



The Pleistocene Ring
Chapter 20



Illustrations by Disarten

Written by RawlyRawls

The Pleistocene Ring 20

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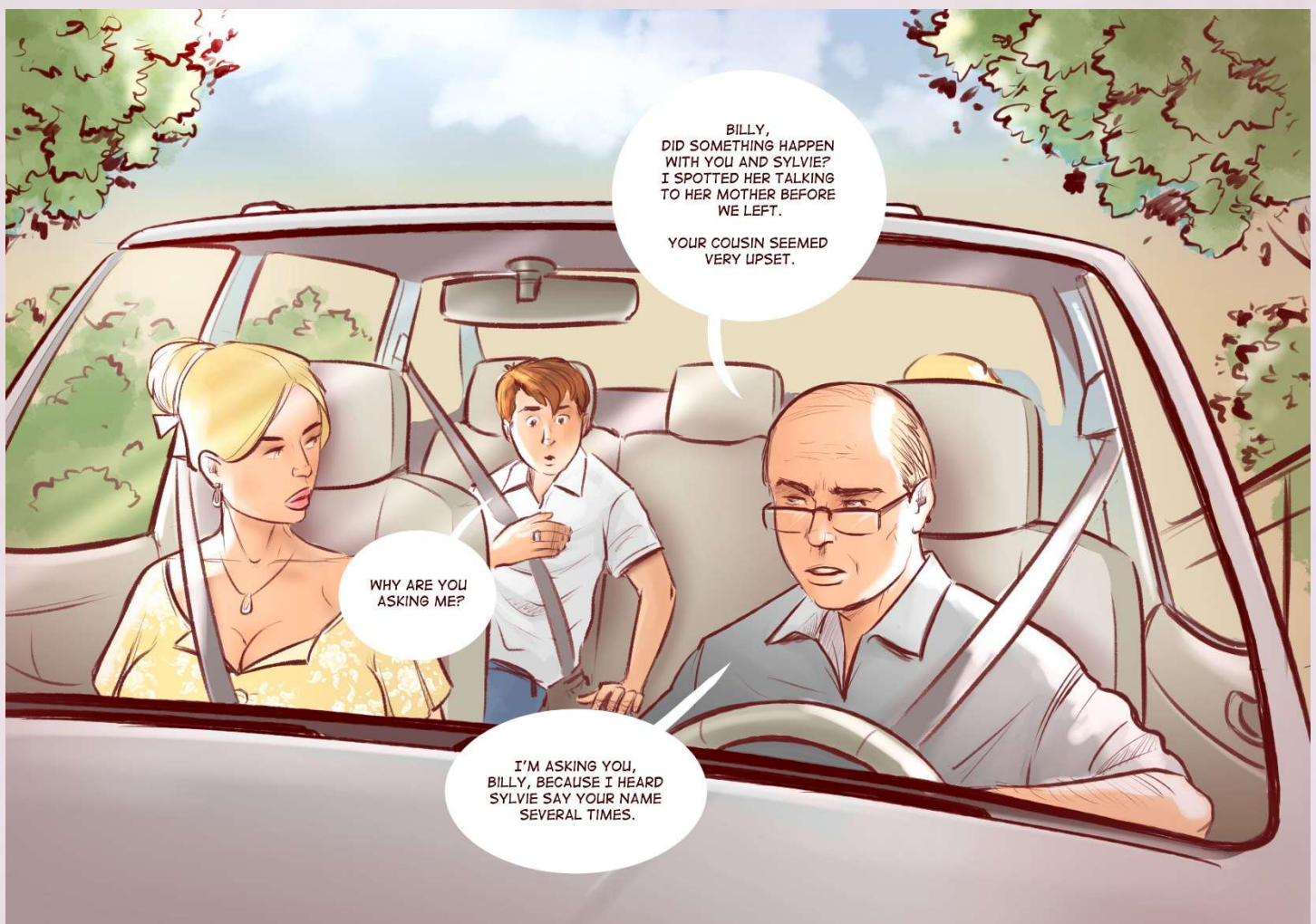
Dad was driving the car home. Mom sat silently in the passenger seat. Sally sat next to me in the back. She didn't say much, but she kept looking over at me with a wide grin on her face. I think she was still high from our sex up in Aunt Pam's bathroom a couple hours earlier.

