.

“I want you to seduce my mom, Mrs. Singh.” Sam lazily played with her substantial breast. “I want you to go all the way.”

Lakshmi stared at this force of nature. At this skinny teenager. Every fiber of her being wanted to make him happy. But could she actually seduce Joyce? "I've never been with a woman, you know, down there."

"First time for everything."

"Your mother is a bit of a prude." Lakshmi's breathing finally slowed. "She'd never."

"Just try, okay?" He gave her boob a playful little tap and watched it jiggle.

"My God, Sam." She turned and sat up, on the edge of the bed. The elegant curve of her spine caught the afternoon light. "Maybe." She sighed. "I'll think about it."

~~

Later, after Lakshmi had showered and gone home, Sam found Joyce making dinner in the kitchen. He grabbed himself a glass of water and sat down at the table. Sam's brown eyes followed Joyce around the room, taking in her wonderful curves.

"So, about that," Sam said.

"I don't want to talk about it, Sam Higgins." Joyce didn't look at Sam.

"I didn't think she'd actually do it." Sam took a gulp of water. He was thirsty. "It was just ... you know ... dirty talk. I thought it was a hot thing to say to her."

"Dirty talk?" Joyce had an icy tone to her voice. "I raised you better than that."

"Well, I mean ... A lot's happened recently and --"

"Sam." Joyce looked over at him with a piercing stare.

"Sorry, Mom."

"Now, we're done talking about it." Joyce went back to her work. "Go do your homework."

"Okay, Mom." Sam took a long drink and put the glass back down on the table. He stood and trudged back upstairs.

At dinner that night, Joyce seemed to have put the whole incident behind her. She was chipper, laughed at her husband's jokes, and even gave Sam a warm smile or two. Bex was bubbly too and punctuated several stories by kicking Sam under the table. Sam guessed that was a good thing. Paul was his normal gregarious self.

It was a good time to be in the Higgins house.

As Sam drifted off to sleep that night, he pictured his mom as he'd seen her, cradling her small friend in her arms as Lakshmi sucked at her breast.

~~

The next day at school, Sam saw Arjun and a couple of his football friends coming the other way in the hall. Sam felt magnanimous. After all, even if Arjun didn't know it, the dude's mom was Sam's girlfriend.

"Hey man, what's up?" Sam said as they passed.

"Shut up, asshole." Arjun casually shoved Sam's shoulder with his left hand and sent him sprawling against some lockers. The football friends laughed.

Sam watched them go and straightened up. He looked around and didn't see anyone he knew. Even so, Sam's face flushed and he looked down to his shoes. He shuffled off to class and kept his head down the rest of the day.

~~

At about the same time as Sam was picking himself up off the lockers at school, Lakshmi headed over to the Higgins house.

Joyce let her in with a quizzical look. "You're early today, want to talk?" She closed the front door behind them. "What's u -"

Lakshmi grabbed Joyce's butt and pulled her in for a tight embrace. She craned her neck up and kissed her friend again. Joyce was soft, warm, and curvaceous.

Soon, Joyce's shirt and bra were lying in the front hall and Lakshmi lapped at Joyce's boobs. "We can't," Joyce said, without much conviction.

They moved it upstairs again. Joyce managed to keep her pants on despite repeated attempts by Lakshmi to get them off. Lakshmi quickly disrobed. They kissed, and cuddled, and caressed each other for a couple hours. Joyce did keep an eye on the clock this time and had them both dressed and downstairs before Sam got home.

~~

After school, Sam hadn't lost his anger at Arjun, even as he plowed into Mrs. Singh. He had her on her stomach.

Joyce had returned today to watch them. She sat on the edge of her chair, her chin resting on her hands.

"Arjun ... what's he like?" Sam pounded in and out of Lakshmi's sopping pussy.

"He's ..." Lakshmi grunted with each thrust below him. Pushing her ass up to meet his thrusts. "A ... uh ... good boy."

"That's ... open to debate." Sam had his hands placed on the small of Lakshmi's back, propping himself up so he could watch his dick disappear and reappear.

"What's this about, Sammy?" Joyce raised her eyebrows.

"He ... uh ... uh ... pushed me today. For ... no ... good ... reason." Sam punctuated the last four words with a slam down into Mrs. Singh's pussy. "And called me an asshole."

"Well ..." Joyce didn't really know what to say. The parenting manuals never covered this exact situation.

Lakshmi, her face buried in the blanket, shook her head back and forth. She continued to grunt. "Not ... my ... boy."

"It's true." Sam pulled out of Lakshmi with a pop.

"Now, Sam." Joyce bit her lower lip with worry. "We can talk about this later."

Sam reached down and made sure his dick was slick with Lakshmi's juices. It was soaked. Sam lined himself up with her asshole and rested the head there. "Can I, Mrs. Singh? It's only fair."

"I've ..." Lakshmi inhaled and exhaled with ragged breaths. "I've never done ... that."

"Arjun pushed me." Sam bounced his fat dickhead on her right butt cheek. "Just because I said hi to him."

"You can do it, Sam." Lakshmi gripped the blanket tighter. "But go slow."

"Lakshmi, you don't have to do this." Joyce wanted to act somehow, but she was riveted to her seat.

"No, it's okay. I want to." Lakshmi looked up at her friend and held Joyce's gaze. "Okay. Slow, please. Ow! Oh, no." She kicked her feet into the bed. "Oooooohhhhhhhh."

"Oh, my goodness, Sammy." Joyce watched her son's thing disappear into her friend's butt.

Sam adjusted his position a little, and drove in and out with a steady rhythm. She was tight. "There now ... I feel better."

Lakshmi's grunts were even louder than before. "Oh, God. Uh ... uh ... uh ... I ... never ... uh."

Ten minutes later, Sam was ready. "I'm gonna cum ... uh ... uh ... in your butt, Mrs. Singh."

Lakshmi screamed. "Do it, Sam. Oooohhhh."

"Ah ... ah ... aaaahhhhhh." Sam let out blast after blast inside her. When he was done, he kept her impaled. He panted and watched the sweat drip off his face onto her flexing back.

"I'll never walk again," Lakshmi mumbled into the blanket.

Sam thought about what a dick Arjun was and pulled back and slammed into her butt again. "One more time?"

“Oh my.” Joyce couldn’t look away.

“Yesssss. Oh, God.” All Lakshmi could do was take Sam again.

Surprisingly, a little later, as Joyce helped her to the shower, Lakshmi could walk. But she took it easy. Very easy.

~~

Late that night, Sam slept in his room. He was sprawled out on the covers on his back, softly snoring.

Bex quietly opened his door, snuck in, and closed and locked it behind her. She wore an oversized t-shirt and panties. She crept across the carpeted floor and over to Sam’s bed. The smell of Sam’s cum hung in the air; earthy and vibrant. She looked down at her little brother. Even soft, his cock was a monstrosity. His briefs barely held it. Maybe he’d need to get special underwear.

“Sam.” Bex reached down and shook his shoulder. “Sam,” she whispered. “Wake up.”

Sam was naked, but for his briefs. Bex examined his torso. His scrawny frame might have gained a little definition recently. Tough to say really, in the moonlight. Maybe she could see the beginning of some abs, if she looked really hard.

“What? Who?” Sam sat up in bed.

“Sssshhhhhh.” Bex put her finger to his lips. “It’s me.” She pushed his shoulders until his head fell back on the pillow.

“What are you doing.” He rubbed his eyes. “I’m sleeping.”

“I know.” Bex squeezed her legs together. Her panties were soaking. “I just wanted to catch up.” She grabbed her panties with her thumbs and wiggled out of them.

“Oh.” Sam smiled up at her.

Bex smiled back. Her teeth almost glowing in the moonlight. “When did you shower last?”

“Um, before bed.”

“Good.” Bex reached down and pulled off his briefs. She paused. Seeing was believing, his cock was like nothing she’d ever witnessed. It was already growing. “Now just relax.” Shirt still on, Bex crawled into bed and spread Sam’s legs. She got between his legs and grabbed his dick with both hands. Her butt stuck up in the air. She lowered her mouth and started sucking on that grotesque, purple head.

“Wow. Thanks, Bex.” Sam looked up into the darkness of his ceiling.

When she was satisfied that he was ready, Bex straddled him. With a grunt, she guided him into her pussy. “Oh, man, that’s big.” She put her hands on his chest and rode him with short, jerking thrusts. “You see ... uh ... Mrs. Singh again?”

“Yeah.”

“What’d you do?” Bex pulled off her shirt and tossed it to the floor.

“Um.” Sam reached up and grabbed two handfuls of his sister’s boobs. “Well ... I did ... um ... anal.” His smile widened.

“What?” Her hips stopped and she looked down at him. “Today?”

“Yeah.”

“You mean the dick that’s in me right now was in my neighbor’s ass a few hours ago?”

Sam nodded up at her, smile still spread across his face. He gently pushed and pulled on her breasts to get her moving again.

“Jesus, Sam. That’s fucking twisted.” Her hips moved, rocking back and forth this time. “Even for you.”

“It was great.”

Bex shook her head. “How’d you do it?”

“Like you showed me.” Sam moved his hands from her boobs down to her hips. “She was on her stomach.”

“Holy shit, you doofus.” Her hips sped up. “That was for her pussy, not her ... uh ... ass.” Bex’s fingers dug into his chest. “Could she walk ... after?”

“Barely.”

“Jesus Sam. What are you ... ooohhh ... doing to that poor woman?”

“She liked it.” Sam’s grip tightened on his sister’s hips. “She said she’d be my ... ah ... girlfriend.”

“Crazy.” She slowed her grinding. “Did she really like it?”

“She wanted me to do it again.”

“No way. Did you?” Bex could feel her brother all the way in her tummy. She couldn’t imagine having him up her butt.

“Yes.”

“Did you ... like it?” Bex moved her hips faster again. She was getting close. “I mean, how ... uh ... did it feel?”

“She was ... really tight.” Sam watched his sister’s boobs shake as she rode him. “I came in her butt, both times.”

“Wow” Bex said. “You ... own that woman. That’s so ... ooohhhhhh ... hot.” Bex closed her eyes. “Are you close?”

“Yeah.”

“Do it,” she said. Her pussy spasmed around his dick as he emptied his balls in her. “Oooooohhhhhh.” Her grinding jerked to a halt.

Sam, still coming, lifted her hips with his hands and brought them back down several times, milking his dick.

Bex tossed her head and shook all over. She then slumped down onto her brother and rested her cheek on his boney shoulder. After a while, she pulled off him, turned around, and got on all fours. “There’s something else I want to show you. Get behind me.”

“Okay,” Sam scrambled to his knees in between her legs.

“Now put it in.” Bex looked back over her shoulder. “Ow. In my pussy, dummy.”

“Sorry.” Sam lined up his dick and slid it into her pussy. It made all sorts of slurping sounds as he displaced the cum that was trying to drip out of her. “There.” He grabbed her hips and drove into her.

“Good.” Bex looked down at the blanket. “Now ... this isn’t for every woman. Oooohhhh. But sometimes we want you to take ... uh ... uh ... charge. Grab my hair, Sam, and ... oh ... pull my head back.”

Sam did what his sister asked.

“Easy, easy. But ... be firm.” Bex now looked over at Sam’s blank computer monitor. Her back was arched and her shoulders tensed. “Yes, Sam. Uh ... uh ... do what you want with me.”

Sam took his sister like that for several minutes. When Sam was ready, he pulled her hair a little harder, driving her back onto to his dick for one big final thrust and came inside her. He released her and fell to the bed.

Bex caught her breath, lifted herself off his bed, and said goodnight. On her way out, she grabbed a towel for the torrent of cum that was flowing out of her, and stumbled back to her room.

~~

The next morning, after the kids were off to school, and Raj and Paul were off to work, Lakshmi texted Joyce to see if Joyce could come over. Lakshmi wrote that she was a little sore after yesterday and could use some company and coffee.

Of course, Joyce understood. She’d watched her son sodomize Lakshmi. Joyce shivered, thinking about how painful it’d be to have Sam’s monstrous thing up her butt.

She texted Lakshmi back, saying she’d be right over and she’d let herself in. She got the coffee maker going again and busied herself while it bubbled, humming and cleaning. When it was ready, she took the carafe, walked out the front door, and turned toward Lakshmi’s house. The birds sang and everything was pleasantly crisp and clear. She wore a long, flowing dress and the outside air caressed her skin. A few houses down, Joyce turned and strode up the walkway. She opened the door. “Lakshmi?”

“In here.” Lakshmi’s voice carried out from the living room.

Joyce closed the door behind her and followed the sound. She found her friend reclining on the couch, watching a soap opera. She was still wearing a pair of flannel pajamas.

"You brought coffee, good girl." Lakshmi smiled up at Joyce. There were two mugs on the coffee table, so Joyce poured from the carafe into each. She handed a mug to Lakshmi, and picked up a mug for herself. She sat down on the couch by Lakshmi's feet.

"How are you?" Joyce took a sip of coffee.

"To be honest, I feel like I sat on the space needle." Lakshmi let out a soft laugh and put her feet in Joyce's lap. "I had to make up some farfetched excuses for Raj, but, darling husband that he is, he took good care of me."

"What can I do?" Joyce took another sip.

"Foot rub?"

"Um." Joyce put down her mug on the coffee table. "Okay." She reached down and rubbed the feet in her lap. They were soft, small, and warm. She looked down at the little brown toes with bright splashes of red polish.

"Aaaaahhhhh. That feels terrific." Lakshmi put down her mug and leaned her head back on the couch cushion. She closed her eyes. "Raj sometimes does this for me after a hard day."

Joyce felt her vagina moisten. "How is it with you two?" She willed her sex drive to disappear, at least for a little while.

"With Raj?" Lakshmi sighed and closed her eyes. "Still the same. It'd be better if he wanted to have sex more often. But that's fine, I guess. I have Mr. Cucumber. And Sam."

"Um, yeah." Joyce kneaded the soft tissue in the bottom of Lakshmi's feet.

"That feels so good, Joyce." Lakshmi opened her eyes and looked down her body to where Joyce worked on her feet. Her eyes rested on Joyce's sizable bosom. "You're such a good friend." She sat up and leaned forward, keeping her feet in Joyce's lap. "If it wasn't for what your son did to me yesterday, I'd be feeling a little frisky." She bent a little further and placed a kiss on Joyce's soft cheek. "Maybe I'm a little frisky despite what your son did to me."

"Um." Joyce's cheeks flushed and she looked over at her beautiful friend. "I just came over for some coffee."

Lakshmi put a finger under Joyce's chin and moved her face closer. "Maybe I'm very frisky because of what your son did to me yesterday." She planted a kiss on Joyce's lips. When Joyce didn't pull away, she moved in for another kiss and let her tongue explore Joyce's mouth.

Joyce let go of Lakshmi's feet. "Mmmmmhrrrrrr." She was lost. Joyce knew it.

They broke their kiss. "You are so beautiful, Joyce. Raj would give his left nut to see us do this." Lakshmi straddled Joyce's legs and rubbed their boobs together. She leaned back, reached up, and hoisted a boob in each hand. "Oh, Joyce, they're so heavy." Lakshmi nuzzled at Joyce's neck while she massaged her breasts. "What would Paul say if he saw us now?"

“Oh, my gosh. He’s never talked about that. Ohhhhhh. But I think he’d like it. Maybe he’d be jealous?”

Lakshmi leaned up toward her friend and winced. She smiled when a concerned frown passed over Joyce’s face. “Don’t worry, honey. I’m fine. Just a little sore.” She kissed Joyce again and rubbed up against her. “Now let’s get these bad ladies out of your dress.” She squeezed Joyce’s boobs. “We’ve got all day.”

Joyce spent the whole morning over at Lakshmi’s. Apparently, Sam wasn’t the only person she had a hard time saying no too. She did keep her panties on the whole time, but that didn’t keep her little, dark friend from rubbing her vagina through her panties and having all sorts of fun with her breasts.

When she walked home hours later, she tried to stroll like everything was normal. She’d made this walk a million times from the Singh house. But she worried that anyone that day who saw her would immediately notice her dishevelment. She walked faster. If she got close enough for anyone to smell her, they would certainly notice the aroma of fresh pussy.

~~

When Sam got home from school, he found his mom resting on the couch in the living room.

“Hey, Mom. Feeling okay?” Sam sat down on the arm of the couch, near her feet.

“Yes, sweetie.” Joyce had her left arm draped over her eyes, her open palm facing up. The bottom of her platinum wedding band and ring looked rather drab, compared to all the diamonds on the top half. “I’m just resting.”

“Well, is Mrs. Singh around?” Sam looked around the room. The place was pretty messy. Usually Joyce kept such a tidy house, but there were dishes on the coffee table, a blanket on the floor, and a forgotten wine glass on an end table.

“She’s resting too, honey. She’s sore after yesterday. She needs a break.”

“Oh.” Sam reached down and nudged one of her feet with his hand. “I got an A in pre-calc today.”

“Good work. Your father and I are very proud of you.” She didn’t move from her supine position. Joyce was wearing a pretty, red shirt with little pink embroidered roses, a pair of jeans, and socks.

“I’d like to celebrate. And Mrs. Singh isn’t here.” He nudged her foot again.

“It’s Wednesday.” Joyce moved her arm from her face. “I promised to help you on the weekends.” She looked down, past her breasts, to where Sam sat on the arm of the couch.

“I can’t keep track, Mom.” Sam stood and faced her. He unbuttoned his jeans and slid them down his legs. “First it was no weekends. Then not at all. Then only weekends. Can you please just help me when I need some relief?” He kicked his jeans onto the ottoman. He pulled down his briefs and his dick sprung free.

“Good heavens, Sammy. It looks even bigger than usual.” Joyce sat up and pushed her brown hair behind her shoulders. “I guess I can clean later.”

Before she could stand up, Sam stepped over to her in front of the couch. “Thanks, Mom.” He put his hand behind her head and gently pulled her face toward his dick.

“Not here.” She put her hand on his stomach to hold herself back. “The window to the backyard ... someone could see.”

“Come on, Mom. No one’s gonna see.” He released the pressure on her head, but kept his hand on her hair.

“Fine.” Joyce looked out the window and then towards the front door. Satisfied, she turned back to her son’s waiting thing. “But just for a minute. And then we’re going upstairs.”

Ten minutes later, Joyce was still blowing her son in the living room.

“Oh, Mom. You’re so great.” Sam had both hands on her head, his fingers entwined in her hair.

“Uuuuhhhmmmmpppphhhh,” Joyce said. Her head bobbed up and down. Drool trickled down her chin. She worked the tip of the penis with her mouth, while both her hands stroked its amazing length.

“I’m going to ...” Sam tightened his grip on her head. “Oh, Mom.”

“Mmmmmmmhhhh.” Hot jets of cum covered the back of her throat. Joyce swallowed and kept swallowing. Her mouth filled with salty, tangy sperm. She’d forgotten how hot his stuff was. Only a small amount escaped her lips.

Joyce waited for Sam to finish and then removed her mouth and gave the tip of his penis a soft, motherly kiss. “There now. I’m going to go get cleaned up.” She stood and smoothed out her shirt. There was a small cum stain above her right breast. She sighed, she’d have to get to that quickly or the stain would set. “And put that thing away before somebody sees.” She gave his penis a playful little nudge and it bounced, still perfectly hard. Joyce stood and walked toward the stairs.

“Wow, Mom.” Sam watched her butt wiggle as she walked away. “You’re so hot.”

“Thank you, Sam –” Joyce stopped as she felt Sam’s hands on her waist. “What are you –”

Sam guided his mom to the wall, right next to a family portrait they’d taken at Christmas last year. He lowered her jeans and dropped her panties. They fell around her ankles. He pulled her butt back toward him to bend her over and expose her pussy. It was leaking, just as he’d expected. He lowered her hips and Joyce bent her knees. He placed his dick at her entrance and slowly pushed in. “I promise I’ll cum outside. Okay?”

“Oooohhhh. Promise me, Sammy.” Joyce placed her hands on the wall to brace herself. She let Sam take her.

“Yeah, Mom.” He got into a pretty good rhythm. After a minute, Sam reached up with his right hand and grabbed a fistful of hair. He pulled back, just enough to get her head tilted slightly back.

Feeling her son manhandle her like that, Joyce grunted and squealed. "Oh my, gosh. Oh my, gosh." No one had done that to her. This was not how she was supposed to be treated. But she didn't want it to stop. A wave of confusion swept over her.

"How's that feel?" Sam loved this. His mom was his. He could do what he wanted. Her ripe butt bounced and shook under his thrusts. "How is it, Mom?"

"Uuuuuuuuhhhhhh," was all Joyce could say. Something about him being back there opened her up completely. He hit places inside her she hadn't known she had. She came several times in quick succession, moaning and grinding back at his thing.

"Someday ... ah ... someday, I'll tell you ... how I learned this move," Sam said. He slapped at her butt with his left hand and Joyce let out a loud squeal.

The phone rang in the kitchen. Joyce tensed. "Sammy, we ... ooohhhh ... need to stop. It could be ... your father."

"It's okay ... Mom. Uh ... uh ... uh ... you can call him back ... later." Sam kept up his pounding. The framed family picture made a faint clinking sound as the vibrations from their hammering bounced it off the wall. Sam thought about his dad on the phone, wondering where his wife was. "Look at the picture, Mom. If someone told you ... last Christmas ... that we'd be ... ah ... doing it like this, you think you would have been ... surprised?"

The phone stopped ringing.

"Oh, Sammy. I never dreamed ..." Joyce lost her train of thought and reverted to grunting and moaning.

"You think Dad's ... ah ... worried about you?"

"Your father ... uh ... uh ... your father ... uh ... uh ... oh, Sammy, I'm going to ..." Joyce exploded in another orgasm. She spasmed.

"Me too, Mom." Sam dutifully pulled out. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhh." He sprayed all over her butt and back. When he was done, the back of her shirt was soaked.

Joyce leaned against the wall for a long time, breathing heavily. She could feel the heat of her son's cum as it soaked her shirt from her shoulder blades on down. "Okay. That's enough for today. I'm going to go take care of this shirt." She straightened and pulled her shirt over her head. She didn't want it dripping on the floor as she went upstairs. She bent down and pulled her panties and jeans back up her legs.

Sam watched her perfect butt, mesmerized. "Okay."

"We really need to get out of this room." Joyce walked to the stairs. "I'm going to take a shower."

Sam watched her hips sway. She looked magnificent from the back, even with her jeans on. "Sure, Mom."

"You need to take a shower too before the rest of the family gets home." She stopped in the stairway and turned back to him, hugging her balled-up shirt to her chest. "And thank you for doing it outside. That was good, Sammy." With that, she disappeared up the stairs.

