

The Pleistocene Ring

Chapter 9



FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

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The Pleistocene Ring 9

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When we left Beth that day, she was ashen and shaking. If it had suddenly been revealed that I was the anti-Christ, I'm not sure she would have reacted any differently.

Mom and I got in the car and headed home. I sat in the passenger seat, looking out the window as we passed through farm country. "I don't think that went well, Mom. Beth looked spooked."

"It was good." She glanced at me and smiled like I was a sweet idiot. Which, when it came to women, I suppose I was. "It's like jumping into a cold lake, sweetie. At first, you're in shock. All you can think about is how cold it is. That's how your sister is feeling now. But once your body acclimates to the water, it feels invigorating. Beth will get there. I'll invite her over to the house tomorrow. You'll show her your penis. That water won't be too frigid much longer."

The thought of showing my uptight sister my dick tomorrow got my blood flowing again.

Mom glanced over at the tent in my pants. "After all that, it's still hard?" When I nodded, she giggled. "The Djinn really did a number on you, sweetie." She reached over with her right hand and rubbed my dick through my pants. "Take it out, and I'll help you while we drive home."

"Sure, Mom." I pulled my cock out. It was hard and ready. I glanced out the window as she stroked it. We were on country roads, so there was no one around. But once we got to a more populated place, other drivers were going to notice the handjob. "What if someone ... uuuggghhh ... sees us?"

She worked just under my cockhead with her fingers, and I was suddenly doubting whether I even cared if anyone saw us.

"I'll pull over and finish you with my mouth before we get anywhere crowded." Bless her heart, my sweet mother wasn't lying. Fifteen minutes later we were parked in a ditch by the side of the road, Mom had her head bobbing on my lap. "Cumming ... Mom ... aaaahhhhhhhhh."

"Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhh." I could hear her gulping as fast as she could. Even with her expert skills, some cum ran down my cock and pooled on the chair below me. What sort of mess would Beth make tomorrow?



"Everyone's heading out." Sally walked into the kitchen where Beth was sitting with her husband and me.

"Time to go, big boy." I was chatting up poor Ned. He had no idea that someday he was going to raise my babies. The thought tickled me. I turned it over in my head. That seemed an odd thought. I looked at the ring on my finger. I promised myself it wouldn't change me.

"Oh, okay." Beth stood and got her purse. "Dad wants to go out again I take it?" She offered a wan smile. I could see she was uncomfortable with me.

"No, I mean the men are leaving." Sally smiled helpfully. "Have fun at the restaurant, you two." She waved to Ned and me.



"Right, sure." Ned gave his lovely bride a warm smile. "Have fun with the ladies." He pecked Beth on the lips. If only he knew where his wife's lips would be in the very near future. I saw him to the door, told the fellas I wasn't feeling well, and sent them off into the healthy world I'd created. When they were gone, I circled back to the kitchen and surreptitiously peered in. Quickly, I pulled off my pants and my shirt. I wore only my overburdened underwear and socks.

Sally went to the fridge and pulled out a bottle of beer. "Another one, Beth?"

"Um ... I shouldn't." Beth looked at the empty bottle in her hand. She had gulped it down. She wasn't normally a big drinker. She must have been really nervous about me. I could see her relaxing, though, now that she thought I was gone. "But okay. Are you going to have one?"

"Mom won't let me drink. And she's around here somewhere." Sally shrugged and handed her sister the beer. They were both wearing pretty dresses. Sally hiked hers up as she sat back down.

"Well, you're only eighteen." Beth took the beer, sat at the table, and quickly downed half of it. "Does Mom let

Billy drink? He's almost twenty-one."

"No, Mom says I should wait until I'm old enough." I sauntered into the kitchen.

Sally eyed me hungrily.

Beth looked like she was in a panic. Her eyes nearly bulged out her head as she stared at the bulge of my soft cock. "Billy! I thought you left!"

"I wasn't feeling well after the snake bite yesterday." I walked right up to the table, pulled my dick out into the open, and flopped it down on the table next to Beth's beer. She made some sort of dismayed snorting noise and ogled my presentation. "Does it look enflamed to you?" I said. You could still make out the two red welts, but they were mostly hidden inside the hickey Beth had left on my dick. "My balls have been burning, and I feel feverish."

"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh. I told Mom you needed a doctor." Beth backed her chair away from the table and fished her phone out of her purse. She called the ambulance, but of course no one answered. "Please pick up ... please pick up."

