



The Pleistocene Ring
Chapter 17

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

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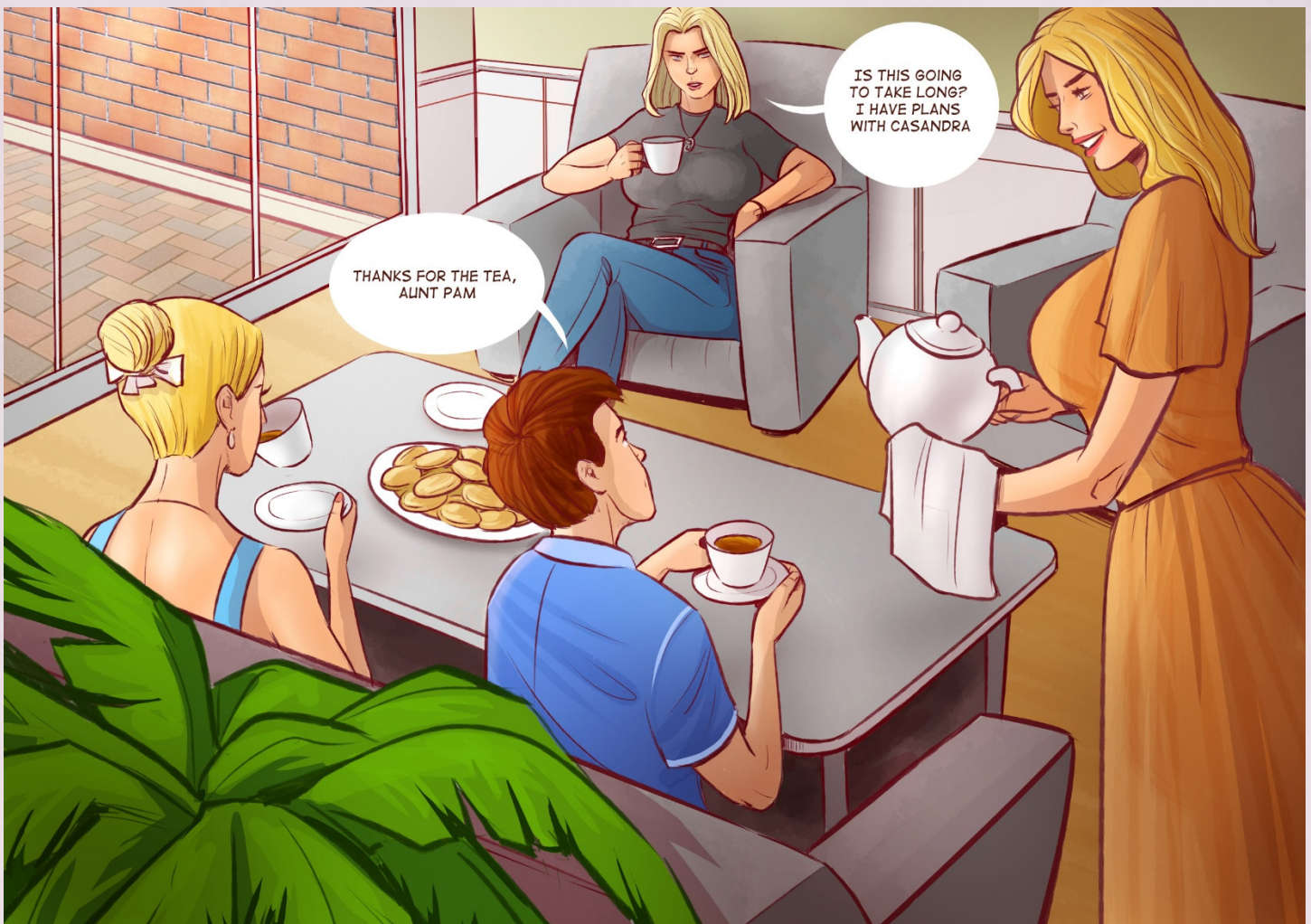
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"Thanks for the tea, Aunt Pam." I sat in Pam's living room, wearing a nice polo and slacks. Pam's husband, who had been avoiding me recently, was somewhere in the back of the house. Her sons were out doing jock-like things. I didn't ever get along too well with either of them, so I wasn't hurt that they didn't stick around for my visit. My mother was sitting next to me on the sofa, sipping her tea. I thought she looked beautiful in her Sunday dress.

