



The Pleistocene Ring
Chapter 11

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

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“Okay, Billy. I think we’re on schedule.” Mom was driving us to the store. Since the Lizard Flu ended, she’d been keen on getting back into the habit of shopping. When she offered to take me along, I rarely said no. I was enjoying her company more and more these days. She pulled into the parking lot and looked for a space. We ended up parking in a secluded area at the side of the building. “Are you still filling up Sally whenever you get a chance? Is it ... going well with you two?” She parked, and we got out.

“Yeah, Mom. Sally and I are getting along great.” I let her stride a few feet ahead of me as we walked to the store. She was wearing a sweater, sneakers, and tight mom jeans. Her ass looked perfect. I could feel the blood rush to my dick.

“I think it’s time we sealed the deal with Beth.” She looked over her shoulder, caught me staring, and gave me a warm, indulging smile. “I have a plan.”

“Of course you do.” I laughed.

Once we were in the store, I had to pause because my dick was fully hard and nearly overtaxing my pants. I stopped next to the melons.

“We’re not shopping for melons, Billy. Come over to the dairy section with me.” Mom beckoned me over.

I didn’t move.

She looked back at me, saw the tent in my pants, and rolled her eyes. “Oh, for heaven’s sake. Why is this happening now?”



"You're pretty, Mom." I grabbed a melon and held it in front of my crotch. I waddled over to her.

"That won't work, I can still see your thing running down the leg of your pants." Mom looked around, quickly surveying the store.

"Meredith! How good to see you!" A redheaded lady walked over to us. "Isn't it amazing meeting out and about like this?" She was about Mom's age, wearing a conservative dress and a friendly smile. "And this must be Billy. I haven't seen you since you were this high." She held her hand to her waist.

"Gwen. You look fabulous." Mom spun me away from Gwen, kissed her cheek, and gave her a hug. "Unfortunately, Billy isn't feeling well. We were just leaving. But let's get coffee sometime."

"Sure." Gwen waved as Mom hurriedly pulled me out of the store. "Feel better, Billy."

"Thanks!" I waved back to her.



Mom escorted me to the backseat of our minivan. "I'm glad we parked in a private spot." She sat next to me and pulled off her jeans and panties. "To avoid this sort of thing in the future, I suppose I should take my daily dose of your stuff before we do errands." She unzipped me and pulled down my pants and underwear. "Live and learn, right?"

"Yeah ... Mom." I watched her bite her lip as she straddled me and guided my dick into her pussy. "But it's sort of hot ... doing it in the parking lot, don't you think?" I said.

"It's sort of ... dangerous ... doing it in the parking lot." Mom's expression lost its focus as I bottomed out in her. We both still had our tops on, and she hugged my face into her boobs through her soft sweater. "But ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... we have to do ... ugh ... ugh ... what we have ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... to do." She was already riding me hard. I'm sure the minivan was rocking. We spent a blissful hour in the car before we were ready to go shopping again.



I couldn't wipe the grin from my face for the rest of the outing. There was something spectacular about helping her with mundane errands while her womb was filled to the brim with my cum.

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The next day, Mom drove me to Beth's house. It was a rural neighborhood, so she parked behind some bushes while we waited for Ned to leave. We made small talk for a while. But eventually she ended up leaning over to the passenger side and blowing me. Before I could cum, Ned drove by without noticing us. When I mentioned it to her, she spit out my cock.

"Wait ... Mom ... you should finish." I was shocked.

She tucked my dick away and drove the rest of the way to Beth's. "Today's the big day, I was just ... um ... priming the pump. I want you ready to make it happen with Beth." She practically pushed me out of the car. "Good luck, honey."

"But if I'm supposed to hold back ..." I wasn't able to finish the thought.

Mom blew me a kiss and drove away.

Beth was shocked when she opened the door. She led me inside and poured us some coffee. "I had no idea you were coming over. You could have texted me or something." She eyed me warily as we sat in her kitchen. She was wearing a floral dress, and she had her hair in a ponytail.



“Mom thought you’d keep Ned around if you knew I was coming. She wanted you to help relieve me again, and ... well ... Ned would get in the way.” I shrugged. This was totally true, and I tried not to laugh at the nearly apoplectic expression on Beth’s face when she heard it. “Don’t look at me like that. Mom tried to get me off this morning, but she couldn’t do it. The doctors said I had to keep cumming. That snake poison is really bad. Not a good place to get bitten.”



Beth stood and rushed for her phone, knocking over her coffee in the process. I listened to her call our mom, her voice high-pitched and panicked. Calmly, I got up, grabbed a dishtowel, and mopped up the spilled coffee. Beth’s voice got more and more reedy as the call went on, until she sounded like a bird doing speed. I could barely understand her. When she hung up, she turned back to me, her face pale and her chest heaving.

