



*The Pleistocene Ring*  
*Chapter 16*

# FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

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## The Pleistocene Ring 16

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Spiraling laughter filled my room. I snorted, woke from a deep sleep, and sat up. It was the middle of the night. And I knew that laugh. I blinked and focused on the djinn hovering above me. She appeared as she had before, a shimmering specter of a dark-skinned, naked head and torso with flowing hair that hovered around her like she was suspended in water. Her lower half was purple smoke. Her laugh wasn't a friendly one, but I still hoped she'd be pleased with my progress.

I waited for the djinn's laughter to die down, but it didn't. Her cackles cascaded off the walls of my dark bedroom. It was a wonder she didn't wake the rest of the house. As peals of wicked laughter continued, I held up my hand like I was asking a question in school. I hadn't attended in-person class since before the Lizard Flu, but my body remembered what to do. My raised hand didn't shut her up, so I tried asking a question, "Excuse me, Tsabri, welcome back. Can I have another wish?"

She laughed harder at that. "You ... pathetic ... flightless ... shitbird," she said between cackles. "You ... inglorious ... witless ... dingus. Another wish?" Finally, her laughter died down. When it had ceased, she stared hard at me. "No. No more wishes until -"



"That's not fair." I stood on my bed so she wouldn't be hovering over me. This forced our eyes onto something close to level. I was naked, and my soft, heavy cock swung gently as I shifted my weight on the mattress. "I did what you asked. Mom, Aunt, and sisters. They're all pregnant, right?"

"You certainly have become more bold. I fear you have gone from insufferable to unbearable. And more than a little malodorous." The djinn waved a hand in front of her nose.

I smelled my pit. It seemed all right. I had showered after Sally and I humped before bed. "We have to be more than halfway through whatever this whole process is. That means I should get wish number two."

She raised an eyebrow. "What would a dung-for-brains wish for, if he had a wish? Remember, it must be about completing your duties as the ring wearer."

*Why didn't I prepare for this? I knew she'd be coming. "I ... I ..."* Selfish thoughts filled my head. *I've already ended the Lizard Flu, why shouldn't I enjoy myself?* I thought about getting

rid of the husbands. Not via murder or anything. Just divorces all around. But then I realized it was more fun to have them there. I thought about asking for enormous wealth. I was sure Uncle Monty had done that. I thought about asking for a slightly smaller dick so that I didn't scare away women that didn't have a duty to sleep with me. I thought about a bunch of things. "I wish that ..."

"You wish you had a bigger penis?" The djinn giggled. "No matter how big I make it to start out, they almost all wish for that."

"No." I shook my head. "I wish no one gets hurt from all the sex you're making me have." I was happy that something selfless had popped out. Maybe I wasn't as corrupted as I'd been fearing.

"No, you hideous, gassy windbag. That's a dumb wish. I refuse." Her devilish smile revealed sharp, white teeth. "You asked for a wish without knowing what you wanted, huh? Your punishment is that I will grant your second wish now. You have thirty seconds to come up with something acceptable, or I wish for you."

"Shit." My mind raced.

"You wish for shit?" She held up a hand like she was about to grant my wish.

"No!" I shook my head. "I wish for ..." She tapped her watchless wrist.

"Hurry, shitbird." She clearly enjoyed torturing me. I wondered if she'd always been like this. Or, was this caused by millennia serving the ring?

The first time we'd met, she'd suggested that I wish to enslave the women around me, or that every woman would fall in love with me. I had flatly refused, but those things had sort of happened without my wishing for them. "I wish the ring wouldn't corrupt me."

"Your attitude change isn't from my magic, asshole. It's because you're a douchebag." She shrugged. "No wish. Ten seconds."

"I wish ..." I knew I couldn't wish not to sleep with my cousin. But maybe if the djinn was happy with the first round of babies, I wouldn't have to. "I wish that every woman I breed has twins."