My cousin, Sylvie, sat on an armchair scowling at me. She was sipping tea and fiddling with the outside thigh seam of her jeans in a dour way. Come to think of it, I'd never been close to any of my cousins. This was going to be difficult. She looked over at her mom, who was still standing with the teapot. "Is this going to take long? I have plans with Casandra."



"Just be polite, sweetie." Pam's smile was not much more than a thin, tight line.

"So, is Casandra someone special?" I was asking a question I already knew the answer to. Pam had filled me in on the details.

"You don't need to speak code with me. I'm not ashamed, Billy." Sylvie's lips puckered with distaste.

"What Billy meant is that ... um ... is Casandra your girlfriend?" My mom gave my cousin a warm, friendly smile. When she got an eye roll in return, Mom's smile didn't falter. "You're twenty and the Lizard Flu is over, so I'm sure you've been interested in dating." When she didn't get a response to that, Mom sighed. "We're just happy for you, that's all."

Sylvie dramatically brushed her blond hair off her shoulder. She looked a lot like her mother, which meant she looked like she could be my sister. Maybe a curvier version of Sally, minus Sally's wit and charm. "How about you, Billy? Are you dating any tramps?" Sylvie said.

"Sylvie!" Pam was horrified. She had just sat down next to her sister, and was staring at Sylvie in slack-jawed shock.

"Yeah, I've been getting busy with some tramps, Sylvie." I shouldn't have said it, but she was pissing me off.

Yeah, this wasn't going well at all.

"Billy! Watch your language." Mom glanced at me, her warm smile vanished. It wasn't lost on her that I'd just implied she was a tramp.

"It's Sylvie's language, Mom." I shrugged.

My mother lifted her eyebrows and widened her eyes in an expression I knew meant that I should shut the heck up. I did.

"Well, this has been fun." Sylvie stood, putting her teacup down on the coffee table. "I'm heading out." She gave her mother the iciest smile and fled the room.

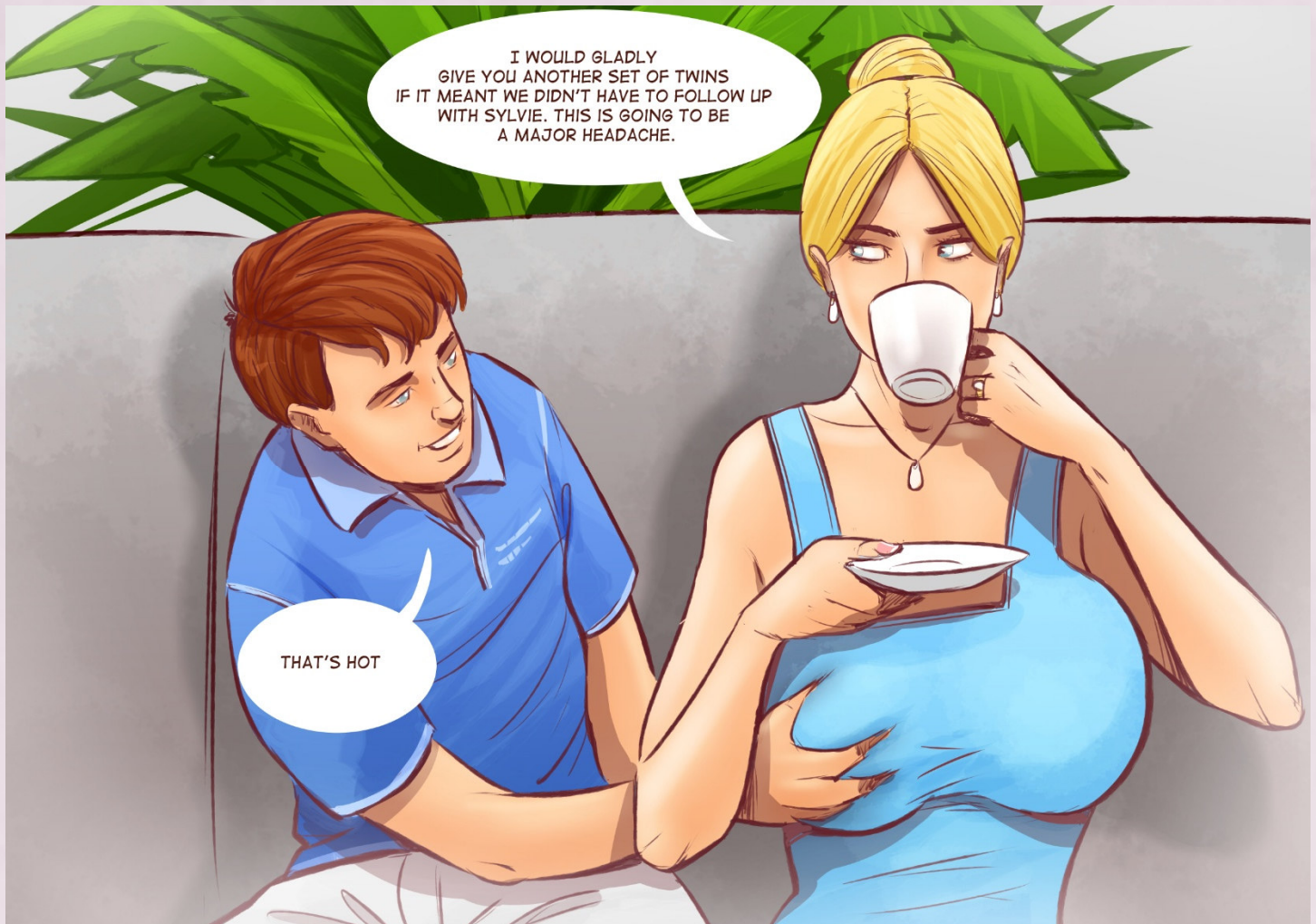
"Sylvie, get back here. I want you to get to know your cousin better." Pam stood and chased after her daughter.