My father broke the silence. "Billy, did something happen with you and Sylvie? I spotted her talking to her mother before we left." He glanced at me in the rearview mirror and put his eyes back on the road. "Your cousin seemed very upset."

"Why are you asking me?" I put my hand to my chest, affronted.

Sally arched an eyebrow at me. I hadn't told her about Sylvie walking in on me and our aunt. She was clearly curious, but still smiling her head off. "What'd you do to Sylvie?"

"I'm asking you, Billy, because I heard Sylvie say your name several times." Dad said. "Clearly, she wasn't saying it in a way that seemed happy with you."



"You know how she can be, Dad. She was a brat to me and ..." My voice trailed away when my mother looked back at me with warning in her eyes. She wasn't often stern with me these days, so I took the look on her face seriously. "Sometimes we don't get along," I said quickly.

"What did you do?" Dad waited as silence filled the car. Eventually, he gave up waiting. "Well, she is your cousin. And if you've done something to her, don't think I won't find out. Bob and I tell each other everything. I'll give him a call later."

"That's fine, Dad. You do that." I folded my arms and looked out the window. I didn't like the way my mother was still staring at me. Eventually she turned forward again and I exhaled. Bob certainly didn't tell Dad everything. I wasn't worried.

When I looked over at Sally, she mouthed, *What did you do?*

I shrugged. Things weren't so great. Maybe I *was* a little worried. If I'd messed things up with Sylvie, it's not like the djinn would forgive me. I thought about what Mom had said earlier. She had her reputation to worry about. So did everyone I was sleeping with. I closed my eyes and leaned back on the headrest. I wouldn't let my powerful cock go to my head. I promised myself that I would be smarter about sex.

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"Hearing about Aunt Pam and Sylvie is making me all kinds of horny." Sally stood in the center of my room, pouting. Even at eighteen, she could still give me those puppy dog eyes. "I know you can get it up again. You always do. Let's hump. Just one more time today."

"Getting it up isn't the issue." I frowned at her, adjusted my position, and pointed to my pant leg where the outline of my rigid cock ran down my pants leg. "See?"

"Right ... hard to miss." She stared at the outline, licking her lips. "And Sylvie and her girlfriend saw that? With Aunt Pam's froth all over it?"

"Yeah, it looked like they were in a horror movie and they'd just stumbled upon a mutant or something." I nodded gravely. Removed from the situation, it wasn't as funny as I'd first thought. I had no idea how I'd convince Sylvie to spread her legs now that things had gone sideways. "Why don't you leave before we do something stupid?"

"We do stupid stuff all the time. What the fuck do you think we were doing in Aunt Pam's bathroom?" Sally pulled off her top. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath. My eyes zeroed in on the micro-wobbles her boobs made while she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. She grinned at me. "Let's do something stupid." She reached down and lowered her jeans. She was wearing panties, but those quickly followed her jeans down her slim legs.



"Because of what happened at the party, I'm trying to be smarter." My gaze bounced from her jiggling tits to the triangle of blond hair between her legs. It looked so inviting.

"Not fair!" She stamped her foot, making her boobs jostle each other. "You're the one who seduced me. I mean, generally, you and Mom seduced me. And also, specifically today, with your story about Sylvie. I need ... something."

