



The Pleistocene Ring
Chapter 12

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

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The Pleistocene Ring 12

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"Wow ... Beth ... I feel so much better." I pulled out of my sister and rolled onto my back next to her. My cock softened, resting on my hip. It leaked the last bit of my cum onto her marital bed. *Ned would be so pissed.* I smiled at the thought. "Thanks for ... milking me with your pussy."

"Ohhhhhh ... Gosh ... Billy." Beth was still on her belly, her dress still halfway on. She turned her head to look at me, her cheek pressed to the covers. "Should I ... um ... worry about ... the poison ... in my womb?"



I pressed my lips together. Mom and I hadn't thought of that. Shame on us. "No ... the poison is such a small amount in my sperm that it can't hurt anyone. That's what the doctor said. That's why I have to keep draining my balls. I lose a small amount of poison each time."

"Oh ... good." She blew out a relieved exhale. "Um ... Billy. That was pretty crazy, right? I mean ... sex isn't supposed to be like that." She rolled her eyes in mock ecstasy and let out a playful moan. "Ned and I ... do it differently."

"Yeah, well. Ned and I aren't the same." I shrugged.

"That's true." Beth's brow creased with worry. "Anyway, that's the last time I'll ever have sex like that, I suppose. Now that you're relieved, we can go back to normal." Slowly, she sat up. "Come on, let's get cleaned up." She got off the bed and groaned. "Oooohhhh ... my vagina feels so strange. I hope you didn't do any permanent damage." She waddled to the bathroom.

Fifteen minutes later, we were humping in the bathroom. I think it was the first time Beth had ever had sex standing up. I was still naked, and she was becoming more so. She only had her bra on now. I was standing on her floral dress. The last time she'd cum, she'd squirted, and the dress was now sadly stained.



Beth had her hands placed next to the sink. "Oooooohhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... Billy ... I'm going to have ... another ... big one ... I can feel it."

"I'm giving ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... the big one ... Beth." I slammed my hips into hers.

"You are ... you are ... it feels ... so goooooood ... Billyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy." She threw her head back, screamed, and convulsed in my arms.

A little while later, I filled her womb again. We cleaned up after that. We showered, dressed, and headed back downstairs. She looked so pretty in a green blouse and skirt, with a headband to match. I stared at her as I sat in the kitchen, watching her busy herself with getting us some lunch. All I could think about was my tiny swimmers inside her, and how happy that freaky Djinn was going to be with me.

Beth looked over at me. "What are you thinking about?" She waddled over to me with a dreamy expression, leaving the fridge door open behind her, forgotten.

"All the cum I put inside you today." I smiled at her.

"Oh ... my ... gosh ..." She stared at me like I had suddenly turned into a giant spider. "What is ... happening to me?" Her voice pitched higher. "I can't stop thinking about what it was like to have you in my belly, and then, when you exploded all those times, and I exploded, and my mind is literally fried, and I can't stop ..." She spoke in one long run-on sentence, her voice rose so high and fast that she almost sounded like a chipmunk on speed. She suddenly stopped talking mid-sentence and tackled me to the floor.

“What are you doing, Beth?” I was mostly amused, but the fall had jarred my shoulder. It stung a little.

She was angrily fishing her hand down the front of my pants. “One more time ... gggrrrrrrrrr ... one more ... time ... gggggrrrrrrr.” Her high-pitched growling almost made me laugh. But then she had my dick out of my pants, and she placed it on her tongue. It was Beth’s version of oral sex again. My merriment faded, and I was ready to fuck again.



After a few minutes of oral, I pushed her mouth away from my dick. "It's pussy time, Beth."

"Oh ... my gosh ... oh ... my gosh ... oh ... my gosh!" She undressed, tossing her fresh clothes carelessly around the kitchen. Naked, she mounted me with a crazed look in her eyes. "We should really stop but ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh."

"I know ... uggghhhhh ... one more time ... right?" I playfully slapped her tit, much to her astonishment.

Beth rode me hard in a herkie-jerk motion. Her hip movements were still awkward, and the rest of her body couldn't seem to put itself into one, cohesive motion. She was, however, improving. When I gripped her boobs, gently pushing and pulling, she followed my lead and started bouncing. With my help, she finally found a rhythm on top of me.

By the time I came inside her again, she was a blathering, incoherent mess. "Big ... Billy ... explosion ... my brain ... Billy ... tummy ... explosion."