"You're welcome, Mom." Sam looked around the room. She was right, he didn't want to be caught down here with his dick out. What was he thinking? He picked up his clothes and headed up to his own bathroom to shower.

Chapter 7

Wednesday evening the Higgins family sat around the dining room table. Bex moved her hands with animation as she told a story about computer class. She'd pause, every once in a while, to smile at Sam or give him a wink. Her knowing, blue-eyes twinkled. Her smile radiated throughout the room. Sam smiled back. The rock had outdone itself. He hadn't thought his relationship with Bex would ever be this good.

Joyce narrowed her eyes and looked from one of her children to the other. When there was a pause in the story, she said, "You two are getting along well."

"Sam's *really* matured lately, Mom." Bex smiled at Joyce, carefree. "I sorta like hanging out with him."

Sam nodded, but didn't look at Joyce.

"Since you were little, the only time you two got along was when you were about to make trouble." Joyce took a dainty bite of Brussels sprout.

"Now, come on Joyce." Paul nudged his wife's arm with his elbow. "Let's not look a gift horse in the mouth."

Sam looked up at his mom. He watched her chew and swallow. If only his dad knew what she'd been doing with that pretty mouth earlier in the day. How could she go from swallowing a flood of her son's cum, to sitting like she always did? There she was next to Paul, back straight in her chair, presiding over the family dinner. Sam wondered what it'd be like if he'd dumped a load inside her. How hot would it be to have her sitting there, queen of the family, slowly leaking cum into her panties? His face flushed at the idea, he looked down, and took another bite of meatloaf.

"No, you're right, honey." Joyce smiled at Paul. "I guess I'm just not used to all the harmony." She turned her warm smile to Bex. "I'm glad you two are getting along. Please, finish your story."

Bex glanced at Sam and kicked him under the table. The message was clear, *don't be so weird or Mom will catch on to us*. Sam looked up and tried to act normal.

When Bex finished her story, Paul raised his hand. "Family, I have an announcement." He looked at each of them. "Mallory Stevens and her husband will be here for dinner on Saturday."

"Your new boss?" Sam had only seen Mallory Stevens once a couple months ago when he'd dropped by his dad's office with Joyce. She was new to the company. Sam's impression had been one of a woman that was tall, imposing, and quite pretty.

"She's my colleague, sport. Not my boss." Paul smiled helpfully at Sam.

"Sorry." Sam looked down at his plate and daydreamed. Mrs. Stevens had gorgeous copper-red hair, with freckles everywhere, and her skirt suit that day had hugged her slender hips. She had been kind to Sam, asking him questions about school. The more he thought about her, the more uncomfortable his pants became. Did those freckles really go everywhere? He adjusted in his seat.

Bex looked over at him, caught his discomfort, and rolled her eyes. Her expression was easy to read; *What is it this time, perv?*

"... that's why I'll need you all to help with this dinner." Paul had been talking for a while. "It's important we make a good impression."

"It's going to go great, Paul. What should I make?" Joyce took a sip of wine.

"How about steak?" Paul said.

"I can do that." Joyce nodded and took another drink from her wine glass. Her shoulders bunched themselves in tense knots. A dinner with the boss was not a fun proposition.

"Great." Paul placed a hand on her arm. "It'll be fun." He looked down at Joyce's sleeve under his fingers. "Hey, I thought you were going to wear that shirt you have with the little sewn-in flowers tonight."

"The one with the embroidered roses?" Joyce's smile was all lips and no eyes.

"Yeah, for our ..." Paul looked over at the children. "... special evening." He cleared his throat. "Because Wednesday's are always special in this house."

"Oh, brother." Bex dropped her face into her hands.

"Sorry, dear." Joyce glanced at Sam and then back to Paul. "I ... um ... got a stain on it today."

"Oh, well." Paul rubbed Joyce's arm. "No problem. This shirt looks just amazing on you anyway." He winked at Sam.

"Nice one, Dad," Sam said.

"Do you think we should invite some friends over for the dinner with Mallory?" Joyce poured herself some more wine. "You know, to ease the social pressure a little."

"Good idea. Invite the Singhs. I haven't seen Raj in a little while." Paul went back to work on his sprouts, happily munching away.

"Okay." Joyce's face blanched. Those weren't the friends she'd had in mind. They would add all sorts of perverse complications to an already stressful evening. But Joyce didn't know how to rescind the idea. She gulped some more wine.

"Great." Paul stopped chewing and looked at Joyce. "And I didn't really want to say anything, but I've noticed things around the house have been a little more messy than usual. Busy week?"

Joyce coughed and looked away from Paul. "Um, yes, dear. Busy."

"No problem." Paul smiled, blissfully ignorant. "I'll come home early and help you clean on Friday. We'll have this place looking slick by Saturday night."

"I'll help too, Dad," Sam said.

"Meh." Bex shrugged.

"Great!" Paul clapped his hands and rubbed them together. "We're going to nail this Mallory dinner thing."

"Your boss won't know what hit her." Sam smiled.

"Colleague," Paul said. "She's my colleague."

"Right, Dad," Sam said.

~~

After school on Thursday, Sam found Mrs. Singh and Joyce sitting at the kitchen table. He was hoping to find them all over each other with clothes strewn all about the room, but it wasn't so.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Mrs. Singh." Sam dropped his backpack on the linoleum floor.

"Hello, Sammy." Joyce smiled at him. She wore a loose blue dress that almost matched the dress Lakshmi wore.

Lakshmi waved a hello to Sam. Her wedding ring sparkled as it moved through the warm afternoon sunlight. The sight of the ring and her pretty smile got Sam's dick stirring in his pants.

Twenty minutes later, Lakshmi bounced on Sam's huge pole. They were in Sam's room, on his bed, with Joyce watching behind them from Sam's chair. As had been true all week, there was no condom on Sam's dick.

"Oh, Sam. You're so deep." Lakshmi leaned back, with her fingers resting behind her on Sam's skinny thighs. Below her triangle of black hair, Sam's dick stretched and pulled at her dark pussy lips and the pink just inside. "You're ... gonna ... ooohhhh ... make me ... again." Lakshmi stopped her bouncing and ground her hips into his.

"Keep ... going." Sam lifted her hips and pulled them back down, forcing her to take his length.

"Oh, God ... Oh, God ... Oh, God." Lakshmi's boobs bounced and swayed in synchronicity. She grabbed them and held them to her chest.

"I'm gonna ... cum," Sam said. He bounced her up and down on his dick like a ragdoll.

"Not in her vagina, Sammy." Joyce leaned forward and watched her friend's butt ripple and shake.

"I'm gonna ..." Sam closed his eyes tight.

“Not inside her.” Joyce stood. She stepped over to the bed, climbed up on her knees, and put her hands under Lakshmi’s arms. She pulled, but Lakshmi just kept bouncing on her son’s thing.

“Yeeesssssss.” Lakshmi bucked and squeezed her boobs tighter. “Do it ...”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhh.” Sam pumped his cum into her pussy.

“No.” Joyce reached around Lakshmi for a better grip, and accidentally grabbed her breasts. Lakshmi turned her head, opened her mouth, and kissed Joyce on the lips. Without thinking, Joyce shut her eyes and kissed back. She was feeling up and making out with her best friend while her son emptied his balls inside her. This is not how she wanted to become a grandmother. But Joyce didn’t stop.

“Mmmmmppphhhhh.” Lakshmi’s small frame never stopped riding Sam, but she was now gyrating her hips and grinding into him. She slid her hands out from underneath Joyce’s and then placed them on top, holding Joyce in place, forcing Joyce’s fingers into Lakshmi’s soft flesh.

Sam opened his eyes. “Wow.” He looked at their hands, their wedding rings pressed together. Sam didn’t mind that Lakshmi hadn’t given him a post-cum break, he wanted this to go on forever.

This was, of course, the second time that day Joyce made out with her neighbor. Their sessions before Sam got home were becoming a habit. But this was a new low for Joyce. She didn’t know how she could sink any further. Joyce pulled her head back and their lips parted. “I’m sorry, Sammy.” Her hands still massaged her friend’s breasts. “I tried to stop it.”

“It’s ... okay ... Mom.” Sam held Lakshmi’s hips and slowed down her motions. “This is good ... for me. It really helps.”

“You could get her pregnant.” Joyce couldn’t help herself. She snuck a quick kiss from Lakshmi’s neck. Lakshmi sighed, and tilted her head sideways, offering up more neck for Joyce. She was now riding Sam slow and steady.

“Don’t worry about it, Mom.” Sam was acutely aware of the rock under his mattress. It pulsed warmth up into him. This was perhaps the strongest he’d ever felt it. “It’s what I need right now. You want me to get As, right?”

“Yes, but ...” Joyce leaned in and kissed her friend’s neck again. She licked up and down, tasting the salt of her sweat and smelling the faint floral notes of her perfume mixed with the earthy undertone of Sam’s cum drifting up from her vagina. Her hands kneaded Lakshmi’s breasts.

“Oh, Joyce. Yesssss.” Lakshmi shivered.

“It’s okay, Mom.” Sam smiled up at her.

“I guess, if you need it.” Joyce looked down at her handsome, lanky boy. He looked so happy. “If Lakshmi is okay with it, she’s a grown woman. She can decide.”

“Great.” Sam pulled up on Lakshmi’s hips and dislodged her. “Now could you put it in her butt, please?”

“Oh, Sammy, no.” But Joyce’s right hand left the boob it had been squeezing and moved between her friend’s legs.

Lakshmi whimpered, her pussy hovering over Sam's dick. "Joyce, you're touching your son's cock."

"It's okay, Lakshmi." Joyce gently circled her fingers around his girth. It was so thick.

"But ... but, he's your son," Lakshmi said.

"It's okay." Joyce pointed the head up and nuzzled it between Lakshmi's butt cheeks. The penis came to rest and she felt Lakshmi's hole give as Lakshmi slid back down. Joyce moved her hand. "I can't –"

Lakshmi kissed her again and pulled her right hand down to Lakshmi's vagina. Joyce's fingers squished in and around the gaping hole, Lakshmi's juices and her son's cum poured out. "Never –" Joyce was cut off again by her friend's soft lips.

They broke their kiss. "Oh, my God. Joyce ..." Lakshmi started bouncing in earnest, sending that monster all the way up her backside over and over. "You're ... going to ..." She came all over Joyce's hand.

"Oh, sweetie." Joyce squeezed boob with her left hand and rubbed clit with her right. She licked up and down Lakshmi's graceful, brown neck. "He's opened you up so much down there." Her beautiful blue dress was pressed up against Lakshmi's back, butt, and side. More stains, Joyce thought. Sweat and other ... things.

"He ... haaaasssssss." Lakshmi convulsed and came again.

A little later, Sam came in her butt. That was the third time that day. The first, in her mouth as she struggled to swallow. The second, in her pussy. And the third, up her butt. The trifacta. He owned all her holes. It was a good day.

Joyce helped her to the shower. Lakshmi wasn't walking as gingerly as the last time he'd given her anal. This was all good. But Sam needed something more. He needed more from his mom. He needed more from his sister. Sam watched his dick slowly deflate as he lay on his back, head on the pillow. He needed another girlfriend. The rock pulsed under him. He needed to spread his seed.

~~

Sam couldn't get up to any of his normal afterschool shenanigans on Friday, because Paul was there to greet him when he got home. His dad put Sam to work cleaning the house. Joyce cleaned upstairs. Paul cleaned on the main level. And Sam's job was to clean the windows. He wasn't sure why his dad's boss would care about the windows.

Of course, Bex was nowhere to be seen.

About an hour of scrubbing windows and Sam was annoyed and tired. He walked into his parent's bedroom to do the windows in there. He could hear his mom in the master bathroom, humming as she worked. Sam had never done anything with her in her own room. It hadn't even really occurred to him.

"Hi, Mom." Sam put down the bottle and walked over to the bathroom.

"Hello, sweetie. How are the windows coming along?" Joyce was on all fours, scrubbing the floor with a sponge.

"Good." Sam watched her butt gently shake in her jeans as she worked away. "But I think I need a break." Was his father's boss going care if the floor in their master bath was spotless? Probably not.

"I know it's hard work, but your father and I—" Joyce looked up when she heard the bathroom door close and lock. "No, honey. We can't. Your father could come up here any minute. And we need to get ready for the big dinner tomorrow."

"Come on, Mom." Sam dropped his pants and underwear. "I need a break."

"Oh, my." Joyce pulled off her rubber gloves. "Well, maybe just for a minute."

A little more than fifteen minutes later, and Joyce was lovingly sucking on Sam's balls while stroking him with her right hand. Her son's penis was so large that when she let go, it covered her face and the tip went well beyond her forehead.

"Wow, Mom. That's really great." Sam tried to keep his voice down, just in case Joyce was right and Paul wandered upstairs looking for them.

"Uuuuuuaaaggghhhhhh," Joyce said from around his nutsack.

"Use your... left hand." Sam wanted to see her wedding ring.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhh." Joyce switched hands and stroked the length of his thing with her left hand. She also moved her mouth from his right testicle to his left. They were so full and warm. She rolled her tongue.

"I've been thinking." Sam had his right hand entwined in Joyce's curly hair. "I ... ah ... need another girlfriend."

"Hhhhhmmmm?" Joyce popped the ball out of her mouth. "Ashley?"

"Put it back, Mom."

Dutifully, Joyce took his testicle back into her mouth.

"Maybe." Sam was getting close. "I was ... thinking I could use ... ahhhhh ... your help ... again. Maybe an older ... woman."

Joyce wanted to say no, but she didn't want to stop sucking. "Nnnnnnhhhhhh."

"Anyway ... think about it." Sam's grip tightened on her hair. "I'm gonna ..."

Joyce released the testicle and moved her mouth up to the purple head of his penis. She moved her right hand up and stroked with both hands while she bobbed her head. When did she get so good at this? What had her life been like before she'd learned to coax out Sam's scorching loads? Joyce barely remembered.

"Oh, Mom. Oh, Mom." Sam emptied his balls. He leaned back and put both hands on the edge of the double-sink behind him.

Joyce swallowed and swallowed. A cascade of fiery semen flowed down her throat. Just as she guzzled the final spurt, they were interrupted.

“Joyce? Sam?” It was Paul walking down the hall. “Where are you guys?”

Wide-eyed, Joyce pulled her face away from Sam’s penis and wiped her mouth. A trail of cum and spit dangled off her chin. She looked down to see a stain spreading on her t-shirt. “Um. I’m in here, honey.” Was she really going to talk to her husband with the taste of Sam’s cum still in her mouth? She put a finger up to her lips and looked up at Sam.

Sam nodded. He wasn’t going to say a thing. His engorged dick bounced to his rapid pulse, hanging in the air between him and his mother.

“Everything okay?” Paul was now in their bedroom, standing on the other side of the door. “I thought I heard something.”

Still on her knees, Joyce looked around the room. The smell. She could ditch her shirt and hide Sam in the shower, but she couldn’t get rid of the incriminating smell. She’d have to get Paul to leave. There’s no way she could open the door without him figuring it out.

“I’m fine, dear. Just that time of the month.” Joyce couldn’t believe Sam was still hard through all this. His dick stood out straight, begging for attention. She ignored it.

“Oh, okay.” Paul moved back toward the hall. “You seen Sam? He left his bottle out here, but the windows don’t look done.”

“I ... uh ...” Joyce looked up at Sam with a quizzical look on her face.

Sam raised his eyebrows and shrugged.

“He ... um ... went out with some friends for a little while,” she said. “He said he’d finish when he gets back.” Joyce’s breasts heaved up and down as she struggled not to hyperventilate.

“Fine.” Paul’s voice faded as he called back from the hall. “Just make sure he finishes. We got a big night tomorrow.”

“Okay, honey.” Joyce’s shoulders slumped.

“Wow, Mom, that was close,” Sam whispered.

“We have to be more careful, Sammy.” Joyce reached down and pulled up his briefs and tucked his penis inside. She then pulled up his pants, buttoned them, and zipped him up.

“Yeah, I promise.” Sam said.

“Okay, now go disappear for a while.” Joyce patted the crotch of his pants. “You’re not supposed to be home.”

“Okay.”

“Your father will kill you if he catches us.” Joyce stood, stepped to the door, and opened it. She carefully looked around the room and then beckoned for Sam to leave. “Go.”

“Okay.” Sam stepped out of the bathroom. “Sorry, Mom.”

“Just go.” Joyce smacked his butt to get him moving.

Sam raced for his room and hid out there for a while.

~~

The big dinner arrived, and the Higgins dining room table was packed. Joyce sat to Sam’s left, at the head of the table. Paul sat at the other head. To Sam’s right sat Lakshmi and then Raj. Across from Sam, daintily eating her steak, sat Mallory. Next to her was her husband, Bob. Next to him sat Bex.

The group engaged in lively conversation. Paul told plenty of jokes, sharing uproarious laughter with Raj and Bob. Joyce and Mallory talked more quietly in their corner, covering topics like gardening and life out in the suburbs. Apparently, Mallory and Bob had just moved out of the city and planned to start a family as soon as her career permitted. Sam didn’t know when a career would let you have a baby. He guessed it’d take a while.

Sam honed in on Joyce and Mallory, ignoring the older men. Occasionally he’d ask a question, but he stayed mostly quiet. Mallory was quite the beauty; long and lean, with gently sloping curves and a flawless oval face. He tried not to stare. He’d noticed she was pretty when he met her in the office, but not like this. Was this the rock at work? Was she more beautiful, or did she seem more beautiful? Sam couldn’t tell.

“And how is school going for you, Sam?” Mallory had turned her attention to him. She took a sip of her white wine and smiled pleasantly.

“Uh.” Sam looked down at his plate. “Well ...” He was tongue tied.

Joyce nudged his thigh with her knee under the table and cleared her throat. Sam looked up at her. Joyce smiled, but there was a hard stare behind the veneer. *This is important*, her eyes said.

“Well, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam grabbed his glass and took a shaky sip of water. “It’s going well. I mean, my mom’s been helping me a lot.”

“I try,” Joyce said, still smiling.

“That’s wonderful.” Mallory turned back to Joyce. “Do you have a background in education?”

“Sadly, no.” Even when she was fake smiling, Joyce shone like a rare gem. She wore an emerald green dress that showed plenty of milky cleavage. A pearl necklace adorned her neck and a pair of tastefully understated diamond earrings swung from her ears as she looked from Sam to Mallory. “I rely solely on motherly instincts and determination.” Joyce had put on makeup for the occasion, but it was modestly applied.

Mallory laughed, a soft tinkling sound. “Well, that is admirable.” She wore an unadventurous blue dress. Her only jewelry, a pair of blue, glittering stud earrings and her diamond wedding ring. “I always liked

school. Time lost in books. Solving puzzles. Science was my favorite.” Her eyes moved back to Sam. “How are you at science, young man?”

Sam hesitated to answer. Was this an opportunity? He did well in science, but this might call for a different response. “Man.” He sighed. “I struggle. I really do.”

“I don’t ...” Joyce raised an eyebrow. “Oh, never mind.”

“Maybe if I had some questions about science ...” Sam smiled at Mallory, hopefully. “You might be able help me?”

“I didn’t mean ...” Mallory’s face reddened as she looked for an excuse. “I’d love to help you Sam, but I’m very busy. I’m sure your mother can help you. Or your father. Paul has a knack for picking up new concepts.”

Sam looked over at his dad. He was lost in conversation at the other side of the table. Sam looked back to Mallory. “My parents do their best.” Sam gave her his best puppy dog eyes. He was acutely aware of Mrs. Singh next to him, listening to their conversation. “But maybe if I needed help with something specific?”

“She did say she was busy, Sammy,” Joyce said.

Lakshmi put her left hand on Sam’s right sleeve. “Now Joyce, you do know that Sam needs some extra help. And Mallory has so kindly offered. Where else will we find a real live scientist?” She smiled at them. “A master’s from Harvard, right?”

“Um, two,” Mallory said.

“Even better, two master’s degrees from Harvard.” Lakshmi’s smile was wide and friendly.

“I ... I ...” Mallory stuttered. She felt strange. A warmth spread up from the seat of the chair, down her legs, and up her spine. Too much wine? “I ... yes, I’d be happy to help if you need a little science tutoring. Just if you get stuck, of course. Swing by my office, anytime.”

“That’s awesome, thanks Mrs. Stevens.”

“Excuse me.” Joyce stood. “I have to check on desert in the kitchen.” She dropped her napkin on the seat and strode off. Sam wasn’t used to seeing her in high heels. Those shoes made her butt wiggle even more than usual.

“But maybe you could come by here sometime?” Sam’s smile spread. Lakshmi’s grip on his arm tightened. *Don’t push it.*

“I ...” Mallory felt a bit foggy.

A loud roar of laughter erupted from the other end of the table as the men, and Bex, enjoyed another of Paul’s jokes.

“I guess so.” Mallory bit her lower lip. “If I have the time.”

“Great.” Sam removed Lakshmi’s hand from his arm and stood. “I should probably help my mom.” He followed Joyce around the corner and into the kitchen. Behind him, Lakshmi and Mallory began a conversation about the local school district.

“What are you doing, mister?” Joyce leaned her butt on the edge of the counter, with her hands folded over her chest. “Whatever you’re doing, it has to stop. This is a big night for your father.”

“I just scored a little extra tutoring.” Sam walked over and leaned his hip on the counter next to her. “I thought you’d be thrilled. You’re all about good grades.”

“But you’re doing well in science.” Her brown eyes watched him closely.

Sam winked at her.

“No, no, no.” Joyce shook her head. “You can’t. No, no, no, no, no.”

“It’s too late, Mom.” Sam shrugged. “I taped the rock under her chair while I was setting the table. It’s already started. I told you I needed another girlfriend.”

“This is crazy,” Joyce whispered. “This is your father’s job we’re talking about. And she’s happily married to Bob.”

“Mrs. Singh is happily married,” Sam whispered too.

“That’s different, and you know it.” Joyce clutched her arms tighter over her chest.

“This will help Dad at work,” Sam said. “She’ll be invested with the Higgins family. I just need you to have her hold the rock tonight. Okay?”

“Sammy.” Joyce shook her head.

“Come on, Mom. I need your help.”

Joyce’s face softened. “I don’t know, Sammy.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Sam smiled.

~~

After dinner, Sam and Bex were excused. Bex quickly left to head over to Sarah’s house. Sam said his goodbyes and went out for a date with Ashley.

The remaining men moved down to the billiard table in the basement. The women retired to the living room with their glasses of wine refreshed.

Joyce followed Lakshmi and Mallory as they merrily talked about how much their husbands loved golf and how little they could stand it. Joyce stopped in the dining room and quickly bent down by Mallory’s dinner chair. Sure, enough, the rock was affixed to the underside with some duct tape. Joyce peeled it off, removed the tape, and carried it in her left hand. She walked into the living room and sat on the

loveseat, facing Lakshmi and Mallory on the couch. The familiar warmth spread through her fingers and up her arm.