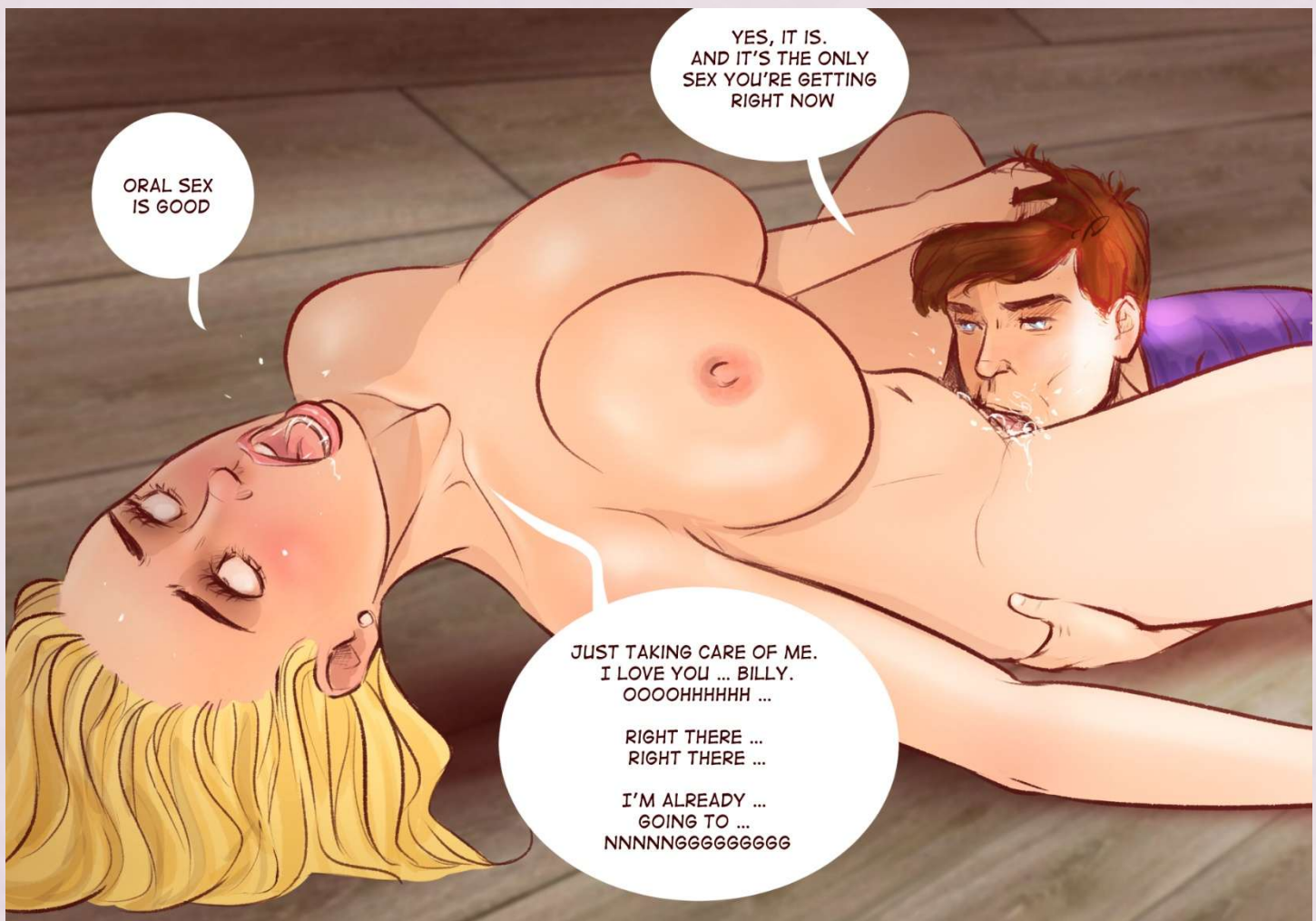
I dropped to my knees on the floor. "I'll give you something. I'm trying to think about other people's feelings right now. You're lucky. But keep it down. And one orgasm and you're heading back to your room."

She smiled down at me as I lined up my tongue with her slit. "Oral sex is good," she said.

"Yes, it is. And it's the only sex you're getting right now. I ... wwwhhhaaa ... mmmhhaaa ... wwwaaaaaa." I licked her labia and worked my way up to her clit. She was already sopping with tangy excitement.

Sally spread her legs for me, running her fingers through my hair. "I don't think ... you've ever ... done this before. I mean ... without the sex after. You know ... just taking care of me. I love you ... Billy." She leaned her head back and started mewling in a way that might or might not have already been too loud. "Oooohhhhhh ... right there ... right there ... I'm already ... going to ... nnnnnngggggggggg."

I grabbed her ass to hold her still as she trembled like a leaf. From the strange sounds she made, I could tell she was trying to keep her voice down. It was partially effective.



Despite the noise, and what I'd said earlier about only one orgasm, I went back to her clit. It was too much fun driving her crazy. I squeezed her ass, my fingers sinking into her flesh, keeping her pussy glued to my face. I rocketed her to several more orgasms. When I let her go, she slumped to a puddle on the floor in front of me. Her pupils were dilated, and her smile was wide and lazy.

"Okay ... you need to go now." I stood, helped her to her feet, and stuffed her clothes under her arm. "You need to go before Dad finds you. I don't want him to think less of you." I walked to the door, opened it carefully, and checked the hall both ways.



"Less of me? We're really not having sex? You're not going to put it in my pussy?" She arched an eyebrow in confusion, her grin disappearing.

