

# The Pleistocene Ring

## Chapter 15



# FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

Illustrations by Disarten

Written by RawlyRawls

## The Pleistocene Ring 15

*This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!*

*Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points?*

*Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page*

*<https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>*

*Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!*

*To see more of Disarten's art: <https://subscribestar.adult/disarten>*

Two days after my first foray with my sister, Gail, Mom dropped me off at her house again. I stood on the front walkway, Mom watching me through the minivan's open window.

"Pump her to the brim, sweetie." Mom gave me a thumbs up and an encouraging smile.

"Sure thing, Mom." I gave her a thumbs up and walked to my sister's door. I heard the minivan driving away behind me. Nerves hit me when I knocked. Would Gail be different with me now? We'd always been so close, and I was nervous about ruining things with her. Would she be angry that I'd destroyed her pussy? She'd seemed worried about me loosening her so that Ricky wouldn't feel her anymore. Would she think I'd taken advantage of her ... of the situation? I frowned and tapped a foot as I waited.

The door opened, and Ricky stood there. "Oh ... hello, Billy. You're early. I was going to clear out before you got here." He had a wide-eyed stare, like I was a rock star or something. Until now, he'd always treated me with indifference.



"Hey, Ricky. I ... I ..." I panicked. I didn't know what to say to the man. He knew what I'd done.

"Sorry about Gail's pussy," I blurted. "I mean ... um ..." I slapped my own forehead. "I didn't mean that. It's just ... we had to, you understand, right? And I can't help my size. I ... I ..." I shut my mouth, thinking it was better to stop talking.

"Come in, Billy." Ricky's smile wobbled, but he kept it up as he stepped aside and welcomed me in. "So, yeah, if we're going to talk about the elephant in the room ..." He looked down at my pants. Even though I was soft, the bulge there was noticeable. "It has taken some adjusting in the bedroom. But your sister and I love each other. And I want her to be happy. And she's committed to family. So ... you know ... bang away, I guess." He let out a sudden, nervous laugh. I couldn't remember him ever being nervous before.

"Okay!" I'm sure my grin looked a bit forced. I repeated the thumbs up I'd given my mother minutes before.

"Um ..." He looked around. "Did you really ...?" Ricky shook his head. "Never mind. None of my business." He turned and called into the house, "Gail, your brother's here."

"Coming." A moment later, my sister appeared. She was wearing an athletic top, yoga pants, and a wide, warm grin. "Billy! You're early. Alright, Ricky. Time for you to head out."

Ricky's nervous laugh returned. He eyed me like I was some sort of apex predator. "Don't be too rough with her, Billy. And ... um ... no more hickeys, okay?"

The way he was looking at me made me feel like an apex predator. I wagged my eyebrows at him. "I'll only give her a hickey if she asks for it." The room was quiet for a drawn-out moment. "And I'm sure she'll ask for it."

"I will not, Billy." Gail was frowning now. "Why would you say something like that?"

Ricky looked back and forth between my sister and me. "I ... um ... I ... um ... have to go." He turned and fled toward the mud room attached to the garage.

"Wait, Ricky." Gail ran after him. I sat in the living room and waited. When my sister returned five minutes later, the frown on her face had deepened. She stood in front of me with her hands on her hips.

"Way to make an awkward situation worse, doofus. What the hell was that?"

I shrugged, still feeling very apex. "I just wanted him to know that I was in control."

"Well, you're not in control, bub." She shook her head slowly.

"Is he gone?" I reached up, grabbed her elbows, and pulled her onto my lap.



"He's gone." She straddled me, looking down into my eyes.

"Ever since the last time, I can't stop thinking about you." I kissed her lips, and she pulled away.

"No kissing on the lips, I'm mad at you." She did look mad, but she didn't stop me when I hefted her tits through her top.

"Have you been thinking about me?" I pulled up her top and lowered her bra. I nuzzled between her soft, heavy tits.

"Yes ... I've been thinking about you, dummy." She put her hands on my shoulders, but didn't push me away.

"Ever since Uncle Monty told me about the ring, I knew the day would come when you ... when we ..." She shivered as I slurped on her nipple. "I just didn't think I'd like it so much. Or that you'd be such a brat about it. Hickeys ... really?"