“So, what’d Mom say?” I lifted my eyebrows.

“We can’t keep doing this, Billy. This is insane.” She watched me like I might bite her. “Maybe I can hire an escort for you or something?”

“That’s disgusting, Beth.” I frowned at her. “What really needs to happen is that I need a girlfriend.”

“Yes ... that ...” She nodded emphatically and pointed at me.

“But that can’t happen right now, and the poison won’t wait. Mom was so desperate, she was trying to finish me on the car ride over here.” I pressed my lips into a thin line, doing my best to look worried. “But it wouldn’t work.”

“Mom was touching you ... in the car ... on the way ...” Beth slowly shook her head. “No ... no ... there’s no way I’m touching you again. And even if I did, there’s no way I’m putting you in my mouth again.”

Twenty minutes later, we were in the main-floor bathroom. I was standing naked. Beth was on her knees, still wearing her dress, holding my dick with both hands. She had the head of it resting on her tongue with her mouth wide open. I was guessing that this was what she thought oral sex was. I wasn’t going to tell her otherwise. She looked so cute looking up at me like that.

“Aaw eu ooiiin du uuum?” It was hard for Beth to get the words out, but I knew she was asking me if I was going to cum. It turns out my big sister used the word ‘cum.’ That was even cuter.



“Not ... yet ...” I was trembling. Mom really should have finished me off in the car. Her plan would have been a lot easier if she had. But I was a trooper, so I held back the flood.

“Ooh aay.” Beth nodded and continued to pump me while holding my dick on her tongue. Another twenty minutes, and she finally stopped. “My jaw hurts, and my hands are cramping. What’s wrong?”

“Maybe the poison is making it harder to finish?”



Beth looked like she didn’t like the sound of that. “If it wasn’t Mom telling me I had to do this, I would never ... I mean ... I made a vow to Ned. I love him. But I guess I’m the only one that can ...”

“What are you talking about?” I looked down at her with all the innocence of an angel.



"I don't know if your tree trunk of a penis will even fit." She stared at my dick, shaking her head. "But I can't keep using my hands, and you need to finish." She looked so earnest and defeated at the same time. I pulled at my heartstrings. I almost told her about the Djinn but held my tongue. She stood up, took my hand, and led me upstairs. "We're going to use one of Ned's condoms. You better be eternally grateful that I'm doing this."

"Best big sister in the world." I felt like grabbing her butt as she walked up the stairs ahead of me, but I restrained myself.

In the bathroom, she got on her knees again and tried to put one of her husband's condoms on my cock.

"I think I need something larger," I said. "Ned's condom is micro-sized." I grimaced at the jab. I didn't need to do that.

Beth frowned, still gallantly trying to roll the condom onto my dick. "I told you, Ned's normal-sized. You're like ... a genetic experiment gone wrong ... or something."

"It won't fit." I watched her ring glitter as her fingers struggled.

"It better." She gave me a stern glance. "Because there's no way this thing is going inside me without protection."

Ten minutes later, we were on her marital bed. She was on her back, screaming her lungs out. The hem of her dress was up around her waist, and her panties were pulled to the side. Her fingers had a white-knuckle grip on my shoulders. I was between her legs, slamming into her viselike pussy with nice, easy strokes.

“Oooohhh ... gosh ... oooooohhh ... gosh ... Billy ... I think ... you’re in my ... belly.” Beth pointed her toes at the ceiling. “That stupid ... snake ... messed everything up ... uuughhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... now ... I’ll never ... be the same.”

“Ned ... won’t ever feel ... your pussy ... again.” I kept needling her when I didn’t have to. I felt bad for doing it, but it didn’t seem like she was listening to me.



“Something’s wrong ... Billy.” She stared into my eyes. “My legs are ... shaking ... and I feel all ... floaty ... and tingly ... and like ... uuughhhhh ... really floaty ... and ... nnnngggggggggggg.” She grimaced, rolled her eyes back, and spasmed under me.

“I think ... you’re cumming ... Beth.” I continued my steady, even pace.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” She went wild under me.

I humped her to two more orgasms before rolling over and letting her ride me. That was a mistake. She didn’t really know how to get her hips into rhythm.

“You can just bounce on me, like you’re riding a horse,” I said. It was so awkward watching her try to get her hips going. She still had her dress on, so I wasn’t even able to watch her tits.

“Like this? Wait ... oh my ... wait ... gggghhhaaaaaa.” She spasmed again, her hands fruitlessly grabbing the air. She was cumming again. It was useless having her on top, so I pushed her off me, placed her on her belly, and closed her legs. She looked back at me with dreamy eyes. “Are we ... done?” Her face glistened with sweat.

