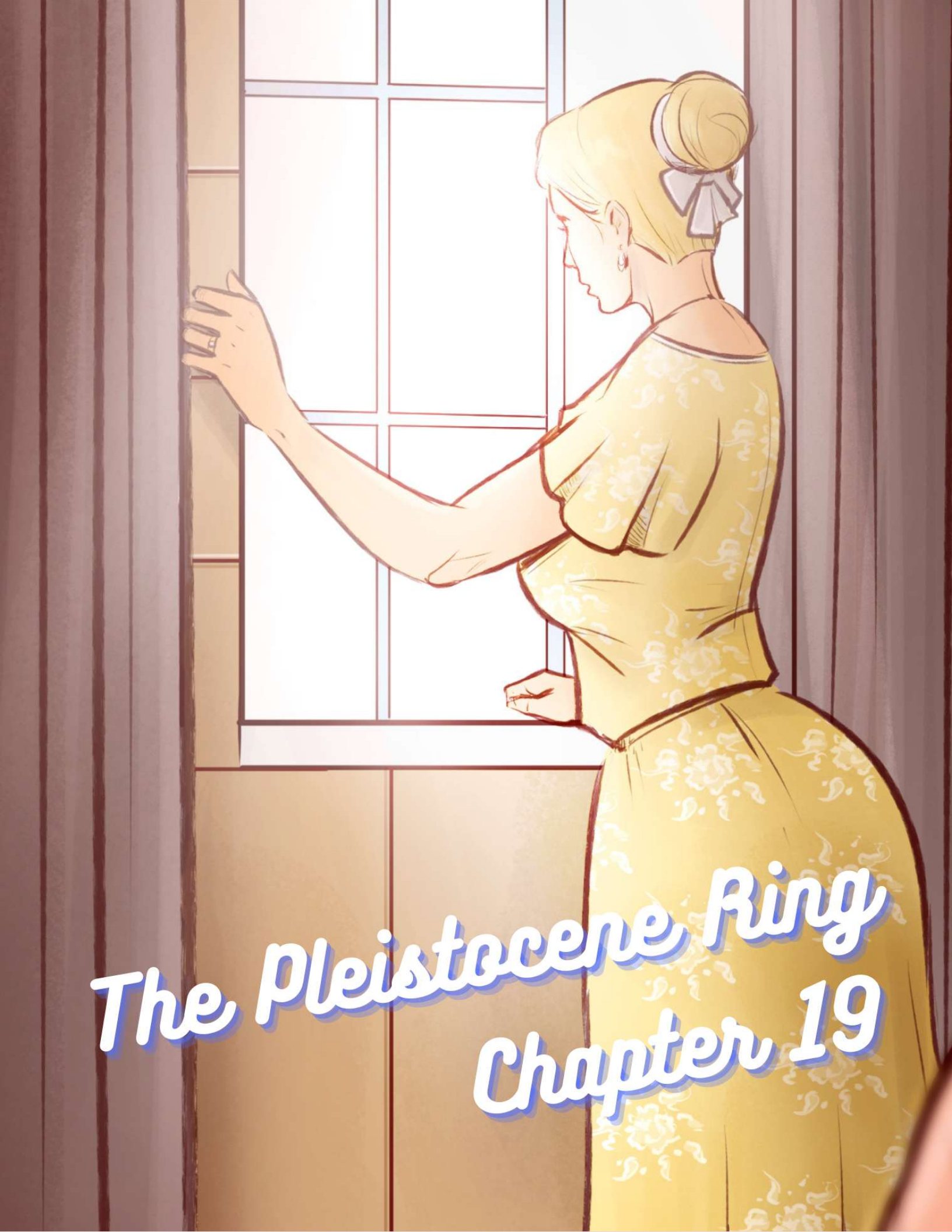


An illustration of a woman with blonde hair tied in a bun with a purple bow, wearing a yellow dress with a floral pattern. She is standing in front of a window with a grid pattern, looking out. The background consists of vertical wooden planks.

