



The Pleistocene Ring
Chapter 10

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

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The Pleistocene Ring 10

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Sally and I walked into the kitchen and found Beth looking pale, drinking a beer from the bottle. There were two empty bottles next to her. It hadn't taken me *that* long to clean the bathroom.

Beth was regarding her wedding ring, holding her left hand in front of her. I think she was tipsy enough that she hadn't noticed us enter. Sally gave me a look that said: *Are you sure?* I nodded. It was Mom's orders, not mine.

"I texted with Mom about what you did, Beth." Sally leaned her butt on the counter next to our sister. "She's really proud of you."

"Oh, yeah?" Beth looked over at Sally, her gaze unfocused. "Mom is happy I made Billy's giant peepee go boom?" She let out a harsh laugh. "Do you think Ned will be proud of me, too?" She was slurring her words a little.



"Beth?" Sally raised her eyebrows and looked at me. I shrugged.

"Yeah?" Beth was looking at her wedding ring again, holding it at different angles.

"Mom says we have to make Billy ... have another release. There's too much poison and she won't be home in time to take care of it herself." Sally creased her forehead, putting on a deep frown. She was overselling it again, but I guess that was just her style of acting.

"Nah uh." Beth's eyes widened. "She didn't say that."

“She texted you about it. Didn’t you check your phone?” Sally went to our sister’s purse, pulled out Beth’s phone, and brought it to her.

Beth scrolled through the messages, her jaw hanging open. She looked at Sally in disbelief. “She says I should suck it if he won’t finish again?”

“I’m feeling better, but Mom wants to be sure.” I smiled patiently.

“I can see you don’t want to do it.” Sally pushed off the counter with perhaps too much eagerness. “I’ll do it this time. Sisters should take turns.”

“What? No.” Beth downed the rest of her beer. She checked the clock. “I can do this. I already did it once. There’s no way I’m going to make my eighteen-year-old sister touch something like that. I’m married. I know how to deal with a penis. Even ...” She glanced at the growing bulge in the front of my pants. “Even one like that.”

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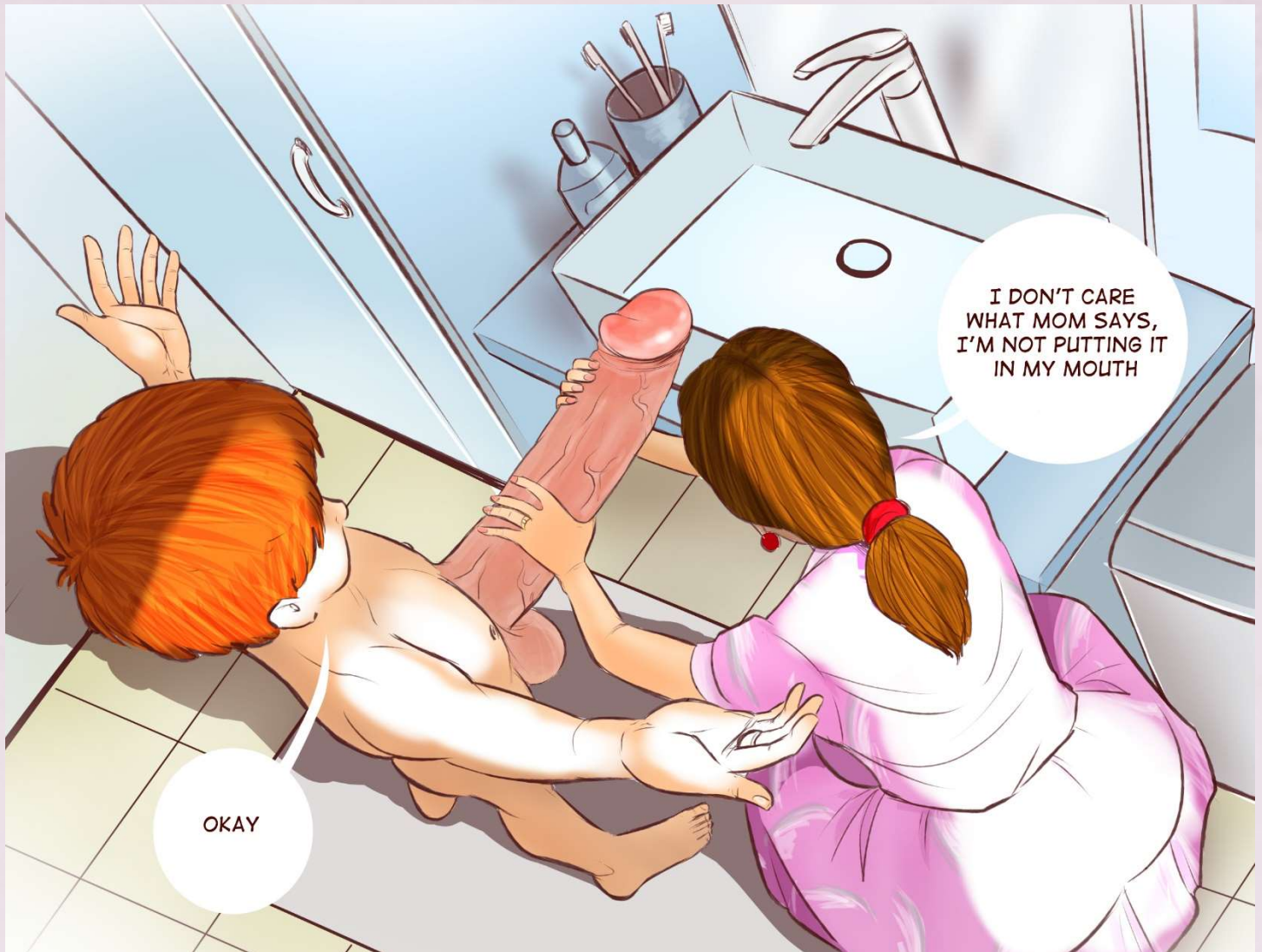