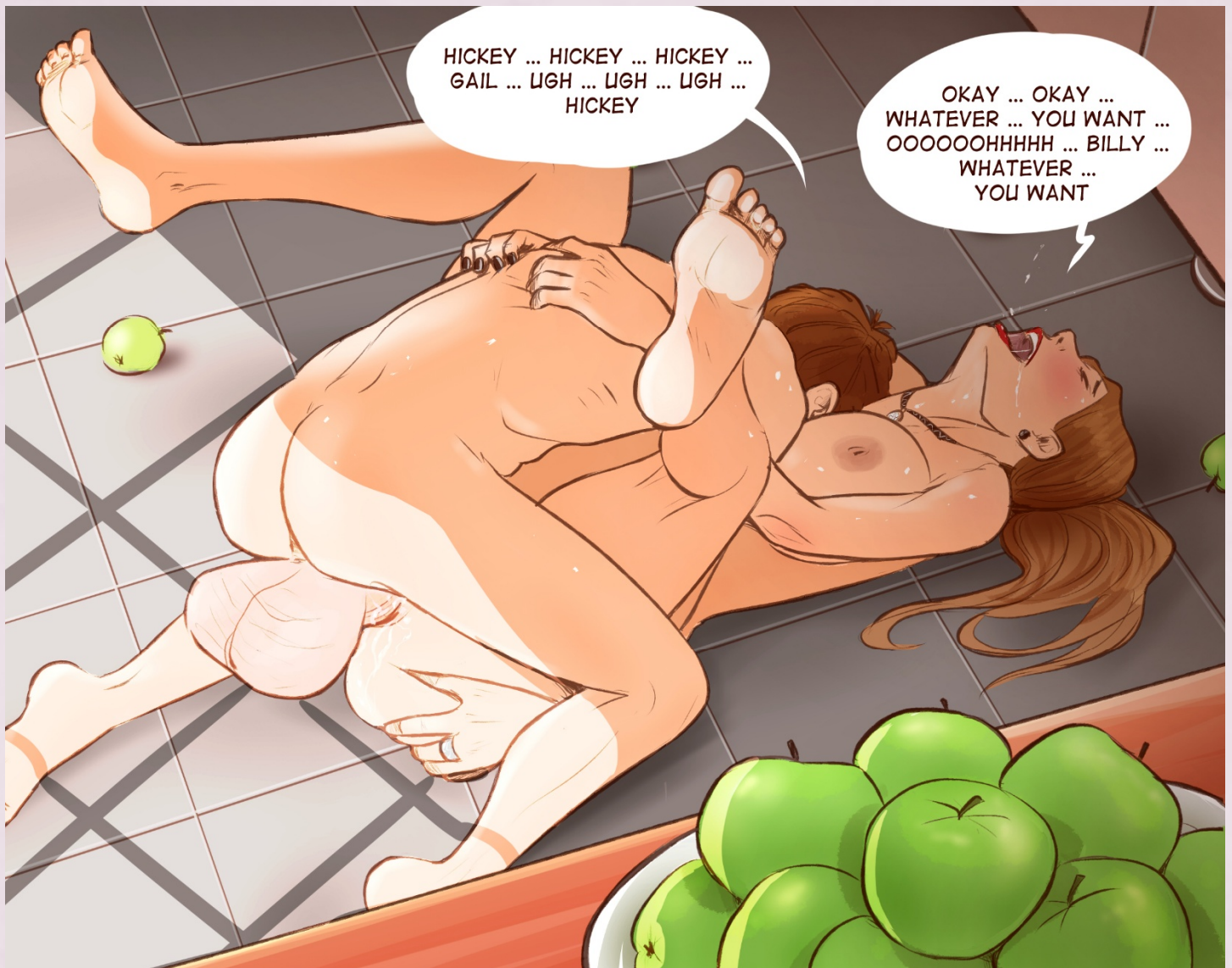
I spit out her nipple. "Look, I'm sorry about the hickey thing. That was rude of me." I kissed both tits as a way to make amends. "By the way, can I give you a hickey on your left tit? It looks like it's asking for it."

"Jeez, Billy. Stop." She pulled me onto the floor, so that I was on top of her. "Let's get these clothes off. If you can behave yourself, I think we can have a productive morning."

"I'll behave." I gave her a wolfish grin.

Twenty minutes later, I was pounding her on the floor. She was on her back, legs up in the air. I had both hands on her ass for leverage. My face was buried in her boobs. "Hickey ... hickey ... hickey ... Gail ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... hickey."

"Okay ... okay ... whatever ... you want ... oooooohhhhh ... Billy ... whatever ... you want." Her nails bit into my back.



As I sucked marks onto my sister's breasts, I wondered if the ring had made Uncle Monty tease and push my mother like this. Or maybe I was just a bad person. Sadly, at that moment, I didn't really care.