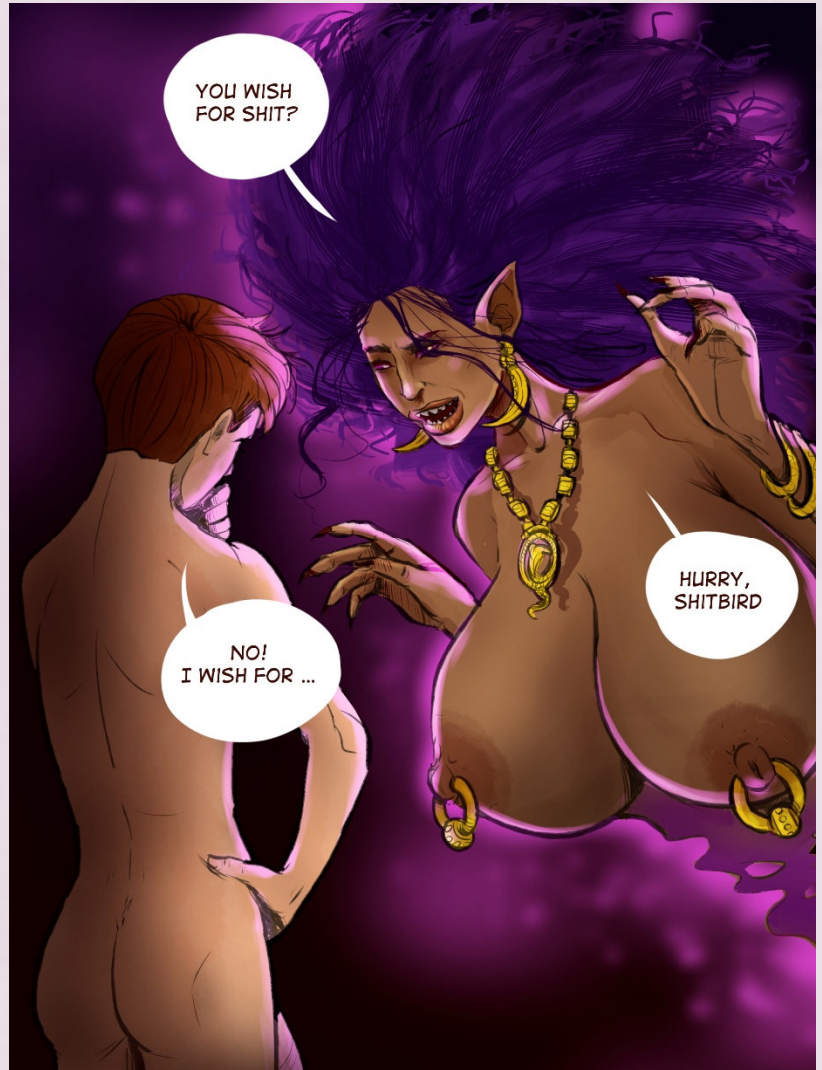
"Well ... sure." She snapped her fingers.

"Now you have exactly twenty-eight days to sow twins in Cousin Sylvie." I had cousins on my dad's side, but only one female cousin on my mom's side. Pam's daughter, Sylvie. I guess the djinn wasn't interested in my dad's side.

"But I ... isn't there already enough babies? I think she's a lesbian. I mean, that's what Gail says. I'm pretty sure Sylvie started dating a woman after the Lizard Flu. Also, I'm really busy with Mom, Pam, Beth, Gail, and Sally. Isn't ten babies enough?" I steepled my hands in a pleading gesture.

"No." And with that, she vanished.

I sighed. Well, at least I had a whole month to seduce only one person. It would have to be easier than the last deadline.



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Mom barked out a laugh. "What? You're serious?" It was morning time. I'd already humped Sally in the shower. Now I was standing in my room with a towel around my waist. My mother was undressing. Actually, as I looked down, I saw that the towel wasn't around my waist anymore, my rising dick had pulled it loose. The towel was now resting on a thick, veiny towel rack. When I looked up, I could see Mom was staring at it with hunger in her eyes. She wasn't laughing anymore.



"I didn't plan ahead. It was the best I could do." I shrugged. The towel gave a little lurch and shiver with my movement. "If I couldn't wish for something good, I thought I should at least wish for something harmless."

"Carrying an extra baby isn't going to be harmless." Mom stopped undressing. She was down to her bra and panties. She put a hand on her belly and frowned. "That's a lot for a woman to bear. And double the babies for us to take care of when they get here." Her frown slowly curved into a half-smile. "At least you didn't wish for octuplets."

I smiled back at her, relieved that she wasn't mad. "I guess I'm going to make more babies than Uncle Monty."

"I guess so." My mother finished undressing and stood naked in front of me. "I suppose it's a little exciting to think about two new lives growing inside me. And you put them there, Billy." She walked toward me, swaying her hips seductively. "I suppose we'll have to be careful after the djinn is done. We don't want two sets of twins."



“Oh, shit. I hadn’t thought of that. I’m going to make twins every time.” I slapped my forehead.

“At least your future wife will know what to expect.” Mom pulled the towel off my dick like it was a magic trick. “Did Sally already drain you this morning?” She grabbed the bottle of lube we kept on my desk and slathered my dick.