"What do you think, Sally?" I said.

"It doesn't look good, Billy. Do you think you still have some poison in your testicles?" Sally shook her head in concern. If you had asked me, I would have said that Sally was overacting. But if Beth noticed her sister hamming it up, she didn't let on. "Mom said the poison could sterilize you," Sally said.

"Yes, and that has me worried." I nodded, frowning my brow.

"Oh ... gosh ... oh gosh!" Beth stood and started running around the room, fanning her face with her hands. "Mom! Mom! We need you?" She called out across the house.

Mom didn't come.

"Try texting her, Beth," Sally said.

"I feel hot." I winked at Sally.

"Oh ... yeah ... let me check." Sally put her hand on my forehead. "He's burning up."

Beth frantically texted. "She wrote me back. Oh ... no ... she went out with Pam. We're all alone! I'm asking her what to do."

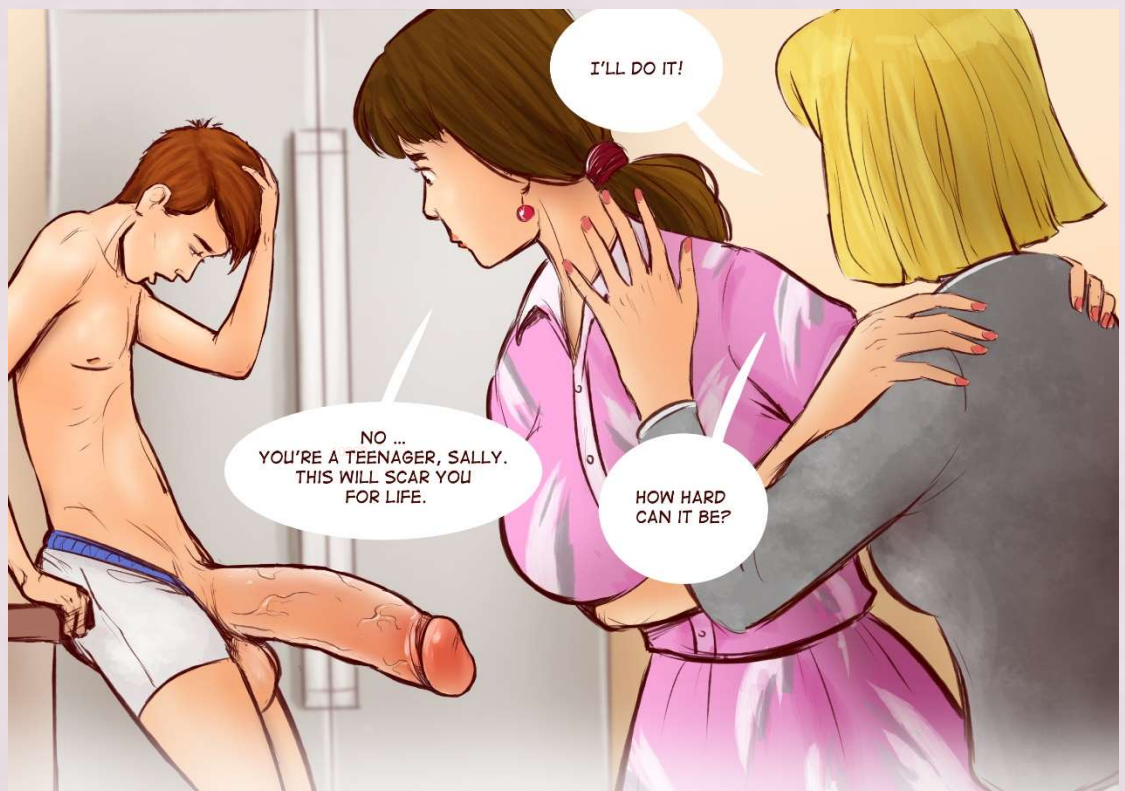
This was all a bit too elaborate for my tastes. It would have been simpler if we could have just been honest with Beth. But Mom said I didn't understand women. And she had this great plan. And she was an awesome mom overall. So, who was I to argue?

"Oh ... gosh." Beth's jaw dropped as she stared at the phone. "She says I have to help you with it, Billy. Taking you to the doctor is too risky." The Lizard flu had ravaged our healthcare system. If this had been real, it would certainly have been too risky. No question.

"I'll do it!" Sally bravely held up her hand. "How hard can it be?"

Appreciating the double meaning, my dick swelled at those words.