Thirty minutes later, Gail was riding me while her eyes were rolling back. Her body jangled loosely. She appeared to be moving on automatic pilot. From the zombie-like sounds she was making, I guess there probably wasn't a lot of higher brain function going on. "Uuuuuuhhhh ... uuuuuuhhhh ..."

nnnnuuuhhhhh,” she said. There were hickey marks all over her breasts and belly. I stared at them as her tits bounced around. It was a beautiful sight.

“Gonna ... cum ... Gail.” I grabbed her tits and encouraged her to bounce faster by tugging. “Gonna ... cum ...”

“Uuuggghhh ... nnnngggghhhaaa ... uuuuggghhhh!” She was still in zombie mode, only louder now. For a brief moment, her gaze focused on my face, then her eyes rolled again. We came together on the floor. Afterward, I insisted on doing it in her marital bed. She refused. Gail had always been tough, and she’d always had my number. So, I settled for doing it standing up in front of a portrait of her and Ricky from their wedding.



We didn't finish until a couple hours later. She was a mess when I left her, lying in a pool of our combined cum in the kitchen. I wondered if Ricky would find her like that when he got home. The thought made me smile. "Bye, Gail. Mom's here." I waved to her.

She looked over at me in a daze, giving me a half-hearted wave. "When ... are we ... going to do this ... again?" Her legs were spread wide, allowing me to see her pussy burp out a dollop of my cum.



"We only have a few more days until the deadline, so how about tomorrow? Can you take the day off work?" I watched her closely. The wheels in her brain seemed to be spinning without purchase. She didn't reply. I shrugged. "Never mind. I'll call you tonight. We can talk about it."

"Love you ... Billy." She gave a stoned smile.

"Love you too, Gail." I blew her a kiss and left. Mom was waiting for me outside in the minivan. We headed home, and I told her all about my time with Gail.

