

The Pleistocene Ring

By Rawly Rawls © 2020

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

In the beginning days of the Lizard Flu, not many who caught the bug were spared. Not even my Uncle Monty, the most celebrated philanthropist in Bayside. My immediate family was well off and safe, thank God. Mom and Dad had put a nice big roof over our heads. My sisters and I didn't really lack for anything. But Uncle Monty was Bruce Wayne level rich. Not saying he had a car that turned into a boat or anything. But he could have if he wanted to. Until the Lizard Flu, I saw him about twice a year. We weren't super close, but he was certainly avuncular. And then we got the news that he was gone.

I was surprised when a box arrived one day sent from a New York law firm. It was from my uncle's estate. There was a letter taped to the box. I read it. Apparently, he'd given everything to charity, but for the box's contents, which were for me.

"Mom, Dad, Sally, get in here." My two other sisters were stuck in isolation in their own homes with their husbands, or I would have called them into the room, too. "It's from Uncle Monty." My parents ran into the room. Sally moseyed in after them. Mom clutched the cross around her neck, her expression full of worry. Dad's smile was full of expectation aaaannnnndddd maybe a dash of greed. My eighteen-year-old sister looked bored.

"Open it, doofus." Sally rolled her eyes.

"Sally, be nice to your brother." Dad looked back down at the box. "Open it, Billy."

“Right.” I tore the tape off the box, and carefully pried it open. Everyone in the room drew in their breath when they could see what lay on the cushion inside. In all my twenty years, I’d never seen anything like it. I picked up the iron ring and held it up to the light. It was engraved with the head of a lion protruding out, and then other animals along the sides. A shaggy rhino, a mammoth, a saber-toothed cat, and a sloth were all carefully etched into the iron.

“Oh, shit. It’s the ring.” Mom put her hand to her mouth.

“Meredith, watch your language in front of the children,” Dad scolded her. “This was your brother’s ring?”

“We’re not kids, Dad.” Sally didn’t seem to care much about the ring. She turned and walked out of the room.

“Yes. It’s Monty’s.” Mom nodded at Dad, but didn’t elaborate.

“Is it valuable?” Dad looked back at the ring.

“We can’t sell it, Donald, if that’s what you’re thinking.” Mom clearly had no fondness for the ring, but I thought it looked cool.

“I’m not selling it, Dad. Uncle Monty gave it to me.” I slipped it on and heard Mom give a little gasp as it fit snugly on my middle finger. I suddenly sprung a painful boner. I was tenting right in front of my parents! My cheeks went hot. “I gotta ... um ... go ...” I turned and sprinted to my room, leaving Mom and Dad behind in the living room.

I felt woozy all afternoon and eventually fell asleep watching some Netflix. It was dark when I woke up with a start. Someone was in my room. A shadow moved over by the closet. “Mom?”

“Yes, it’s me, sweetie.” Mom stepped out of the shadows and sat next to my hip on the bed. She gently tugged at the sheets. Looking down at ... shit, my dick was still hard and tenting the sheet. I nearly died from embarrassment. “It’s late, everyone’s sleeping.” She patted my thigh. “I want you to know, it’s not your fault. It’s Monty’s ring.” Her voice was sweet and filled with regret. She slowly pulled the sheet down.

“Mom, what are you doing?” All sorts of alarm bells went off inside my head. My own mother was about to get a look at my hard dick. This was not good.

“Shh. I have to tell you some things.” She pulled the sheet completely off, and my dick stood up proud in the moonlight. “Is it bigger?”

Holy shit, it was bigger than it had ever been before. “Y-y-yes,” I stuttered. Oh, God. She was touching it. My sweet mom ran her fingernails from the base of my balls up the tip and then back down again. Her warm fingers then wrapped around my sack.

“Are these bigger, too?” She looked down with apprehension.

I nodded in the semi-darkness. She sighed heavily in response. She pulled a little bottle from the pocket of her robe and squeezed the contents into her hand.

“What’s that??” I nearly fainted from shock.

“Just some lube. You’re so much bigger than your father.” She put her palm on my dick and gently stroked me, rubbing the oily stuff all over the head and shaft. She then stood and dropped her robe.

“I ... I ... I ... um ... I ... um ... what’s?” Goodness she was hot. Why did my naked mom have to be hot? I think she might have broken my brain in that moment. “What ... what ... what ... what ...?” I certainly couldn’t put my thoughts together. “What were you ... um ... going to tell me?”

“That ring has been in our family since the last ice age.” She climbed up onto the bed, her breasts rocking slowly side to side with her movements. “They say it was carved from a meteor, but I don’t know if that’s true.”

“Um ... Mom ... what are you doing?” I watched her straddle my thighs. I shivered when her hand went back to my dick.

“I was hoping you wouldn’t be the one. You have two cousins. They could have been chosen. Heck, Monty should have lived another forty years.” Mom sighed again, lifted her hips, and positioned my dick right below her.

“Mom?” I suddenly felt like I was watching everything from down a long tunnel. She was going to put me inside her.

“Shh.” She wiggled her hips and settled down. The head of my cock touched her pussy lips. “It’s the right time of month. If we do this now, maybe we’ll make the next candidate. And I won’t have to help you with your sisters. Your older sisters are both married now, and they’d never understand. And Sally is, well, Sally. Aaaaaahhhhhh. Goodness, you’re big.” Mom grunted quite a bit as she lowered herself onto my pole.

“Shouldn’t I ... ugh ... wear a condom?” I should have been telling her to get off, but her pussy squeezed me tight, and my hormones had full control.

“Haven’t you been ... uh ... uh ... listening?” Her hips gyrated now, and I slid all the way in.

There was no denying, she was a sexy woman. Who would have known it? My mom was hot. “You feel ... really good.”

“This may take a while.” She quickened her pace, looking down into my eyes with mixture of pleasure and resignation. “Oh ... ohhhhhh ... no one’s hit that spot since your uncle.”

I was too shocked by all of it to even respond. She rode me in silence for a long time. Eventually, I could feel myself reaching a boil.

“That’s ... it. Let it out ... in Mommy. I’ll take all ... of it.” She was panting, and trembling. Her tits bounced up and down. I was afraid she’d give herself a black eye.

“Mom ... I’m ...” I came deep inside her. From what felt like miles away, I could hear her moaning out her own orgasm. Her hips slowed. And then stopped. After a few minutes, she lifted herself off me gingerly, got out of bed, and put on her robe.

“You did great, sweetie.” She patted her belly. “With any luck this will take and we won’t even see that horrible djinn.”

“What?” I croaked. I was so tired, floating in the wake of the best orgasm in my life.

“Shh. You can sleep now.” She pulled the blanket up to my chin and tenderly patted my hair. “If you have questions, I’ll answer them tomorrow. After your dad goes to work in the basement.” She kissed me on the forehead, turned, and quietly left my room. I was asleep before I could wonder what on Earth a djinn was.

Chapter 2

Spiraling laughter filled my room. I snorted and woke from a deep sleep and sat up. I didn't have to look far for the source of the malevolent noise. Hovering above me in the darkness was a shimmering specter. I'm not embarrassed to tell you that despite being a man of twenty years, I shrieked like a little girl. You would have, too. The phantasm had the naked torso of a dark-skinned woman with flowing hair that hovered around her like she was suspended in water. But her lower half was just purplish smoke as far as I could tell. The woman stared me in the eyes and laughed all the more uproariously, like my fright was some grand joke.

"Are you a ... a ... a ... ghost?" I stammered. Maybe I had caught the Lizard Flu and these were the hallucinations everyone talked about.

"No, stupid dingus. I am not a ghost. I am Tsabri the djinn, tied to the ring you wear." Her laughter died, and now she smiled evilly down at me from above my bed.

"Djinn?" I tried not to look at her floating boobs. I cursed my dick as it tented the blanket. Even facing my own extinction, I couldn't control my hormones.

"Your mother thought she could keep me locked away for a generation by a hasty conception. Ha! None of it worked. There is no pregnancy ... yet." Tsabri shook her head. I could see as she talked that her teeth were quite sharp. "None of her actions matter. It takes more than one candidate to fulfill the ancient binding. She should know! Now, I will have your first wish." She screwed up her face at me when I said nothing. "Has our lineage finally brought us to this most idiotic moron? Are you truly the paragon of inane simplicity?"

"What?" I blinked up at her. All my muscles tensed and I grabbed the blanket with both hands.

"You get one wish now, and two later. Do they not tell the inheritor this anymore?" Her voice lowered to a growl. "Wish!"

"I wish to end the Lizard Flu."

"Ha! That is a grand wish. You heap your buffoonery upon me with alacrity." She held up her dark hand and extended a finger. "One wish about how you would like to create the next generation. A group of babies that will carry on the ring. The wish may only be about that."

"What?"

"You sniveling fool! We must keep the blood pure. No procreation beyond the core will suffice. I'm here to help. One wish to make that easier. The ring has already enlarged the

smarter of your two heads. Now, do you want to make slaves of the women around you?"

"No!" I shook my head vigorously, alarmed.

"Do you want to become irresistible to the opposite sex?" She swooped in close to me. I could smell the floral heat of her breath. "Hint, hint. You are a plain, skinny thing. I could give you great muscles and a chiseled chin."

"No." I didn't want to change. I liked who I was. "I don't want to do this." I tried to take the ring off my finger, but it was stuck.

"Oh, you're one of those. I haven't had to deal with an ascetic for a long time." She looked down on me with pity. "Choose now or I will choose for you."

I didn't like the idea of this creature making my wish. She would do something awful. I was sure. Could I be clever and use this wish in a way that would actually help people? This was an opportunity. That is, if I wasn't hallucinating the whole thing. "I wish the Lizard Flu would end today –"

"I already told you –"

"So that I could see my older sisters. I can't make babies with them if they're in isolation far away. That's what you mean by 'pure blood' and the 'core,' right? My family?" I had no intention of making babies with them. But this creature didn't have to know that.