"Well, we still have twenty-seven days to figure this out." I took a gulp from my cup. "Aunt Pam makes good tea."



"I would gladly give you another set of twins if it meant we didn't have to follow up with Sylvie. This is going to be a major headache." Mom contemplatively sipped her tea.

"That's hot." I reached over and gave her tit a friendly squeeze.



"I didn't say it to be hot. I said it because it's the truth. That girl has always been difficult." She put her teacup down, stood, and took my hand. She pulled me out of the living room.

"Where are we going?" I followed her down the hall, my eyes fixed on the way her dress flowed around her perfect ass.

"We've never done it in Pam's house before. And what I said did get me a little riled up. I like thinking about you getting me pregnant again," she whispered.

Somewhere in the house, Pam and Sylvie were arguing. I couldn't catch the words, but the tone was acrimonious for sure.

"Damn." I had a thought. "We don't have any oil." I followed her into the main floor bathroom.

"I haven't spoiled you, have I?" Mom closed the door, locked it, and winked at me. "You don't want to go in through the front door anymore?" She put a finger playfully on my chin. "Strictly a backdoor man with your mother?"

"Come on, Mom. I can only get so erect," I said.



My mother laughed, pulled up her dress, dropped her panties, and sat on the edge of the sink. "Let's not make too much noise. We don't want to upset Sylvie any more than she already is."



"Mom." I stared at the triangle of blond hair between her legs.

"You're staring like you've never seen one before. I hope you won't act like this when we finally talk Sylvie out of her clothes." She giggled.

"You're just so ... beautiful." Coming out of my reverie, I practically tore off my clothes. In no time at all, I was buried to the hilt in my mother's once tight pussy. She sat on the sink, put her arms around my shoulders, and hunched into me with each of my thrusts.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... how do you like ... Aunt Pam’s ... ugh ... ugh ... bathroom?” Mom whispered in my ear.

“It’s ... nice.” I kissed my mother’s neck, careful not to leave any hickeys. She had made clear that that was verboten. “Do you think ... I’ll do this to ... Sylvie in this same ... spot someday?”

“We’ll ... uuuuggghhhh ... figure it out ... sweetie ... but first I’m going to ... I’m going to ... I’m ...” Mom bit my shoulder, I guess to keep from crying out. I hadn’t ever told her not to leave marks on me, I suppose.

“Cum ... Mom ... cum ...” I grabbed her ass and upped the tempo. I humped her to three more orgasms before it was my turn. I exploded inside her, both of us going rigid together. She was biting my shoulder so hard I knew she’d leave a mark. “Uuuuggghhhhh.” I did my best to keep my noises low. We shuddered together.



There was a soft knock on the door. "Pam, are you in there?" It was Uncle Bob.

Mom's teeth unclamped from my shoulder. "No ... Bob ... it's me ... Meredith."

"Oh, sorry to bother you. Is ... um ... Billy in there with you?" Bob sounded worried.

"Of ... course not ... Bob. Now please let me ... take care ... of my lady business." Her pussy squeezed my dick on the words *lady* and *business*.

"Sorry. Of course." Bob didn't say anything else. I assumed he had run off to find his wife.



"Does Bob know?" I had had a suspicion for a long time.