Joyce waited for a lull in the conversation. "Do you like geology, Mallory?"

"That's more Bob's thing than mine." Mallory sat with her back straight, holding her glass by the stem in her lap. "Why?"

"Well, Sammy found this unusual rock the other day." Joyce extended her hand and held out the stone to Mallory.

Lakshmi watched the rock intently, but stayed silent. Suddenly, her pussy was very, very wet. She thought of poor Raj, happily spending time in the house where Sam defiled his wife on most weekdays. Her lips turned to a frown.

"That is unusual, isn't it?" Mallory looked at the rock without taking it. The black stone had the most curious red veining. It almost seemed to pulse and glow if you stared hard enough.

"Here, have a closer look." Lakshmi reached out, took the rock from Joyce, and placed it next to the glass in Mallory's lap. If this is what Sam wanted, Lakshmi wanted it too.

"Oh." Mallory reached down with her left hand and picked it up. A warmth spread through her fingers. "It is pretty. What kind of rock is it?"

Joyce leaned back in her seat and clasped her hands together around the stem of her own wine glass. "We don't know."

"It's very, very pretty." The warmth spread through Mallory's hand and on down her arm.

Joyce shook her head. Would this woman really succumb to Sam? It was hard to believe. Lakshmi was one thing. But Mallory had an education, a career, plans for a new family, and a handsome young husband. She sat quietly.

"Can I ...?" Mallory's pupils dilated. The red glow reflected in her eyes. "Can I ... have it?"

Laughter echoed up the basement stairway as the men celebrated someone's conquest on the billiard table.

"Sorry, dear," Joyce said. "It's Sam's. But you can hold it again when you come to tutor him."

"This is a busy week." Mallory looked over at Joyce and her eyes trailed down to Joyce's cleavage. Her gaze lingered there with some jealousy. She shook her head to clear it. Paul was lucky to have such a comely and devoted wife. "I didn't mean to ... I don't think I'll have time," Mallory said.

"That's fine." Joyce nodded. She followed Mallory's gaze down to her own breasts and she blushed. Her husband's boss was a beautiful woman, in a delicate, wispy sort of way. Maybe it was nice to have the admiring attention of a woman like that. "Sammy will be just fine with my help. But you really should come over again soon. Just us girls."

"Maybe." Mallory looked over to her right at Lakshmi, who was staring at the rock. Mallory looked back at her hand. Those strange veins really were glowing and throbbing. She did want to see it again ... them

again, she wanted to see the Higgins family again. She'd need to get to know them better since she was leading Paul's department. "Yes."

"Great." Joyce smiled, so full of warmth and grace. "How about brunch tomorrow?" Joyce rubbed her legs together. "I'll have Paul take Bob out golfing and it'll be just us girls. Lakshmi, would you like to come?"

"I'd love to." Lakshmi reached out and placed her hand on Mallory's thigh. She lightly brushed her dress with her index finger in a lazy, meandering line. "But I have a family day planned." She sounded genuinely disappointed.

"Um ..." Mallory scooted her butt on the couch, getting away from Lakshmi's finger. "I have church in the morning."

Lakshmi put her hand back in her lap.

"Great, it's settled then." Joyce took a gulp of wine. "Brunch after church. I'll have mimosas ready."

A cheer rose up from the basement. Then the sound of feet on the stairs.

"Sam will want this back in his room." Joyce reached out and plucked the rock from Mallory's hand. "But you can see it again tomorrow." She tucked it into her cleavage.

Mallory looked crestfallen at having to give it up.

The men walked into the living room, laughing again.

"Paul, honey." Joyce looked up at her husband. "You've got a golf date tomorrow with Bob in the late morning. Mallory and I will have a little brunch while you two are off playing." The warmth now spread through Joyce's breasts. The euphoric feeling almost carried her off.

"Great." Paul gave Bob a high five. He had a crafty wife. He'd work on charming Bob some more, and Joyce would charm Mallory. Paul might get a promotion out of all this. "Looking forward to it."

His wife beamed right back at him. "More beers?"

"That's why we're here," Raj said.

"Great, let me get them for you." Joyce strode into the kitchen.

Every set of eyes watched her butt as it disappeared from the living room. Most of them thought Paul was a very lucky man.

They were right. And wrong.

~~

Sam got in late from his date. Judging by the number of empty wine and beer bottles on the kitchen counter, he'd missed quite the party.

First things first, Sam needed to make sure the rock was okay. He crept upstairs and moved into his room. A quick peek under the mattress, and the rock's red glow met his eyes. It was safe. Joyce had put it back.

Next, he needed to see how it went with Mrs. Stevens. Sam walked back out into the hall and padded down the hallway to his parent's room. He opened their door and the hinges let out a faint creak. It was dark in there. He waited for his eyes to adjust.

Paul snored with a soft rumble. He was on the far side of their king bed. Joyce slept on the near side, tucked up snugly on her hip. Sam stepped over to the bed.

"Mom," Sam whispered. He reached down and shook her shoulder. "Hey, Mom."

"Honey?" Joyce opened her eyes to see Sam standing over her. "What's wrong?" Things were a bit off-kilter. She was a little drunk and could still feel the lingering warmth from the rock tingling in her breasts.

Paul snored on.

"What happened tonight with Mrs. Stevens?"

Joyce closed her eyes. "I'll tell you in the morning, sweetie. Go to bed before you wake up your father."

"I won't be able to sleep until you tell me." Sam stood still.

"Uh, fine." Joyce opened her eyes again and slipped out from under the sheets. She was wearing an old t-shirt and a pair of blue cotton panties. She stumbled and took Sam's hand in hers. "Come on, I'll tell you about it and then we can get back to sleep." She took one look over her shoulder at her sleeping husband, and guided Sam out of her room, down the hall, and into Sam's room. She closed and locked the door behind them.

"So?" Sam's brown eyes sparkled in expectation. "How'd it go?"

"Well, I'm not sure, exactly. She was not eager like Lakshmi was when she ... when she first held the rock." Joyce dropped Sam's hand and motioned for him to go sit down. Sam didn't move.

"And?" Sam reached out and squeezed her right boob with his hand. He hefted it, feeling the solid weight.

Joyce did nothing to stop him. "And ... I don't know about this Mallory thing Sam. The more I think about it the worse it feels. It may not seem like it, but she has a lot of pull at your father's company. If things go wrong —"

"They won't go wrong." Sam moved his hand under her shirt and kneaded her boob. "You've got great tits, Mom."

Joyce's mouth opened in shock. "Language, young man."

"Sorry, Mom. I love your breasts."

"Thank you, sweetie." Joyce relaxed and smiled at him.

Sam reached his other hand under her shirt and massaged her left boob, too. "So, when is she coming back?"

"I got her to come back tomorrow for brunch." Without thinking, Joyce reached down, grabbed her shirt, and pulled it off.

"With her husband?" Sam bent down and kissed her right nipple.

"No, your dad is taking Bob golfing while we brunch." She shivered as her son's mouth brushed over her nipple.

"Wow, nice work, Mom." Sam lifted his head. Using his grip on her boobs, Sam gently maneuvered Joyce over to his bed.

Joyce let herself be led by her breasts. "I just want you to be happy, Sammy." She sat down on the bed and Sam let go of her boobs. She reached out and unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans. "How did it go with Ashley?"

"It was good. She rubbed me through my pants tonight," Sam said. "But she seemed a little nervous."

Joyce pulled down his pants and then dropped his briefs. "Oh, my." She stared down at the monster. "Was it hard to have a girl's hands on you with no relief?"

"It was hard."

"My, my, my." Joyce reached out with her finger and wiped a drop of precum off the head. "It looks so angry tonight, sweetie. Let me help you." She lowered her mouth and sucked him in.

"Thanks, Mom."

Five minutes later, Sam pulled her mouth off his dick. "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, sweetie." Joyce wiped saliva off her chin. She scooted back on the bed and pulled off her panties. Her legs spread almost by themselves. It was so easy for her son to get her in this position. She was slipping. "You need a condom."

"I don't want to wear a condom." Sam climbed up on the bed between her legs. His dick swayed back and forth with his movements. It looked like it was seeking out Joyce's pussy in the dark.

"Okay. That's okay, sweetie. If it makes you ... uhhhhh ..." Joyce groaned as he entered her. She reached behind her knees and pulled her legs further apart, giving Sam complete access to her vagina. "It's ... so ... biiiiigggggg." Joyce looked down, between her breasts, down at her stomach. She could see the outline of his thing as it pushed against her insides. The view was totally obscene.

"Your pussy is the best." Sam pounded away at her.

"Language ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Sammy."

"Not so loud, Mom."

Joyce tried to quiet her squeals and grunts.

"I want to ... uh ... do it inside." Sam reached up and put his hands on her boobs, feeling them sway up and down as he pistoned in and out of her.

"No, Sammy. You ... oooohhhhhh ... can't." Joyce leaned her head back on the blanket and let set Sam do as he pleased.

"Ask me for it, Mom."

Joyce shook her head and closed her eyes.

"Do you ... uh ... uh ... want it?" Sam was close.

She couldn't bring herself to say it. She nodded and pulled her legs a little bit wider.

"Oh, Mom. Oh, Mom. Oooohhhhhhhhhh." Sam unloaded in her pussy.

"Saaaaammmmyyyyyy," Joyce hissed with pleasure. Stars flashed before her eyes as hot sperm splashed her insides. She didn't care. She wanted more. More of this feeling. More of Sam. Her vagina contracted around his penis again and again as Sam's motions slowed.

Sam lowered his cheek to her right boob and rested it there. "You take such good care me."

"Oh, Sammy." Joyce let go of her legs and lowered her feet to the bed. She cradled Sam's head with her right hand, her fingers caressing his hair.

After a while, Sam pulled out of her with an audible plop and stood up next to the bed. His penis had yet to deflate.

"Hand me a towel, sweetie," Joyce said.

Sam reached down and grabbed a clean towel from the pile. He tossed it to her.

Joyce put the towel between her legs and sighed. "I'm going to have to let your father do it in me now. Just in case." She pulled herself up and stood. The possibility of becoming a grandmother via Lakshmi's fertile womb was bad enough. Joyce shuddered, thinking what it might be like to carry her own grandchild inside her. She bent down and retrieved her shirt and panties. She looked back at her son's smiling face. "I can't believe I let you do that. I must be crazy." She pulled on the shirt. "The whole world has gone crazy." She pulled on her panties and stepped to the door. Her pale legs looked so inviting in the moonlight. "Goodnight, Sammy."

"Goodnight, Mom." Sam climbed into bed. "Thank you."

Joyce opened the door and looked back at him. "You're welcome, Sammy." She left and closed the door behind her.

Sam waited about five minutes, snuck out into the hall, and moved down to his parent's room. He put his ear to the door.

"Oh, Joyce," Paul said inside the room. "What's come over you? You're so wet ... uh ... I can barely feel you. Not ... that ... I'm ... complaining."

Sam could hear the bed softly creaking. His dad was getting Sam's sloppy seconds. Awesome.

Sam crept back to bed and went to sleep with a smile on his face.

~

Chapter 8

Mallory Stevens sat by herself on the couch in the Higgins family living room. Her husband, Bob, had just left with Paul to go golfing. Mallory could hear Joyce in the kitchen, humming to herself as she got them each a cup of coffee.

The message in church that morning had been a sermon on extending onto others the good will embodied in the Holy Spirit. Mallory reflected on those ideas and twisted the blue fabric of her dress with her fingers. She had no reason to be nervous. Joyce was a fine woman. An excellent wife and mother. But something was off in this house. Was it the strange rock from last night? For some reason, that odd bit of mineral weighed on her mind and filled her dreams as she tossed and turned last night. Why did she care so much about holding it again?

"You're thinking about Sammy's rock, aren't you?" Joyce reentered the living room. Her hips swaggered in her high-waisted pants. Her large breasts, which had been on display with a low-cut dress last night, were now mostly concealed in a loose blouse.

"No." Mallory wiped her palms on her dress and reached out for the coffee mug. When was the last time she'd had sweaty palms? All because of brunch with a housewife? "Thank you for the coffee."

"Are you sure I can't interest you in some mimosas?" Joyce smiled and sat on the loveseat, facing the couch. She was a pretty woman with a warm, soothing charm.

Something about Joyce made Mallory want to give her a big hug. Mallory resisted. "Coffee is fine, thank you." Mallory crossed her legs and offered her own perfunctory smile. "Your children are very charming. What are they doing today?"

"Oh, Rebekah is off working on some sort of science project," Joyce said. "That's mostly what she does these days."

"She's at junior college?"

"Yes. She'll be transferring to a four-year school soon," Joyce held her head high, ever the proud parent. "She's always been good in school."

"And Sam?" For some reason, saying Sam's name made Mallory feel discombobulated and more than a little fuzzy. What was wrong with her today?

"He's had his struggles with school in the past. But he's doing better now. He just needed some motivation." Joyce set her mug down on the coffee table. "He's upstairs right now, studying hard."

"That's excellent." Mallory nodded. "And the rock?"

“Excuse me?” Joyce laughed, a light, airy sound, as if Mallory had just told a slightly vulgar joke.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know why I said that.” Mallory frowned and looked around the room. It was filled with tasteful, middle-class department store furnishings. “What I meant was. The stone? Or, I mean, can I ...? I’m sorry, I’m not feeling myself today.”

“It’s quite all right.” Joyce reached into the front of her blouse with her right hand and pulled out from between her breasts the black stone with red veins. “Joyce Higgins, always at the ready.” She reached the rock out to Mallory in the palm of her hand.

“I ...” Mallory’s mouth hung open. She was not used to seeing women retrieve things from their brassieres. Time to get a grip. Mallory should not have come to brunch this morning. She snapped her mouth shut, put her mug down on the coffee table, and readied herself to leave. Instead, her hand reached out and plucked the rock from Joyce’s hand. “It’s very pretty, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” Joyce clasped her hands in her lap. The rock was many things, none of them were pretty. “You can hold it for as long as you like.”

“Thank you.” Her gray-blue eyes reflected the pulsing red light as she stared. Her face, always so reserved, now even more still than usual. The small, silver cross around her neck also picked up a faint red hue from the rock.

Mallory lost track of time.

“You were Pre-Med, right?” Joyce broke the silence.

“What?” Mallory looked up. She’d forgotten about her host. “Yes.”

“That’s wonderful.” Joyce stood and stepped over next to the couch. “I could use your opinion on something.” She held out her hand to Mallory.

“I don’t think I’m up for tutoring Sam today.” Mallory reached out her left hand and felt Joyce’s warm fingers close around hers.

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing like that.” Joyce looked down at the trembling woman’s hand. “What a pretty wedding ring. Is it vintage?”

“Yes. 1930s.” Mallory felt herself being gently pulled to her feet.

“Well, Bob really outdid himself. It’s beautiful.” Joyce led Mallory out of the living room, toward the stairs.

“I helped him.” Mallory still held tightly to the rock with her right hand.

“Of course you did, dear.” Joyce led them upstairs.

Mallory admired the housewife’s round butt, shown to full advantage in those high-waisted pants. She blushed and looked away. The walls of the stairway were decorated with framed family pictures. The kids got older as they ascended. Mallory even spotted a picture of Paul and Joyce from their wedding. Joyce wore a gorgeous, white dress and a brilliant smile. Her curly brown hair, longer than now, cascaded past her shoulders.

"In here." Joyce knocked on a door. "Sammy, sweetie. Can we come in?"

"Yeah," a muffled voice called through the door.

Joyce opened the door and ushered them into the room.

Sam sat at his desk, still hunched over whatever he was working on. Mallory's gaze moved about the room. There was no mistaking a teenager's room. At eighteen, many girls were busy trying to surround themselves with adult things. But boys? In Mallory's experience, boys tried their best to never grow up. There were several posters tacked to the wall with space themes, one wizard cat, and one featuring a scantily clad elf lady. There were rocks on the shelves, mixed in with the comic books. There was, inexplicably, a stack of towels near his nightstand. And there was a curious, pungent, earthy odor. Not a bad smell, but very odd. Mallory sighed. At least he'd made his bed.

"Sammy?" Joyce squeezed Mallory's left hand and pulled her close.

"One sec, Mom." Sam scribbled on the paper.

Mallory's grip tightened on the rock. A warmth had spread through her, without her realizing. Up her right arm and into her chest. The world still felt muddled, but she was more relaxed.

"Okay." Sam put down his pen and spun his chair to face them. He wore a t-shirt with a faded skull that said *Ordering Pizza with Skeletor* and some jeans. "Hi, Mrs. Stevens. How are you today?"

"I'm ..." Mallory searched for the word. "I'm good, Sam."

"Great." Sam gave them a goofy smile. "What's up?"

"Well, Sammy," Joyce said. "Mallory has a medical background, so I thought we could have her look at your condition."

"Oh." Sam reached down and unbuttoned his jeans. "Okay." He pulled off the jeans and threw them to floor.

"What?" Mallory squeezed the rock in one hand and Joyce's fingers with her other. "What are you doing?"

"It'll be easier to show you than to explain." Sam pulled off his briefs and his dick sprung free.

"I don't ..." Mallory stared. She'd never seen anything like it. Veins everywhere. Engorged and pulsing. Did it have the same beat as the rock in her hand? The purple head mushroomed out in a ridiculously wide way. The whole thing was wrong, especially attached to Sam's slight frame. Whatever was wrong with him, it was beyond her. Sam needed a doctor.

"We need your help, Mallory." Joyce pulled her toward her son.

"Good Lord preserve me," Mallory said. The boy's testicles were comically large. How much stuff did he have in there?

"Have a look and tell us what you think." Joyce dropped Mallory's hand and stepped behind her.

Extend onto others the good will embodied in the Holy Spirit. She had to help. Mallory stood right in front of Sam's feet. The teenager had a wide grin on his face. She ignored him and leaned closer to his penis. It bounced with each beat of his heart. A drop of precum oozed out of the tip and meandered down the head. The rock in her hand sent out waves of warmth. "This is beyond me." Now bent at the waist, she reached out with her left hand toward his hideous manhood.

Sam watched the beautiful woman move toward him. She was clearly entranced. Now, inches away, he could see her soft, freckled skin as he moved his eyes down her slender neck, over her chest, and down her dress to catch just the first bit of cleavage. The cross around her neck hung in front of her and swayed with her slow movements. This was it.

"I can't." Mallory blinked her eyes. She looked down at her wedding ring and thought of Bob on one knee, offering it to her. And the ring this sweet man gave her was about to touch someone else's penis. "I really can't." Mallory straightened. "I want to help, but ..." The rock was now very hot in her hand. She tossed it toward the bed. "I have to go."

"Wait." Joyce tried to grasp her hand again.

Mallory stepped around her, opened the door, and raced down the stairs. She grabbed her purse in the kitchen. Everything was a blur; the front door, the walkway, her car door, the ignition. And she was gone, heading home.

~~

Once the shock had worn off, Joyce followed Mallory out into the hall and down the stairs. She was just quick enough to see Mallory disappear out the front door. Joyce wasn't going to follow her outside. There's no way she wanted to make a scene for the neighbors. "Oh, well. That didn't work," Joyce said to the empty living room.

On the end table by the couch, Mallory had forgotten her sunglasses. They were a large, tortoiseshell pair. Maybe trendy about a decade ago. She stepped over to the end table and picked them up. Great, now she had to figure out how to get them back to Mallory. Maybe she'd send them with Paul to work on Monday? That is if he still had a job.

"Mom? Is she gone?" Sam called down from his room.

"Don't yell across the house, sweetie." Joyce yelled back. "And yes, she's gone."

Joyce climbed the stairs and went back to Sam's room. She closed and locked the door behind her.

"That sucks." Sam still sat in his chair. He slowly massaged his swollen dick with his right hand. "I can't believe she just ran off."

"She left so fast that she forgot these." Joyce held up the sunglasses. "Now I have to figure out the least awkward way to return them."

"Put them on, Mom." Sam sped up his fapping.

Joyce raised her eyebrows and cocked her head. "What?"

"I want you to wear them while I cum on your face."

"My goodness, Sammy. I can't believe the way I let you talk to me these days." Joyce put the glasses on and unbuttoned her high-waisted pants. "I suppose we can wash the glasses afterward. But I'm not letting you ruin any more of my clothes." She pulled off the pants, folded them, and put them on the floor next to her. She unbuttoned her blouse.

Sam laughed. "Those glasses were in style when I was like eight-years-old."

"I do feel a bit silly." Joyce pulled off her blouse, folded it, and placed it on her pants. She wore a plain tan supportive bra and tan, cotton panties.

"Mrs. Stevens is a bit stuck up, isn't she?" Sam pulled off his shirt with his left hand, never missing a stroke with his right.

"I suppose so." Joyce reached behind her and unclasped her bra. Her breasts wobbled as they bounced free. "But don't forget, she's in charge of your father at work." She dropped her bra on the floor and wiggled out of her panties. She dropped them too.

"I remember," Sam said. "Now come on over, Mom. Mrs. Stevens left me really frustrated."

"Okay, Sammy." Joyce walked over to her son. Her wide hips swayed and her boobs jiggled with every step. Sam couldn't wait to do all sorts of things to her. She knelt down in front of her son and started sucking.

Fifteen minutes later, Joyce bounced herself on Sam's monster. She pulled herself almost off it and then thrust all the way back down. Sam was so much longer than his dad. She cradled a boob in each hand. Cum dripped over Mallory's sunglasses, causing some blurring. Joyce didn't care. She licked her lips, tasting the salty vibrance of her son's sperm and closed her eyes and rode that huge penis for all she was worth.

"Mom ... oh, Mom ... oooooohhhhhh." Sam grabbed the soft flesh of her upper butt, pressed in his fingers, and held her down. His dick pushed all the way inside her. He wanted to plant his cum as deep as possible.

"Uuuuuuggggghhhhhh." Joyce came again as her son dumped his load in her unprotected vagina. The heat spread through her. Both from his seed and the damn rock under his mattress. Why did she let him do this? They were courting disaster, but she couldn't stop.

Joyce let the ecstasy wash over her. After she caught her breath, she gave her breasts one last squeeze and dropped her hands to the bed on either side of Sam's sweaty face. She leaned forward and let her breasts smooch into his thin upper chest. She tucked her cheek into his soft brown hair and sighed. Her vagina contracted around his thing several times, milking out the remaining sperm. She shivered at the thought of those little swimmers rushing up inside her. Heck, Sam had planted his stuff so deep they wouldn't have far to go. Would she keep having unprotected sex with Paul? As her husband, his sperm deserved a chance to claim an egg. But he'd likely start asking all sorts of well-deserved family planning questions. Joyce sighed again.