"Why isn't it working this time?" Beth was still dressed, I was naked. We were in the bathroom again. She was pumping my penis with both hands, pointing it at the sink. "Just finish, Billy. Don't be a brat."

"I'm not being a brat." I frowned at her. "Sometimes it takes a while. Remember earlier? I was having a hard time finishing it with my own hands."

"I don't care what Mom says, I'm not putting it in my mouth." Beth shook her head, pulled up her sleeves, and pumped harder.

"Okay." I shrugged.



"How's it going in there?" Sally's voice came through the closed door. "You've been going for a long time."

"I'm doing the best that I can, Sally." Beth rolled her eyes at the door, then looked at me with her eyebrows raised. "I know this isn't great for either of us, Billy. I know you're doing your best, too. What will it take to get you to finish?"

"Well, your mouth?" I smiled hopefully.

"No. I already said no. This is okay, but that would feel like ... um ... Ned wouldn't understand." She stared at her squelching fingers. "Also, it's got lotion all over it. I couldn't put that in my mouth."

I thought about suggesting she wash it off in the shower first, but I could see she was right on the edge of leaving. I didn't want to push her off. She needed more time to get used to it, just like Mom had said. "Well ... I like boobs. That would help."

Beth curled her lip in disgust. "You wouldn't like mine. They're your sister's boobs."

"Boobs are boobs." I shrugged.

"Ugh." She snorted in disgust. "You're really not close? Like ... what if you tried pushing from your balls or something?"

"It doesn't work like that." I smiled. "Does Ned do that with his little *peepee*?" I wasn't sure where that dig had come from. I didn't need to needle her about her husband.