"Hmmm." She floated higher, up toward the ceiling, and rubbed her chin. "I'll allow it." She nodded, blinked her eyes, and smiled again. "It is done. You must create at least two candidates in the next twenty-eight days or you will be punished. I'll return at that time to assess your work and grant you your second wish." She narrowed her eyes. "Or reprove what is likely to be a horrendously stupid month by you." And with that she disappeared.

I didn't sleep a wink the rest of the night.

Bleary-eyed, I wandered downstairs in the morning. I could smell pancakes. Sally and my dad sat at the kitchen table staring at the news feed with wide eyes. "What ... is it?"

"People in the hospitals are suddenly better." Mom stood behind the stove and flipped a pancake. She studied me carefully. "It seems the Lizard Flu is suddenly receding."

"I can't believe it." My father smiled over at me. I felt a pang of guilt for what I'd done with Mom the night before and quickly looked away.

"The experts say we have to wait and see." Sally looked my way, too. Her smile was even more broad than my father's. "But what if this is real? Could it be over? What if I get to go back to school?" She seemed giddy.

“That would be amazing.” I glanced at my mom. She stared into my very soul.

“Billy, can I have a word?” She turned off the stove and served the pancakes to my dad and sister. “You two keep watching the news. We’ll be back in a little bit.” She took me by the hand and led me back upstairs to my room. She sat me on the bed and crossed her arms. “You did this. Didn’t you? You fixed the Lizard Flu. The djinn visited last night.” She didn’t need me to reply, she was already shaking her head. She could always read me like a book. “You are such a good guy, Billy. Of course you would use your wish on something like this. Tell me all about it.”

I told her everything. As I got near the end of my story, she stood and started undressing in the middle of my room. “Whoa, Mom, what are you doing?”

“You heard what the djinn said, we have twenty-eight days for you to get me pregnant.” She stripped out of her bra and panties. I wished to God she wasn’t so hot. Why did she have to be so beautiful? My dick nearly tore a hole in my pants.

“This is really happening, isn’t it?” I watched her turn around, put her hands on my desk, and stick her ass out at me.

“We’re lucky I’m ovulating right now. If you do it from behind, maybe that will help things along. Do you think you can orgasm twice in a row?” She looked over her shoulder at me with a very businesslike expression.

“I mean, yes, but ...” Without meaning to, my hands were undoing my button and zipper. I dropped my pants and briefs and stepped up behind her. If she really wanted me to, I couldn’t say no. “What about Dad and Sally?”

“That’s why I want to hurry, they won’t be glued to that feed forever.” She wiggled her butt at me.

“Oh, okay,” I said stupidly. I looked down at the giant cock the ring had given me. As I put it in her, I marveled that such a thing could fit in such a tight space. I grabbed hold of her hips and it was off to the races. My first orgasm didn’t take long. But after only a few seconds, I was hammering her again. Her ass rippled beautifully.

“Don’t ... uh ... uh ... uh ... grunt so ... oh ... loudly ... Billy,” Mom said between clenched teeth. She pushed back at me. It seemed to me that she was making a bit of noise herself, but I didn’t say anything. I just prayed they wouldn’t hear us downstairs. After about a half-hour, I came again.

We stood joined for a long time. Eventually, she sighed and moved away. My dick fell out of her with an audible plop. She jumped onto the bed and flopped on her back. She lifted her pelvis off the mattress.

“What are you doing?” I stared at her. From this angle I could see how much her pussy gaped from what I’d done.

“Helping nature along, sweetie.” She smiled up at me. “Ten minutes of this and we can go back downstairs.”

“Mom?” I pulled my underwear and pants back up. My whole body hummed in the wake of those orgasms. I hadn’t had sex since before the Lizard Flu, but I was pretty sure it had never been so good.

“Yes?”

“The djinn said I needed to make two candidates, or I’d be punished,” I whispered.

“Yes, she said something similar to your uncle.” She frowned. “I was hoping we could skip all that. That’s why I came into your room last night.”

“So, what are we going to do?” It was so odd to talk to her with her pussy exposed like that. Despite cumming twice, my dick was still rigid.

“I’ll help you, Billy. Don’t you worry.” She nodded encouragement up at me. “We’ll come up with a plan.”

“Right. A plan.” I looked down at the ring on my finger. Like a plan would put the world back on its axis. I had just fucked my mother twice in twenty-four hours, and she was going to help me knock up someone else in the family. Oh, and I had just ended a worldwide pandemic. Nothing was going to make sense from here on out.

Chapter 3

The next few days were pure euphoria. The world rejoiced as the Lizard Flu evaporated overnight. That would have been the high of a lifetime all by itself, especially since I was the one who caused it to disappear. But for me, that bit of magic was matched by the pure ecstasy of getting lost in Mom's pussy. We humped constantly. Whenever we had a few minutes away from Dad and Sally, I was inside her. She wasn't much for foreplay, and she never let me kiss her on the mouth, but I didn't mind. Despite her businesslike façade, she couldn't hide her whimpers and moans.

"Let it out, Mom. We have the whole house to ourselves." I humped her from behind on my bed. With the end of the Flu, my dad and sister could leave the house now. And they had just headed out for a grocery run. The second they were out the door, Mom lowered her pants and beckoned me up to my room. Whatever misgivings I'd had when she first mounted me several days before had evaporated like a shallow puddle in the desert.

"We're just ... ugh ... ugh ... doing this ... because of that ... awful djinn ... uuugggghhhhhhh." She turned her face back toward me just as an orgasm caused her eyes to roll. "I am ... ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." I must have hit a special place because she let out the loudest scream I'd ever heard from her. When she'd recovered, she dropped her shoulders to the mattress and twisted so she could keep looking back at me. "My ... sister ... is ... uuugggghhhhh ... coming to visit. She ... knows ... about ... the ring."

"So, she'll be ... ah ... ah ... ah ... the second one?" I gripped the flesh around my mom's hips tightly, my fingers digging in. I glanced from her once sweet, now twisted face to the carved ring on my finger. "I'm going to ... get ... Aunt Pam ... pregnant?"

"Yesssssss ..." My mom's words turned into a long hiss. Seeing her cum again was too much. With a loud cry of my own, I unloaded inside her.

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"Hello Billy, it's been so long." Aunt Pam kissed me on both cheeks and gave me a wary look. She was the spitting image of my mother. I hadn't really thought about that before. Now that I was seeing my mother in a whole new light, the same was true for my aunt. She moved on to give a big hug to my sister, Sally.

“We survived, huh?” My uncle came over and shook my hand. He looked down at my hand quizzically and turned my wrist so he could see the ring better. An odd expression clouded his face, but he didn’t say anything. He dropped my hand. “Good to see you, Billy.” He quickly moved away.

I said hello to my cousins and we all hung out by the pool. An hour later, most of the family went out for some ice cream and a walk along the river. Mom and Aunt Pam said they weren’t feeling up to it. Mom made sure I stayed home with them.

“Where are you in your cycle, Pam?” Mom was all business as usual.

“Is this really happening again?” Pam looked at me, rubbing her hands together anxiously.

“We have to. Just like last time. We don’t want to upset you-know-who, right?” Mom’s smile was forced.

“Right.” A quick shiver passed through Pam. “Okay, let’s get this over with.” She took off her sweater and dropped it on the floor.

“I was thinking you two should do it in Billy’s room, just in case they come back early.” Mom picked the sweater up off the floor and led us upstairs. All this time, I hadn’t said a word. I stuffed my hands in my pockets so no one would see them shaking.

“Is he big?” Pam glanced at the front of my pants.

“Bigger than Monty ... but you’ll get used to it quickly.” Mom nodded encouragement at her sister. We all entered my room.

“I’m so nervous, it’s like the Sahara down there. Can you get us some lube or something?” Pam tried to shake the tension out of her shoulders. She continued undressing in my room.

“I have some. I’ll be right back.” Mom left the room. I had never used any lube with Mom. Did that mean that she was into it? The thought gave me confidence.

“Don’t just stand there staring, Billy. Get undressed.” Pam turned away from me as she removed her panties and bra. From behind, I could have been looking at Mom. “I know this must be really strange for you.” Her voice had a little wobble to it. “It’s no picnic for me either. We’ll do our part, and hopefully we’ll make you-know-who happy.”

Finally, I marshaled all my wits and spoke. “Okay.” I didn’t know who she was talking about, but I suspected she meant the djinn. I undressed in a hurry.

“I know I’m not a pretty young thing like you’re probably used to. But hopefully you can get excited if you ...” She looked over her shoulder at me. “Oh, Jesus, you’re huge.” She

tried to laugh it off. "I guess it's probably hard all the time at your age. I remember what men were like at twenty."

"I've got the lube." Mom returned to the room and offered a bottle to her sister.

"Can you put it on him? I don't want to touch it." Pam moved over to the bed and lay on her back. She spread her legs wide.

"Sure." Mom poured some clear stuff into her palm, walked over to me, and gently massaged my dick. I melted at the feeling. Lube was awesome. "Now, Billy, would it be helpful if I stayed in the room with you as ... you know ... moral support? Or would you rather I wait outside?"

"Can you stay, Mom?"

"Sure, honey." She kissed my cheek and sat down in my desk chair. Mom swiveled to face the bed. "Go on now, do your thing." She bit her bottom lip as she watched me climb onto the bed between Pam's legs.

"I don't know, Meredith. It's really big. Maybe this isn't such a good idea." Pam's eyes were round as saucers as she stared down between her legs.

"It'll fit, Pam." Mom leaned forward. "Put it in, honey."