"I wanna try something new." Sam lifted her by the hips and dislodged her pussy with a soft sucking sound.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Joyce said. She flopped down on the bed next to Sam.

"You are so beautiful." Sam slapped her left butt cheek and watched it ripple.

"Ouch." Joyce thought about rebuking him, but let him have his fun.

"Move over here." Sam lifted her up onto her knees and guided her into the center of the bed. Sam bent her over and slapped her ass again. The smacking sound reverberated around the room. "Wow, Mom."

Joyce found herself on all fours with her head hanging down. She still had on those sperm-covered sunglasses. Her boobs dangled and swung, almost touching the blanket below. "Oh, no. Sammy, this is too —"

"Hold on, Mom." Sam spread Joyce's legs a little to lower her pussy down to his level. Without further preamble, he shoved it in. With all the cum he'd stuffed in there, and all her own juices, his dick slipped right in. "Oh my God. So ... beautiful." He grabbed her hips and pulled her back onto his dick again and again. The way her butt shook with each impact was mesmerizing. Her wide hips tapered perfectly into her curved, delicate back. Her spine arched as she absorbed his thrusts. "Bark ... bark for me, Mom."

"Wh ... wh ... what?" Joyce lifted her head as he smacked her butt again. She felt his fingers grasp her hair and pull her head further back. She was totally under his control.

"You ... uh ... said that this is how animals ... uh ... uh ... do it." Sam still had his left hand on her hip, guiding their pace. His right hand was entwined in her brown hair. "So ... bark."

"Uh ... uh ... uh." Joyce knew she was his. She couldn't deny her son his wishes. Not anymore. She closed her eyes. Several minutes passed while her son mounted her like she was a bitch. Eventually, she said, "Ruff ... ruff ... ruff."

"Nice, Mom." He increased his pace. "That's awesome. Again."

"Ruff ... ruff ... ruff."

He banged her for a while longer in relative silence, with only the squeak of his bed, the slap of their skin, and Joyce's squeals and moans.

A loud knock on the door interrupted them. Sam froze, his dick all the way in his mom's vagina. He let go of her hair. They both turned their heads toward the door.

"Sam." It was Bex's voice from out in the hall. "I can hear you in there with some slut. Keep it quiet. I need to study."

"Okay," Sam said. Joyce looked back at her son over her shoulder, worry etched all over her face. Sam's cum slowly dripped down her forehead and off her nose. Sam nodded to her. *Bex won't find out.* "We'll keep it quiet, sorry."

"Mom's gonna kill you if she finds out you have a girl in there." Bex's voice faded down the hall as she went to her room.

“Okay.” Sam dug his fingers into his mom’s hips and started his pounding again. “That was close, Mom.”

“We have to stop.” Joyce hung her head and watched her boobs sway under her.

“Almost ... time ... to uh ... uh ... stop.” Sam smashed her ass into his hips. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh ... take ... it.” He flooded her pussy again.

“Oooooohhhhhh.” Joyce took it. All she could do was take Sam again and again.

Joyce wiped up with a towel, got dressed, and listened by the door in case Bex was out there.

“Leave the glasses, Mom,” Sam called from the bed. “I have an idea.”

“Okay,” she whispered. She took them off and put them on a shelf by the door. They were covered in cum. Which means she was covered in cum. Joyce would need to hurry to her room and clean up. She opened the door and checked both ways. The coast was clear. She snuck out and hurried down the hall to the protection of her bathroom.

~~

Bob Stevens opened his front door to find Paul Higgins’s scrawny kid there. “Oh, hey. What’s up kid?”

“Sam,” Sam said.

“Oh, hey.” Bob looked him up and down. Sam looked like a nerd. “What’s up, Sam?”

“Mrs. Stevens forgot her sunglasses.” Sam fidgeted with the glasses in his hands. “So, I brought them by for her. Is she here?”

“Mal, babe? There’s a kid here to see you,” Bob yelled back into the house.

“I’m eighteen.” Sam tried to look into the house, but Bob was a big guy and blocked a good amount of space. “I’m going to college next year.”

“Good for you kid.” Bob looked back at Sam, eyebrow raised.

“So, I’m not a kid.” Sam said.

“Whatever you say, kid.” Bob looked back in the house. “Mal, the kid’s still here.”

“Can I come in?” Sam was hoping for a warmer reception.

“Sure.” Bob stood out of the way and waved him in. “Can I get you something? Water?”

“Thanks, I’m a little thirsty.” Sam wiped his hand across his brow. “I rode my bike over.”

“Of course you did.” Bob led Sam into the kitchen. The room was warm and bright and quite tastefully done. He grabbed a glass from the cupboard and filled it at the sink. “Here you go.” He handed it to Sam.

The water was good. A little hospitality grounded you in a place. It’d be harder for them to kick Sam to the curb while he was holding one of their glasses. “Thanks.”

“Bob, what’s going on? I was just about to ...” Mallory Stevens walked into the kitchen wearing a tight-fitting spandex top and yoga pants. She looked like she was about to go out for a jog. When she saw Sam, she stopped in her tracks and her cheeks turned several shades of red.

“Okay, you got this.” Bob didn’t notice his wife’s discomfort. “I gotta get back to work. I’ll be in my office.” He headed for the kitchen door and gave Mallory’s butt a firm pat as he passed her. “Later.” As he disappeared from view, he called back. “Later, kid.”

“So,” Sam held the water glass in his right hand and her sunglasses in her left hand. “You left this morning in an awful hurry.”

“Um ... yeah.” Mallory collected herself. She was quite tall and slender. Her outfit showed off her modest curves. As the top she wore revealed, she had nice boobs. But nothing like Joyce, or Lakshmi possessed. “Let’s just put that all behind us. Okay?”

Sam put the water glass down on the counter. He tried not to stare at her body. This was a precarious moment, and she obviously startled easily. “I’m not here for tutoring. Or a medical exam. Don’t worry. I’ve got your sunglasses.” Sam placed the sunglasses on the counter. “But I’m not here for that.”

“Why are you here?” Mallory’s blue eyes were wide, her gaze darting around the room. She looked like a trapped animal.

“To bring you this.” Sam reached into his pocket with his right hand and pulled out the stone. He took a step toward her. “You left so suddenly, I thought you’d want to hold it a little while longer today.”

“I ...” Mallory looked over her shoulder in the direction her husband had disappeared.

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll leave it right here.” He reached down and placed the stone on the tile floor next to him. “You can check it out for a couple hours. I’ll go for a bike ride and pick it up later in the afternoon. Good?” Sam straightened and walked toward the door. He gave her a wide berth. He didn’t want to spook her. “Maybe meet me outside at four? I don’t think your husband likes me very much.”

Mallory nodded.

“Okay, I’ll show myself out.” Sam was taking a big risk. But he trusted that dark little stone to do its thing. He left her in the kitchen and let himself out the front door.

~~

Mallory stared at the rock for what felt like a long time. Her lovely little kitchen was filled with the sound of her rapid breathing. Finally, her feet moved and she walked over to the rock, scooped it up, and headed for the stairs. Warmth spread through her fingers as she clutched the mineral. Her feet carried her even before she had a plan. Up the stairs, into her and Bob’s bedroom, and into her bathroom. What was she doing here?

Yoga pants and panties went flying. Why had she pulled those off? Mallory was sitting on the edge of the tub, legs spread, looking down at her copper bush. "Oh my, God." She was so wet. Her left hand clutched the rock and her right suddenly rubbed at her clit. "Oooooohhhhhhhhh."

Bob. She needed to think about Bob while she did this. But instead, images of Sam's alarming penis filled her brain. That strange mushroomed head. So, purple and turgid. Those veins snaking their way around the shaft. The pulse of his heartbeat, bouncing that monstrosity ever so slightly. "Oooooohhhhhhh nnnnoooooooooo." She came all over her hand, but didn't stop. Her hand went right on rubbing. Mallory had never done anything like this before. She couldn't stop.

An hour passed, and then another. She lost track of the orgasms. Eventually, she stopped, took a shower, and went outside to wait for Sam. She clutched at the rock through all of this. Eager to give it back to him, to get it away from her. But, at the same time, loath to part company with it. What was happening to her?

~~

The whirring of Sam's bicycle wheels followed him down the quiet, suburban street. The air hung still and warm, perfect for an afternoon bike ride. And great for contemplating possible next steps with Mallory.

There she was, sitting out on her front step. She'd changed since Sam last saw her a few hours ago. She'd thrown on an old, ratty sweat shirt and some jeans. She pushed her red hair out of her face to watch him cycle up to the house.

"How'd it go?" Sam stopped his bike in the driveway. He hopped off and wheeled it over to where Mallory sat.

"What is this thing?" Mallory sat cross-legged and still clutched the black rock, her hands resting in her lap.

"You wanna talk?" Sam looked down at her. Her hair was damp and her skin looked a little blotchy. She'd recently stepped out of the shower. Her little silver cross hung outside her shirt and shone in the afternoon light. The rock wasn't a vampire, her little religious symbol wasn't going to help her.

"Bob ..." Mallory looked over her shoulder. "Bob is in his office in the basement."

"Cool." Sam nodded. It was better if Bob was home.

"Okay." Mallory stood and looked back at Sam. "Come in, but be quiet. It'd be weird if Bob knew you came over again."

"No problemo." Sam pushed his bike behind a bush and left it there, mostly hidden. He followed Mallory back into her home. They walked through the front hall, past the living room, down another hall, and into a bright, sunny room at the back of the main floor. There was a desk with a computer and monitor in one corner. There was a couch on the other side of the room.

“My home office.” Mallory closed the door behind them.

“Nice.” Sam watch her closely. Maybe the problem with Mallory so far was that he’d been too coy. Less coy might work better.

“So, tell me.” She walked over to him and held out the rock in her hand. “What is this?” She was several inches taller than him and probably outweighed him by twenty pounds. Sam was nothing like Bob. But, somehow, she felt electricity in the air. Her palms sweat. Her heartbeat upped its pace. She looked down at him and tried to slow her breathing. The image of this teenager’s penis had seared itself into her mind. She couldn’t get it out.

“Here. I’ll show you.” Sam closed the distance between them and reached out and put both hands on her hips. He pulled her in and pressed their bodies together. Her boobs crushed into his chest, just below his clavicle. “The secret is ...”

“Stop.” Mallory put her hands on his shoulders but couldn’t find the will to push him away. In her left hand, the rock’s pulsing quickened and surged warmth up her arm and into her body.

Sam craned his neck up and kissed her on the lips. Gently at first. He’d exchanged bodily fluids with women quite a bunch lately, but outside of his make-out sessions with Ashley, not a lot of kissing.

Mallory was non-responsive at first, but after a minute, her lips started to move. She let Sam nibble at her lower lip and then, without thinking, darted her tongue into his mouth. She bent down a little and let her arms encircle his shoulders. They kissed for several minutes.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhh.” Mallory broke the kiss, but stayed in Sam’s arms. “I can’t. I made a promise to Bob. My family. In front of God. I can’t do —” Sam pulled her into another kiss.

The faint sound of a door closing somewhere in the house carried into their little room. Mallory pulled away. “Bob. I have to go see if he needs anything. And I have work to do tonight. I’ve got a meeting tomorrow morning.” She felt the pressure of Sam’s hands pushing on her hips and she slowly sunk to her knees. “You have to leave, Sam.”

“I’ll go in just a minute.” Sam unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. “But first, it’s time for you to help me out a little.” He dropped his pants and kicked them away.

“Please.” Mallory looked up at Sam, her eyes pleading. “My husband.” She felt the rock fall from her left hand as she reached up to pull down his briefs. He was right, she needed to help him. Her fingernails dug into the white fabric and she pulled his underwear down his skinny, pale legs. “My, God.”

That purple head sprung into view as the cock obscenely dropped and swung in front of her. She’d never been with a man even close to this size. It now pointed right at her nose. Clear fluid leaked from the tip. Both her hands gingerly touched him, caressing her fingertips along the shaft.

“Wow, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam looked down at his father’s married boss, bewitched by his dick.

Mallory’s mouth hung open. Her eyes were wide. She moved her head slightly from side to side to get different sightlines on this goliath of a penis. “I can see why your mom is concerned about this. You must be one in a million. One in ten million. I just have to ... I need to ... taste ...” She bent her head forward

and stuck out her tongue. The precum was very salty, warm, and something else. Something she couldn't pin down. She wanted more.

"Keep going," Sam said.

Ten minutes later, she was sucking with abandon.

"Taste good?" Sam looked down at her pretty, freckled skin.

"Uuuuuggggghhhhhh," Mallory said with the head in her mouth. How long had Mallory's head been bobbing on this teenager's penis? Why had she tossed out her vows to Bob so suddenly, and dangerously? Her loving husband was down in the basement, just yards away, while she did this vile act.

"I'm almost there ... Mrs. Stevens." Sam had his right hand behind her head, guiding her movements. He hadn't done a lot of kissing, but he had gotten plenty of blowjobs recently. He knew what he was doing. "Where do you want me to ... uh ... cum?"

"MMmmmmmmooooooggghhhhhh." Spit dripped down Mallory's chin. Her mouth barely fit around the bulbous head. She needed to finish Sam off to end this.

"Okay." Sam pushed her head to speed up her movements. "Your mouth ... it ... is ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." He unloaded.

Blast after blast of hot, salty fluid poured down her throat. When Mallory was doing this for Bob, she swallowed without a problem. But with Sam, she was overwhelmed. She pulled off him and took more shots of cum on her face and hair. "I never ..." She should have been grossed out. Every aspect of this infidelity was disgusting. But, somehow, she loved it. She wanted to bathe in the stuff. Pure ecstasy flowed through her body. Eventually, the orgasm stopped and she sat back on her butt. "Sam, I ... I ..."

"You look so beautiful covered in cum, Mrs. Stevens." Sam picked up his briefs and pulled them on. "Thank you so much, I really needed that."

"Oh, my God. What have I done?" Mallory scrambled to her feet. "Bob." She looked around the room. "Bob can never know."

"Sure." Sam picked up his pants and pulled them on. He then picked up the rock and put it in his pocket.

"You have to go." She grabbed Sam's shoulder and pulled him to the door. She opened it and led him through the house at a half-jog. "No one can know," she whispered. Her head was on a swivel, looking for any signs that her husband had left his office downstairs.

It was so hot having this cum-covered older lady fret over her husband. Sam smiled. But it was somewhat of a buzz-kill getting shoved out the front door without much chance to enjoy the afterglow. "Don't worry, I won't—" Sam stopped when the door slammed in his face. Oh well. Sam found his bike, and walked it out to the sidewalk. He was still too hard to ride the thing home.

Maybe he'd cultivate some afterglow with Bex later. Or his neighbor. Or his mom. He mused about the women in his life as he slowly walked his bike home.

Chapter 9

Sam knocked softly on Bex's door. It was late, but he knew from the light creeping out from under the door that she was up.

"That you Sam?" Bex's muffled voice filtered out into the hall.

"Yeah." Sam bunched his toes in the carpet.

"You ... alone?"

"Yeah," Sam said.

"Come in."

Sam opened the door and slid into the room. He closed and locked the door behind him. His eyes took a second to adjust to the light.

Pussy. His sister's room smelled like pussy. "Are you?" Sam blinked.

"Yeah." Bex sat at her desk. Her pajama bottoms and panties around her ankles. Her right hand furiously moving between her legs. "I couldn't ... get ... the image of you with some girl ... or woman ..." Her eyes were wide and her pupils dilated. A thin sheen of sweat hung to her forehead. "Today ... when I heard you ... humping that chick." Her mouth hung slack as she looked over at Sam.

He wasn't expecting this. "You liked that?"

"Oh God, yeah. The slapping sound ... I could tell ... you were ... really ... uh ... uh ... giving it to her." With that, Bex's eyes rolled back. "Ooohhhh." She came in her chair, in front of Sam. Her slender shoulders trembled and her blonde hair tumbled back and forth.

"I thought you'd be mad at me." Sam stepped into the room. He waited for Bex to recover.

After a minute, she looked back over at Sam. Her small breasts rising and falling as she struggled to get her breathing under control. "The thought of my little brother dominating some ... girl. Or better yet, some woman. That's so hot." Bex's right hand had slowed between her legs, but it still rhythmically rubbed her pussy. "Who was she?"

"I ..." Sam squirmed, reached down, and shifted his dick under his waist band. It was so hard it hurt. His balls had already dumped loads on and in his mom earlier that day. And a load in Mrs. Stevens pretty mouth. But his balls felt full and swollen. "I came in to say sorry for bothering you with that girl." Sam looked at Bex's monitor and noticed for the first time what she was watching. A little woman with brown hair was getting ravaged doggystyle by a large man. He held her hair and even though the volume was off, it was obvious she was in ecstasy. "You're watching porn?"

"Yeah, well ..." Bex glanced at the monitor. "It's some married slut getting destroyed. Closest I could get." Bex reached for her mouse with her left hand and paused the video. "You came here to apologize? That's sweet, I guess." She looked back at Sam. "But you need to be more ... um ..." Bex stood up and

kicked away her panties and bottoms. "... confident. I'll teach you." She pulled off her top and dropped it on the floor.

"Okay," Sam said.

Ten minutes later, Bex lay on her stomach, face down on her fluffy blanket. "Now, tell me ... uh ... uh ... I'm your slut, Sam."

"You're my ..." Sam plowed into her pussy, smashing her ass cheeks with every stroke. Her poor little pussy was stretched to its max, gripping tightly at his dick. "You're my slut."

"Yes." Bex gripped the blanket with white-knuckled fingers. "You own ... my pussy."

"I own your pussy." Sam slapped at her right butt cheek. It gave a quick little wobble. So different from Joyce's soft ass. "You're my bitch now."

"Uh ... uh ... uh ..." Bex looked over her shoulder back at him, her jaw in a tight grimace. "Whoa, no ... b-word ... dude." The small muscles in her back flexed each time Sam bottomed out.

"Sorry." Sam's face flushed with embracement, but he kept hammering his dick into his sister. He couldn't stop.

"Don't apologize ... dummy." She still looked back at him, her blue eyes twinkled. "You've got me. Now ... take me."

"Tell me ... ah ... ah ... ah." Sam held himself up with his hands just above her waist.

"What?" Bex dropped her face back down to the blanket and closed her eyes.

"Tell me ... you're my bitch." Sam pulled on her hips and moved her onto her hands and knees. She was so light and easy to move around. He pulled her knees together to get her pussy to the right height.

"Oooohhhhhh. I'm your bitch, Sam."

"Bark like a bitch." He pulled her hips back and slammed into her. "Bark for me." Bex was right, this was fun. He'd probably known it all along, which is why he'd started the barking thing with Joyce. Or maybe the rock had known it.

"Yip, yip ... yip, yip," Bex said. She was at his mercy. She'd never been this wet before.

"No ... ah ... ah ... ah ..." Sam sped up his pace. He was going to explode soon. "Like a real ... dog."

"Oh my God. Oooohhhhhh. What are you ... doing to me?" Bex shook. She could feel her brother's balls slapping at her clit. "Ruff, ruff ... ruffffffff. Oooooohhhhhhhh. So, biggggggg." Her pussy spasmed and she came all over that amazing dick.

"Yes. Aaaaahhhhhhhh." Sam couldn't hold back, he emptied inside her, moving her hips in jerking motions to squeeze out all that cum. After he was done, he pulled her off and dropped her on the bed. She rolled onto her side.

"I want to see you do it to someone." Bex still had her eyes closed. Her little nipples were dark on her alabaster skin.

“What?” Sam fell down next to her and lay on his back. His dick stood straight up and pulsed.

“I need to see you dominate a woman, Sam. That would be so hot.”

“Maybe.” Sam reached over and grabbed her left tit. It was a solid handful. He gently squeezed.

“Please?” Bex rubbed her legs together. Cum leaked out of her pussy.

“We’ll see,” Sam said. “Probably.”

“Thanks, little brother.” Bex tucked her hand under her head and quickly fell asleep.

Sam lay there for a while, listening to her sweet little snores. Eventually, he got up, collected his clothes, and made his way to his own bed. He hoped they hadn’t been too loud.

~~

The next morning, the kitchen bustled before school. Paul sat at the table, happily eating his cereal. Sam and Bex sat next to each other, joking and giggling. Joyce tried to remember an expression. She got it; thick as thieves. Joyce watched them from her spot by the sink. Her hands firmly pressed into her hips. Paul was right, she should be happy they’d been getting along so well. But something about it made Joyce uneasy. Her motherly spidey-sense tingled.

“Did you hear me, Joyce?” Paul said.

“I’m sorry, what dear?” Joyce looked over and smiled at her husband.

“What time will you be at the company party on Friday?” Paul frowned at his wife. He was making real progress with Mallory and her husband Bob. He needed to keep the momentum going, and getting Joyce in Mallory’s ear on Friday would really help. That promotion was right around the corner. He could feel it.

“I’ll be there at five-thirty. And I’ll bring the children.” Joyce glanced at Sam and Bex, leaning together conspiratorially.

“It’s okay, Mom,” Bex smiled at her mother. Her eyes so full of earnest innocence. “I’ll just go directly from school.”

Joyce looked over at Sam.

“I’ll need a ride.” Sam shrugged.

Paul ruffled his son’s hair. “Get her there on time, sport.”

“Sure thing, Dad.” Sam pushed his dad’s hand away from his hair.

“Okay, everybody’s late. Get moving.” Joyce waved her hands to get them out of her kitchen.

When they were gone and out the door, Joyce cleaned up after them. Paul's cereal bowl still sat on the table. Why couldn't he clean up after himself? She moved over to the table, removed the bowl, and wiped up some spilled milk from the glossy wood top.

~~

A few hours later, Lakshmi pushed Joyce up onto her kitchen table in the same spot where Paul had been munching breakfast.

"No, Lakshmi. Not today..." Joyce tried to push her friend off and straighten her dress. "I've got to clean the—" Joyce was cut off as Lakshmi put her dark little hand over Joyce's mouth.

"Sssshhhhhh." Lakshmi stepped back and pulled off her own sweater. She wore a white bra underneath. She reached behind her, unclasped the bra, and with a wiggle of her shoulders dropped it to the linoleum floor. She still had on her jeans and socks. "We both need this." Lakshmi stepped back up to the table, spread Joyce's legs, and pressed herself against Joyce. Lakshmi reached up and brought her friend's face down to hers. They kissed.