"Mom's right. I need to grow up. I shouldn't have eaten you out. My mistake." I pulled her, and then shoved her into the hall toward her room. When she didn't go, I slapped her ass. "Get moving."

"Okay." She turned and padded down the hall. I watched her pale butt bounce until it disappeared into her room. We closed our doors at the same time. I leaned on the back of my door, my face wet and shiny, thinking about how we would fix the Sylvie situation.



I let the dust settle that night. I didn't seek out my mother for a quick blowjob. I didn't visit Sally's room. I didn't call Beth or Gail. I ate dinner with Dad, Mom, and Sally like it was a normal night. Well, not totally normal. My mother had a stiff smile full of artifice most of the time. Sally kept looking at me quizzically. And Dad eyed me with suspicion. When it was time to clean the table, I did my part and hustled to my room.

Falling asleep that night, I kept thinking about the horror on Sylvie and Claire's faces. And how I had humped Aunt Pam even after that. I needed to get a handle on things.



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The next morning, I checked in on Mom while she was in her home office. She was typing. She looked over her shoulder when she heard me enter. She adjusted her computer glasses and gave me a tight smile. "Close the door, Billy. We need to talk."

I gulped. I closed the door. Her tits looked remarkable under her sweater. And her jeans hugged her wide hips perfectly. Even so, I was too nervous to get hard.

"I can see from your expression that you already know what I'm going to talk about." My mother took off her glasses, folded her hands in her lap, and crossed her legs.



"Sylvie? How ... is she?" I walked up to my mother and stood in front of her, my hands behind my back. I saw her take a quick glimpse of the soft bulge in my pants, and then move back to eye contact.

"She, of course, is beside herself. Poor Pam called me this morning, crying." Mom shook her head.

"Oh ... she was so calm when I left her. I thought Aunt Pam was taking it well." I frowned.

"That was probably the sex chemicals in her brain talking." My mother shrugged, stood, and put her hands on my shoulders. "Uncle Monty did similar things. And they didn't end well. Promise me that you'll be more responsible. We all worked so hard to butter up Sylvie at the party, and then you ruined everything."

"It's that bad?" I inhaled and held my breath.

"It's that bad." She kissed me gently on the lips, pulled back, and stared into my eyes. "I'm glad to see that you're taking this seriously."

"I promise to do better. I'm so sorry I messed things up." I exhaled. I really was contrite.

"That's good. That's good." Mom nodded and removed her sweater. She was only wearing a bra that was doing a yeomen's duty holding up her heavy tits.

"What are you doing?" My cock finally lurched in my pants.



My mother unbuttoned her jeans and unzipped the fly. "I'm going to have sex with you." She wiggled out of her jeans in the most provocative way.

My dick was now straining against my clothes, pitching a massive tent. "I thought we had to be responsible."

"We do. This is responsible." She slowly slid her panties down her slender legs and stepped out of them. Wearing only socks, she stood before me with her hands on her hips in a matter-of-fact way. "Your father is out the whole morning. This is the time for us to do our thing. That way you won't be tempted when it's a bad time."

"Oh." I stared at her zaftig beauty. "You're pretty."

She smiled at me like I was an idiot. "Thanks. Now get undressed, sweetie." When she saw that I had been turned into a statue by her nudity, she sighed and began undressing me herself.

Soon, we both stood naked. My cock reached out to her, smearing precum on her belly as it brushed against her warm skin.

"Well?" She cocked her head and raised her eyebrows in a *let's do this* expression.

"I love you so much. Thanks for this. I thought I was in trouble." I hugged her, mashing my cock in between us.

"You are in trouble." She made a *hmmmppph* noise and shook her head. "But just because you do something stupid, doesn't mean we can't still have our special connection."

"I'm glad we get to keep doing this even though you're pregnant." I grabbed her ass and kissed her neck.

"I'm glad, too. When we finish, I want to brainstorm with you about what to do with your cousin." She pushed me away, turned around, and put her hands on the wall. "But that can wait. For now, I need you inside me."

"Which hole, Mom?" I slapped her ass with my dick, making her shudder.



"I don't want to wait for you to get oil. Put it in my ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She slapped her hands against the wall as I entered her pussy. "Yeah ... that's a real ... tension ... reliever ... Billy. Slam me ... hard. I can ... take it."

"Okay, Mom." I gripped her hips and went to work, watching her ass ripple with each thrust. It felt good to be responsible.