Dutifully, I lined up my dick and pushed my hips forward. Aunt Pam wailed when I entered her. With Mom's encouragement, I slowly continued my descent into her pussy. She was tighter than Mom. I wondered just how big my uncle was. Then, I realized I was thinking about my uncle while having sex with his wife, so I cut that out immediately. Instead, I focused on how pretty Pam was, even as she huffed and puffed like she was practicing Lamaze. It took a long time to bottom out, but eventually I did. I held it there, giving her time to adjust.

"Oh ... oh ... he's in my tummy ... oh ... Jesus ... I don't remember ... it being ... like this." Pam arched her back off the bed and shrieked. Her whole body trembled. It dawned on me that she was already cumming.

"I'm going to start now." Her orgasm seemed like my green light, so I pulled back and pushed forward. As I pumped, my aunt blabbered incoherencies.

Mom offered encouragement like, "That's good, honey," and "A little faster now," and "She likes it, see?"

It took five minutes to get up to speed. Once there, I smashed into my aunt. Our bellies slapped with each thrust. At that point, my brain fogged over. I remember smiling over at Mom while she bit her lip and watched us. I remember wondering if Aunt Pam's pussy would be that tight the next time we did it. And then, I remember unloading deep

inside her. Pam screamed, locked her legs around me, and pulled me to her while her hands clawed at my back.

“One more time,” Mom said.

“What?” I was in a daze. I looked over at Mom. She was leaning forward on the chair.

“We need her to conceive, and I know you can go again. Give Aunt Pam a double dose, okay?” Mom nodded encouragement.

“Sure.” My hips kicked into gear, and Pam mewled under me. There was quite the squelching noise as I got going. Her dryness wouldn’t be a problem anymore. I surprised myself and dumped two more loads into Aunt Pam.

By the time the others returned, the three of us were dressed and back downstairs again. Aunt Pam was lying on the sofa. She told them the heat had gotten to her, but Mom had explained to me that she was trying to keep as much of my stuff inside her as she could. Despite the fact that the horrible djinn was behind all of this, I couldn’t wipe the smile off my face.

Sally sat down next to me and frowned. “What are you so happy about? You didn’t get any ice cream.”

“I’m just happy about the Lizard Flu.” I wasn’t lying. I was happy about that, too. Think of how many people I had saved by tricking the Djinn. I had told that strange creature I was doing it to sleep with my sisters. But once I had Aunt Pam knocked up, the rest of my family would be safe. The djinn had only demanded that I knock up two women. And, if I was being honest with myself, I was already looking forward to the next time Pam and I could go at it.

Chapter 4

“Well, Billy.” Aunt Pam gulped down the rest of her wine and stared at me across the table. “Do you want to show me ... that thing up in your room now?”

I didn't know what she was talking about. “I'm going to help Mom clear the table.” I stood, aware that Uncle Bob was also staring at me. He looked away quickly when our eyes met.

“Don't worry, honey. Your cousins can help with the table. Show Pam that thing, and come back down for dessert.” Mom kissed me on the cheek and pushed me gently toward the stairs.

“Okay.” I held my breath. Was I supposed to hump Aunt Pam while her whole family was downstairs? I only had twenty-eight days to get her pregnant, so I guess I had to make the most of her visit. “Come on up, Aunt Pam. I'll show you.” She followed me upstairs to my room and locked the door behind us.

“Billy ... what happened today was ... um ... surprising.” She kissed me on the lips, forcing her tongue into my mouth. After a minute, she broke the kiss and held my shoulders tight. Her pretty eyes searched mine. She had been passive earlier, and I was so used to Mom's businesslike manner, that she wasn't the only one surprised.

“Really? Like ... in a good way?” I watched her fall to her knees and fish my dick out of my pants. In a flash, the head was in her mouth while she pumped the base with her hands. “I ... ugh ... well ... it was good for me ... too.” Had the djinn possessed her? Her eyes looked up at mine while she bobbed her head. No, this was all Aunt Pam. She was Mom's sister, but she wasn't Mom. I supposed she just responded to the sex differently. I wasn't going to second guess it. I let her blow me in the quiet room. We lost track of time.

There was a knock on the door. “Billy?” It was Mom, whispering from the hall. “Are you two almost done? You've been gone for a while ...”

Pam popped her mouth off my dick. “Sorry, Meredith. I was just ... um ... getting him ready.” She stood up and began undressing. “We'll only be another ten minutes or so.” She leaned in close to me, now only in her bra and panties. “Can you do it in ten minutes?”

I nodded dumbly. I was smitten by my new, naughty aunt.

“Well, take off the rest of your clothes.” Aunt Pam removed her bra and panties.

“Do you ... need Mom's lube?” I undressed in a hurry, throwing my clothes around the room.

She put her hand between her legs and then held it up to the light. I could see her wetness glistening next to her wedding ring. "I won't need the lube this time." She pushed me onto my desk chair and mounted me. She let out a high, screeching whine when she slid me inside her pussy. I wondered if Mom was still listening at the door.

"Not ... so loud ... everyone is ... downstairs." I tentatively reached out and grabbed two heaping handfuls of boob. I still wasn't sure what was allowed. When she didn't reprimand me, I massaged her tits.

"I wish ... we could do this ... every ... day." Aunt Pam's cheeks reddened and she suddenly looked away. Perhaps she'd said too much.

"Me too ... Aunt Pam." I gently played with her nipples.

"Oh ... I'm glad ... you feel the same ... way." She smiled with relief and inched down on my cock. "I just imagined ... you're twenty years old ... and you probably want to go out ... and date women your own age ... now that the Lizard Flu is ... oooooohhhhhhhhh ... over."

"You're ... perfect ... Aunt Pam." I rocked my hips up into her, and she started bouncing on me.

"You're ... uh ... uh ... uh ... very kind ... ugh ... Billy." Her face went slack, and her eyes grew distant. She took my hands from her boobs and placed them on her ass. I didn't mind. I gripped her hard and helped her ride. We didn't talk much after that. She did shudder, mewl, and stop undulating her hips several times when her climaxes took her. But she managed to keep her voice down, and her bouncing never stopped for more than a few seconds.

Eventually, I was ready. "I'm going to cum ... Aunt Pam. You're ... so ... *tight* ... mmmppphhhhhhh." I couldn't get the rest of the words out, because she hugged my head into her boobs and held me fast. I was lucky she didn't smother me!

"Mmmmmppphhhhhhhhhhh." I shot inside her. I squeezed her ass tighter, holding her down so I could cum as deeply as possible.

It took us a couple minutes, but we eventually disengaged and dressed. She pulled on her dress and straightened it, averting my gaze. When we were ready, she put her hand on mine before I could turn the doorknob. "I think I should come for regular visits this month. We don't want the djinn upset with us. What do you think?" Her smile was shy and hopeful.

"Yeah ... the djinn ... we'll need to keep going." I lowered my voice, giving myself a bit more authority, nodding like we'd just agreed to have lunch. Mom wasn't the only one in our family who could be steadfastly businesslike.

"Oh, good." She kissed my cheek. "Let's go downstairs. We've been gone a long time."

When we arrived downstairs, I immediately looked for my uncle, guilt nibbling at my conscience. I found him in the living room chugging beer with Dad and watching football. There were several empty bottles on the coffee table. I thought about saying something to Uncle Bob, but no words came out. What could I possibly tell him? *Sorry I banged your wife multiple times today. It wasn't my fault. A djinn made me do it. You might want to avoid her pussy for a while, I think I destroyed it.* Yeah, no thanks. I turned and walked back to the kitchen where Aunt Pam and Mom were whispering together.

"Hello, Billy." Mom smiled broadly at me. "We were just discussing when Pam can visit again. She's very eager, it seems. And we have a lot of work to do. Maybe on Wednesday. Does that sound good to you?"

"Yeah, I'd like that." I knew I was grinning like an idiot.

My cousin, Sylvie, sauntered into the kitchen. She was my age, and we'd never really gotten along. "Ew, Mom, you're sweating."

"Am I?" Pam wiped off her forehead with her hand. "Too much excitement for one day. I better go lie down."

Later, I peeked into the guest bedroom and spotted her on her back with her knees pulled up to her chest. I knew she was doing her best to help my swimmers. I left her alone. I'd be seeing lots more of her soon enough.

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I spent the next several weeks in various stages of euphoria. I was either blissfully happy, ecstatic, or mind-blown. Mom still wouldn't let me kiss her. She was all business, mostly pretending that I wasn't making her cum over and over. Her sister, on the other hand, continued to be more outgoing and passionate. She regularly encouraged me to "knock her up" and "fill her." That was sweet, sweet music. She also tried more varied positions with me. The loudest I ever heard Aunt Pam was when I took her wheelbarrow-style. I don't know why, but she loved it.

All my sperm went into Mom or Aunt Pam. I stopped fapping. And, of course, they never asked me to pull out. I was sure the djinn would be happy with me.

I was wrong.

I woke up in the middle of the night to a grim, sardonic woman's voice. I opened my eyes and floating above me was a dark-skinned half-woman. She still looked like she was floating in water, her breasts slowly bobbing in different directions.

“What a sniveling, brain-damaged weasel you are.” Tsabri the Djinn twisted her face in disgust. “You have the magnanimity of a half-digested venomous snake.”

“What?” I sat up, pulling the covers to my chin. “I thought you would be happy. Aren’t ... um ... Aunt Pam and Mom pregnant yet? I really tried. I did!”

She waved an impatient hand. “Do you think me a fool? I have been at this task since the dawn of your species. Sure, you planted your seed in them successfully. But you, lying blobulous mass that you are, told me that I was ending the Lizard Flu so you could mate with your sisters.” She dove through the air close to me, her glowing eyes inches away from mine. Her breath smelled like cloves. “You didn’t stick it in one sister. Not one,” she hissed.