"Mmmmmmm," Joyce said. She closed her eyes. Her breasts, still inside bra and dress, sat just on top of Lakshmi's bare ones. So much flesh nestled together. It was really somewhat cozy. Joyce let her tongue move freely. Paul was so stupid, to leave his wife unprotected at home like she was. Hours ago, he sat with his dumb smile at this very table, thinking his office meeting was the most important thing happening. Joyce moaned as Lakshmi reached up and kneaded her breasts. The most important thing happening was the slow, steady fall of his wife from upstanding mother and wife, to ... this.

Lakshmi broke the kiss and looked up at Joyce. "All these years. I can't believe we never did this before." She roughly pulled down Joyce's dress and bra. Out flopped Joyce's big boobs. "And my God, look at these tits. So perfect." She lowered her brown lips to the milky expanse and kissed along those meandering blue veins. The way her little brown hands contrasted with Joyce's large white boobs caused Lakshmi's pussy to leak even more. "I don't care what you say, I have to. I just have to." She lowered herself further, lifted Joyce's dress, and stuck her head underneath. The smell of excited pussy filled her nostrils.

"That's too far. Not ..." Joyce watched her friend's head move under her dress. She felt her wet panties get pulled to the side. "Oooooohhhhhhhh." Lakshmi's soft warm tongue reached out and slid up Joyce's vaginal lips. Paul had never done this for her. "Not in the ... oooooohhhh ... kitchen. We should ..." Joyce looked down at her breasts as they heaved up and down. "... go upstairs."

Lakshmi licked up and down her friend's pussy. She wriggled her tongue inside. She couldn't see Joyce with the dress between them, but she could imagine what her sweet, innocent face looked like, contorted in ecstasy. "You ... uuuggghhhmmmm ... taste ... mmmmm ... good." She stuck a finger into Joyce's pussy and pistoned it in and out. She could feel slight ridges inside the vagina. Everything was so warm, and moist, and full of life. And so new to both of them.

"I'm going to have an ... oh my goodness." Joyce leaned her head back. On the table under her, right where Paul spilled his stupid milk that morning, her own juices were splashing that glossy wood surface. "I'm ..." Joyce curled her toes. Her legs shook. "Oooooohhhhhhhh."

A gush of pussy juice rushed out of Joyce's pussy. Lakshmi did her best to lick it up.

"Awesome." Sam's voice filled the room.

Lakshmi couldn't see him from under Joyce's dress, but she knew that voice. How long had they been going? She started to pull off her friend's pussy, but Joyce's hands firmly pressed into the back of her head and pulled her lips back. Lakshmi licked and sucked on Joyce's cute little clit. She still couldn't see anything, but she didn't care.

"Sam, I didn't mean for you to find ... oooooohhhh ... find us," Joyce said.

"It's cool, Mom."

"You shouldn't ... we shouldn't ... uuuuggghhhhhh," Joyce said.

Lakshmi had to see what was happening. From under the dress, it seemed like Joyce was trying to speak, but all that came out were gurgling sounds. She leaned back, uncovered her head, and looked up. Her eyes went round as saucers. It was one thing for Joyce to watch her son fuck the neighbor. But this? Giving her own child a blowjob? "Joyce. He's your son."

Joyce leaned to her side, her breasts hanging ponderously to the left. She had her pretty red lips wrapped around the head of her son's enormous cock. "Uuuuugghhhh ugghhh." Joyce said.

Sam looked down at Lakshmi's adorable face. She had pussy juice dripping off her nose, mouth, and chin. "You look pretty surprised," he said. Sam had one hand cradled behind his mom's head, helping her bob on his dick. "Congrats on seducing my mom. But I beat you to it."

"You can't." To her shame, watching this taboo act, Lakshmi felt a new heat between her legs. "She's your mother."

"I know, isn't it great?" Sam gripped Joyce's curly hair and pulled her off his dick. "Let's go upstairs, I'll show you what else she can do."

Joyce looked down at Lakshmi with pleading eyes. "I couldn't help it. I tried to stop him." Joyce looked so lost with her boobs hanging out and saliva dripping down her chin. She hopped down off the table. Sam gave her butt a firm smack and she hustled for the stairs, her right arm cradling her exposed boobs.

Sam and Lakshmi watched her disappear upstairs. He reached a hand down to her and helped her off her knees. "You can't do this, Sam." Lakshmi hung her head and looked down. Her round boobs hung in front of her, out in the open. Like Joyce, she covered them with her arm.

"I own your pussy now, Mrs. Singh. Same with Mom." Sam's dick stood out straight, defying gravity. It bounced with his pulse.

"She's your mother." Lakshmi stared at that monster. Her pussy was ablaze. Did she actually like the thought of Sam claiming his own mother?

"That's the beauty of it. And she's mine. You're mine. Now, if you don't mind, let's move." He slapped her on the butt and got her moving toward the stairs. It worked, she dutifully trotted off after Joyce. Bex was a genius with her confidence lessons.

Twenty minutes later, Sam had Joyce naked, legs spread, on his bed, while he slammed into her pussy. She moaned and squealed as her son gave it to her. Lakshmi sat on Sam's chair, still topless, watching that monster tear Joyce up. How did that thing fit inside her? Lakshmi leaned forward, entranced. It was just so big. Joyce's feet flopped up in the air. Her toes curled as she had orgasm after orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum, Mom." Sam's skinny body trembled.

"Not ... inside ... again." Joyce was completely helpless. She spread her legs further for him.

"Again?" Did Lakshmi hear that right? Joyce had completely lost it if she was letting her son dump loads inside her. Then again, Lakshmi had done the same. Maybe they'd all lost it. She watched Sam's impossibly long strokes. It was a remarkable sight. Such a mighty tool, for such a little brat.

"Take it," Sam said. "Aaaaahhhhhhhhh."

Lakshmi could actually see his balls contract as he unloaded in his mom's vagina. Joyce's pussy overflowed and cum immediately leaked out.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... Saaaaammmmmmyyyyyyy." Joyce dug her fingernails into his back.

Lakshmi could see the sparkle of Joyce's wedding ring. How could they do this to their husbands? This was beyond crazy. She thought about poor Raj. Lakshmi was pretty sure he'd never even considered that she'd cheat on him, let alone that she'd give it up to a teenager.

Sam's motions slowed in a series of jerks, and then stopped. He rolled off his mom onto his back. They lay side by side. Both covered in cum and sweat. "Come here, Mrs. Singh."

"Really?" Lakshmi stood and pulled down her jeans. She wiggled out of her panties. "You want me to ride it?" The veins on his dick looked even more engorged. The flared head was the deepest, darkest purple.

"Yeah." Sam nodded and smiled his dopey grin.

"Your dick was just inside Joyce. Your mom." She'd done this so many times with Sam, but everything felt foreign, foggy, and strange.

"Yep." Sam nodded.

"Are you on the pill, Joyce?"

Without looking up, Joyce shook her head from side to side. She had her left arm draped across her face, hiding her eyes.

"Oh my God." Lakshmi walked over to the bed. Shock. She was in shock from what she'd just witnessed. Right in front of her. "You'll get pregnant." Lakshmi's pussy was soaking wet. Good Lord, they both might get pregnant. Lakshmi had been pretending that letting the boy cum in her wasn't that big a deal since she'd timed her cycle. But who was she kidding? She climbed onto the bed and straddled Sam.

With the ease of practice, she lowered herself onto his cock. Despite his size, it slipped right in.
“Uuuuuhhhhh ... So deep.”

“Don’t get any ideas about Arjun, Mrs. Singh.” Sam lightly slapped at her left boob and watched it shake.
“Just because I’m doing my mom doesn’t mean he gets to.”

“I’d never ...” Lakshmi undulated her hips, grinding that cock deep inside. “... I’d never do it with my ...
aaaahhhhhh ... son.” She spasmed, already cumming for Sam. Lights danced in front of her eyes and her
hands flopped in the air, looking for purchase where there was none.

“You’re my girlfriend, not his.” Sam placed his hands on her brown hips and forced her into a bouncing
motion.

Her orgasm over, Lakshmi got the hint. She planted her feet next to Sam’s hips, placed her hands on his
chest, and bounced on his dick in earnest. “My ... husband?” Her voice pitched itself low, tortured with
lust. She barely recognized her own words.

“Nah.” Sam loved this. She was asking him if she could still have sex with Mr. Singh. Awesome. “You can
still ... do it with him. Is he as big as me?”

Lakshmi closed her eyes and shook her head. Strands of her black hair fell across her contorted face.

“He’s got a little dick?” Sam dug his fingers into her hips. Bex was right, this was fun. Even more fun than
the barking.

“Just ... not as big as you.”

“Sammy, don’t torture her.” Joyce looked over at them. Her boobs slowly rocked on her chest from all
the activity next her. She reached down to her vagina and felt a flood of sperm flowing out. She wanted
more. Sam had broken her.

“She likes it, Mom.” Sam turned his head and nodded earnestly to Joyce. He then looked back up at
Lakshmi. “You used to think he was big ... uh ... until you met me?”

“Oh, God.” Lakshmi nodded.

“But now you barely feel his little ... uh ... uh ... uh ... dick?” Sam was about to cum. “And now you’re my
slut?”

“Yes.” Lakshmi bounced at a frantic pace. “Again ... ooooohhhhhh ... Sam, you’re going to make me cum
again.” She came as he unloaded another huge load deep in her unprotected pussy.

Sam enjoyed the two women for another hour. After that they cleaned up and went about their normal
weekday evening routine, pretending to their respective families that nothing was amiss.

~~

The week passed wonderfully for Sam. He banged his mom and Lakshmi after school every day. He got Lakshmi to eat Joyce out while taking it doggystyle. That was hot. But he couldn't get Joyce to do the same. She still had some limits.

How many potent loads had he dumped in their pussies? He lost count. Whatever it was, he was pretty sure they'd taken more cum that week than they had in their whole lives before the stone.

Sam hadn't forgotten about Mallory, but it seemed she'd done her best to forget about him. He didn't hear anything from her all week. He thought she'd at least want to hold the stone again. Sam couldn't very well just drop in at her house some week night and say hi. Bob would wonder what the hell was going on. So, he put her on the back burner. The next move with her would have to wait for the company party on Friday.

~~

Friday morning arrived and Sam slept past his alarm. At seven-thirty, Joyce walked into his room to wake him. She wore a nice blue dress and she was humming to herself. She had planned on a productive day. She'd gotten Lakshmi to promise she wouldn't come over until Monday. That meant Joyce could clean the house and see to some other chores she'd been putting off.

"Earth to Sammy, Earth to Sammy." Joyce left his door wide open, so he wouldn't get any evil thoughts in his head, and strode toward the window. She'd really need to air out the house later, she could still smell the robust aroma of Sam's cum lingering in the air. She pulled back his curtain and let in the bright, white morning sun. "Rise and shine."

"What time is it?" Sam rolled over onto his back.

Through the covers, Joyce could see his enormous morning wood. She wondered if Paul had noticed the package his son carried around. Sam had so many erections, it was hard to miss. Heck, it was hard to miss even when soft. If Paul had noticed, he hadn't mentioned anything to Joyce. Not that he would. "It's half-past-seven, time to get up." Her son's penis tempted her, as it tented his covers, but Joyce was sure she could resist. Today was going to be a productive day. Also, Paul and Bex were downstairs. Joyce felt her vagina moisten, nonetheless.

"Shit." Sam opened his eyes and looked up at his lovely mother. Her modest dress couldn't hide the swelling roundness of her boobs, or the flare of her hips. "I overslept? Help me up."

Joyce stepped toward the bed. She bent down to brush his matted, brown hair from his forehead. Sam pulled the covers aside. He'd slept naked, and his throbbing monster stood out in the open, leaking some clear liquid.

"No, Sammy. Absolutely not. Your father and sister are eating breakfast downstairs." Even without touching the bed, Joyce could feel the heat of the rock rising up from under the mattress and flowing through her. "I'm taking a break from all that stuff today."

"Come on, Mom. I'll be quick." Sam reached up, gently captured her left hand and guided it to his dick.

“Sammy ...” Joyce watched her fingers try to encircle that veiny shaft. They couldn’t quite get all the way around. She squeezed and felt her son’s spongy flesh press back at her. She dropped to her knees, next to the bed.

“Aaaaahhhhh. That feels good, Mom.” Sam leaned his head back on the pillow.

“The door ...” Joyce looked back at the open door behind her. Such optimism, leaving it open like that. So foolish in retrospect. “We can’t —” Sam’s left hand found the back of her head and guided her pretty mouth down onto his penis.

And there she was. Sucking her son’s penis like it was part of her morning chores. While the rest of the family enjoyed her pancakes, Sam enjoyed her warm mouth. Joyce moved both hands up and down his penis while she sucked and licked for all she was worth. She needed to get the sperm out of him before someone wandered upstairs.

“Oh, Mom.” Sam kept his hand behind her head, fingers entwined in her curly hair.

“Joyce?” Paul called up from downstairs. “Joyce? Do you know where my green tie is?” And then there was the sound of feet on the stairs.

Joyce pulled her mouth off Sam. Her eyes were wide and her cheeks white. She threw the blanket back over Sam, but that wouldn’t do because his penis was comically visible as a tent pole. “Turn sideways, Sammy,” she whispered. “Before he sees you.” Joyce stood, wiped her mouth with the back of her right hand, and smoothed out her dress.

“There you are.” Paul stopped in the hall outside Sam’s room. “What’re you doing?”

“Sam overslept. I’m just waking him up.” Joyce looked down at Sam. Mercifully, he’d rolled onto his side and hidden his monster erection.

“Oh.” Paul looked back and forth between Joyce and Sam. “Well, have you seen my green tie?”

“Yes, dear. I’ll show you.” Joyce walked toward her husband.

“Um.” Paul pointed to his chin. “You have a little toothpaste or something on your chin.”

“Thank you, Paul.” Joyce wiped her chin with the sleeve of her dress. Very unladylike. But then again, not as bad as what she’d been doing a minute before. “How silly of me.” Joyce stepped past Paul and headed for their room.

“Don’t forget to be at the party at five-thirty, sport.” Paul looked into the room where his son still lay in bed. “And don’t be late for school.”

“Right, Dad.” Sam made no effort to get up.

“Great.” Paul followed his wife toward the missing green tie.

~~

When Sam got home Friday afternoon, he was disappointed to find that Lakshmi wasn't there. Even worse, his mom was out too. She'd left a note that she was running errands and that she'd be home around four-thirty. That wouldn't give them much time before they had to leave for Paul's office party.

He went to his room and wasted some time on video games. He thought about fapping, but maybe it'd be better if he went to the office party with a full nutsack.

A little after four-thirty, he heard his mom coming up the stairs.

"Mom, can you come in here?" Sam reconsidered his earlier decision. Maybe he didn't need a full nutsack after all. He paused his game and caught a glimpse of his mom as she moved past his room down the hall.

"I can't right now, sweetie. I have to get dressed for the party," Joyce called back to him. He then heard the thump of her bedroom door.

"Oh, well," Sam said to himself. He started the game back up.

Thirty minutes later, Sam got bored. He turned off the game, got up, and walked out into the hall. He walked to his parents' room and slowly opened the door. Joyce was in front of the full-length mirror, turning from side to side. "What do you think of this dress, Sammy?" She wore a beautiful black, sparkly dress. The hem stopped at the knee and up above the cut was somewhat generous with her cleavage. She'd applied some makeup, the faintest hint of lipstick, and she'd straightened her hair.

"You look beautiful, Mom." Sam stepped into the room.

"Thank you, honey." Joyce turned to look at him and blushed. "You need to wear something other than that t-shirt. This is a fancy party."

Sam pulled off his shirt, showing off his skinny chest. "What about my jeans?"

Joyce eyed him cautiously. "Yes, you'll need to put on some nicer pants."

"Okay." Sam unbuttoned and dropped his jeans around his ankles. He kicked them away. "I probably shouldn't wear briefs either. You think Dad would mind if I borrowed a pair of his boxers?" Sam pulled off his briefs and his dick sprung out before him, hard and straight. He stood only in his socks.

"Um, sweetie ..." Joyce's gaze ran up and down her little man. "Go get ready. We need to leave in ten minutes."

"What about the socks, Mom?" Sam walked toward her across the carpet, his dick swaying back and forth. "Can I wear these socks?"

"They're fine." Joyce could feel her vagina leaking. What was her eighteen-year-old son doing to her?

"You look so pretty like that, Mom." Sam playfully smacked her right butt cheek. It jiggled a little, but the dress was tight enough to restrain it some.

"Now, Sammy." Joyce's breathing quickened.

"We've never done it in your bed." Sam reached for her left hand, grabbed it, and pulled her toward the king-sized bed Joyce shared with Paul.

"You need to get ready." She tried to put some steel in her voice, but they both knew she was defeated before it had even begun.

Sam led her to the bed and gave her a little push. Joyce fell onto her hands and knees. She hung her head. Sam lifted the hem of her dress up over her butt and rested it on her lower back. He pulled her panties down to her knees. She felt the bed move as he got up behind her.

"Don't get anything on my dress." Joyce bit her lip as she felt the head of his penis rub up against her vagina lips.

"I won't." Sam lined himself up and slid in. "You're my girl, Mom." His hips moved and he began to pound her.

"Uh ... uh ... uh ... yes ... sweetie." Joyce felt the waves of her first orgasm start to wash over her. "I'm ... I'm ..." She shook all over.

"You're my bitch, Mom." Sam held her hips firmly and pulled her back onto his dick again and again.

Joyce shook her head, but said nothing.

"You're my bitch." Sam slapped at her ass with his right hand.

Joyce let out a little shriek of surprise.

"My bitch." Sam slapped at her ass again. His hand left a red imprint on her white skin.

"Ruff, ruff, ruff," Joyce said.

It wasn't what Sam was going for, but he'd take it. "Nice." He reached up with his right hand and took a handful of her brown hair and pulled her head up so that she was looking forward, toward the upholstered headboard. "I love you so much, Mom."

Twenty minutes later, Sam still pounded Joyce from behind. He'd let go of her hair, and she'd hung her head, watching her boobs dance under her, tucked as they were inside her party dress. Joyce moaned and whined and squealed.

The phone rang on the bedside table.

Joyce's head snapped up. "My ... uh ... goodness. What ... time is it?"

"Almost ... there ... Mom." Sam kept pounding away at her pussy, watching her butt ripple and shake.

"It's ..." Joyce tried to focus on the clock by her bed. "It's five-forty-five. We're ... oooooohhhhhh ... late." Sam was hitting somewhere deep inside her and it was sending sparks through her nervous system.

The phone stopped ringing.

Sam kept pounding.

The phone rang again.

After a while, it stopped ringing.

“We’re late ... uh ... uh ... uh ...” Joyce reached for her phone. She grabbed it and brought it in front of her. She propped herself on her elbows, while Sam plowed away behind her. She managed to open her messaging app.

“Dad’s wondering ... aaahhhh ... where we are? He doesn’t ... uh ... uh ... uh ... know I’m about ... to bust in your pussy. Text him that,” Sam said.

Joyce ignored Sam. She texted Paul, *traffic, we’re coming*, and sent it. She immediately regretted the double entendre and tossed the phone to the side. It beeped at her as Paul texted something back. Probably something worried, or thoughtful, as his son nailed her. She was such a bad wife. And he was such a dumb husband for leaving her alone with their animal of a son.

“Take ... my ... cum.” Sam mauled her pussy.

“Sammy ... you’re going to make me ... again ...” Joyce trembled and her vagina convulsed around her son’s penis. The bed shook and banged against the wall like never before.

Sam held her hips firmly and pulled her back for several final thrusts. “Take it ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Sam unloaded deep inside his mother.

~~

When all was said and done, Joyce and Sam were about an hour late for the company party. Sam did look smart in a nice button up shirt and slacks, but Joyce shuddered as she watched her son politely shake someone’s hand. Here she was playing the role of the faithful, dutiful wife at her husband’s party, while Sam’s little swimmers made their way deep inside her. Maybe they’d find her egg at that very moment. She shivered.

“Cold, honey?” Paul walked up behind her and put his sportscoat around her shoulders.

“Thank you, dear.” Joyce smiled at him. After her copulation with Sam, she’d had to touch up her makeup and fix her hair. Then they’d raced over here in the minivan. Thank goodness there wasn’t any traffic.

“Sounds like you hit pretty bad traffic.” Paul rubbed her back. “Well, I’m glad you’re here. Tonight’s a big night for me.” He waggled his eyebrows at her.

“Yes.” Joyce thought they might very well need the money from Paul’s would-be promotion if Sam managed to plant a new baby in her womb.

Sam watched his parents carefully. Everything was cool. “I’m going to go mingle.” Bex was somewhere in the party, but he wasn’t looking for her.

“Behave yourself, sport,” Paul said.

“I always do, Dad.” Sam gave him a thumbs up and wandered off.

~~

Mallory hid in her office like a little girl. She knew Sam would be there tonight, and she couldn't face him. Especially while Bob was there. She kept telling herself these things happen. But it was hard to put it behind her. So, she'd told Bob she had a little work to do, and that he should go have fun. He was out there, somewhere, shaking hands and telling jokes. While she hid in her office.

One of her coworkers popped his head in her door. "You coming to the party?"

"A few more minutes." Mallory smiled at the man from her desk. She typed on her keyboard, trying to look busy. "I just have to get this proposal out."

"Okay, see you out there." The man left.

Mallory stared at her monitor and let her mind wander. She reached up and fiddled with the little silver cross hanging around her neck, praying that it would give her the strength she'd need. That teenager had such a way about him. And such a monstrous penis. What would she do when she saw him again?

The sound of her office door closing and locking brought her out of her reverie. She looked up expecting to see Bob.

"Hello." Sam stood just inside the door. A goofy grin on his face.

"I ... I ... I ..." Mallory tried to compose herself. The room suddenly felt hot.

"Don't get up." Sam walked toward her desk. "You look so cute working away. And I like being taller than you. If only for a minute."

"You can't be in here." Mallory looked around the room but found nothing to save her.

"I'm sure it's okay." Sam stepped around the desk. "Oh, pretty dress. You look really nice, Mrs. Stevens."

"Don't call me that." Mallory leaned back in her chair, instinctively moving away from his approach.

"Mallory?" Sam cocked his head.

"Don't call me that either." Mallory's eyes widened. "Just don't talk to me."

"Okay." Sam's fingers undid the button on his pants. He lowered them, along with the borrowed pair of boxers he had on. "No talking is fine."

The penis was only inches from Mallory's face. A rich, bountiful smell wafted over to her. She recognized it from the time he'd visited her house and covered her in cum. "Oh, no." Her knees trembled. She leaned forward in her seat and gave the purple cockhead a quick lick. She didn't have the strength after all.

Ten minutes later, her head bobbed slowly on his cock. Sam had a hand behind her red hair, keeping up her pace. Her office was filled with slurping and gurgling sounds. She never thought she'd see the day.