Beth groaned as she saw it growing. "No ... you're a teenager, Sally. This will scar you for life." She chewed on her bottom lip. "I should call Ned. Get him back here."



"I don't think Ned will want to empty my balls, Beth." I tucked my dick back in my underwear. It poked out of the top past my belly button. "Let's not go crazy here. I'll try to take care of it myself. Wish me luck." I went to the bathroom, closed the door, and made all sorts of groaning and fapping noises. I could hear my sisters outside in the hall, arguing about whether or not to call Ned. Apparently, Mom wasn't going to be able to get back in time, because, of course she wasn't.

Finally, I opened the door. "I can't take care of it on my own."

"Oh ... no ..." Beth gawked at my hard penis. "It's nearly as big as you are, Billy," she whispered. She wavered on her feet, looking like she might faint.

"Beth, I can do it." Sally looked like she really wanted to get in the bathroom with me. She wasn't acting anymore. "I had a boyfriend. I think I know how to get the poison out."

I could see Beth steeling herself for the task ahead. "No, Sally. I'm the oldest. Without Mom here, it's my job. Just stay outside the bathroom in case we need anything." With that, she stepped inside and shut the door. Her chest was heaving up and down. She was very nearly hyperventilating. She stood and stared at my dick without moving.

"So, I guess you didn't call Ned?" A dollop of precum rolled down the head of my dick and dropped to the floor.

"Oh ... no ..." Slowly, she reached out for my dick. She made sure to put her fingers nowhere near the hickey. Her grasp was surprisingly firm. She pulled me over to the sink and pointed my dick at the drain. "You're not going to stain my dress like you did with Mom. Spill it all in the sink, got it?"

I nodded.

"My hand doesn't even fit all the way around it." She began jerking near the base. I guess she was still trying to stay away from the 'snake bite.' She did that for several minutes. I listened to her rapid breathing. I could almost hear her heart thumping in her chest. "Are you sure the venom didn't make it bigger?"

"This is the size it's always been. What's wrong with it? Is it bigger than Ned's or something?" I glanced at the ring on my finger. Why was I needling her? I didn't have to. That wasn't part of Mom's plan.

She moved her gaze off my dick, looked me in the eye, and gave me a look of pure disbelief. "It's bigger than the horse's penis on the neighbor's farm, Billy. You're ... overdeveloped." She put a second hand on the shaft and pumped me, still not moving all the way up and down.



"This isn't working, Beth. I barely feel anything with your hands at the bottom." I grimaced.

"I was trying to stay away from the bite. Do you want me ...?" She raised her eyebrows. When I nodded, she experimented with moving both of her hands all the way along the shaft. "This feels really weird, Billy." I could see a sheen of sweat on her forehead.

"Maybe some lotion? It's really dry." I sighed. It was clear I wasn't going to get her to suck it this time. Maybe Mom had been right. Beth was not all that into this.

"Oh ... gosh ... that feels even more wrong ... but ... okay." She grabbed the bottle of lotion and squirted a ton into her palm. She then slathered my dick. When she started pumping again, it made wonderful squishing sounds that made her wince.

"That's ... better ... Beth." I wasn't lying. She pumped me vigorously with both hands. Bolts of pleasure shot through me. "You ... ever see ... that horse ... next door ... cum?" I watched her tits bounce under her dress with the motion of her work. She stared at my dick.

"No ... gross." Beth shook her head and twisted her face in disgust. But she didn't look away.



"Well ... uuuggghhhh ... you're about to see ... something ... similar." The surge built inside me. "Oh ... my ... ohhhhhhhh ... my ... oooooohhhh ... my ... gosh!"

"Oh, gosh!" Beth kept pumping me as I exploded into the sink. Blast after blast hit the faucet and even the mirror. When we were done, we'd made quite a mess. "Too much ... that's ... way too much." Even after I'd finished, she was still jerking me.



"You can ... stop now ... Beth," I panted.

She pulled her hands away like my dick had just burned her. Without another word, she turned and fled the bathroom. I could hear her footsteps fading down the hall.

Sally put her head into the bathroom. "How'd it go?"

I gestured at all the cum. "Want ... some?"

"You're disgusting." She smiled at me. "You still coming to my room later? Or did she wipe you out?"

"It's ... a date." I nodded.

"Good. Now clean up. I'll go check on Beth." Sally disappeared down the hall.

I got out the cleaning supplies and went to work.