“I thought you said I had to get two women –” I stopped abruptly when she poked my chest.

“No second wish for you. I’ll give you one more moon cycle to bed all three sisters. If you don’t, I will put the Lizard Flu right back where I found it.” She rose, twisting in the air.

“You mean ...?” I didn’t even want to say it.

“I will reinfect the world, you unctuous, dim-witted buffoon.” With that, she vanished.

I gulped hard. “Oh, shit.” Mom wasn’t going to be happy about this at all.

Chapter 5

“The djinn said *what!?*” Mom stared at me through the midnight gloom of my room, her mouth hanging open. “All three of your sisters?” She turned on the light.

I shrugged and dropped my gaze to the floor. I knew she was going to be mad.

“Did she ... um ... did she ... um ...” My mom’s words spilled out of her uncharacteristically fast. “Did she give you another wish?”

I shook my head.

“And Pam and I ...?” She put her finger under my chin and lifted my face until our eyes met.

“She said I ‘planted the seed successfully’ in you both.” I watched her expression soften. Some of her worry lines disappeared.

“Oh ... well ... we already knew that, I suppose.” She rubbed her belly. “I thought that would be enough.”

“She was angry that I tricked her into ending the Lizard Flu. She said she’d bring it back if I didn’t ... you know ... with Sally, Gail, and Beth.” My brain moved in several different directions at once. My sisters were all pretty, funny, and sweet. Well, Sally was the exception, it would be a stretch to call my eighteen-year-old little sister sweet. Regardless, my mind pictured them all naked and then rebelled at the thought.

“I can see you have mixed feelings.” Mom took a deep breath. “Lord knows, so do I.” She searched my eyes. “But I know you can be strong. It’s something you’ll have to do for our family and ... it seems ... to save the world. It was amazing the way you tricked the djinn like that. You’re my hero. My secret hero. I’m so proud of you.” She leaned forward, kissed me lightly on the lips, and pulled back. “I know you’ll continue to make the right choices.” She held my shoulders tightly. And it’s not so bad with me and Pam, right? Are you happy with how that turned out?” She gazed deeply into my eyes.

“I like being with you and Aunt Pam.” I nodded slowly. “You’ve never kissed me on the lips before, Mom. I thought that we wouldn’t ever ... since we did all that other stuff ... and ... you never seemed that into it.”

She pressed her lips together and cocked her head as she thought about how to respond. “Well ... Billy ... I’m not supposed to do the stuff we’ve been doing. I’m certainly not supposed to enjoy it. Isn’t Pam the same way?”

I shook my head slowly. “She tells me how much she likes it all the time.”

“She does?” Mom rubbed her chin, deep in thought. After a moment, she reached behind her, locked my door, and began undressing. My dick had been soft since the djinn had given me that fright, but it woke from its slumber as her pajamas came off.

“Technically, Billy, we don’t have to do this anymore. But if getting a little more reaction out of me will help you do what you have to do with your sisters, than we can do it a few more times.”

“I ... um ...” I’d never said that having steamier sex with Mom would help with my sisters. And I didn’t think it would matter. But I wasn’t going to argue. “Okay!” I quickly pulled off my pajamas.

“How do you want me, Billy?” Mom slid her panties down her long legs.

“Well ...” I pulled off my underwear, my dick practically springing into action. “Since you’re going to show me ... your ... um ... you know. How would you like it?”

“You’re so sweet.” She kissed me on the lips again. This time she slipped me her tongue. Her hands explored my slim body, while I felt up her curves.

My sisters and all the trouble that awaited me were the farthest things from my mind. We made out for a while.

Mom broke the kiss suddenly and turned her back to me. She bent over, put her hands on the wall next to one of my posters, and wiggled her ass at me. “This is what I want. Put it in, Billy.”

In no time at all, I was pumping Mom with long, powerful strokes. Sure enough, she was grunting like I’d never heard her before. I could tell she was still holding back some. But so was I. We didn’t want to wake Dad and Sally.

“It’s ... ugh ... good ... Billy.” Mom twisted and looked over her shoulder at me. “You’re the best. No other ... penis ... compares to ... yours.”

“Not Dad’s?” I could see her expression grow a little more serious at my words, but she shook her head. I was emboldened. “Not Uncle Monty’s?” I knew her brother had been huge. He had, after all, worn the ring.

“You ... ugh ... are ... the ... ugggghhhhhhhh ... best.” Her eyes rolled back and she shook. She still wasn’t announcing her orgasms like Aunt Pam did, but that would be only a matter of time.

“I love you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... so much ... Mom.” I took a fistful of her hair and held her head steady. Leaning forward, I planted a deep kiss on her lips. She didn’t respond at first, but once her climax passed, she kissed me back with passion. We made out for a long time while I humped her. Eventually, I turned her face forward but held onto her hair. When I finally exploded, I saw stars and heard angels sing. Or maybe it wasn’t the

song of winged divine messengers I was hearing. Now that I think about it, it was probably just my mom's tortured cries of ecstasy.

We alternated between humping and talking through most of the night. We had to make plans. I wanted to start with Gail. The second child, she was only two years older than me, and we had always been the closest. Mom disagreed. She thought the logical place to start was with the only sister that wasn't married. She wanted to sit Sally down in the morning and have a talk with her. Of course, I lost the argument.

We were both exhausted when we gathered with Dad and Sally in the kitchen for breakfast. Mom sent Dad out on some errands. We had all been cooped up for so long that he was all too happy to get out of the house. He left with a big smile on his face. Then, Mom sent me to my room to give her and Sally some privacy. I waited upstairs for over an hour, lying on my bed and staring at the carved iron woolly rhino, mammoth, saber-toothed cat, and giant sloth circling my finger.

I was wondering if I should go check on them when there was a soft knock on my door. "Come in." I sat up on the edge of my bed, not knowing what to expect.

The door opened and Mom entered with a tight-lipped smile on her face. Sally came in behind her. She watched me like I was an alien. Mom closed the door and took a deep breath. "Sally and I have had a talk. She understands what's at stake and what we all have to do."

"No, I don't." Sally shook her head vigorously. "Is it true, Billy? Did you really ... um ... do it with Mom and Aunt Pam?"

"I didn't have any choice." I frowned. Sally was always good at putting me on the defensive. I looked over at Mom. She nodded encouragement. I sighed. "I ended the Lizard Flue. And I don't want it coming back."

"It *is* true. Holy shit." Sally stared at me, her expression now mostly blank. "It's that ring Uncle Monty gave you?"

I nodded.

"I knew something weird was going on." Sally furrowed her eyebrows.

Mom handed Sally a small bottle of lube. "Here, you'll need this."

"I don't think so." Sally put her hands on her hips and screwed her face up in thought. "I mean, I know Mom wouldn't prank me, Billy. But how do I know this is for real? Can you do some magic or something as proof? I mean, vengeful djinns, prehistoric rings, Mom sleeping with Uncle Monty, Mom and Aunt Pam sleeping with *you*, ending the Lizard Flu ... and now ... *I'm* supposed to sleep with *you* ... this is fucking crazy."

"Language, Sally." Mom held onto the lube and sat in my desk chair.

“We are so far beyond that, Mom.” Sally rolled her eyes.

“I mean, this is sorta magical.” I stood, undressed, and pointed to my hard dick when it flopped out in the open.

Sally’s jaw dropped. “Yeah, okay. That’s fucking unreal.” She held out her hand to Mom and took the lube from her. “You could break me with that.” She slowly walked over to me, still wearing her sweater and skirt.

“It’ll fit,” Mom and I said together. We glanced at each other and smiled.

“I don’t know.” Sally squirted some lube into her hand and tossed the bottle back to Mom. She reached down, and my sister took hold of my penis for the first time. “It’s so warm ... and heavy.” She bounced it in her hands a little as she spread the lube around. “It’s ... really big ... Mom.” She looked over at her mother. Doubt filled Sally’s face.

“We have to, Sally. Remember what I said about family.” Mom’s face got very serious.

“I ... um ... can’t.” Sally turned and bolted for the door. Her hands slipped on the knob a few times. She looked back at us in a panic like we were going to chase her. She grabbed her skirt and used it to open the door and disappeared down the hall.

“That didn’t go well.” I looked over at Mom.

“It could have gone worse.” She sighed. “You should have seen me the first time your grandmother gave me the talk. I was a mess.” She got up and kissed me on the cheek, careful not to let my slick cock mess up her clothes. She closed the door and started undressing. “Your father won’t be home for hours. It would be a shame to waste an erection like that.” She nodded to my dick with a broad smile.

“Yeah ... um ... it would.” As she pushed me back onto my bed and mounted me, I wondered what she’d sound like with only my sister home.

Chapter 6

“Think of someone other than yourself, Sally.” Mom’s voice echoed through the house. I could hear her exasperation as clear as day.

“He’ll break me, Mom!” Sally’s voice was even louder than Mom’s.

My bedroom door was open, so I could hear their back-and-forth pretty well. They had been going at it for a while. I hadn’t paid much attention at first, because my dick was buried deep in Aunt Pam. But now that we were finished, and my cum was dripping down the insides of her legs, my ears perked up. “Mom and Sally are really going at it. I feel bad.”

“It’s not your fault, sweetie. I was like that when your grandmother explained to me what I had to do with your Uncle Monty. Now look at me.” Pam smiled as she dressed. “I’m having the best sex of my life. Sally will come around.”

“Why don’t you talk to her? Mom’s not making any progress.” I drank in the sight of her panties slipping up her long legs. Watching her dress after sex was almost as sweet as watching her undress beforehand. Mom and Sally continued to yelling. Thankfully, Dad was out enjoying his nascent freedom.

“I don’t know.” Pam wiggled her hips as she pulled up her skirt. “What could I say that she hasn’t heard from your mother?”