"I'm gonna ... cum, Mrs. Stevens." Sam looked down at her smooth skin, covered in pretty little freckles.

Mallory pulled off of him with a gasp. "No, I can't possibly swallow it." She tried to catch her breath. "It'll get everywhere. Everyone will know."

"I hadn't thought of that." He really hadn't. Sam didn't want them found out. But he was so close. "Okay. I have an idea." With some effort, he lifted her out of the chair and sat her on the edge of her desk. He roughly spread her legs, riding her dress up to her hips. He pulled her panties to the side. "It's the only way," he said. "No one will know if I cum in your pussy."

"You can't." Mallory was jelly in his arms. She could have overpowered him. She should have overpowered him. But instead she watched dumbly as he shoved his huge penis inside her pussy. "Oh," was all she said as he entered her.

"Almost ... ah ... there." Sam slammed into her with long strokes. He placed his hands under her thighs and lifted her legs slightly for better access.

Even though she was wet, her pussy strained mightily against the invading monster. There was a brief flash of pain and then pleasure surged through her. "You're ... stretching ... me ... out." This was a new feeling. Sex with Bob was good, but this was something else. "Please ... don't ... do ... this ... ooooohhhhhhhh." And out of the blue an orgasm flooded through her. Who was she kidding? She needed this teenager's cum. Why had she been avoiding him? Nothing she had ever felt compared to that first orgasm on his young cock. She flung her arms around his scrawny shoulders.

Watching her spasm on his dick was too much for Sam. He let out spurt after spurt deep inside her. He hadn't saved all the day's cum for Mallory, but the second load was usually pretty close to the first.

Afterwards, Sam pulled out with a plop and pulled up his pants. "Wow, thanks Mrs. Stevens. I needed that."

Mallory watched him tuck that grotesque, amazing penis away. She shakily scooted herself off the desk and onto her feet. She pulled her panties into position and wiggled her dress back into place. "Not a word of this to anyone." She needed to go to bathroom and get something to line her panties. She remembered how much cum this teenager had. Then she needed to find her husband and do something nice for him. This was a freak thing and she was still a good wife. She counted days back to her last period. She was good. She was safe. She fingered the cross around her neck and thanked God for the timing.

"I won't say anything." Except to Bex. And his mom. And he'd probably brag to Lakshmi too. Sam smacked her butt firmly, like he'd seen Bob do at their house.

Mallory squeaked when she felt his hand on her butt. This kid was treating her like his girlfriend. "I'll leave first. You wait five minutes before you leave. Got it?"

Sam smiled up at her. "Got it, boss."

She turned and without so much as looking back, snuck out of the office and down the hall to the bathroom.

Sam sat down at her desk and looked at her monitor. Maybe she had minesweeper or something.

~~

Chapter 10

Mallory Stevens lay in her nice, king-sized bed, naked under the sheets. Next to her, her husband snored softly. They had made love earlier that night and Mallory was in shock. For the first time since she'd met him, it'd been unsatisfying. They'd always had a robust sex life, but tonight, while her husband moved fervently inside her, she'd felt something different. Emptiness. Bob sported a good six inches, but he'd felt like almost nothing. Had her vagina been stretched beyond repair by that teenager? Sam had roughly taken her at the office, and the feelings she felt with that scrawny eighteen-year-old boy deep inside her belly had eclipsed anything she'd felt with Bob or anyone else. But Mallory had expected things to return to normal. They hadn't.

"Bob?" Mallory whispered.

Her husband snored on.

What was happening to her?

Assured that her husband slept soundly, Mallory's left hand snaked down between her legs. She was wet. Her fingers stroked along her vaginal lips, feeling the soft little hairs. With a grunt, she shoved two fingers inside. For several minutes, she frigged herself.

It wasn't working.

Mallory snuck out of bed and tiptoed through her darkened house. In the refrigerator downstairs, rested a large cucumber that Bob had picked up at the grocery store earlier that day. Mallory needed it. She needed something to fill the empty void inside her vagina.

Stairs creaked as she moved toward the kitchen. She thought of Bob, innocently buying something for their salad. She imagined the clerk at the store ringing it up. She thought of herself unpacking the groceries. Everyone that had handled that once-virtuous vegetable had no idea that it would soon be buried deep inside Mallory's vagina.

With a flood of light, Mallory opened the fridge. She found the substitute penis. Maybe it wasn't quite as big as that teenage penis, but it would have to do. She fished it out of the bin and hurried toward the bathroom. In her rush, she left the refrigerator door hanging open behind her.

If this satisfied her itch, she might be able to get Sam out of her mind.

~~

Several weeks passed for Sam. He raced home after school every weekday so that he could soak his mom and Mrs. Singh in cum. Sam was particularly pleased he'd been able to get them to do stuff

together. Watching his mom's head thrash as their petite married neighbor lapped at her pussy was an amazing high. Not long ago, Joyce would never have conceived of such an act, but now she thrust her hips, driving her pussy into Lakshmi's eager mouth. It was the same brazen lust that she showed for her son's dick. A spectacular sight.

During that time, Mallory Stevens kept herself at a long distance. Sam was sure she'd come to him on her own. But she didn't. Sam even stopped by his dad's work, but Mallory hid well enough that Sam couldn't find her.

Sam spent the odd night with Bex, learning more about sex. He particularly liked the idea of scissoring. Something about holding on to that one leg gave him terrific leverage to ram his dick home. Bex was a fan because it allowed her to rub her clit on his top leg. When he tried it with Joyce, she went wild.

Of course, Bex kept pestering him about letting her watch him defile an older woman.

Eventually, on a Wednesday night in the early autumn, Sam gave in to his sister's requests and put a plan in motion.

~~

"In the closet?" Bex eyed Sam's closet with a long, dubious look. She could see no bare carpet through the mass of dirty clothes on the floor. It smelled ripe. She was sure some of his cum-soaked towels lay hidden in there.

Disgust. She should have felt disgust. This was her gross little brother, after all. That's not, however, how her body responded. She pressed her pajama clad legs together as her pussy started leaking in her panties.

"What's wrong?" Sam cocked his head at her.

"It's just ..." Bex took a long breath in and then slowly let it out. Her narrow shoulders relaxed a bit.

"Isn't it a bit cliched."

"You're the one that wanted this." Sam squirmed in his sweat pants. He hard dick was tucked under the elastic band of his pants, but the band wasn't quite strong enough to hold it in place. "Get in and leave the door open a crack. I promise you'll get a show."

"Fine." Bex pouted her lips at Sam and stepped into the closet. Her panties were now soaked through and it was only a matter of time until a stain started to spread on the front of her flannel pajama pants. She closed the door almost all the way. "And Sam?"

"Yeah?" Sam looked in at her. The only light came in from the waning moon outside his window. He could just barely make out the smooth curve of her cheek and her round blue eye peeking out.

"Thanks for doing this." Bex's right hand absentmindedly made its way toward her pussy. "This is going to be so hot."

"We'll see how you like it." Sam turned and headed for his bedroom door. "I'll go get her. Wait here and be quiet."

"Okay," Bex squeaked. Her hand had found her pussy. God this was hot. She couldn't wait to see Sam destroy their married neighbor.

About five minutes later she heard footsteps. Bex bent down and picked up a random piece of clothing. She wiped the pussy juice from her right hand onto whatever it was and threw it back to the floor. There was some satisfaction in adding her own bodily fluids to the mess of the closet. She placed her hands up on the wall and leaned forward. She couldn't masturbate while this was happening. Some accidental noise might give her away.

Bex peered out into the soft silver-lit room. In walked Sam, followed by a feminine form. But something was wrong. This woman was taller than Sam. She had a full, well-rounded figure. Her white skin almost glowed in the murky room. Bex stared hard at the woman.

Shit, it was their mom. She'd somehow found out what Sam was up to. Bad news was about to go down. Bex held her breath as she waited for Joyce to let Sam have it for having sex under her roof. With her married friend, no less. But there was no yelling. Not even any stern chiding.

"I'm still really sleepy, Sammy." Joyce wore an old t-shirt and panties. She rubbed at her right eye with the back of her right hand.

"Please, Mom?" Sam shifted weight from foot to foot. "I know you don't like to do it with Dad home, but I've got a test tomorrow. And I can't sleep."

Bex scratched her head. What the hell was happening?

Joyce sighed and fell to her knees. The round lower curve of her ass caught the dim light perfectly as it emerged from her white panties. Bex gazed at her mother's voluptuous female form with some jealousy. What was Joyce doing?

With the quick, fluid movements of practiced hands, Joyce pulled down her son's pants and briefs. His dick sprung free.

Oh. Bex put her hand to her mouth. Oh no. The smell of her own fresh pussy lingered on her fingers.

"There now. We'll take care of this and I'm going back to bed." Joyce grabbed Sam's dick with both hands, lowered her mouth, and sucked in the mushroomed head.

Oh ... my ... God. Bex stared as her mom's brown hair bobbed quickly back and forth. She was cheating on Dad. With Sam. What a slut.

Slurping sounds filled the room.

"Oh, that's good, Mom. Thank you." Sam put his right hand on the back of Joyce's head. He looked over at the closet and smiled.

Five minutes later, Joyce had increased her pace. Her right hand massaged Sam's massive balls, cupping them, hefting them, and gently kneading them. Her left hand stroked up and down his shaft. Her wedding ring caught the moonlight and sparkled faintly.

Bex was torn by betrayal and lust. And at the moment, lust was winning. Her hand snaked its way inside her panties again and rubbed at her clit.

"Does Dad ... ah ... ah ... ah ... know you're ... such a slut?" Sam casually asked.

"Nnnnnggggghhhhhh." Joyce couldn't believe the way Sam talked to her nowadays. No one, not a single person, had ever dared talk to her like this. And she didn't stop him. She did nothing to stop Sam's filthy mouth. "Uuuuugggghhhhhh," she said as spit dripped down her dainty chin.

"I guess ... that's ... a ... no." Sam's fingers tightened in his mother's hair. "Take it, Mom. Ah ... ah ... aaaahhhhhhhh." He unloaded in her mouth.

Bex could clearly hear the gulping sounds as Joyce swallowed what Bex knew from experience was a massive amount of hot cum. Bex shook her head. Holy shit, her own mother was a cum guzzler. She was sucking down teenage cum like it was lemonade. With that thought, Bex quivered, her body tensed, and she had her own orgasm as quietly as she could.

"There now, better, sweetie?" Joyce licked some stray cum off the head of her son's penis and stood back up.

"Almost, Mom. I've got a little more left." He grabbed her hand and pulled her onto his bed.

"Oh ... Sammy ... again?" Joyce found herself spread eagle on the bed. Her shirt and panties were pulled off and thrown to the floor. "You can't keep doing it inside. It's just ... oooohhhhhhhh." Her vagina spread to accommodate him as Sam mounted her and shoved his penis home.

Bex watched from the closet with her mouth hanging wide open. This was next level. Her little brother's stark-white ass humped up and down in between their mother's legs. From her angle, Bex couldn't see much of Joyce. Just her legs up in the air, her toes point out straight. That, and Joyce's pussy. Between thrusts, she could see the hole Bex herself had come from straining to contain Sam's enormous girth.

Having cum, Bex's betrayed feelings came to the fore. How could they? How could they do this to their family?

The room filled with the sounds of Joyce's mewling and whimpering, slapping skin, and the occasional taunting comment by Sam. A response welled up inside Bex. She didn't know what it was going to be, but something was about to happen.

"How could you?" Bex burst out of the closet into the room. She moved toward the bed. "How could you two do this?"

"Rebekah!" Joyce looked up at her daughter. "I didn't mean to." Their mother's big breasts lurched up and down on her chest as Sam continued to plow away. Sweat trickled down her forehead. "He's just ... he needs it, Bex. Sammy needs me." Joyce lost focus with her eyes and put her head back onto Sam's bed.

"Stop fucking her you little shit." Bex swatted at Sam's thin butt. "I said stop fucking her." Her hand came to rest on his ass and heat poured through her fingers, up her arm, and into her chest.

"I can't stop, Bex. It's ... ah ... too good." Sam looked over his shoulder at her, annoyed. "And keep it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... down. You're going to wake Dad."

The stone sent its energy all throughout Bex's small body. "Dad should be awake. He should see what you're doing behind his back." But then again, did he really? Bex looked down at her moaning mother. She hadn't seen Joyce's naked breasts in years. They were proud and beautiful, with full areola. They lurched again and again, changing directions with each thrust that her body absorbed.

"Mom ..." Bex found that her hand was now squeezing her brother's ass cheek. "You look really nice, Mom." The squelch of her mom's pussy was audible from this short distance as half her family mated on the bed next to Bex.

"This is what you ... wanted. To see me ... nail an older ... uh ... lady. Remember?" Sam's tempo increased. "It's hot ... right?"

It was hot. Sam had corrupted their sweet and innocent mother. How long had it been going on? Days? Weeks? Tonight, she'd spread her legs for him like it was nothing. "You've tamed her, haven't you?"

Sam grunted with the effort. Sweat dripped down his back in little rivulets. "Yeah. It's my ... uh ... pussy now, I just let Dad ... borrow it sometimes. Right ... Mom?"

"Oh goodness, Sammy." Joyce tossed her head side to side, her pretty curls obscuring her face. "Yes. It's ... true. Your father borrows my ... vagina from you. Oh ... no ... again ..." and with that she convulsed under him in a massive orgasm.

This was the hottest thing Bex had ever seen. The little twerp had conquered their mother. Bex reached her left hand under Sam's ass and cupped one of his balls. She wanted to feel him release. Was Joyce on birth control? Bex didn't think so. "Do it Sam. Cum in her." The rock's heat surged through her.

"Yeeesssssss." Sam dumped a torrent of cum in Joyce's unprotected pussy. He slammed into her with arrhythmic thrusts again, and again, and again, until he was done.

Bex felt the flood leave his balls in a series of contractions. She didn't know balls could do that. Good God, he really filled her up.

Sam laid his head down on his mom's right boob and sighed.

"You're a bad boy, Sammy." Joyce languidly stroked his hair with her left hand. Her boob rose and fell as she struggled to regain oxygen. "You keep doing that."

"Mom?" Bex straightened up and looked down at them. Joyce was so much bigger than Sam, not just in height. It looked like an awkward pairing. But maybe Sam's enormous cock served as the counterbalance.

"Oh, my. I'm so sorry, Rebekah." Joyce kept stroking Sam's hair as she looked up at Bex. "Are you mad at me, sweetie?"

Sam's hips started to move again. A very subtle rocking at first.

"Yes ... No I don't know." Bex crossed her arms, but she could still feel the rock's power moving through her.

"I'm ... sorry." Joyce's breathing picked back up again as Sam's thrusts moved faster.

“He’s going to fuck you again.” Bex dropped her pajama bottoms to the floor.

“I know, sweetie.” Joyce moved her hands down to Sam’s butt and held on tight. His cheeks flexed under her fingers with every thrust.

“You’re okay with this?” Bex dropped her soaked panties to carpet.

“It’s a mother’s ... job ... to ...” Joyce shut her eyes tight and trembled all over. She was cumming again.

“Sam?” Bex found that her hand was rubbing her pussy. She thought about removing her shirt, but her little boobs couldn’t compete with her mom’s magnificent ones. Maybe she’d grow breasts like that one day. “I need it, Sam. I really need it. You’ve perverted Mom. Do it to me it to me too. Make me your slut, Sam.” Bex crawled up on the bed next to them and positioned herself on all fours, her eyes just above those wonderful rocking tits. She arched her back and stuck her ass high in the air. “Take me, Sam.”

“No, Rebekah.” There was a potent mix of sorrow and desire in Joyce’s eyes as she looked up at her daughter. “Not you ... too.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Bex rubbed her legs together. “I can’t take it. It’s just too hot.”

“Okay.” Sam pulled out of Joyce with a plop. His dick swung side to side as he climbed behind his sister.

“Uuugghhhhh.” Bex wasn’t sure how that cock fit in her, but it always did. She was so wet, it snuck right in with a little slurping sound.

“Better?” Sam held on to her slim hips with both hands and found a steady rhythm.

“You’ve ... ah ... ah ... ah ... done it Sam.” Bex had so far found sex with her brother to be the best sex she’d ever had. It wasn’t really close. But what she experienced at that moment, was an order of magnitude hotter than anything that had come before it. “You’ve ... done it. You’ve conquered ... oohhhhhh ... our family.”

“He has. Oh my goodness, he has.” Joyce’s right hand made its way past the slight swell of her belly, between her legs, and onto the mess of her vagina. There was copious amounts of sperm leaking out. “Take your sister, Sammy.” Joyce’s fingers found her clit. Sparks of pleasure rushed through her.

“You still want Dad ... to wake up?” Sam watched Bex’s little butt shake. “He’s sleeping ... right down the hall. He ... should ... know ... what ... happens ... under ... his ... roof.” Sam punctuated each word with a mighty thrust.

“He shouldn’t have left us with you.” Joyce looked up at her children. The moonlight caught the glint of Sam’s white teeth as he smiled down at her. “He should have protected us.” The smell of Sam’s sperm pervaded everything. It was the smell of the jungle primeval. Joyce’s nostrils flared. The odor communicated one of the most basic needs. To reproduce. To bind together. To surrender civilization to instinct.

“Dad’s stupid.” Sam said.

“No.” Joyce was building up to another big orgasm.

“Oooohhhhhhhh.” Bex shook and thrashed as an orgasm overtook her.

“Say it ... Mom. Say Dad’s stupid for ... uh ... uh ... letting this happen.” Sam loved the look of confusion and desperation on Joyce’s face as she looked up at him.

Joyce shook her head.

“Say it Mom. Dad’s stupid.” Sam slapped at Bex’s butt.

“Just say it, Mom,” Bex said. She’d recovered from cumming, but wave after wave of pleasure still surged through her. She lowered her face down to her mother’s right boob and took Joyce’s nipple into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the resilient flesh.

“He’s ... stupid.” Joyce closed her eyes. “Your father’s a dummy. He should know ... what ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Joyce came again with her hand furiously working in between her legs and her daughter’s mouth on her breast.

Sam came three more times that night. Nothing else really compared to having these two women at his mercy. He wasn’t sure how he’d top that night. As Sam drifted off to sleep in his cum-stained bed, both women staggered off to take their own showers. They were still doing their best to hide the escalating perversion from Paul.

~~

Mallory Stevens closed the garage door behind her. Bob was going to be late getting home from work, so Mallory had raced home. She clutched at the silver cross around her neck. Why was Jesus letting this happen to her? All she could think about was getting some time alone with a large cucumber. Her heart raced as the image of that skinny teenager flashed in her mind. If Jesus wouldn’t save her from her fate, the cucumber would.

The need had gotten so bad recently that she’d even considered looking up porn on her computer. But she didn’t even know how to begin with that.

Step after step she found herself in her immaculate kitchen, opening the fridge. If Bob had noticed how many cucumbers she’d been buying lately, he hadn’t said anything about it. A cold breeze blew out at her. Her gaze fell to the middle shelf. There was big one she’d bought just yesterday. Long and fat. The excitement surged through her. She pulled it out of the fridge and closed the door.

The doorbell chime echoed through the house. Halfway to the stairs, Mallory froze. Whoever it was, she’d have to send them away fast. She walked down the hall, to the front door. She swung the door open, about to offer a greeting. “Hello, I ...” She stopped and stared.

“Hi, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam stood in the doorway.

He’d carelessly left his bike on its side behind him on the front lawn. Mallory looked him up and down. His sartorial decisions were typical for a teenager. A t-shirt, loose jeans, and some old scuffed-up sneakers.

It was Sam’s turn. His gaze fell down to her feet and slowly wandered up until he locked eyes with her.

"I ... I ..." Mallory shivered. She still had on her skirt suit with her copper hair pulled back on her head. Just a touch of makeup on her freckled face. The large cucumber dangled from her left hand. She realized it was there and shot her hand behind her back to get it out of view.

Sam smirked at her.

Hiding the vegetable was the wrong thing to do. Now it looked like she had a reason to hide it. She brought it back out from behind her back and gripped it firmly in her left hand. "I was just about to make dinner."

"Oh?" Sam raised an eyebrow. "Where's Bob?"

"He's working late." Mallory's right hand moved over to the cucumber and began gently stroking it with her finger tips. It took her a few seconds to notice this strange behavior. Her body seemed bent on betraying her. She set the cucumber on the entryway side table to her left and wished for pockets to stuff her hands into.

"Great." Sam beamed his goofy grin at her. "Can I come in?"

"I don't think that's a very good idea." Mallory's fidgeted with nervous energy. She twisted her wedding ring around and around her finger.

"That's not a no." Sam stepped past her into the front hall.

"Um." Mallory stuck her head out the front door and looked both ways down the street. No one was watching. She slammed the door behind them.

"Well, come on." Sam walked toward her home office at the back of the house.

"Where?" Mallory stood by the door wracked with indecision.

"And bring that huge cucumber with you," Sam said over his shoulder.

Mallory stood there another few seconds, twisting her ring round and round. She then dutifully grabbed the horrid vegetable and followed Sam. By the time she got to her office, Sam's t-shirt, shoes, jeans, and underwear lay scattered on the floor. He sat on her pretty floral-pattern couch, his unsightly monster of a penis pulsing and swaying. It protruded way up from his lap and leaked a small amount of clear liquid. She put the cucumber down on the desk.

"I don't want to mess up your nice business clothes." Sam's right hand moved to his shaft and pumped away. "So ..."

Mallory shuddered. He was a sinful boy. Without so much as a thought she pulled down her skirt and carefully laid it on her desk. Next followed her jacket and blouse. Then off came her pantyhose. "Oh, God, why am I doing this?"

"Are you talking to me?" Sam watched her. He was really fapping it now.

Mallory hesitated standing before this skinny eighteen-year-old in only her black panties and bra.

"Off with those too, I'm guessing we don't have much time," Sam said.

"I'm so sorry, Bob," Mallory whispered to herself. She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, and pulled it off. She dropped it on the desk with the rest of her ensemble. Her breasts were dappled with freckles too, her puffy nipples stood out at the end of each sloping boob.

"Really nice, Mrs. Stevens." Sam stopped his stroking. "Come on over."

"Okay." Mallory wiggled out of her panties and placed them at the top of her clothes pile. She stepped toward the boy with his distorted, pulsing appendage.

"Climb on," Sam said.

"Sweet Jesus." Mallory straddled him, her knees sunk into the couch on either side of his hips. She reached between her legs and grasped the head of his penis with the tips of her fingers. She guided it toward her entrance. Last time, when he had taken her at work, Mallory had doubted it'd fit. Not now, having taken it once and having dildoad herself countless times with produce, she was ready for that fat penis to slip right in. And it did. "Aaaahhhhhh." Now that it was in her, she wondered how she'd been able to make do all those weeks without it. Her makeshift dildos didn't compare. And Bob's penis wasn't even close.