“Only once.” I watched her little hands on my massive appendage.

“Well then, you’ll still have lots for me.” Satisfied with the slipperiness of my cock, she put her hands on my desk and turned her ass toward me. “Has anyone else given you their butt yet? Wait, don’t answer. I suppose Pam is my only competition. Sally is still a little worried about your size, so she wouldn’t. Beth already has that stick up her butt, so there’s no room for yours. And Gail wants to save the tightness of at least one hole for her beloved Ricky. That about right?” She wiggled her butt at me.

“Yeah. Pam hasn’t said anything about her ass. And I haven’t asked for it.” I moved in behind my mother, admiring the wonderful flare from waist to ass. “To tell you the truth, I like that we have this special hole that’s just for you and me. Although, I still enjoy your pussy, too.” I pressed my cockhead against her asshole.

“Me ... too ... sweetie ... uuuuggghhhhh.” Her whole body stiffened as I entered her.



“Gail is so concerned about Ricky. How come you let me steal you from Dad? He can’t possibly feel you anymore.” My hips found their rhythm. I tried not to prod her about my father too often, but these days it was getting harder to help myself.

"You haven't ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... stolen ... me ... Billy. I still ... love him ... it's just ... my marital bed is ... quiet ... and your bed ... uuuuggghhhh ... isn't." She squealed.



“In that case ... let’s ... make ... some noise.” I pulled out of her, tossed her onto the bed on her back, and spread her legs. I reentered her ass and plowed away, making the bed squeak like a frenetic mouse.



When we finished, Mom was draped on the sheet next to me, her eyelids still fluttering. I spread her legs and gazed at my cum flowing from her ass. "What's the plan for Sylvie? Is she really a lesbian? Gail thinks so."

"A plan ... plan ... a plan ... sweetie." My mother's voice was light and airy. "We'll come up ... with a plan ... later." She rolled onto her side and shuddered. It seemed like maybe she was struggling with some aftershocks. It was fine. We had twenty-eight days to solve the Sylvie conundrum. No rush.



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Later, when my mother had her wits about her, she thought maybe it was best to invite Aunt Pam over to discuss Sylvie.

Pam, thinking this was a sex invite, raced over. She was out of breath when she came in the front door. "Is Donald here?" She asked my mother.

"No, it's just Billy and me today." Mom closed the front door behind Pam.

"Oh, so we're going to do it with you watching then?" Pam said to her sister. Without hesitation, she pulled down her skirt, stepped out of it, and unbuttoned her blouse.



"Hold on just a sec, Aunt Pam." I watched her stop and give me a quizzical eyebrow raise. She looked so sexy standing in her panties and bra with an open blouse, giving me a tease down the middle. "You look really hot."

"Oh, thank you." Pam smiled.

"That's not what Billy meant, Pam. He wanted to tell you before you got naked that the djinn came back." My mother guided us into the living room and sat in an armchair.

"Oh ... is it good news? Are we done? What did you wish, Billy?" Still half-naked, Pam gave me a hopeful smile.

"Not quite done." I told her about the twins and about her daughter. Pam looked taken aback by both bits of news.

"Oh ... I was hoping the djinn would be happy with what you've already accomplished. Sylvie won't be interested in you." Tentatively, she walked over to me, made me sit on the sofa, and sat on my lap. My bulge pressed valiantly up against her ass cheek. "Is there anything we

can do to get out of this? Maybe if I let you give me another baby after the birth ..." She shuddered. "I mean another set of twins ... the Djinn wouldn't need to involve Sylvie." She tried to play with my hair seductively, but she was too nervous to pull it off.

"It's not Billy's choice, Pam." My mother uncrossed her legs, a serious expression on her face.

"You haven't met the Djinn, but as someone who has, let me tell you that she is completely unreceptive to feedback." I hefted Pam's tit through her bra. "But I wouldn't mind another set of twins anyway. That would be fun, right?"

A shiver was Pam's only response. Her gaze got distant. She fished a hand into my pants and grasped my cock. I took her blouse all the way off and removed her bra.

"Let's have sex, and we can talk strategy when we're relaxed." I sucked on her nipple, listening to her gasp with pleasure.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea, Billy. Plan now, sex later. It's hard to think after you've ..." She stared as Pam frantically undressed and mounted me. "Oh ... okay ... I suppose we can plan after sex." Mom's hand went under her dress. She rubbed her clit while watching us go at it. The moment had caught us. But the Sylvie situation couldn't wait forever.