The Pleistocene Ring

Chapter 19



Illustrations by Disarten

Written by RawlyRawls

The Pleistocene Ring 19

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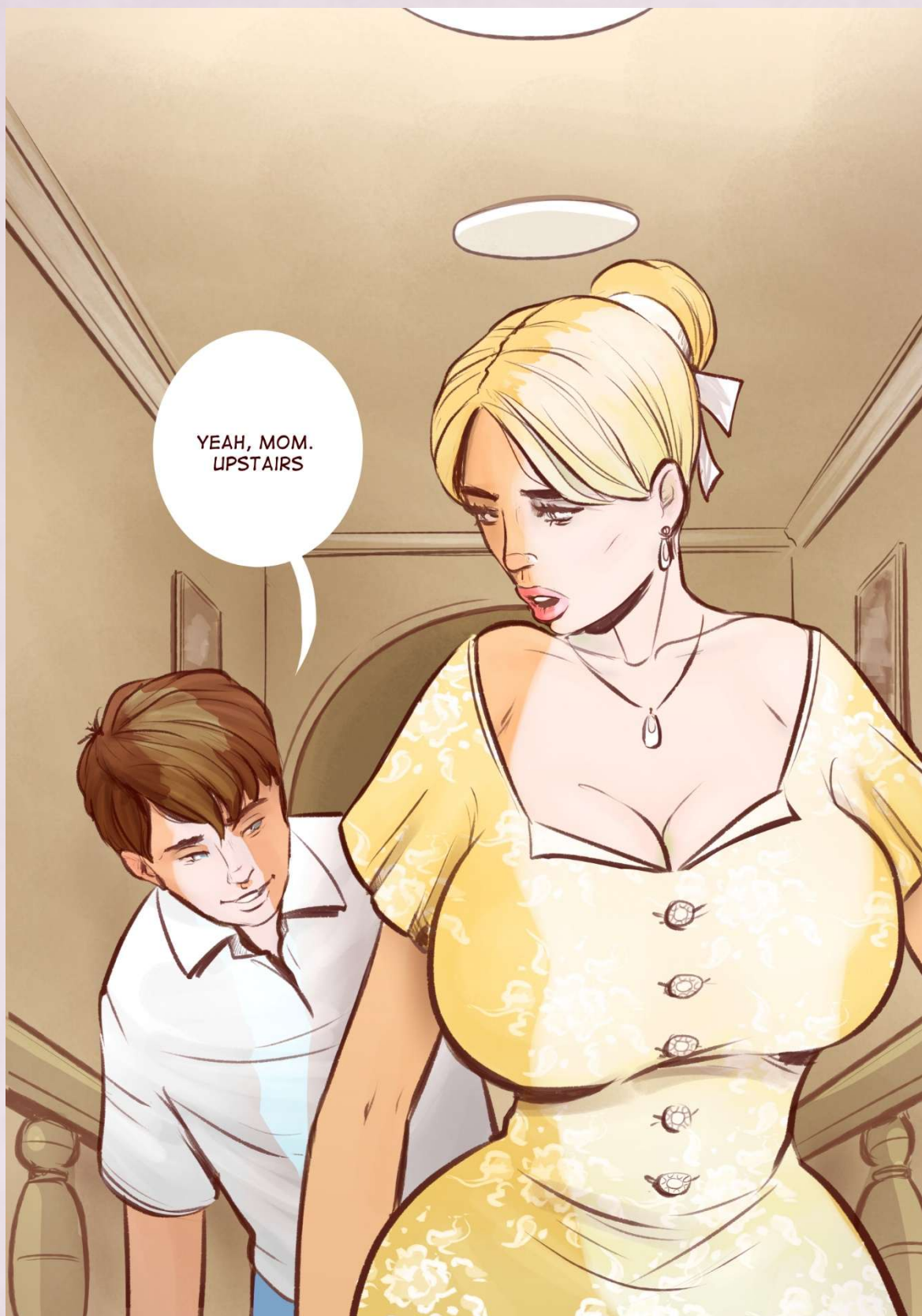
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“Yes, Billy?” Mom excused herself from a couple women I didn’t recognize and turned to me. “Do you need me?”

“Yeah, Mom. Upstairs.” I let her lead the way up the staircase so I could watch her ass rotate with each step. It was delightful.



"Where do you want to talk?" Mom paused in the upstairs hall.

"In Aunt Pam's bathroom." I led her to the room where I'd already humped all three sisters. I closed the door after us.