“It’s not what you say, I think. It might help Sally to hear it from someone other than Mom.” I raised my eyebrows hopefully. “Will you try for me? The clock’s ticking, and the Djinn scares the hell out of me.”

“Okay, I’ll try for you.” Pam pulled on her sweater, kissed me on the cheek, and stepped out into the hall. She looked back at me. “By the way, you’re a little ripe. I suggest taking a shower in case Sally finally decides to do her part.”

“Good idea.” I gave her a smile and a wink and watched her go. We were so comfortable together. A warm, fuzzy feeling settled in my heart.

I took a long, hot bath. I wasn’t an athlete or anything to begin with, and I might have atrophied a tad when we were holed up to avoid the Lizard Flu. All the sex I’d been having recently made my muscles ache. A long soak did wonders. I returned to my room with a towel wrapped around my waist and was greeted by Mom, Pam, and Sally, standing in a row. Mom smiled broadly, holding a bottle of lube in her hand. Pam gave me a nod and a wink. Sally goggled my growing dick under the towel. Her right eye twitched nervously.

“I think we have it resolved, Billy.” Mom stepped close to me and pulled the towel off my waist. She squirted lube into her hands and worked it onto my cock. “Your sister understands that our family is blessed with a powerful inheritance that requires sacrifice from each of us. It’s not like you *want* to do it with us.” She winked out of view from the others, letting me know that she was aware I actually loved the sex. “But you’ve been very brave. Sally understands she has to be brave, too. Don’t you, Sally?”

I expected Sally to roll her eyes or stick out her tongue or say something cutting. Instead, she murmured something that sounded like assent.

“Sally has asked that Aunt Pam and I leave the room.” Mom removed her hands from my dick, satisfied with her work. “Are you okay with that, Billy?”

“Sure, Mom.” I nodded.

“Good luck.” She kissed my cheek and left the room.

Pam smacked my bare butt as she followed Mom out and closed the door behind them.

“So ... we’re going to do this ... huh?” I offered a friendly smile.

“Don’t be gross, Billy.” Sally dropped her panties and skirt, but left on her sweater. I could see a cute, little triangle of blond hair between her legs. “Let’s just get this over with. Lie down on your bed. I’m going to ride you facing the other way. Don’t look at my butt or anything.”

“If you’re doing the reverse cowgirl, how am I supposed to not look at your butt?” I got on the bed and waited, my cock standing tall.

“Close your eyes.” Sally wagged a finger. “Close your eyes right now, you’re looking at my pussy.”

I closed my eyes. The mattress moved as she climbed next to me. I felt her hands on my thighs as she got into position. “It’s not that bad, you know,” I said. “You might even like it.”

“Oh, really?” My sister’s voice was ice cold. “Did *you* sit on your brother’s skyscraper of a cock? How’d that go? Could you walk afterward?” She was eighteen, but my little sister was as bratty as ever. I felt her hand on my cock as she lined me up.

“This isn’t my fault.” I took a quick peak. Her ass looked firm and gorgeous. Her pussy lips were much smaller than Mom’s or Pam’s. She didn’t look wet. I was glad Mom had been generous with the lube.

“Quiet ... just quiet ... uuuuugggghhhhhhhh ... while I ... ugh ... concentrate.” She lowered herself onto my dick. I saw her start to turn her head to look back at me, and I

quickly closed my eyes. “Were you ... ooohhhhhh ... peeking?” She didn’t sound like she was playing around.

“No way. I wouldn’t do that.” I shook my head adamantly. The vise of her pussy squeezed with a vengeance. Being inside her wasn’t anything like being inside Mom or Pam.

“Jesus ... it keeps ... going ... and going ... and ... uuuuggghhhhhhh.” The ice in Sally’s words melted. The timbre of her voice raised. “How did ... Mom ... and Aunt Pam ... do this? Uuuuggggghhhhhh ... it’s in my ... belly now ... I can feel it ... ooohhhhhh ... you’re going to ... split me in two.”

“You’re doing great, Sally.” I was starting to doubt she’d ever ride me in earnest. The djinn was going to be so pissed if this didn’t work.

“Okay ... okay ... I think ... it’s ... all the way in.” Sally rested her weight on my hips. I took another peek. I could see her ass and thighs trembling. “I’m just gonna ... gonna ... get used to it ... for a minute ... it’s pushing at a spot ... a spot ... oh ... Jesus ... that spot ... I ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Sally’s voice lifted higher, leveling off into one long, sweet note. She threw her head back and climaxed on my cock. I stifled the urge to tell her *I told you so*. Her hips rocked with her orgasm, and when she recovered, she was already riding me. “Billy ... Billy ... what’s happening ... to me?”

“Um ...” Had she never had an orgasm? “You just ... ugh ... came ... Sally.”

“Wow ... wow ... I didn’t know ... I didn’t ...” I watched her hips move faster and faster. Soon she was riding me for all she was worth. I didn’t bother pretending to keep my eyes closed, I happily watched her tight, pale ass ripple and shake and her blond hair bounce on her sweater. She convulsed on top of me and came again. After that, Sally was too out of it to continue her ride. So, I flipped us around and put her on her hands and knees. She looked at me over her shoulder while I entered her again but didn’t ask me to close my eyes.

“I ... ugh ... told you ... so ...” I took hold of her hips and smashed into her. We locked eyes.

“Mom ... uh ... uh ... and Aunt Pam ... said ... it felt ... good ... but how ... could I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... know ... it would ... be ... this good? Gggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled back, her teeth gnashed, and she sounded like she was having a stroke. She could have said *You were right*, but I guess that was never Sally’s style. Listening to her strangled, orgasmic voice and watching her contorted face was driving me toward my own climax. I loved sending my bratty sister into fits of ecstasy. I looked down at the tight sleeve her pussy formed around my dick. She wasn’t dry anymore. White froth covered my dick.

"I'm ... I'm ... about to ..." My hips smashed savagely against her.

"Billy ... Billy ... Billy ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Sally dropped her face to the mattress and screamed into my sheet.

"Cummmmmmmmmmming ..." I held myself all the way inside my sister, dropping my load as deep as it would go. The pleasure was so great, I heard the angels sing. Or maybe that was just Sally braying like a crazed donkey. As my orgasm subsided, I collapsed on top of her, still firmly embedded in her pussy.

"Billy? Sally? Everything going okay in there?" Mom's voice came through the door.

"Want to ... tell them ... or should I?" I whispered in Sally's ear.

"Ggggggaaaaaaaaaaaaa." Sally wasn't up for much of an answer.

"We're good ... Mom." I called at the closed door. "Just ... finished the first time ... and ... I think ... we're going to ... go again." My hips were already moving. I could hear the cum squelching out of her.

"Okay. Good work, you two. Make that baby!" Mom said a few more words of encouragement before leaving, but I lost focus. My sister's tight pussy felt too good.

Chapter 7

“Ugh ... ugh ... Sally ... you’re so tight.” I was on top of my eighteen-year-old little sister, roughly slamming my hips onto her ass. She was on her stomach with her legs together, braying, moaning, and wailing. She sounded something like a possessed donkey having a stroke. Her head was sideways. I could see half her face. Her glassy eye stared at nothing, and her mouth hung open. Drool dripped onto my sheet. “Aren’t you going ... ah ... ah ... ah ... to say something ... clever ... or cutting?” I said, ‘you’re so tight.’”

“I ... uuuggghhhhhhhhh ... was tight ... a couple hours ... ago ... now ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I’m ... ruined.” Her words were slurred by pleasure. I could barely understand her.

“I thought ... you said ... you liked it.” I slowed my hips, hoping that might help her focus. I knew she had agreed to this out of duty, but I thought we’d grown close as I had dumped three orgasms into her pussy. I needed to hear some reassurance.

“I’m ... not ... ooohhhhhhhh ... complaining ... I didn’t think ... ooohhhhhh ... I didn’t think ... it would feel so good ... to have you ... stretch me ... to have you ... open me up ... and break me ... but ... but ... uuuuuuggggghhhhhhh.” She shut her eyes and came again.

There was a knock on the door. “Are you two almost done? Your father will be home soon,” Mom said through the door.

“Maybe ... fifteen more minutes ... Mom.” I put my hands on her back to brace myself. She still wore her sweater, and it was wonderfully soft on my palms. I kicked my hips into high gear. “I’ll just cum ... one more ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... time. That okay ... Sally?”

“Ggggggggaaaaaaaaa,” Sally said. The eye I could see was rolled back.

Mom entered my room. “We don’t have fifteen minutes.” When she saw us, her eyes went wide. “Wow ... I mean ... wow.” She was watching my cock slide in and out of Sally. “I mean, I’m glad you two worked it out.” Mom walked over to the bed and squatted to be in Sally’s eye line. “Do you understand what I was talking about now?”

“Nnnnnnnngggggggggggg.” Sally was trembling. I think she was cumming again.

“She said ... she liked it ... when she could talk, Mom.” I slammed into Sally’s pussy savagely, but I wasn’t that close to my climax. Even after what the djinn had done to me, I wasn’t a never-ending fountain of cum.

“Well, that makes me happy.” Mom straightened, pulled off her dress, and removed her bra.

“What ... are you doing?” I stared at her tits. They captivated me no matter how often I saw them.

“I’m shortening the time until you’re ready.” She climbed onto the bed and moved next to Sally and me. She leaned her nipple into my mouth. “Like I said, your father will be home soon.”

“Mmmmmmmm,” I said around a mouthful of tit.

Mom was right, that pushed me over the top. I planted my dick to the hilt in Sally and exploded inside her. When the ecstasy ebbed, I rolled off her, staring blissfully at the ceiling.

“Come on, Sally. I’ll help you get cleaned up.” Mom gently pulled Sally to her feet.