"Pam told him some of it. But your father doesn't know." Mom winced when I pulled out of her with a squelching sound. "We're sisters, but we have different marriages." She dropped down from the sink, went over to the toilet, flipped the lid up, and sat down. I could hear my cum spilling out of her and splashing into the water below.

"Do you always drain like that after sex?" I slowly started to dress.

"With you, I do if I think we're done, and I don't have any pantie liners." Her smile was lethargic from the sex. "I can't have you ruining my dresses."

"I'm learning all sorts of things today." I washed my face off in the sink.

"Don't say anything to Bob, okay?" Mom said.

"Of course. I could have wished Bob out of the picture, but I respect him too much for that." Actually, I didn't respect him. Not anymore. But I did like having him around, especially now that I knew that he knew why his wife's pussy wasn't so tight anymore.

We finished cleaning up. When we went back to the living room, Pam was waiting for us, looking melancholy. "Sylvie's gone to her girlfriend's house. I'm sorry that didn't go better."

"We'll figure it out, Pam." Mom still had a lazy, post-sex smile on her face. "Did Bob find you? He was looking for you."

"Yes, he heard Sylvie and I arguing." Pam sighed. "You better go. I'll come over tomorrow afternoon, and we can brainstorm."

"Sounds good." I gave her my winning smile. Mom and I left.

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"Oh, my gosh, Billy. Did you get bitten by another snake?" Beth was visiting. We were in my room with the door closed. She grabbed a fistful of her church dress and clutched it with horror as she looked at the bite on my shoulder. I had just taken off my shirt, and I suppose I didn't blame her for being upset. It had been several hours since my mother had bitten my shoulder, and it was starting to bruise. "Oh ... no ... it looks dreadful," she said. Her ponytail swung as she moved her head to look at the injury from different angles.

"It's not a snake bite. I'm okay." I gave her a reassuring smile. She had given me an idea. "Hey, Beth. You only sleep with me now because I was bitten by the snake, right?" My mother wanted me to maintain the fiction, which is the only reason I hadn't told her the truth.

"Um ... obviously. But after today, I'm going to stop. You don't need me to deal with the poison anymore." Her face turned pale, and her brow furrowed with guilt. She gulped and slowly unbuttoned her dress.

"Yeah, I know, you always say that." I nodded, dropping my pants. "I just wonder ... we really like having sex together, right?"

She gulped and didn't respond, but her eyes fixed on my hardening cock when it lurched into view.

"Right, well, I know we do. So, my question is, do you think we would have started having sex without the snake bite?" I watched her shake her head, wagging her ponytail. I persisted, "I mean, I know you love Ned and everything. But I love sharing this with you." I bounced on my toes, making my heavy cock nod at her. "And you love it, too. So, how would we have started doing this if it wasn't for the snake bite?"

"Um ..." Beth pulled off her dress, standing in front of me in her boring, sensible underwear. "Well ... before we started ... you know ... doing it, I didn't know what it would be like. I've never done anything like what I've done with you. So ... I don't think my past self would have been tempted at all." She dropped to her knees and lovingly caressed my cockhead, making a faint expression of disgust as her fingers wiped the precum that dribbled out of me. "I would have thought you had lost your mind if you had suggested ... that we do it. I mean ... I never thought I'd sleep with anyone but Ned for the rest of my life. And now ..."

"After today, it'll be only Ned, right?" I smiled down at her as she stroked the shaft of my cock. She put my dickhead on her tongue like she always did for a blowjob. It was so cute, I'd never shown her how to properly blow me.

"Wwwess ...
wwwafter ...
wwwoday." She was having trouble speaking with my cock on her tongue.



“But seriously, how could I have approached you when you were reluctant to even think about this stuff?” I watched her as she continued on with her version of a blowjob for a while. She didn’t seem keen to respond right away. Eventually, she pulled away, took off her panties, and put her hands on my desk.

“If you had told me how good it could feel, I wouldn’t have believed you.” She tensed as my cock flopped on each ass cheek. “If you’d tried to forcefully show me, I would have bashed your head in with an iron. If ... uuugggghhhhhh ...” She shook as I entered her. “If ... another woman had told me ... maybe I would have believed her. Like if you had ... a girlfriend ... or something. But I still ... wouldn’t have really understood ... not ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... until you were in me.”

“Good ... points ...” I was slamming my hips hard. I held her hips and watched her ass ripple. She’d given me some things to think about with regard to Cousin Sylvie. But in the meantime, I was going to rail my sister and deposit a load deep in her pussy.