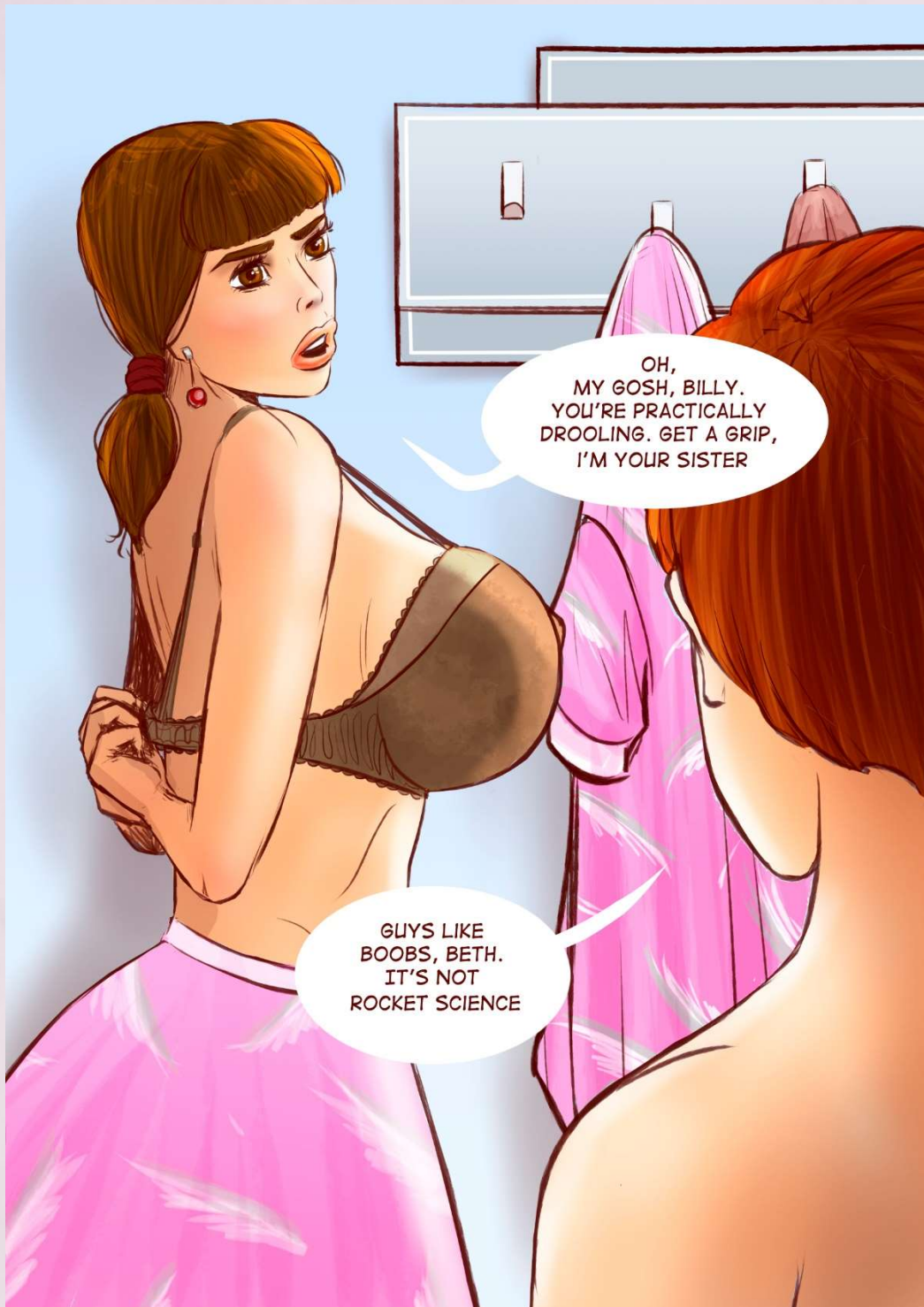
"Shut up, Billy. He's not ... that much ... smaller than you." She frowned at my dick. It was clear that she was lying. She glanced at me for a reaction. Her expression said that she knew I knew she was lying. "He's normal. Ned's thing is normal. You're built ... like the neighbor's horse."

"You talk about the horse a lot. Have you been checking out his dick?" Again, I didn't have to be a jerk. I looked at the ring on my hand. *You won't make me a jerk. I'm only doing this to make the Djinn happy.* My sister was talking, but I'd tuned her out. "What?" I turned my focus back to her.



"I said, don't make this weird, Billy. It's a medical emergency." She took her hands off my dick. I thought I'd pushed her too far, that she was about to walk out of the bathroom and hand me off to our sister. Instead, she let out a long, disgusted sigh and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. "Oh, my gosh, Billy. You're practically drooling. Get a grip, I'm your sister." She paused with the blouse unbuttoned, but still on. I could see her bra, cleavage, and pale belly peeking out.

"Guys like boobs, Beth. It's not rocket science." I swung my hips and bounced my dick on her belly with a nice, heavy thump.



“Stop that, you’ll get your pre-stuff on my blouse.” Beth chewed her bottom lip, looking down at my penis. Her words were still a bit slurred. I could feel that the moment was primed for some big leaps forward.

Silence stretched out between us.

“Beth?” I said.

“Yeah?” She was still staring at my dick as I thumped it over and over into her belly. As she’d said, I was smearing some pre-cum on her nice, pink blouse.

“Are you going to show me your tits?” I said.



"Don't be crude." She pulled off her blouse. Put her hands behind her back, paused, gave me a nervous glance, and then unclasped her bra. She hung her blouse and bra on a towel rack and turned back to me with her right arm over her boobs. She reached for my dick with her free hand and started pumping again.

"I thought you were going to show them to me," I said.

She rolled her eyes in aggravation. "Give me a minute. This is really weird, Billy. That stupid snake bit you, and now ... things have gotten really ... strange." She laughed. It started as a little giggle, but built up until she was guffawing, her high, pretty voice bouncing off the walls.

"What's so funny?" I smiled, but I wasn't drunk, so it was hard to get in on the drunken laughter.