“Why didn’t you tell me, Mom?” Sally mumbled. “I didn’t know.”

“I tried to tell you, sweetie.” Mom put an arm around Sally’s shoulder and walked her to the hall. I watched Sally’s knees almost buckle. Cum was running down her legs.

“She’s dripping, Mom.” I smiled at their retreating asses. Mom in her panties, and Sally’s butt red from the pounding she’d just taken.

“Thanks, Billy. We’ll move quickly.” Mom looked over her shoulder at me and winked. “Keep your door closed and your window open. I do *not* want your father getting a whiff of your room.”

“Sure, Mom.” I watched them leave, then summoned the strength to get up and follow her directions.

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I didn’t see Sally much for the next couple days. Mostly we saw each other at dinner. We didn’t talk at all. Mom said she was recuperating and needed a few days of space. That made sense to me. Mom and Pam had been with Uncle Monty, but I was Sally’s first giant cock. I could see why things might be different for her.

On the third day, I decided to check on her. I mentioned to Dad that he might want to go out since it was such a beautiful day. It didn’t take much to get him out of the house now that the Lizard Flu was over. When he was gone, I knocked on Sally’s door. When she said “Yeah?”, I entered her room and closed the door behind me. She was reading on her bed and looked up from her book with wary eyes. She was wearing a sweater, yoga pants, and wool socks.

“So, we haven’t really talked since ... you know.” I looked down at my dick. It was hard, and the outline of it was obvious, running up from my shorts, under my waistband, and up under my shirt.

Sally’s eyes widened when she followed my gaze. “I just want to put that all behind me.”

“Um ... what?” I was surprised. “I thought you liked it?” It occurred to me that maybe I should have talked to Mom before talking to Sally.

“Gross, Billy.” Sally shook her head. “I did what I had to do for the family. And for everyone in the world ... because of your wish about the Lizard Flu. We did it. Now it’s over.”

“But it’s not over, Sally. The djinn said that we –”

“That’s what Mom said. I’ll tell you what I told her, ‘I’d like to meet this djinn.’” Sally folded her arms across her chest.

“No, you wouldn’t.” I shook my head emphatically. “The djinn scares the hell out of me. And she would freak you out, too.” There was a moment of silence while Sally pondered what I’d said. When she didn’t say anything, I continued. “Are you still sore down there? Mom said that what we did was a little much for you.”

“Maybe you’re right about the djinn.” Sally’s face softened. “I was sore at first. I’m okay now.”

“So, we can do it again?” I was suddenly hopeful. “Dad’s out of the house.”

“I didn’t say that.” Her gaze dropped to the outline of my dick.

“Look, Sally. We have to do it again for the reasons we did it the first time.” And also because I loved being inside her. But I wasn’t going to tell her *that*. “Can I get undressed? Maybe it would help if you saw it again.”

Sally shrugged but didn’t say anything. Coming from her, that was a huge green light. I quickly pulled off my clothes. Soon, I was standing before her with nothing but my socks on. Sally’s jaw dropped as she stared at me. I shook my hips, making my cock bounce side-to-side.

“You’re so skinny. It makes it look even bigger than it is.” Sally licked her lips. “Never mind, it’s a monstrosity. It would look big on a giant.” She put down her book and crawled on the bed toward me, stopping at the edge of her mattress on her hands and knees. She stared intently at my dick. “What about your balls? I didn’t really see those last time.”

“Sure.” I pulled my dick to my stomach with one hand and cupped my balls with the other, putting them on display for her. “See?”

“They’re huge, too.” She pressed her lips together like she was thinking. “Balls are weird. They’re so wrinkly and hairy.”

I laughed and let my cock fall back into its natural position, pointing directly at her nose. The tension was leaving the room. “Yeah, I guess. Balls are weird.” I nodded.

Sally joined in the laughter. I could see her shoulders relaxing as she sat cross-legged at the edge of her bed. “So, we’re going to do it again?”

“The djinn needs us to ... you know ... make a baby.” I stepped closer so that the head of my cock was hovering over her lap. She didn’t reach for it like I was hoping she would.

“Your sperm ... my egg?” Sally licked her lips again. She glanced up at my eyes, but then went back to staring at my dick.

“Yeah, that’s how it works.” I nodded. “You can touch it if you want.” I slapped my forehead. “That reminds me, I didn’t bring any lube.”

“Um ... I don’t think we’ll need it this time.” Sally still didn’t try to touch my dick. That was fine, I was thrilled that she was wet. That was a huge step forward. I didn’t care if she touched it or not. More than a minute of silence stretched out as she stared down my cock.

I was the one to break the silence again. “Maybe if you got undressed ...” I shrugged. “I promise not to look again.”

“I know you were peeking last time.” Sally pulled off her sweater.

“I swear I –”

“You’re the worst liar, Billy.” Sally smiled at me as she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. “Just ... don’t say anything about my body. Okay?”

“So, I can look?” I closed my eyes and then slowly opened one squinting eye just as she tossed her bra away. “Wow, you have really nice ...” I cut myself off. That there was exactly the sort of thing she’d just told me not to say.

Sally furrowed her brow at me and covered her tits with her arm.

“You have a really nice personality, Sally.” I smiled apologetically.

She rolled her eyes and pulled down her pants and panties. “Do you think it’ll feel like it did the last time?”

“I’m pretty new to all this, too. How about we find out together?” I climbed onto the bed.

“Okay,” she squeaked. Tentatively, she spread her legs. I could smell the tangy scent of her excitement. And when I got a look at her pussy, I could clearly see the glistening on

her narrow lips. "You can put it in, Billy." She leaned back and turned her head to watch the wall.

I got between her legs, took hold of my cock, and guided it to her opening. Slowly, I pushed forward with my hips. I saw her tense. "How is it?"

"Huuuuuuuge." She clutched her blanket with both hands. "Slow ... oooohhhhhhhh ... slow ... oooohhhh ... it's getting ... deeper ... it's about to hit that ... spot ... oooohhhhhh ... it's in my belly ... Billy ..." She gritted her teeth and looked up at me. "It's hitting ... that ... spot ... oooooohhhhhh ... it's ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her eyes rolled back, and she convulsed.

"I guess it feels like last time." I don't think she heard me.

Sally's only response was, "Nnnnnnnngggggggggggg."

My hips started pumping on their own. I did go slowly at first, just as she had asked. But that didn't last more than five minutes. Before I knew it, her headboard was banging against the wall like it wanted out of the house. She tossed her head side to side, her hands moving from her blanket to my ass. I could feel her nails digging into my cheeks, but I didn't mind. I pounded her into the mattress and arrived at a decision. Djinn or no djinn, I wasn't giving this up. I was causing Sally to bray like a crazed donkey again and didn't think I'd ever want to stop making her that happy. *Did Uncle Monty stop sleeping with Mom?* I didn't know, but I did know that as long as my bratty little sister would have me, I'd have her.

"I love ... I love ... ugh ... ugh ..." I caught myself before embarrassingly telling her that I loved her. "I love ... ugh ... ugh ... your pussy ... Sally."

"And ... I love ... your dick ... Billy." She pointed her toes at the ceiling. "Your sperm ... and ... my egg ... Billy."

Who was I to say no to that? I slammed down and held our hips together, erupting directly into her womb. Yeah, this was too good to give up.

Chapter 8

“Oooohhhhhh ... Billy ... Billy ... that’s good.” Mom rode me on my bed. She was wearing lingerie that Dad had bought her for her birthday a while back.

Aunt Pam lay on the floor of my room, her eyes glassy. She was almost comatose, wearing lingerie that Uncle Bob had gotten for her. Sperm leaked out of her pussy onto the carpet.

Sally lay next to Mom and me on the bed, her slender body bouncing with the motion of Mom’s cowgirl. She was naked. I don’t think she owned any lingerie. Just like our aunt, my eighteen-year-old sister was out of it. Her eyes lazily watched us, and she rolled a nipple with her hand. Sperm poured out of her pussy, too. It had been a busy morning.

“We ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... need to hurry.” Mom looked down at me, her expression twisted with ecstasy.

“No ... Mom ... Dad’s gone all day.” I reached up and helped her fondle her tit. “I was ... uughhhh ... planning to have ... another go with all three of you.”

“I mean ... sweetie ... we have less than ... oohhhhhh ... three weeks until the moon’s cycle ends ... and we haven’t ... aaaahhhhhh ... started with your older ... sisters.” Clearly, that thought set her off. Her hips jerked rapidly, and her eyes rolled back.

As I watched her cum, I thought about my older sisters. She was right. I’d almost forgotten that the Djinn had only given me a month to knock up all three of my sisters. Well, it was certainly mission accomplished with Sally. We had humped constantly for days. But Gail and Beth lived in their own houses and had husbands. I hadn’t even started to think about how I might get them to do their family duty.

“Okay ... okay ... that was ... a big one.” Mom came down from her climax and switched her movement to bounce on me, planting her feet on the mattress. She knew how to get me to cum. “After ... you’ve finished ... inside all of us ... again ... we’ll ... make a plan ... oohhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

“Sounds ... good ... Mom.” She rode me in silence for several more minutes, driving me over the edge. Cuuuummmiiiiinnnnngggggggg!” I gripped her thighs and pulled her all the way down on my dick. She was already pregnant, but there was something about shooting directly into her womb that pleased me to no end.

~~

“So, I think you should go with Gail first. She’s always liked you, Billy.” Sally sat at the kitchen counter with Mom and Pam. I was on the opposite side of the counter, leaning on my elbows.

They were showered, wearing sweaters, jeans, and probably pantie liners. We all had glasses with orange electrolytes in them. Mom had said we needed to hydrate after the power-humping we’d all gone through. Even with the special drink, all three of them looked a bit dazed and exhausted.