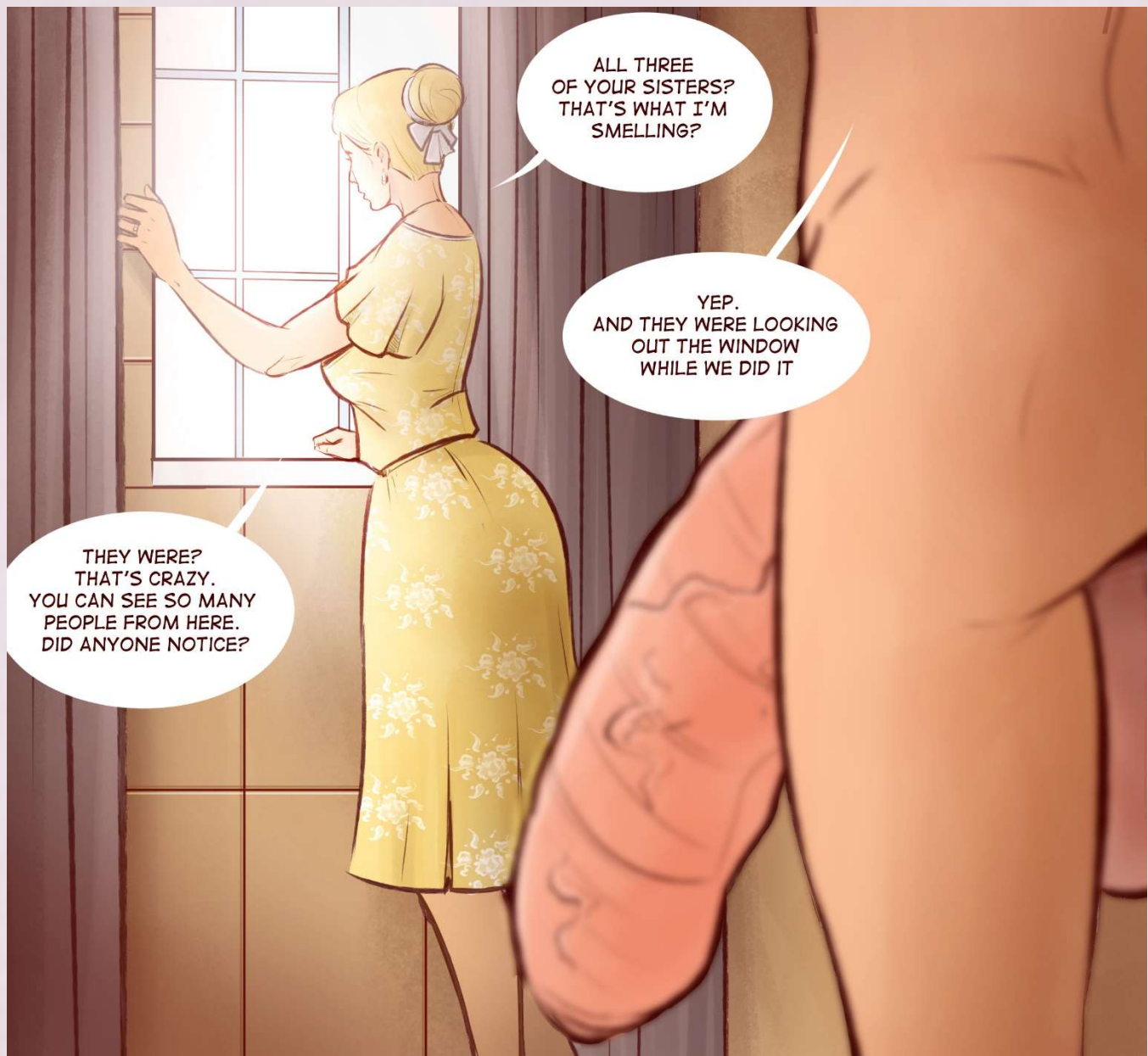
My mother looked around with a funny expression on her face. She waved a hand in front of her nose. "It smells wild in here. Have you ...?"

"I boned Beth, Sally, and Gail in here. That's why it smells like sex." I smiled and started undressing.

"Billy, you can't do that at a party. We still need to keep this a secret from ..." Her voice trailed away when my cock came into view. She stared at it and licked her lips. "All three of your sisters? That's what I'm smelling?"

"Yep." I laughed. "And they were looking out the window while we did it."

"They were? That's crazy." She went over to the window to look out. "You can see so many people from here. Did anyone notice?" My mother's words were hushed. "What are you doing?"



"I'm lifting up your dress and pushing your panties to the side." I wasn't lying. "You're wet, Mom. I'm going to stick it in now."

"Wait ... someone might ... oooohhhhhhhh." Like her daughters before her, Mom put her hands on either side of the window to brace herself. "Uuuggghhhh ... you're so big ... Billy ... every time ... it's like you're splitting me ... in two."