Ten minutes later, she bounced up and down with complete abandon. She'd already had three of the best orgasms of her life. As her vagina contracted around the massive invader, she knew she was fixing for an even bigger one. "What ... ah ... ah ... have you done to me?" She pressed her hands firmly into Sam's slender chest. Her boobs jumped violently with her movements.

"I've ... made you my bitch ... Mrs. Stevens." Sam slapped at her flopping tits. The little silver cross around her neck bounced from one boob to the other.

"Oh ... no ..."

The feeling of his hands pawing and smacking at her sent Mallory over the edge. "Oooooohhhhhh." Her voice hit one long, high note. Like she was killing the end of a long hymnal in church. She shook and quivered and her vision narrowed into a tiny spec, before widening out again.

"Almost ... there." Sam smacked her right butt cheek with a loud thwack. "Keep ... going."

Bob wasn't always gentle during sex, but he'd never treated her like this. Mallory bounced again on Sam's shaft, eager to put him over the edge. Some part of her brain, receded far in the back, tried flashing warning lights at her. This wasn't a safe day. This might end with a baby. But she turned a blind eye. All that mattered was milking this teenager dry. "Do it," she hissed. "Fill me."

And Sam did. He emptied his balls into her womb.

Minutes later, she still sat on top of him, trying to catch her breath. She watched as a bead of sweat dripped of the tip of her nose and disappeared in Sam's messy brown hair. "Are you satisfied?" She took several deep breaths and pulled his still hard penis from her vagina. Good God, it was a cataract of sperm down there. She stepped off the couch and looked down at him. "You have to go now. Bob will be home soon." Her eyes focused on the engorged purple head of his penis. "How are you still hard?"

Sam stood too and gave her butt another playful smack. "Go grab that cucumber."

“No way.” But even as she said it, her feet carried her over to her desk. She picked up the long green vegetable. “Now what do you –?” She was cut off as a hand spun her around and Sam pressed his lips against hers. She bent her head down and kissed back, exploring his mouth with her tongue.

A few minutes later, she lay on her back on the floor. She clutched the cucumber tightly in her left hand as she looked down past her breasts, her flat tummy, and her copper bush to where Sam knelt in between her legs.

“This is how far I’m going inside you.” Sam placed his dick on her stomach, so that his large balls rested on her pussy lips.

“I can’t believe it.” Malloy’s eyes bulged. The tip of his penis extended far beyond her belly button. Far beyond.

“But not your pussy this time.” Sam pulled back and lined up his dick with her little butthole.

“What? You can’t.” Mallory’s heart raced anew, but she didn’t know how to stop this teenager. “I’ve never.”

“Don’t worry.” Sam pushed and the head slid in with a little pop. “We’ve got plenty of lube.”

Mallory could see the frothy white mess covering his penis from their lovemaking on the couch. Would that really be enough?

It was. A few minutes later, Same moved in and out of her butt. She grunted as she watched all that length disappear into her again and again. A new pleasure spread through her.

“Now take that green monster.” Sam held her legs open with a hand behind each knee. He was fairly upright. They needed room for what was about to happen. “And shove it in your pussy.”

“Uuuuuugggghhhhhh.” Mallory gritted her teeth as she did what Sam asked. Soon, she was plunging her own vaginal depths while Sam reamed out her butt. “Oh ... God ... have mercy.” She came all over both invaders.

“Awesome, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam watched her frantic movements. Her wedding ring pressed tightly into the green skin of the cucumber. If only Bob could see her now. Sam Smiled. “Your pussy is ... uh ... uh ... mine.”

Mallory nodded as she pumped herself full of vegetable.

“Your ... ass ... is ... mine,” Sam said.

She looked up at him with wide eyes and nodded again.

“You’ll come over ... to my house ... to tutor me ...”

“Yes, Sam.” Her whole body trembled. “Anything.”

“Take it.” And Sam unloaded in her ass.

A little later, Mallory rose to her feet. Her knees wobbled as she watched Sam dress. She reached up with her left hand and held the cross around her neck.

"I'll see you in a few days?" Sam buttoned and zipped his jeans. "Friday night?"

Mallory nodded. She cradled her boobs with her right arm.

"Great." Sam slipped into his shoes. "Today was awesome. Thanks so much."

"You're welcome." She didn't know what else to say.

"Better get cleaned up. Mr. Stevens will be home soon." Sam smiled, waved goodbye, and strolled out of her home office. He made his way through her house, out the front door, and found his bike where he'd left it on the front lawn. He walked it home, whistling tunelessly to himself. Life was good.

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Mallory sat in the driver's seat of her Volvo SUV, staring at the front door of the Higgins house. She'd parked the car in their driveway, but couldn't bring herself to exit. The engine was off, but her hands gripped the wheel with white knuckles. Paul and his daughter were off looking at colleges, so she knew only Sam and Joyce would be home. She stared some more.

On the one hand, the thought of Sam's sinful hands on her skin sent shivers down her spine. Not the good kind, rather they were the kind of shivers one got all alone in the dark. On the other hand, she needed to feel that penis between her legs. Mallory stared at the door. The only sound in the car was her own rapid breathing.

It was possible to make the case that she just needed to give herself over to that horrid little eighteen-year-old one more time. Then maybe she'd get the whole thing out of her system. Her hands gripped the wheel tighter.

Mallory took several deep breaths and opened her door. She stepped out of the car and her heels clicked on the pavement. She closed the door and smoothed out her dress. She'd told her husband that she'd be going out with girlfriends and not to wait up. As an excuse for infidelity, it was a little trite. But you go with what works. She'd dressed like she'd be meeting friends. A slightly-less-than-modest, knee length blue dress that showed just a hint of cleavage. A pair of red kitten heels on her feet. An understated splash of makeup on her face. Her hair fell down around her shoulders. Just going out for some drinks, Bob, nothing to see here.

A step toward the door. Followed by another step. She could do this. The air outside felt crisp and clean, with just a hint of chill. The sky had faded to a deep azure on the horizon. A single chickadee whistled at her from a nearby tree. Her feet kept moving, one after the other until they hit the door mat.

She reached for the doorbell and pressed the button. The muffled chime resonated through the door. "No going back now," Mallory whispered to herself. She swept her hair over her shoulders, stood up straight, and waited.

The door swung open and Joyce's warm smile greeted her. "Hello Mallory. Sam mentioned you might be stopping by. Come in." Joyce wore a modest dress with a blue chevron design. The pattern accentuated the curve of her breasts.

“Thank you.” Mallory tried not to stare. Were Joyce’s breasts bigger than before? “Um ... This is a bit awkward.” Mallory stepped into the front hall.

“Think nothing of it.” Joyce closed the door behind them. “Can I get you anything to drink?”

“No thank you.” Mallory offered a stiff smile.

“He’s waiting for you upstairs in his room. You remember how to get there?”

“Yes.” Mallory nodded. “I know the way.”

“Okay. You kids have fun.” Joyce smiled at Mallory like she was one of her son’s girlfriends. “I’ll be downstairs tidying up if you need anything.”

“Thanks.” Mallory’s cheeks flushed. She nodded again and walked back toward the stairs. She could feel Joyce’s eyes on her butt as the heels forced her hips to sway. She stopped, bent over, and removed her shoes. She left them neatly tucked next to the bottom of the stairs. She ascended, past all the family photos. Her heart nearly beat out of her chest.

“Sam?” Mallory stepped down the carpeted hall and looked in through the open door into Sam’s room.

“Cool. You’re here.” Sam sat in front of his desk and swiveled to face her in his chair. “I didn’t know if you’d come tonight.”

On the monitor behind him, two women undulated together, rubbing their vaginas. The sound was off. Mallory squinted at the screen. She couldn’t make out their faces. The fair-skinned woman was quite a bit taller, and fuller, than the brown-skinned woman below her. Mallory’s panties had already been wet, but this site sent her vagina into overdrive. So many curves, writhing, bouncing, and wobbling together in a mesmerizing rhythm. So that’s what porn was like. She hadn’t known women rubbed together like that.

“What are you doing?” Mallory forced her gaze from the screen to Sam.

“Just wasting some time.” Sam didn’t have any pants or underwear on. His dick extended proudly out of his lap. “But this is perfect. I’ve always wanted to watch porn while getting a blow job.” Sam motioned with his hand under his desk. “Let’s try it out, okay?”

“I’m not that kind of woman.” Mallory shook her head.

“I’d bet you’d do it for Mr. Stevens.” Sam frowned.

“No, I wouldn’t.” Mallory took a step into the room.

“That’ll make it even more special, then.” Sam smiled up at her.

“I just came here to get you out of my system.” A bead of sweat formed on her forehead.

“Do it then.” Sam beckoned her over.

“I have the perfect life. Why am I doing this?” Mallory walked the rest of the way to his desk and got on her knees.

“Because you need my dick, Mrs. Stevens.” He turned his chair back to the desk and watched the action on the screen.

“Ugh. Fine.” Mallory pulled her dress up a little and crawled under the desk. She rested her butt right next to the surge protector. It was cramped, she had to crane her head sideways as she took Sam into her mouth. The first hit of salty precum played across her tongue. She bobbed her head and rolled her tongue and lost herself in the lascivious act. She lifted her hands and reverently cradled each one of his testicles.

Five minutes later, Joyce walked into the room. “Oh, my.” She stopped just inside the door. “How could you?”

Mallory stopped her motions. She didn’t know what to do, so she just sat there under the desk with the head of the boy’s penis in her mouth.

“Turn that off, Sammy. I don’t want you watching that. And I certainly don’t want her to see it.” Joyce walked over to Sam and gently swatted him with a dish towel.

“Sorry, Mom.” Sam clicked at his mouse.

“I didn’t mean to intrude, Mallory.” Joyce bent at the waist to look under the desk. She made eye contact with Mallory. “Please keep going.”

“Uuuuuuggggghhhh,” Mallory said around the thick penis. As asked, her head bobbed again and she massaged those impossibly heavy balls with her fingers.

Joyce straightened back up. “I came up to see if you needed anything, sweetie.”

“Could I ... uh ... have a coke?” Sam leaned back in the chair.

“You know I don’t like you drinking that stuff,” Joyce said.

“Come on, Mom. It’s ... ooohhh ... a special occasion.” Sam looked up at his mom and winked.

Joyce was not so easily pacified. “How’d that test go today?”

“Good.”

“Okay. And when are you seeing Ashley again?” Joyce folded her arms over her chest. All business.

“Ah, Sunday.” Sam loved listening to the slurping sounds as the Christian wife drooled all over his dick. This was amazing. “I’ve got a date on Sunday.”

Mallory’s cheeks burned as her embarrassment reached peak levels. But she just kept on sucking.

“Okay. I’ll get you a coke.” Joyce turned for the door. “Love you, sweetie.”

“Love you too, Mom.”

“Mmmmmhhhhhhnnnnn,” Mallory said. What was wrong with Joyce? What kind of woman encourages this behavior? The Higgins home was a twisted, wicked place. And Mallory was right in the middle of it. Completely at its mercy.

A few minutes later, Sam pushed his chair away from the desk. His dick slid from Mallory's mouth. "I'm getting close, Mrs. Stevens. You probably want to take that nice dress off."

"Yeah?" Mallory looked up at him, panting. She crawled from under the desk. "Thank you."

"Need help?" Sam didn't have the heart to tell her she already had a small saliva stain on the material by her left breast.

"Yes, actually." Mallory stood and turned her back to him. She reached back and lifted her hair. "There's a catch and a zipper."

"Sure." Sam stood and undid the dress.

"Thank you." Mallory let it fall to the floor. She stepped to the side, bent down, picked it up, and placed it over the back of the chair.

Sam watched her left hand as she moved about. He sat down on the edge of the bed. "Come here."

Mallory stepped over to him and kneeled on the carpet between his legs. She wore a matching set of sensible pink panties and bra, and she kept those on for the moment. She reached up to hold his shaft. When she touched it, a wave of heat moved through her.

"Hold on." Sam deftly grabbed her left hand and slid her wedding ring off her finger.

"Give it back." Mallory looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"Of course." He held the ring out to her in the palm of his hand. The large diamonds seemed to move as they refracted light. "I just want to play a little game. You keep your ring in your mouth while you blow me. If it's still in your mouth after you swallow, you win."

"What?" Mallory looked horrified. She took the ring back from him.

"You win," Sam said.

"I never even dreamed ..." Mallory slipped the ring into her mouth and maneuvered it under her tongue.

"Good girl." Sam reached behind her head and placed his right hand on her silky, red hair. He gently pulled her mouth to his dick.

"Heaven help me." The words came out of Mallory's mouth with somewhat of a lisp as she spoke around the ring. And then there were no more words as she recommenced her work on the teenager's penis.

A few minutes later, Joyce reentered the room. The ice in the glass she'd brought clinked as she walked.

"Oh, you've moved. Where should I put your coke?"

"Over there is ... uh ... good." Sam pointed to his desk.

Mallory continued to suck away.

"Great," Joyce said with bubbly enthusiasm. She placed the coaster she'd brought on the desk first, then the glass on top of it. Then she turned to face them. "I see why you like her, sweetie. She's cute. Look at

those dainty hips." Joyce put her hands on her own hips and watched the fellatio. "Anything else I can get you?"

"Yeah." Sam nodded. "Come over here. She's got her wedding ring in her mouth."

"Why?" Joyce stepped over to the bed and sat down next to them. She folded her hands in her lap.

"She's going to keep it ... ah ... ah ... in her mouth while I cum."

"Oh, my." Joyce put a hand to her mouth. "You've become such a bad boy, Sammy."

"Uuuuuggghhhhh." Mallory pumped him with both hands in long, squeezing strokes. Her mouth sucked tight on that purple head. She tried to concentrate on keeping the ring under her tongue.

"Mom, could I get a boob, please." Sam kept steady pressure on the back of Mallory's head.

"Okay, honey." Joyce pulled her dress and bra below her boobs and let them flop free.

"Thanks, Mom." Sam leaned sideways and took Joyce's left nipple into his mouth. "Aaahhhh ... cummmminng."

Mallory looked up at this new display of depravity with wide eyes. Then she found her mouth full of sperm. She swallowed and swallowed.

Joyce sighed and cradled his head with her right hand. While her son sucked on her breast, she watched this once regal woman swallow shot after shot of hot sperm. Joyce was impressed.

When Sam finished, Mallory lifted her head off his dick. She reached into her mouth and fished out the ring. She held it up for them to see. Sam removed his head from his mom's boob so he could watch her, a broad smile on his face.

"There. I win." Mallory returned the slimy ring to her finger.

"Nice," Sam said.

Several hours later, her vagina now full of cum too, Mallory snuck into the hall to call her husband. She looked back into the room where Sam mounted his mom from behind. Mallory had asked them to be quiet, but Joyce was still squealing and moaning. Mallory stepped a little farther down the hall and walked into Joyce's bedroom. She closed the door behind her.

She dialed.

"Mal?" Bob's voice sounded so alien to Mallory.

"Hi honey. I'm a little drunk." Mallory shivered standing naked in the hall. Cum dripped down her belly and between her legs. She reached up with her left hand and held her silver cross.

"You okay?" Bob sounded worried.

"I'm fine. Just having a great time with the girls." Mallory thought of Joyce getting it from her son down the hall and shivered again. "I'm too drunk to drive, so I'm going to stay at Christa's."

"I'll come get you." Bob, always so valiant.

“No, no. We’re having fun. It’s good to have a little space sometimes. Right?”

“Yeah. Of course.” Bob hesitated for several beats. “Have fun. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Thanks, babe. Bye. Love you.” Mallory clutched the cross tighter.

“Love you too, Mal. Goodnight.”

Mallory hung up the phone. She turned and headed back to Sam’s room, a dark and sweaty place with outer-space posters tacked to the walls, clothes strewn about, and copulating family members. Once she arrived, she stopped in the open doorway and stared. Joyce’s wide hips thrust back to meet Sam’s powerful strokes. “I’m back,” she said. Mallory stepped into the room. She needed more. She needed lots more.

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Chapter 11

The weeks passed and there wasn’t a day Sam didn’t take at least one of the women in his life. He did consider further conquests, but didn’t act on those thoughts. Mostly he watched the neighborhood wives, thinking about which ones would look good bouncing on his giant cock. The trouble was, the women already in his life kept him plenty busy.

At one point, Lakshmi mentioned that her sister’s family would be staying with them for Diwali. It was a Wednesday afternoon and her hips rhythmically undulated as she rode Sam on his bed.

“What’s Diwali?” Sam slapped at one of her boobs.

Joyce lay next to them in bed, her breasts and face covered in drying cum. “Sammy, you need to learn more about other cultures.”

“Uh ... I’m trying, Mom.” He reached to his side with his hand and squeezed Joyce’s left tit. “That’s ... uh ... why I asked.”

“It’s ... oooohhhhhh.” Lakshmi came on the eighteen-year-old’s swollen cock. Her hips stopped for a minute, and then started up again. Her dark nipples bounced in an elliptical motion. “It’s our festival ... of lights. The lights symbolize ... aaahhhhh ... the victory of light over darkness and ... good over evil.”

“Hhhmmmmmm.” Sam liked the idea of the stone conquering this sister while she celebrated light over darkness. “Is your sister hot?” Sam gently smacked Lakshmi’s other boob and watched it shake. If he wasn’t mistaken, her nipples were darker than before. And there was a definite swell to Lakshmi’s belly that hadn’t been there even last week.

“Everyone ... thinks that Laasya is the real beauty ... in the family.” Lakshmi scrunched up her nose. She didn’t want her poor sister to fall the way she herself had. Laasya had a loving husband and young children. The thought made her queasy, but Lakshmi’s hips never stopped their motions.

“Don’t worry.” Sam let out an easy laugh. “I’ve got enough ... aaaaahhhh ... pussy right now.” He placed his hands on Lakshmi’s hips. “Maybe next year we’ll try something. You ... think she’ll come next year for ... Diwali?”

Lakshmi closed her eyes and nodded.

“Great ... here I cuuummmmmmm.” And Sam’s dick exploded in her pussy.

~~

Joyce stood before the full-length mirror. She’d missed her period for a while now and her boobs were definitely bigger. She turned sideways, naked in her room looking at her reflection. White sunlight streamed in through her window. She’d just seen off her husband and children as she hurried them all to work and school. She put her hands under her breasts and hefted them up. She let them drop and sighed. They were bigger.

“Of course, Sammy did it,” she muttered to herself. She turned to her other side and ran her left hand over her belly. It wasn’t her imagination, there was a slight bump. The thought that Paul had impregnated her never occurred to Joyce. Sam was beyond virile. Paul ... was not. Joyce rubbed her belly and watched in the mirror. She wasn’t ready to do this all over again. It was hard enough with Sam and Bex, but to start all over?

“This is your fault, Paul,” Joyce said to the mirror. “You should have known what your son would do to me.”

~~

Over the next several weeks, Mallory visited the Higgins house often for *tutoring sessions*. On a Sunday after church, while Bob and Paul golfed, Mallory found herself on her knees in Sam’s room. She still wore the modest, blue dress she’d put on for church. Her red hair fell around her shoulders and her mouth pumped on Sam’s hideous penis.

“How was the sermon today?” Sam stood in front of her, completely naked. He watched her pretty lips contort around his massive dick.

“Mmmmmmmgggghhhh.” Mallory removed the penis from her mouth and leaned back onto the balls of her bare feet. “I have to tell you something.”

“Okay.” Sam nodded. He still had bed-head, his brown hair sticking every which way. “But keep stroking it while you talk.”

Mallory complied.

"No, not that hand. With your left hand." Sam liked nothing more than to have her wedding ring in contact with his veiny cock.

"It's important." Mallory switched hands. His penis was slick with spit and her hand easily slid up and down his great length. She looked up at him, her gray-blue eyes full of sincerity. "I'm pregnant." Her face was expressionless as she waited for his response.

"Cool." Sam smiled. "Is it Bob's?"

"You know it isn't." A vertical crease formed on her pretty forehead.

"Okay. Well, what does Bob think?" Sam bent sideways, making sure he didn't pull his dick from Mallory's hand. He pulled out the drawer on his bedside table and retrieved something. He straightened back up.

"He thinks one of his sperm made it past the condom." Mallory's gaze fell. She regarded the mighty penis in her hand. A sense of power moved through her, that she could manipulate and bring pleasure to such a thing.

"Great." Sam reached down and opened his right hand. In his palm was a silver pendant with engraved floral designs on a silver chain. "Here, I got this for you. To celebrate our baby. Take off your cross and put it on."

It was tricky, taking off her necklace with one hand, but she reached behind her neck with her right hand while her left kept stroking. After a few tries, she unclasped the hook. She placed the cross in Sam's open hand and picked up the pendant. "What is it?"

"There's a hidden button here." Sam reached out with his fingers and depressed a little button, cleverly disguised at the bottom of the pendant. The pendant opened. It was actually a locket. Inside was a picture of Sam smiling at the camera. It was his school picture. "Better than that silly old cross." Sam took the locket, closed it, and bent toward her, opening the new silver chain.

Mallory moved her hand from his penis.

"Don't stop," Sam said.

"I don't know what to say." Mallory's left hand went back to pumping and she moved her hair to the side with her right hand, exposing her soft, freckled neck to Sam.

"You should say thank you. My mom helped me pick it out." Sam reached the silver chain around her neck and clasped it. He straightened up again. "There, it looks beautiful."

"Thank you, Sam." Mallory's cheeks flushed. She moved her lips to the head of his penis and took it into her mouth again. Her tongue swirled around the head, met with his salty precum.

"One more thing." Sam placed his hand on the back of her head and made her bob on his dick. "My mom's pregnant too. So, my dad needs to get that promotion at work. Cool?"

"Yyyyyymmnnnnnn." Mallory reached her right hand up to Sam's testicles and felt their substantial weight.

“Good girl. Thank you, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam looked over at the poster of Gandalf cat. Hang in there indeed. The sounds of a pretty Christian wife slurping filled the room. He tossed the old silver cross toward the trash can by his desk but missed. He was going to cum soon.

~~

As the days piled one on top of another, Sam enjoyed the ever-expanding bellies around him. But he was in for a surprise.

Late one night, a voice interrupted Sam right as he deployed a fleet in his latest space strategy game.

“We need to talk,” his sister’s quiet voice said from behind him.

“What?” Sam looked over his shoulder.

“We need to talk.” Bex stood just inside his doorway. She closed the door and locked it.

“Okay.” Sam turned back to his game.

“Turn off your game, Sam.”