"That snake ... bit you ... and that ... turned me into ... a snake handler," she said between howls of mirth. "You get it? I'm handling ... your snake."

"That is funny." I nodded. It wasn't funny. "A snake handler needs to mesmerize the snake. Boobs would work."

"They're only breasts, Billy. Nothing special." Beth dropped her arm and went back to two-handing my snake.

I raised my hand like I needed the attention of the class. "You're wrong, Beth. They are special. Wow."

"You're just saying that." She wouldn't make eye contact with me now, but she was still pumping. Her tits danced and jiggled with her efforts.

"No ... really ... they're perfect." I was beginning to think perfect breasts ran in our family. But I wasn't going to tell her that.

Beth blushed. "Thank you for the compliment. And ... for not being crude."

"Does Ned not compliment your boobs, Beth?" *There I go again.* The topic of her husband was irresistible to me for some reason.

"Keep it down. Sally might hear you." Beth gave a weary look at the door.

"I can't hear you guys." Sally's muffled voice filtered into the bathroom.

"See? She can't hear us." I smiled.

Beth looked at me by way of the mirror. I guess she was too embarrassed to look directly into my eyes. Her lip quivered, and her eyes darted with nervousness. She was drunk enough that she didn't contradict Sally and



me. She seemed to really think our Sally couldn't hear us. Or maybe she wasn't paying close attention. "Are you ... um ... are you ... getting ... close?" Beth said.

"Not yet. It would really help if you told me whether Ned compliments you." I gave her an encouraging nod.

"I don't know why ..." She shook her head and took a deep breath. "Mom said it was important to make you finish again, so I ... well ... Ned compliments me when he remembers."

"If it were me, I'd remember every time I saw you. I'm not kidding, Beth. Your boobs are breathtaking. Top shelf." I was laying it on pretty thick, but she seemed to like it. It was better than being mean to her. I glanced at the ring on my finger. I promised myself I wouldn't be mean anymore. "I'm getting close."

"You're really staring at them, aren't you?" She was still watching me through the mirror with a worried face. She looked back at my dick and parted her lips. Her eyes lost focus. The snake had charmed the charmer, it seemed. Mom was right. She was getting used to my dick. "Are my breasts enough ... to put you over the edge?"

"Almost ... uuuggghhhhh ... I need ... a little ... more." I really was getting close. Pleasure surged. I gazed at her boobs and imagined what they'd look like with her riding me, bouncing in wonderful countervailing circles.



"Oh ... gosh ... forgive me ... Ned." She pulled my penis away from the sink and tentatively moved the head to her mouth. She opened wide and rested it on her tongue, while pumping the shaft with her hands. It wasn't a blowjob *per se*, and I was unfamiliar with the technique, but she looked so hot balancing my bloated cockhead on her tongue, that my orgasm swelled.

"Beth ... I'm gonna cum ..." I trembled. "You're ... so ... pretty." I tried to take in all of her. Her pumping hands, her twisted face, her perfect

tits. She looked like she was trying to be prim about a topless blowjob, and that was so perfectly her. It was driving me wild. "Gonna ... do it ... Beth."

"Gaaaaaaa aaaaheaaaa, liiwawwyyy." She didn't remove my dick from her tongue to say those words, but I think she was saying: *Go ahead, Billy*. And I wasn't going to say no to that. She wanted me to blast her. And blast her I did. My mind went supernova, and I don't remember much of what happened next.

When I returned from the starbursts of my high, I found her on the bathroom floor. Her head was turned away, and she was holding up her cum-covered left arm to ward away the deluge. I looked at her wedding ring. I could barely see it under all that spunk. She was sputtering and saying "... oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... oh ..."

"You ... did it ... Beth." I smiled down at her. "Mom's going to be ... really proud of you." *And proud of me, too.*

"Billy ... that was crazy ... I thought I was going to drown." Beth didn't look up at me. "Go clean yourself in another bathroom. I don't want you to see me like this." She had cum all over her hair, shoulder, and tits. I couldn't see her face, but I was pretty sure it was plastered, too.

"Want me ... to send ... Sally in?" I picked up my clothes.

"No ... I'll clean myself." She kept her face turned away from me. "Just go, Billy."



"Okay." I exited the bathroom.

Sally was waiting right outside the door. "That sounded intense. Does she want me in there?"

I shook my head.

"Good." Sally grabbed my semi-hard dick and pulled me toward the stairs. "I want you to tell me all about it. And I need you up in my room while you do."

"Yeah ... Okay ... Sally." I figured I had another load in me.