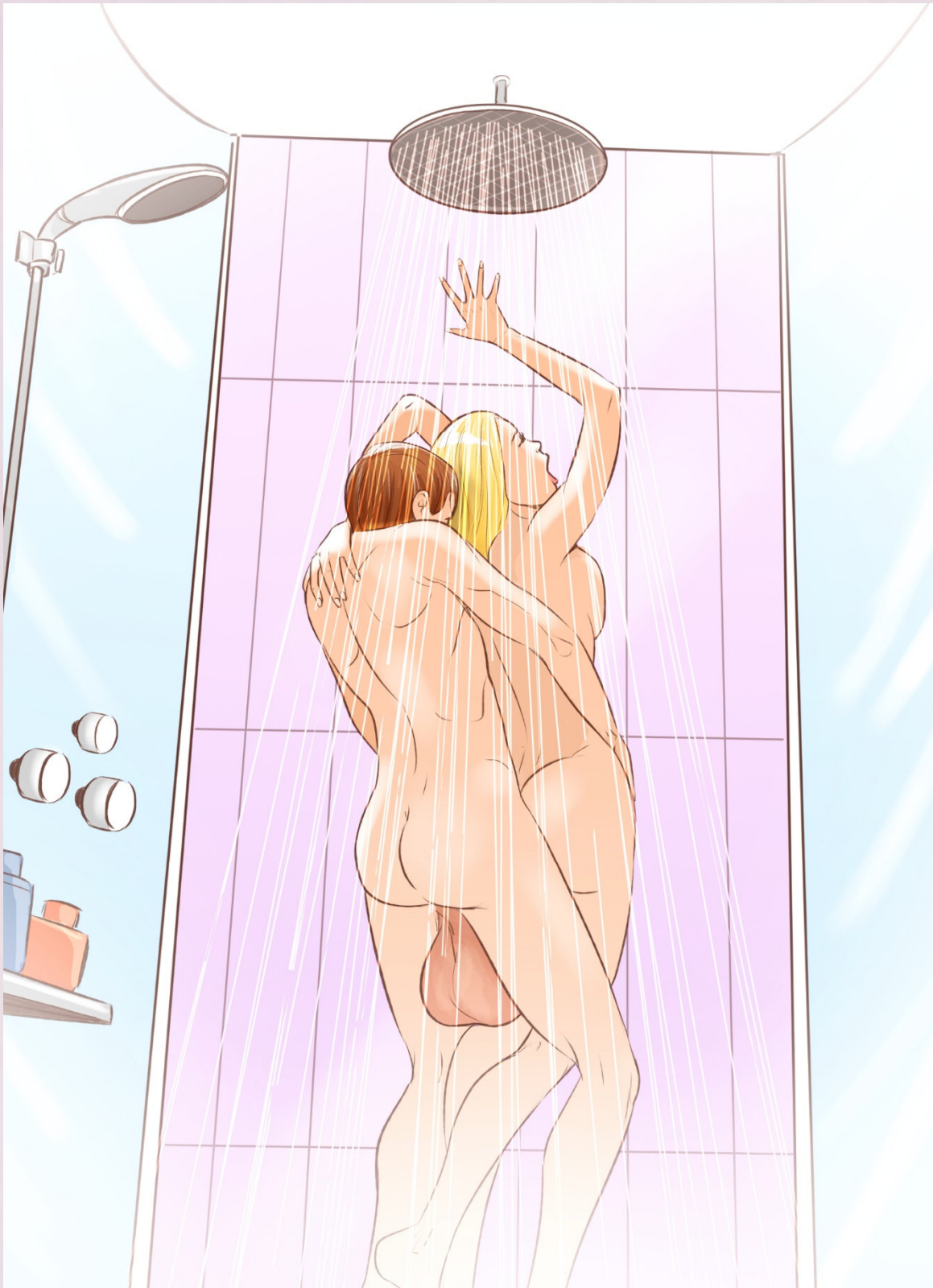
~~

The next five days were a whirlwind for me. I'm surprised my dick got through it unscathed. But even after the storm of sex, I could still get hard. I suppose the ring had given me a prostate of steel.

I humped my mother at least once a day, sometimes twice. We did it in my room every time. And she insisted on giving me her ass. I humbly accepted, railing out her buttocks again and again. I noticed her walking funny around the house, and wincing when she'd sit down to dinner. But she didn't complain. I wondered if anyone else would offer up that hot, tight hole. But so far, I didn't have any takers.



Sally was constantly pestering me for sex. We did it more than Mom and I. She started sneaking into my morning showers. That was a terrific way to start the day. We'd clean each other, I'd slam her up against the tile wall, then we'd clean each other again. She also started coming into my room at bedtime. It became a habit to begin and end the day by humping my eighteen-year-old sister.



Aunt Pam visited about every other day. If my dad was home, I'd try to bang her quietly in my room. But I preferred doing it where Mom could watch if she wanted. Aunt Pam and I did it twice in the living room with Mom as our audience. I loved the encouraging things Mom said as her sister writhed on my cock.



Beth didn't come over. I think she was still trying to keep some distance from me. She still believed the snake thing, so that gave her pause. Since the poison wasn't an issue anymore, she was having a hard time justifying spreading her legs for me. Mom was insistent that I keep up the sex with Beth though. So, Mom drove me over there twice. Once, while Ned was home, so Beth and I ended up fucking in her garden shed out back. It wasn't easy because she was worried I'd get bitten by a snake again. I really wished Mom would just let me come clean and tell her everything. But Mom was insistent that the lie continue. The other time I visited, Ned wasn't home, so Beth and I humped all over her house.

"I can't believe ... we're still ... doing this!" Beth was riding me in reverse cowgirl, looking over her shoulder at me with a hazy, lovestruck gaze. We were on the kitchen floor. "And you keep ... shooting your stuff ... inside. And I ... keep ... eh ... eh ... eh ... letting you."

"You like ... how it feels ... Beth?" I slapped her ass. She was bouncing on me with a fast pace, my cock doing a magic disappearing trick with each thrust.

“You’re like ... oooohhhhh ... you’re like ... the neighbor’s ... horse.” She turned her face away from me and rode even harder. I could tell from the whimpering sounds she was making that she was going to cum soon. “Ooohhh ... Billy ... ooohhh ... Billy.”

“Have you fucked ... the neighbor’s ... horse?” I barked out a laugh and slapped her ass again.

“Gross ... Billy ... gross ... Billy ... I ... can imagine ... what it would be ... like ... oooohhhhh ... because ... you’re practically ... the same ... size. Eeeeeiiiiiii.” She threw her head back, stopped bouncing, and ground into me. Her scream shook the walls of her normally quiet farmhouse.

I came in her three times that day: once in the kitchen, once in her bathroom, and once on the dining room table. It gave me great joy to think of Ned eating supper with her at that exact spot later that day. Later, when Ned came home, Beth and I did it out in the shed. She was nervous about getting caught, but quickly got over her anxiety. By the end of that session, she was promising to come for a visit.

I had so many loving, devoted women in my life. Things were good. Things were fantastic. Then, the Djinn returned.