I helped her back upstairs just as Mom texted to say she'd be picking me up soon. I cleaned us as best I could, tucked Beth into bed, and mopped up the mess we'd left around the house. I opened some windows so the place wouldn't smell like all the gallons of cum and pussy juice we'd splashed around. Then, I walked out the front door whistling just as Mom drove down the long drive.

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A couple hours later, I was resting at home.

"So, how'd it go at Beth's?" Sally sauntered into my room. "Ha, you're grinning like the cat that ate the canary. She let you do it in her?"

I was sitting on my bed reading a comic book. I looked up and held up three fingers.

"Well, I'm glad you got the job done. But making her cum three times is nothing to brag about." Sally put her hands on the hips of her yoga pants and shook her head. "Beth has always been such a prude. I cum like three times a minute when I'm with you."

"No, silly. I came three times. She came like ... I don't know ... forty or something times?" I shrugged like it was no big deal.

"Oh ... my God. My prissy big sister is a slut." Sally clapped her hands and laughed. She pulled off her top. She wasn't wearing a bra. "Got any left?" She didn't bother closing the door. My mom was the only other person home, and she'd be happy that Sally and I were doing it again.



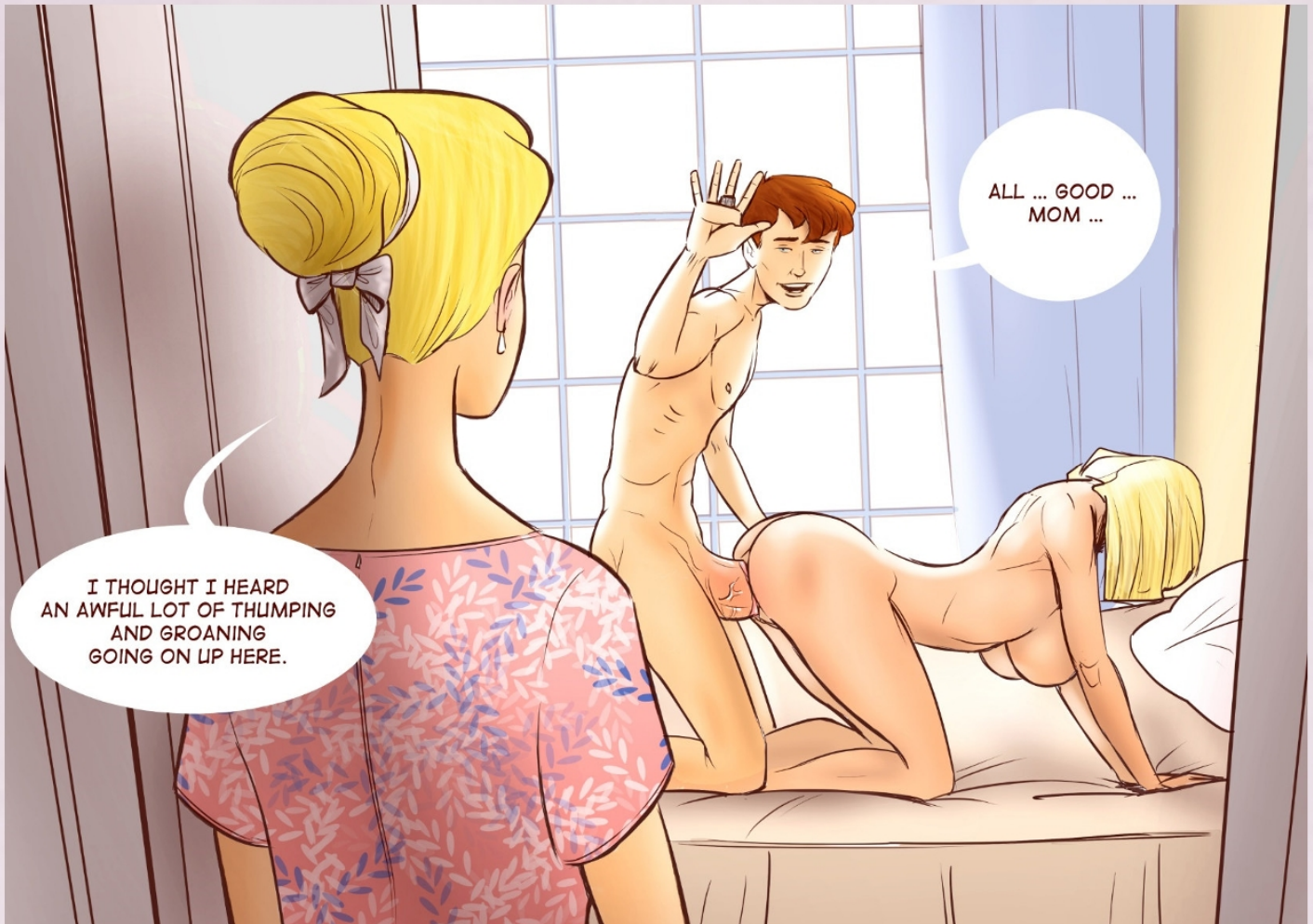
“Honestly, I can always get hard for you, Sally.” I tossed my comic book away and pulled off my shirt. We were quickly naked, Sally riding me with great bounding lunges. Unlike Beth, Sally was a natural. She didn’t need any help from me keeping time or making all parts of her body move in concert.