"I'd go for your ass, but I don't know where Aunt Pam keeps the ... ugh ... ugh ... lube." I held her hips and pumped hard.

"It's okay ... this is good ... too ... ooohhhhhhhh." Mom was still looking out the window. "On ... no ... your father just walked ... ugh ... ugh ... over to the grill. We need to ... move."

"Wave to ... Dad." I held my mother's hips firmly. She squirmed, but stayed in the window.

"Billy ... I ..." Her voice was a high whine. I could tell she was trying to put steel into it, but my humping was making that hard. I didn't usually disobey my mother, but this felt like a special circumstance.

"Wave ... Mom." I eased the aggressiveness of my hips a little, so her head wasn't getting jarred too much. I didn't want Dad to figure out what was going on. Unlike Uncle Bob, Dad didn't know about me or Uncle Monty, and Mom wanted to keep it that way.

"He's ... looking ... oooohhhh ... I'm ... waving." My mother lifted her hand and gave what I thought was a very normal-looking wave.

"Smile." I slapped her perfect ass for emphasis.

"I'm ... trying." She kept waving, probably forgetting what her hand was doing. So, before she looked too suspicious, I pulled her away from the window, keeping us locked together via cock and pussy. My mother's a couple inches taller than me, she's a tall lady, and she's curvy. Despite those hurdles, I picked her up and bounced her in the air, still facing away from me. It was a little awkward, but guessing from the sounds she made, I think she liked it.



"You're ... ugh ... ugh ... uggghhhh ... heavy ... Mom." I held her ass tightly as I bounced her, worrying that I might drop her.

"Not ... polite ... Billy ... to discuss ... a woman's ... uuuuggghhhhh." The rest was incomprehensible moans and shrieks.

When she was done cumming, I pulled her off my dick and set her on her feet. She wobbled in front of me, her knees knocking together. I sat on the toilet lid and beckoned her over.

"Later ... we're going to have a talk ... about being more careful ... around other people." She sat on my cock and slid it into her pussy. "But ... I can't talk ... right now." She bounced on me with wild abandon.



It took another ten minutes or so, and then I was cumming in my mother. When I was finished, she pulled off me with a loud plop and stood. Her dress fell down around her legs, but she pulled it up, put one leg up on the sink, and cleaned her pussy with some tissues. "I can't go back there while I'm leaking." She looked so wonderfully silly in that position, holding tissues between her legs to soak up my cum.

"You've never looked hotter." I sat on the toilet lid, wondering if I could get hard again for Aunt Pam.

"Your Uncle Monty pushed some boundaries with me and Pam, too." Still with her leg up, she looked at me thoughtfully. "Power corrupts, Billy. You don't want to break anything that can't be fixed."

"Like my cousin's pussy?" I smiled.

"You know that's not what I'm talking about. You need to break her vagina. There's no way around the djinn." She shrugged. "I'm talking about your father, and my reputation, and other people's feelings and reputations." She frowned. "You're going to go bring my sister up here when I head down, aren't you?"

"Is that a problem?" My smile widened.

My mother finished cleaning her pussy, dropped her foot to the floor, straightened her panties, and smoothed her dress. "I wish I could watch. But I'm going to cover for you at the party. Your cousin has had her conversations with your sisters, by the way. That ball is rolling." She sighed. "Be discreet with my sister."

"Always." I watched her leave the bathroom, stood, and dressed.

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"I've got guests, Billy. I promise I'll visit you tomorrow. We can't possibly do it now." Pam let me pull her into the empty hall that led to Uncle Bob's home office.

"You're beautiful. And the way you're such a good hostess for the party ... it's such a turn on." I pushed her up against the wall next to a framed family photo. My arms circled around her. "I can't help myself." I kissed her delicate neck. My massive erection pressed into her belly. I guess it wasn't much of an ask to get hard again. "I already did it with my mom and sisters."

"Ooohhhh ... I know." She writhed against the wall.



"At this party, I mean." I continued to plant soft kisses on her neck. "I had sex with all of them up in your bathroom."

"Billy ... Billy ... that's so wrong. So ... very wrong." She pulled my face off her neck and planted a kiss on my lips. We made out for ten seconds. She pushed me away, holding onto my shoulders. "My nieces and sister? During my party?" Pam looked a little drunk, but I don't know if that was from lust or margaritas.