I was showered and wearing a sweater and jeans, too. But I didn’t feel tired. I felt invigorated. I gulped down my drink. “Sounds good to me. Gail it is.” Gail had a soft spot for me. She was twenty-two, I was twenty. We were close enough to play when we were younger, and unlike Sally, she’d always seemed to enjoy my company. Although, Sally’s disposition toward me was changing rapidly.

“No, I think we should tackle the harder project first.” Mom shook her head and sipped her drink. “Once we bring Beth into the fold, it’ll be all downhill with Gail. It’s better not to put pressure on us when we get near the Djinn’s deadline.” She glanced at her sister.

“You know your daughters best.” Pam shrugged. “How do we approach Beth and tell her about her family duty?”

Sally snorted. “Good luck with that.”

“Maybe you all could tell her how good it feels?” I looked around at my lovely women as they burst out laughing at me.

“You ... don’t yet ... understand ... women.” Mom held her belly as she giggled, wiping tears of joy from her eyes. “She’s very innocent. She loves Ned. We’ll have to slowly get her used to your thing.” She nodded toward my dick. “We’ll have to do it with her defenses down. Once she’s seen it, and maybe touched it, then we can plan the next step.”

“Touch it? How the heck are we going to do that?” I shook my head.

“Well ... we’ll get her drunk, for sure,” Mom said.

“But not too drunk.” Sally frowned.

“Not too drunk.” Mom nodded her agreement. “I’ll have your father invite Ned to something, get him out of their house. And then ... well ... they live on a farm. I’ve got an idea.”

~~

Beth and Mom were knocking back margaritas, sitting on Beth's front porch. They both wore conservative summer dresses, making small talk.

Dad had come through and unwittingly helped our plan by getting Beth's new husband out of the house.

I was the only other person visiting, and I was pretending to explore the farm out of the women's sight. I had lobbied hard for some sort of makeup for what came next, but Mom said it had to be believable. I took out my soft dick, standing in the backyard, and held the little electric prod. We had experimented with it the day before, and it had left a very noticeable red welt on my arm. "Sorry, big guy," I said to my dick.

I jabbed myself with the thing twice. It didn't hurt that much, but I howled. I hid the small prod and ran to the front of the house, screaming. My soft dick flopped around in front of me. Without any support, it threw me off balance, and I almost faceplanted in the dirt a couple times. But I survived to jog up to my mother and sister.

"Oh ... my God! What is that?" My sister's eyes bugged out. The margarita fell from her hand, spilling on the porch. Her brown ponytail swayed as she shook her head in disbelief. I could just imagine her mind saying *nope, nope, nope*. She stood. The dress she wore hid her body well, but I could see the curves filling it out. Was I starting to have a thing for sisters? It sure seemed so.

"I got bit by a snake!" I stood before them, showing off the two red welts on the side of my shaft.

"Oh, no!" Mom had her hand in front of her mouth. "Was it poisonous?"

"It rattled." My voice shook. I was really selling it.

"Well, we have to get the poison out." Mom dropped to her knees, lifted my still languid cock, and placed her mouth on the "bite." She made a big show of sucking the welts.

"Oh ... my God! Oh ... my God!" Beth did a little dance around the porch, waving her hands in the air like she was witnessing something absolutely horrid.

Mom turned her head to the side, spit on the porch, and continued sucking.

"We need to call an ambulance." Beth picked up her phone and dialed.

The Lizard Flu had really done a number on our healthcare system. What little was still running, was in shambles. There would be no ambulance for us. But Mom and I knew that going into this.

"Why won't they pick up?" Beth put down the phone and grimaced when she saw the effort my mother was putting into sucking the shaft of my dick.

Mom leaned back, panting. She spit again. "I think ... I got most of the poison out ... but I can't keep going." She looked up at Beth. "If we don't get it ... all out ... the poison will go straight to his testicles. He'll never have children."

It had clearly dawned on Beth what would be asked of her. She stared at us, horrified. "We need to drive him to the hospital. I'm not touching that. It's already swollen from the poison. Only a doctor can save him."

"That's the size it always is." I was working very hard not to get erect. But even so, it was starting to swell.

"Nuh ... uh ..." Beth's mouth hung open in fright and disbelief. "I'll call Ned. He'll know what to do."

"Finish sucking out the poison ... now." Mom knitted her brows in anger. "I want Billy to have children." This was a true statement, but Beth didn't grasp the full meaning. How could she know that Mom wanted *herto* have my kids?

"Okay," Beth squeaked. She took Mom's place on her knees next to my cock and lifted it up with both hands. "It's ... always ... this big?"

"No time, Beth! Suck him," Mom shouted.

"But ... it's getting bigger." Beth didn't have time to protest any more. Mom grabbed her brown hair and forced her mouth onto the shaft where the red welts were. She sucked with all her might. Mom had just pretended, but Beth put everything into it. Her fingers pressed tightly into my cockflesh. I was definitely going to have a dick hickey after this. She turned, spit, and went right on sucking. A few minutes later, she spit and backed away. "Did I do it, Mom?" She stared at my cock as it grew and grew before her.

"You did well. That should be all of it. But Billy needs to empty his testicles to be safe." Mom still looked worried. She was a pretty good actress.

Beth scrambled backward across the porch.

"Don't be silly, Beth. I'm not asking you to do it." Mom shook her head at her daughter, like Beth was overreacting. Mom looked at me. "Go to the bathroom, Billy. You need to take care of yourself."

"My ... bathroom?" Beth slowly stood. She was unsteady on her feet. It might have been the giant cock she'd just become acquainted with or the margaritas. I couldn't be sure.

"Go on, Billy." Mom smacked my butt.

I ran into the house. I closed the door of the main floor bathroom behind me and made rapid fapping noises and deep grunts just like Mom had earlier instructed. This lasted

about ten minutes. I then opened the door. Both women were standing right outside in the hall, just as they were supposed to.

“Mom ... something’s wrong. I can’t finish.” I tried to give them my most pained expression. “It hurts.”

“Oh ... gosh ... Billy.” Mom looked back and forth between me and Beth with shock written on her face. “I’ll help you. But no one can know about this.”

“Mom ... you can’t!” Beth wasn’t looking at our mother. She stared at where the head of my cock peaked past the door. “What will you tell Dad?”

“Your father doesn’t have to know everything.” Mom put a hand on Beth’s shoulder.

“Wait here in case I need anything.” She then entered the bathroom with me and closed the door. Mom got on her knees and jacked me with both hands. “I can’t believe how big you are, Billy.” Mom raised her voice so that Beth would be sure to hear.

“Your hands ... feel good ... Mom,” I said loudly. It wasn’t a lie. “Thank you for helping me.”

“Any mother would help her son like this.” She jerked me for a while, and we exchanged lines that we thought might strike a chord with Beth.

Finally, I was getting close. “I don’t think I can finish ... with just your hands. Something’s wrong. My balls are burning.”

There was a loud knock on the door. “What do I do, Mom!?!” Beth sounded nearly beside herself.

“It’s okay, sweetie,” Mom called through the door. “I’ll use my mouth on him.”

“Mom ... don’t,” Beth said.

“Mmmmmppphhhh.” Mom really did put my cock in her mouth, but she exaggerated the humming, gagging, and gurgling sounds she usually made.

“Wow ... Mom ... I can’t believe you’re doing this.” I could believe it.

Beth knocked on the door again but didn’t say anything.

Mom pulled her mouth off me and whispered, “Are you ready?” She pumped my cock with her hands.

I nodded and let the eruption go. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh ... uuugghhhh ... uuuuggghhhh ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhh.” I didn’t usually grunt-scream when I came, but I made sure to let Beth know exactly what was happening.

When I was done, Mom wiped the cum out of her eyes. I’d plastered her face, hair, and the upper part of her dress. She winked at me, stood, and opened the door. “I think that

did it," she said to Beth. Mom tried to look overwhelmed. She wobbled on her feet. "Be a dear and help me clean myself. Your brother seems to have made a mess in your bathroom."

Beth looked white as a ghost. She glanced at my still erect dick, at the cumpllosion all over Mom, and then back to my dick. "Okay." She put her arm around Mom's shoulder, trying to get as little cum on her as possible, and together they went upstairs to her bathroom.

"Well." I smiled at my reflection in the mirror. "That went well." I closed the door and started fapping. What had just happened was beyond hot, but my cock wasn't appeased.

Chapter 9

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 ... uuugghhh ... 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 ... aaaahhhhhh."

"Mmmmmppphhhhhh." 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, furrowing 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 ... ooooohhhhh ... my ... 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.

Chapter 10

Sally and I walked into the kitchen and found Beth looking pale, drinking a beer from the bottle. There were two empty bottles next to her. It hadn't taken me *that* long to clean the bathroom.

Beth was regarding her wedding ring, holding her left hand in front of her. I think she was tipsy enough that she hadn't noticed us enter. Sally gave me a look that said: *Are you sure?* I nodded. It was Mom's orders, not mine.

"I texted with Mom about what you did, Beth." Sally leaned her butt on the counter next to our sister. "She's really proud of you."

"Oh, yeah?" Beth looked over at Sally, her gaze unfocused. "Mom is happy I made Billy's giant peepee go boom?" She let out a harsh laugh. "Do you think Ned will be proud of me, too?" She was slurring her words a little.

"Beth?" Sally raised her eyebrows and looked at me. I shrugged.

"Yeah?" Beth was looking at her wedding ring again, holding it at different angles.

"Mom says we have to make Billy ... have another release. There's too much poison and she won't be home in time to take care of it herself." Sally creased her forehead, putting on a deep frown. She was overselling it again, but I guess that was just her style of acting.

"Nah uh." Beth's eyes widened. "She didn't say that."

"She texted you about it. Didn't you check your phone?" Sally went to our sister's purse, pulled out Beth's phone, and brought it to her.