It took her about five minutes to climax three times. I suppose I should have been worried that I was losing my touch, but I didn’t fret. I was too busy having fun.



A little after we switched to doggy style, Mom checked in on us. She stood in the doorway, looking on with pride. "I thought I heard an awful lot of thumping and groaning going on up here. I'm glad to see that you still have some juice left after your visit with Beth."

"All ... good ... Mom ..." I held Sally's hip with one hand and saluted my mother with the other.



"He's ... gonna ... fill me up ... Mom ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." Sally tossed her head and came again.

"I'm sure he is." Mom nodded her head with approbation. "That ring carries a lot of responsibility. Not just for Billy, but for the whole family. It warms my heart to see that you're both up to the task." Mom's foot tapped the floor in time with my hips slamming into Sally's ass. She stood and watched us for a while.

I kept railing Sally's squelching pussy. Eventually, looking over at the doorway. "Did you ... ugh ... ugh ... need something ... Mom?"

"Oh ... no ... but if you have any left after you're done with Sally. Well ... come find me." Mom smiled, licked her lips, and disappeared down the hall.

“My pussy ... is going to drain you ... Billy ... ugh ... ugh ...” Sally looked back at me over her shoulder. Her face was sweaty, red, and twisted by passion. “There ... won’t be ... ugh ... ugh ... any left ... for Mom.”

“We’ll ... see ... Sally ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.” I slammed into my sister and unloaded in her pussy.



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A couple hours later, I found my mother reading in the living room. When she saw me, she pushed her reading glasses down her nose and smiled. "Your father is going to be home soon. With the day you had, I doubt you can be quick about it. Maybe I should take a raincheck?"

"Maybe we should come up with a plan for Gail instead?" I smiled nonchalantly and sat on the sofa. "I'm sure you're already scheming up something."

"You made fun of my plans with Beth, but you enjoyed it, didn't you?" Mom put down her book and glasses, stood, and walked over to me.

"I don't love lying to her." I tried to frown.

"Well, I sort of enjoy it." Mom giggled. "What's that frown about?" She rolled her eyes at me. "You know how Beth can be?" She looked down at the rising tent in my pants. "See, even the thought of her draining your poison gets you going."

"Honestly, it's just being around you, Mom. You're so beautiful." I put my hands behind my head and reclined, making the tent even more pronounced.

"Oh ... very sweet, Billy." Mom's cheeks flushed. "Planning for Gail will have to wait. Come with me." She grabbed my shirt and pulled me to my feet.

"Where are we going?" I let her drag me through the house.



“The bathroom.” Mom led me upstairs. “If your father gets home while we’re still doing it, I don’t want to scandalize him.”

“What about that raincheck?” I laughed.

“It’s raining semen, Billy. Hallelujah.” She pulled me into the bathroom and locked the door.



In no time at all, I was pounding into Mom from behind while she grimaced at her reflection in the mirror. Two sisters and my mom in one day. It was one for the record books. But I had another sister to seduce. And I hadn’t seen my aunt for a little while. I figured I was going to be a busy man going forward.

“This is ... ugh ... ugh ... a pretty ... sweet ... life ... Mom.” I made eye contact with her through the mirror.

“Yes ... sweetie ... but don’t let it ... take over. Your uncle ... always had a hard time ... focusing ... after he got the ring.” My mother snorted in ecstasy when I hit a special spot deep inside her. “We have to ... we have to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

I never got to hear what special advice she had for me. Her climax wiped the didactic moment right away. It didn’t really matter anyway. Life was good, and even the thought of that grumpy Djinn wasn’t scaring me anymore.