"Come on, I'll do you, too. Make it a complete set." I took her hand and pulled her toward the stairs. We could hear laughing and conversation coming from the living room.

"This isn't the right choice." Pam giggled and took the lead, pulling me upstairs.

For the first time that day, I didn't make it to the bathroom. We ended up falling to the floor in her bedroom, entwined. Which was too bad, I had wanted her to wave at her guests from the bathroom window. But when she pulled down my pants, lifted her dress, and mounted me, I didn't complain. "You look so hot ... riding me."

"I feel ... oooohhhh ... hot ... Billy." Pam undulated her hips, running her fingers through her blond hair. "I feel ... like a bad hostess ... a bad wife ... and a bad ... uuuggghhhhhh ... mother."

"Mom!" Sylvie was standing in the bedroom doorway. She was holding the hand of a woman I assumed was her girlfriend. They both had ashen faces, slack with shock. "What ... the fuck ...?" Sylvie blinked several times. It was clear that it was taking her a second to register that the man under her mother was me. "Billy?!? I can't ... what the ...?"

"Ohhhhhh ... no." Pam's hips stopped.



"It's ... not what it looks like."
She pulled off me with a long, wet sucking sound from her pussy, frantically smoothing her dress down.

My glistening cock was now out in the open.

"Oh, my god!" Sylvie put a hand to her mouth, staring at my dick.

"What the fuck is that?!?"
Sylvie's girlfriend pointed to my penis in what looked like terror.

"Your father knows, it's okay. I ..."
Pam was now white as a ghost. "I didn't want you to find out like this." She turned to Sylvie's girlfriend. "I'm so sorry about this, Claire. It's more complicated than it looks."

I'm not sure Sylvie or Claire heard her. They continued to cast horrified expressions at my dick.

"It's inhuman," Sylvie whispered.

"We need to go." Claire tugged on Sylvie's hand.

Sylvie and Claire disappeared into the hall, slamming the door after them.

"Oh ... this is terrible." Pam looked like she'd seen a monster. "Sylvie ... and poor Claire ... they ..."

"It's spilled milk, Aunt Pam." I reached over and pulled up her dress. "And speaking of spilled milk."

"You can't possibly still want to ..."
She turned her wide eyes toward my hard cock.

I lunged on top of her, got between her legs, and slid back into her pussy. Her eyes rolled back. It didn't take long before she wasn't worried about her daughter anymore. My hips went wild. I'm sure we were thumping on the ceiling downstairs, but there was a lot of noise from the party. I doubt anyone noticed.

"Billy ... Billy ... I can't think ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I can't think about ... anything ... but your ... but your ... uuuuggggghhhhhh." Pam bit my shoulder to keep from screaming as an orgasm made her shudder and tremble under me.



"I love it ... when you cum." I held her legs, jackknifing them back toward her head. She looked so helpless. I wondered if her daughter, my bratty cousin, would ever look so defenseless at the mercy of my dick. We had really messed up today's plan. I glanced at the ring on my finger. Who was I kidding? I'd messed things up. I was too busy playing with all my women to keep to the plan. Why couldn't I just keep it in my pants for a few hours? "I'm sorry ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Aunt Pam." Even as I apologized, I continued to plow her pussy.

"Billy ... I don't know ... I don't ... again ... again ... I'm going to ... again ..." Her eyes rolled, and she came again. I had to put my hand on her mouth to keep her from screaming bloody murder.



Even as she came down from her climax, my hips fell out of rhythm. "Shit ... Aunt Pam ... good pussy ... good hostess ... pussy." I was still enjoying getting special attention from the person throwing the party. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." I unloaded in her pussy. The room was filled with her high grunts, my low ones, and the queefing sound of cum getting pushed through the tight space between my dick and her sleeve.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhh." She threw her head back and came again.

I lay on top of her for a while, trying to get my bearings. I had fucked all my women at the party. And I had complicated things with my cousin. It had been a memorable party, but that couldn't be good or bad. I wasn't sure if maybe it was a day that would live on in infamy. The djinn wouldn't be understanding if Sylvie was untouchable now.

"Get off ... Billy. I have to go back ... to the party." Pam pushed my shoulders, and I rolled off her. She sat up with a bewildered expression. "I did stupid things like this with my brother, too. It's the ring." She pointed to the Pleistocene ring on my right hand. "We figured it out then. We'll figure it out now." She slowly stood and walked to the bathroom to clean up.

"Okay," was all I could think to say. She was taking this better than expected. I hoped my mom would, too.