With a tap of the keyboard, he paused the game. “Happy?” He swiveled his chair to face her.

“It’s ...” Bex wore plaid flannel pajamas. She clasped her hands in front of her, fidgeting with her fingers.

“It’s positive.”

“What is?” Sam cocked his head at her.

“I took a pregnancy test, Sam. I don’t know how, but it’s positive.” Bex wrung her hands together as she looked into her brother’s soft, brown eyes.

“Strong swimmers, I have,” Sam said in a Yoda voice.

“Stop being a jerk. This is serious.” Bex stepped toward him. “I’m on the pill. I mean, I was. I just stopped today because ... well, it didn’t work.”

“This is great, Bex.” Sam beckoned her over. “Have you told Mom yet?”

“No.” Bex walked over to Sam. Out of habit, she fell to her knees in front of him. “I think Dad’s going to freak out.” She reached up and pulled Sam’s pajama bottoms and briefs down. His dick sprung out.

“He’ll get on board if Mom tells him to.” Sam leaned back in his chair as his sister’s delicate hands went to work on his dick.

“Will Mom tell him to?” Bex’s nostrils flared as she took in his aroma. His cock had such a pull on her. Like she was a moon in its orbit.

“Sure.” Sam reached with his hand and gently caressed the back of his sister’s blonde, satin hair. “I’ll discuss it with her, tomorrow. Maybe I’ll take her in the bathroom before school while you and Dad are eating breakfast.”

“Oh, Sam.” Bex didn’t need the pressure on the back of her head to know a blow job was in order. But she liked it all the same.

“I’ll talk to her then.” Sam pulled her mouth onto his dick. “While she’s bent over the sink, shaking ass.”

“Uuuuggggghhhh,” Bex said. She thought that was a good idea.

~~

Several months later, Joyce lay on her back on the bed she shared with her husband every night, her legs spread high in the air. Warm afternoon light filled the room. She lifted her head and tried to look down at her son’s penis as it plowed her vagina, but she couldn’t see past her belly. She had gotten very big.

“Mom, you look so beautiful.” Sam held her ankles, looking down at her distended belly, dark nipples, and obscenely swollen boobs.

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... thank you, Sammy.” Joyce rested her head back against the blanket and looked up at the ceiling. Wave after wave of pleasure flooded through her.

Joyce’s phone rang on the bedside table. She reached with her left hand, picked it up, and held it over her rocking breasts. “Stop, Sammy. It’s your ... uh ... father.”

Dutifully, Sam slowed his pace so that she could talk. They were expecting this call. Sam’s dick slid in and out of his mother’s pussy so slowly that her enormous boobs barely moved at all.

“Good boy, Sammy.” Joyce took a deep breath and hit the answer button. She held the phone up to her ear. “Hello, dear ... yes ... yes, he’s here too. Here he is.” Joyce held the phone up to Sam’s ear.

“Hi, Dad ... yeah ... cool ... here’s Mom.” He continued to lazily slide in and out of Joyce.

“Yeah, I’m back.” Joyce looked up at Sam, past her growing belly. What a polite boy to slow down for her phone call with his father. Joyce was so proud of her handsome young man. “So, did you get it?”

Sam sped up his pace just a little bit.

“Yeah?” Joyce put her finger over her lips and gave Sam a stern look. “You did?”

Sam slowed his hips.

“That’s great news, Paul.” Joyce’s face lit up in warm, wide smile. “I’m so proud of you. You deserve that promotion.”

Sam let go of her ankles and leaned forward. He took one of her dark nipples into his mouth.

“Oh.” Joyce automatically cradled his soft hair with her free hand. “Nothing, I’m just so happy.” She could feel Sam so deep inside her. “Yes, I’ll tell him. We’re both so proud of you ... yes ... love you too, dear ... bye.” And she hung up the phone and put it back on the bedside table.

Sam lifted his head off his mother's boob and laughed. "What a dummy. He thinks he earned that promotion." He kept up his long, slow strokes. Sometimes pounding wasn't necessary.

"No, Sammy." Joyce looked up at the ceiling again.

"No, it's true, Mom." Sam pushed and held himself all the way inside her pussy.

Joyce squealed.

"I'm fucking his wife," Sam said. "And I got him his promotion. He's worthless."

"Maybe." Joyce nodded her head. "Maybe he's a little worthless. He's certainly not what he used to be in bed."

"That's because I broke your pussy, Mom." Sam moved inside her again.

"Yes, sweetie. You did," Joyce said. "Sam, there's something we need to talk about."

"What?" He lifted himself up and placed his hands behind her knees. He held her legs as far open as they'd go.

"When the baby arrives. I mean, when the babies arrive, we're not going to have as much time to take care of your needs."

"All of you?" Sam furrowed his brow. He hadn't really thought about after the babies arrive.

"Yes, Sammy. We're going to have to find you some new girlfriends. At least for a little while. I know how often you ... uh ... need help with your penis." Joyce grunted at an especially deep thrust.

"Now?" Sam upped his tempo.

"No ... uh ... not now. But ... uh ... you have to ... prepare. Oh ... Sammy ... You're going to make me ..."

Joyce closed her eyes and thrashed her curly brown hair from side to side. She jiggled and bounced through her orgasm.

"Okay." Sam banged into his mom with powerful strokes. "I've ... got ... an ... idea."

The Higgins marital bed shook and squeaked. The headboard thumped as it crashed repeatedly into the wall. If only Paul could see what Sam had done to his wife.

~~

Spring was in the air when the baby shower arrived. Sam had asked Joyce to set it up. A pregnant woman wasn't supposed to coordinate her own baby shower, so she agreed only so long as she wasn't the center of attention.

A banner hung from the rafters: *It's a boy, and a boy, and a boy, and a boy.* Below it hung another banner: *Congratulations Lakshmi, Mallory, Bex, and Joyce!*

Joyce waddled through the kitchen. She'd forgotten how hard it was to move around when you were eight months pregnant. "Drinks and refreshments?" Her formless black dress draped itself over her profound rotundity.

"We're all set." Lakshmi leaned on the counter, rubbing her swollen belly. Her own green maternity dress was stretched to the max. "This little guy is kicking."

The doorbell chimed. "Our guests are here." Joyce walked over to the living room. "No men allowed, Sammy. You get upstairs. We'll come find you when it's time."

Bex looked up from the loveseat at her mother. Her blouse hung loosely over her roundness. Her maternity jeans did their best to contain her ever expanding womb. Across from her, Mallory and Sam sat next to each other on the couch. Mallory looked dazzling in a billowy, sack of a blue dress. She wasn't quite as big as the other women.

"Goodbye ladies." Sam picked up Mallory's left hand and kissed her wedding ring. "See you soon."

"Get out of here, nerd." Bex threw a pillow Sam's way.

"I'm going." He caught the pillow and gently tucked it behind Mallory's shoulders. "There now, you look more comfortable."

"Thank you, Sam." Mallory reached up to her neck and held the silver pendant that hung from its thin silver chain.

Sam fled upstairs. They heard the thump of his door closing.

Joyce watched her young man go with an approving smile.

"The guests." Lakshmi waddled up next to her.

"Right." Joyce shuffled down the front hall. She opened the door with a warm, bright smile. "Welcome, friends. I'm so happy you could come."

Outside, in the cool air, waited three neighbors, chosen specifically by Sam for beauty and proximity. Each clutched a wrapped gift. Each wore light jackets over modest dresses; the sort of thing one wears to a neighborhood party on a chilly day.

Mrs. Alexa Gibson was a short, round woman in her mid-forties. She wasn't so much fat as she was plump. Her cheeks dimpled as she smiled at her host. Her wavy, brown hair bobbed in a ponytail behind her head. She'd moved to the neighborhood a few months ago with her husband and her eighteen-year-old daughter. Her son had flown the nest last year for college.

Mrs. Penny Robinski stood to Alexa's right. She was a tall, blonde woman in her late twenties with an athletic build. Joyce had seen her and her husband playing tennis together in the local park many times. She had a silver headband in her hair and a bright, white smile on her face.

Ms. Nancy Robinson was the third guest. She attended the local state college. She rented out the cottage behind Penny's house, although, as she'd happily tell you, she spent most nights at her boyfriend's place in the city. Her black hair fell just past her shoulders. Her dark brown skin shone in the late morning sun. She forced a smile, a little uncomfortable with all these older women.

“Come in, Come in.” Joyce stepped aside and welcomed them in. She offered each an awkward hug and a kiss on the cheek. It wasn’t easy to hug with bloated boobs and belly. Who knows, someday these fine neighbors might be in Joyce’s predicament. And Joyce would have her new baby to look after. She shivered. After that, would Sam knock up his own mother again? The thought hadn’t occurred to her before now. How many more pregnancies could her middle-aged body take? Although, now that she thought about it, this pregnancy had been far easier on her than her first two.

The four ladies stood in the front hall, unsure what to do next.

Behind Joyce, Lakshmi coughed. “Maybe we can take your jackets?”

That brought Joyce out of her reverie. “Of course, how silly of me.” Joyce closed the door behind them. “Let’s get your jackets off and get this party started.”

~~

The baby shower filled the Higgins House with laughter and conversation. The women played *Don’t Say Baby*, *Guess Mom’s Measurements*, and *Baby Price is Right*.

About an hour into the party, Joyce excused herself. “I have to get the prop for our next game.”

“Oh, what’s the next game?” Alexa flashed her dimples at Joyce. She was having such a blast getting to know these women better.

“It’s called ...” Joyce stopped and gave Alexa a broad, warm smile, so full of motherly tenderness. “Talk to the rock.” She turned and ambled into the kitchen. “Be right back.”

Something changed in the room. Alexa looked around at the pregnant ladies.

Mallory’s cheeks flushed and she busied herself looking at a Higgins family portrait on the far wall. It showed the family assembled in front of their Christmas tree.

Young Bex suddenly spread her legs in her loveseat. She had jeans on, but her pose was a bit lascivious. Alexa tried not to feel embarrassed for the poor girl, but she wished Bex would close her legs back up.

Lakshmi fanned herself with a paper plate, looking like it had suddenly become very hot. It wasn’t hot as far as Alexa could tell. The dark woman reached up and adjusted her large breasts inside her dress. When she caught Alexa looking at her boobs, Lakshmi gave the woman a friendly smile.

Penny and Nancy, the other nonpregnant ladies, seemed oblivious to the new energy in the room. They were laughing as Nancy told a story about how well-endowed her boyfriend was. Alexa didn’t care for that kind of girl-talk, but she knew it was probably par for the course at a baby shower.

“I ... I ...” Alexa said to no one in particular. She twirled the large diamond ring on her left hand. Sudden thoughts of her husband waiting at home popped into her mind. She’d promised him she’d go looking at new backyard grills that afternoon. Maybe she should go now. He’d be so happy to have her come home early. Alexa stood. “I ... have to go. I’m sorry.”

“Not before cake.” Joyce waddled back into the room with an exaggerated frown on her face. “I promise this rock game will be quick, then we can move on to cake and presents.” She walked over to Alexa, put her left hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her back down to the couch.

“Okay.” Alexa sat and looked at her hands. Her fingers still twirled her ring.

“Wonderful.” Joyce stepped around the couch and lowered herself onto one of the folding chairs. She sat with her back straight and looked around the room. The women were all seated in a circle in the center of the living room; on the couch, armchairs, loveseat, and folding chairs. In the center was Joyce’s cherrywood coffee table. “For this game, I got this novelty rock.” She held up the stone for all to see.

“Oh, it’s very pretty.” Alexa looked at the rock in Joyce’s hand. It was jet black, with red veins meandering all throughout the mineral. Those veins were very clearly glowing with a steady pulse about the same as a heartbeat. Novelty indeed.

“What does it do?” Nancy watched the stone closely, the red glow reflected in her dark eyes.

“I don’t want to spoil the surprise,” Joyce said. “Lakshmi, could you be a dear and close the curtains? We need a darker room for this game.”

“Of course.” Lakshmi rose with some effort and waddled over to the big front windows. She drew the curtains. She moved over to the side curtains and drew those too.

“Could we leave one open?” Alexa cast nervous glances around the room. All the other women seemed to be enjoying themselves. Did no one else sense something was amiss? The living room went from a bright cheery place, to a gloomy room full of lingering shadows.

Lakshmi returned to the couch and sat down next to Alexa and patted her on the thigh. Alexa cringed a little at the friendly contact.

“The curtains have to be closed for this game. But don’t worry, it’s not that spooky.” Joyce stood and lifted her dress with her right hand up to her boobs. She lowered her left hand, with the stone, to her exposed belly.

Alexa’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head. She’d been getting a strange vibe from the room, but she hadn’t expected this from their genteel hostess.

“What are you doing?” Nancy lifted her eyebrows, genuinely curious. This was her first baby shower. Maybe this was normal?

Joyce rubbed in circular motions and within a few seconds a red glowing pulse grew inside her belly, matching rhythm with the stone. Her face took on a pleasant calm, like she was taking a leisurely walk through a beautiful garden. “I wish for my children to find happiness with the women in this room.” Joyce pulled her dress back down to her knees and handed the stone to Nancy, to her right. “Now you rub and make a wish.”

Alexa blinked. Joyce had worded that wish in an odd way. It made it sound like the women in this room would bring her children happiness. Alexa shook her head a little, her mind was a tad fuzzy. Was the living room getting stuffy?

“That’s a neat trick,” Penny said.

“What do I do with it?” Nancy took the stone in her dark hand.

“Make a wish.” Joyce sat back down in her folding chair and placed her hands on her swollen stomach. She watched Nancy closely.

“Okay. I think I got it.” Nancy stood and lifted her dress.

Alexa marveled at Nancy’s trim, ebony stomach. Her panties were a black, lacey number. Maybe Nancy had a date with her boyfriend later that day.

“I wish for ...” Nancy looked around the room, rubbing the stone against her flat belly. A warmth spread through her. She felt so relaxed all of a sudden. She looked down but there was no glowing light in her belly like there’d been in Joyce’s. She wasn’t sure how the trick worked. “I wish Derrick, my boyfriend, would take me somewhere fancy tonight.” She passed the stone to Bex and let her dress fall. Nancy sat down. A bead of sweat formed on her forehead.

“My turn.” Bex stood, lifted her blouse to expose her impossibly round belly. She was so small that she looked even bigger than the other pregnant women. She rubbed the stone and soon her stomach glowed like her mom’s had. “I’ve been having some of the best sex of my life recently, I wish you all could find someone that does that for you too.”

“Now, Rebekah.” Joyce frowned at her.

Alexa looked back and forth between mother and daughter. This was getting stranger by the minute.

“My Derrick takes plenty good care of me,” Nancy said.

“Good for you.” Bex looked down at Nancy and gave her a patronizing smile. She dropped her shirt and handed the stone to Penny.

Penny stood, lifted her dress, and rubbed the stone on her lily-white stomach. “I wish my husband gave me a little of what Rebekah’s getting.” Some of the ladies laughed. Like Nancy, Penny’s belly did not glow, but she kept rubbing and rubbing. Eventually Mallory had to take the stone from her.

Mallory took her turn, then Lakshmi. Both their bellies glowed. It did seem like the pulsing light was coming from inside them. A very strange illusion.

When it was Alexa’s turn, she took the stone and rose. The rock was very hot in her hand. Maybe all that rubbing. Normally, she was quite shy with her plump body, but she lifted her dress like all the rest. She rubbed the stone on her belly. The heat left the stone and moved through her. She was going to say she wished she was home with her husband and daughter. But that thought slipped away. She stood in front of the couch and rubbed and rubbed her belly without saying anything. It felt so good. She looked down and the only glow came from that rock.

“Okay. Maybe we’ll get to your wish later.” Joyce reached out and took the rock from her. She held it in her hand. It rapidly increased in brightness to the point that the women found they couldn’t look directly at it. “Penny?” Joyce placed the rock on the coffee table and covered it with a plaid throw from the couch. That helped with the incredible brightness, but a faint glow did make its way through the blanket.

“Yeah?” Penny had a glazed look in her blue eyes.

“My son’s room is up the stairs behind me.” Joyce pointed behind her. “Second door on the left.”

“Okay?” Penny smiled agreeably at Joyce.

“We’re going to play a new game. Each woman will take a turn going up and playing a contest against Sam. Whoever can beat him, will win a big prize.”

“What’s the game?” Penny stood, brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulders, and walked over to the stairs.

“His choice,” Joyce said. “Good luck.”

Without another word, Penny ascended the stairs.

“What do we do while they play?” Alexa shook her head again, trying to clear it out. The heat from that rock lingered in her body. Her vagina felt moist, like it did with her husband right before their weekly Friday night sex.

“We can all chitchat and have a little girl’s gossip while she’s up there.” Joyce wiggled her butt in the chair, trying to get comfortable. She turned to Nancy. “So, tell me more about Derrick.”

Alexa talked with Lakshmi for about ten minutes. The little Indian woman seemed very nice and personable. They were talking about growing roses when they heard something from upstairs. Thump, thump, thump, thump. The ceiling above them shook with an even rhythm.

The women stopped their conversation and looked to Joyce.

“He’s having a dance contest with Penny.” Joyce nodded to herself. “Let’s hope Penny brought her a-game, because Sammy has some moves.”

Bex giggled at her mom’s comment and Joyce gave her a sharp look.

Alexa shrugged. The warmth still tingled her nerves. Something about that dance contest made her vagina even wetter. She crossed her legs and willed it to go away.

“Anyway, as I was saying ...” Lakshmi continued.

Oh yeah, the roses. Alexa tried to focus on her conversation.

Ten minutes later, Alexa looked up to see Penny descending the stairs. Her long blonde hair looked tousled and her dress a bit wrinkled. She clutched at the handrail. “You win?” Alexa called out.

“I ...” Penny shook her head. She looked a bit bewildered. “I ... don’t think so.” On shaky legs, she walked into the living room and took her old place in the circle.

Mallory put a hand on Penny’s knee. “That kid can really wear you out, right?”

Penny nodded.

This was all too weird. Alexa needed to go to her husband. Backyard grills ... they were shopping for grills today. But she didn’t move.

“Nancy, why don’t you see if you can have a go at Sammy?” Joyce nodded toward the stairs.

"I can dance." Nancy stood and sauntered over to the stairs.

"I'm sure you can." Joyce watched Nancy's firm, round butt disappear up the stairs. "Good luck."

Five minutes later, Alexa's conversation with Lakshmi was again interrupted by the rhythmic thumping. Alexa looked up at the ceiling. This was all wrong.

"As I was saying. The grill my husband Raj got last summer ..." Lakshmi touched Alexa lightly on the arm.

The contact sent sparks through Alexa's nervous system. She shivered. "What?"

"The grill we got ..." Lakshmi smiled and told her story.

Five minutes after that, the women were interrupted again by high-pitched moaning coming from upstairs. The thumping continued. The voice was clearly Nancy's and she seemed to be in some distress.

"It's a vocal competition." Joyce waved her hand. "Don't worry about it."

Alexa looked around the circle. Penny kept her pretty blue eyes fixed above her. She looked like she was watching the most interesting performance, instead of staring at the popcorn ceiling as she was.

The rest of the women seemed like this was all perfectly normal. But things felt wrong. Alexa couldn't quite put her finger on what exactly was off. Warmth continued to tingle all through Alexa's body. She tried to focus on Lakshmi's words. Whatever game they were playing upstairs, it was apparently no big deal.

Another ten minutes and the thumping and moaning stopped. A few minutes after that, Nancy came wobbling down the stairs. She seemed much in the same state as Penny. She looked tired and a bit dazed. Was dancing really that hard?

Nancy found her old place in the circle and gingerly sat herself down. She looked around at the other women with wide eyes.

"Did you win?" Lakshmi asked.

Nancy shook her head.

"Oh well." Joyce looked over at Alexa. "Your turn."

"Okay." Alexa's pulse quickened. She stood and the room spun a little. Heat moved through her body. Without thinking, she walked to the stairs. The framed family portraits that lined the stairway moved past as she climbed up. Alexa noticed that Joyce's husband was a handsome man.

"Good luck," somebody called after her as she rose to the second floor.

Alexa found the carpeted hallway and walked two doors down on the left. She knocked, not sure what to expect.

"Come in," a youthful voice said.

Alexa pushed the door open and stepped into the room. She breathed in deeply. It smelled strongly of something dark, vital, and basic. The warmth in her body increased. "Sam?" She looked around the room.

“Over here.” Sam waved to his newest conquest.

“Oh.” Alexa’s eyes fell to the teenager’s bed. On top of the blankets, lay Joyce’s skinny, eighteen-year-old son. He was naked. “Oh my.” Alexa’s hand went to her mouth. Everything about him looked meek. Everything, except for what was a hideously long and swollen penis that bounced slightly with his pulse. The same pulse, Alexa realized, as the stone. The penis stood up straight and proud.

“Hello, Mrs. Gibson.” With that, Sam flexed his penis and it gave a little jump.

“I’d like to go home now.” Alexa took an involuntary step into the room.

“Why? You have plans for the afternoon?” Sam sat up in bed.

Alexa nodded.

“Better cancel them.” Sam stood up.

“Why?” Alexa stared as Sam’s enormous penis bounced with his movements.

“You’ll see.” Sam’s face lit up in a goofy smile. “Come here.”

Five minutes later, Alexa found herself on all fours on the bed. Her panties lay on the ground, her dress bunched up around her waist. Her mouth was sore from sucking on that mushroomed penis head. How could this happen? She felt the teenager’s hands on her chubby butt.

“Nice.” Sam lined up his dick with her pussy. “We’re going to have fun.” With that he slid in. She was so wet, he got the whole thing all the way inside with only four strokes.

“Oooooohhhhhhh.” Alexa groaned as the skinny kid started really giving it to her. She looked down at the blankets below her and noticed several large stains. She was going to be late getting home. She needed to get home. Her husband. The grills. “Oh, nnnnnnooooooo.”

“That’s my girl.” Sam banged away and watched her sweet ass ripple. Her pussy contracted around his dick as she had her first of many orgasms. He reached with his right hand and grabbed her brown ponytail. He pulled her head gently back and got her to arch her back.

Twenty minutes later, Alexa was downstairs again, rifling through her purse. She found her phone. Cum leaked out of her and soaked through her panties. She tried to straighten her dress. She swiped to open the phone, not making eye contact with the other women in the living room. She needed to text her husband. There had to be some plausible excuse. She wasn’t going to make it home for shopping like she’d promised.

“You come up with that wish, Alexa?” Joyce called over to her from her seat in the living room.

Before Alexa knew what she was saying, she replied, “Again. I wish I could do it again. With him.” She opened the messaging app.

“No problem. We’ve got all afternoon.” Joyce smiled as she watched the frantic housewife text her husband. “You can do it again and again.”

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