Beth scrolled through the messages, her jaw hanging open. She looked at Sally in disbelief. "She says I should suck it if he won't finish again?"

"I'm feeling better, but Mom wants to be sure." I smiled patiently.

"I can see you don't want to do it." Sally pushed off the counter with perhaps too much eagerness. "I'll do it this time. Sisters should take turns."

"What? No." Beth downed the rest of her beer. She checked the clock. "I can do this. I already did it once. There's no way I'm going to make my eighteen-year-old sister touch something like that. I'm married. I know how to deal with a penis. Even ..." She glanced at the growing bulge in the front of my pants. "Even one like that."

~~

“Why isn’t it working this time?” Beth was still dressed, I was naked. We were in the bathroom again. She was pumping my penis with both hands, pointing it at the sink. “Just finish, Billy. Don’t be a brat.”

“I’m not being a brat.” I frowned at her. “Sometimes it takes a while. Remember earlier? I was having a hard time finishing it with my own hands.”

“I don’t care what Mom says, I’m not putting it in my mouth.” Beth shook her head, pulled up her sleeves, and pumped harder.

“Okay.” I shrugged.

“How’s it going in there?” Sally’s voice came through the closed door. “You’ve been going for a long time.”

“I’m doing the best that I can, Sally.” Beth rolled her eyes at the door, then looked at me with her eyebrows raised. “I know this isn’t great for either of us, Billy. I know you’re doing your best, too. What will it take to get you to finish?”

“Well, your mouth?” I smiled hopefully.

“No. I already said no. This is okay, but that would feel like ... um ... Ned wouldn’t understand.” She stared at her squelching fingers. “Also, it’s got lotion all over it. I couldn’t put that in my mouth.”

I thought about suggesting she wash it off in the shower first, but I could see she was right on the edge of leaving. I didn’t want to push her off. She needed more time to get used to it, just like Mom had said. “Well ... I like boobs. That would help.”

Beth curled her lip in disgust. “You wouldn’t like mine. They’re your sister’s boobs.”

“Boobs are boobs.” I shrugged.

“Ugh.” She snorted in disgust. “You’re really not close? Like ... what if you tried pushing from your balls or something?”

“It doesn’t work like that.” I smiled. “Does Ned do that with his little *peepee*?” I wasn’t sure where that dig had come from. I didn’t need to needle her about her husband.

“Shut up, Billy. He’s not ... that much ... smaller than you.” She frowned at my dick. It was clear that she was lying. She glanced at me for a reaction. Her expression said that she knew I knew she was lying. “He’s normal. Ned’s thing is normal. You’re built ... like the neighbor’s horse.”

“You talk about the horse a lot. Have you been checking out his dick?” Again, I didn’t have to be a jerk. I looked at the ring on my hand. *You won’t make me a jerk. I’m only*

doing this to make the Djinn happy. My sister was talking, but I'd tuned her out. "What?" I turned my focus back to her.

"I said, don't make this weird, Billy. It's a medical emergency." She took her hands off my dick. I thought I'd pushed her too far, that she was about to walk out of the bathroom and hand me off to our sister. Instead, she let out a long, disgusted sigh and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. "Oh, my gosh, Billy. You're practically drooling. Get a grip, I'm your sister." She paused with the blouse unbuttoned, but still on. I could see her bra, cleavage, and pale belly peeking out.

"Guys like boobs, Beth. It's not rocket science." I swung my hips and bounced my dick on her belly with a nice, heavy thump.

"Stop that, you'll get your pre-stuff on my blouse." Beth chewed her bottom lip, looking down at my penis. Her words were still a bit slurred. I could feel that the moment was primed for some big leaps forward.

Silence stretched out between us.

"Beth?" I said.

"Yeah?" She was still staring at my dick as I thumped it over and over into her belly. As she'd said, I was smearing some pre-cum on her nice, pink blouse.

"Are you going to show me your tits?" I said.

"Don't be crude." She pulled off her blouse. Put her hands behind her back, paused, gave me a nervous glance, and then unclasped her bra. She hung her blouse and bra on a towel rack and turned back to me with her right arm over her boobs. She reached for my dick with her free hand and started pumping again.

"I thought you were going to show them to me," I said.

She rolled her eyes in aggravation. "Give me a minute. This is really weird, Billy. That stupid snake bit you, and now ... things have gotten really ... strange." She laughed. It started as a little giggle, but built up until she was guffawing, her high, pretty voice bouncing off the walls.

"What's so funny?" I smiled, but I wasn't drunk, so it was hard to get in on the drunken laughter.

"That snake ... bit you ... and that ... turned me into ... a snake handler," she said between howls of mirth. "You get it? I'm handling ... your snake."

"That *is* funny." I nodded. It wasn't funny. "A snake handler needs to mesmerize the snake. Boobs would work."

“They’re only breasts, Billy. Nothing special.” Beth dropped her arm and went back to two-handing my snake.

I raised my hand like I needed the attention of the class. “You’re wrong, Beth. They *are* special. Wow.”

“You’re just saying that.” She wouldn’t make eye contact with me now, but she was still pumping. Her tits danced and jiggled with her efforts.

“No ... really ... they’re perfect.” I was beginning to think perfect breasts ran in our family. But I wasn’t going to tell her that.

Beth blushed. “Thank you for the compliment. And ... for not being crude.”

“Does Ned not compliment your boobs, Beth?” *There I go again.* The topic of her husband was irresistible to me for some reason.

“Keep it down. Sally might hear you.” Beth gave a weary look at the door.

“I can’t hear you guys.” Sally’s muffled voice filtered into the bathroom.

“See? She can’t hear us.” I smiled.

Beth looked at me by way of the mirror. I guess she was too embarrassed to look directly into my eyes. Her lip quivered, and her eyes darted with nervousness. She was drunk enough that she didn’t contradict Sally and me. She seemed to really think Sally couldn’t hear us. Or maybe she wasn’t paying close attention. “Are you ... um ... are you ... getting ... close?” Beth said.

“Not yet. It would really help if you told me whether Ned compliments you.” I gave her an encouraging nod.

“I don’t know why ...” She shook her head and took a deep breath. “Mom said it was important to make you finish again, so I ... well ... Ned compliments me when he remembers.”

“If it were me, I’d remember every time I saw you. I’m not kidding, Beth. Your boobs are breathtaking. Top shelf.” I was laying it on pretty thick, but she seemed to like it. It was better than being mean to her. I glanced at the ring on my finger. I promised myself I wouldn’t be mean anymore. “I’m getting close.”

“You’re really staring at them, aren’t you?” She was still watching me through the mirror with a worried face. She looked back at my dick and parted her lips. Her eyes lost focus. The snake had charmed the charmer, it seemed. Mom was right. She was getting used to my dick. “Are my breasts enough ... to put you over the edge?”

“Almost ... uuuggghhhh ... I need ... a little ... more.” I really was getting close. Pleasure surged. I gazed at her boobs and imagined what they’d look like with her riding me, bouncing in wonderful countervailing circles.

“Oh ... gosh ... forgive me ... Ned.” She pulled my penis away from the sink and tentatively moved the head to her mouth. She opened wide and rested it on her tongue, while pumping the shaft with her hands. It wasn’t a blowjob *per se*, and I was unfamiliar with the technique, but she looked so hot balancing my bloated cockhead on her tongue, that my orgasm swelled.

“Beth ... I’m gonna cum ...” I trembled. “You’re ... so ... pretty.” I tried to take in all of her. Her pumping hands, her twisted face, her perfect tits. She looked like she was trying to be prim about a topless blowjob, and that was so perfectly her. It was driving me wild. “Gonna ... do it ... Beth.”

“Gaaaa aaaheaaaa, iiiiwwyyyy.” She didn’t remove my dick from her tongue to say those words, but I think she was saying: *Go ahead, Billy*. And I wasn’t going to say no to that. She wanted me to blast her. And blast her I did. My mind went supernova, and I don’t remember much of what happened next.

When I returned from the starbursts of my high, I found her on the bathroom floor. Her head was turned away, and she was holding up her cum-covered left arm to ward away the deluge. I looked at her wedding ring. I could barely see it under all that spunk. She was sputtering and saying “... oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... oh ...”

“You ... did it ... Beth.” I smiled down at her. “Mom’s going to be ... really proud of you.” *And proud of me, too.*

“Billy ... that was crazy ... I thought I was going to drown.” Beth didn’t look up at me. “Go clean yourself in another bathroom. I don’t want you to see me like this.” She had cum all over her hair, shoulder, and tits. I couldn’t see her face, but I was pretty sure it was plastered, too.

“Want me ... to send ... Sally in?” I picked up my clothes.

“No ... I’ll clean myself.” She kept her face turned away from me. “Just go, Billy.”

“Okay.” I exited the bathroom.

Sally was waiting right outside the door. “That sounded intense. Does she want me in there?”

I shook my head.

“Good.” Sally grabbed my semi-hard dick and pulled me toward the stairs. “I want you to tell me all about it. And I need you up in my room while you do.”

“Yeah ... Okay ... Sally.” I figured I had another load in me.

Chapter 11

“Okay, Billy. I think we’re on schedule.” Mom was driving us to the store. Since the Lizard Flu ended, she’d been keen on getting back into the habit of shopping. When she offered to take me along, I rarely said no. I was enjoying her company more and more these days. She pulled into the parking lot and looked for a space. We ended up parking in a secluded area at the side of the building. “Are you still filling up Sally whenever you get a chance? Is it ... going well with you two?” She parked, and we got out.

“Yeah, Mom. Sally and I are getting along great.” I let her stride a few feet ahead of me as we walked to the store. She was wearing a sweater, sneakers, and tight mom jeans. Her ass looked perfect. I could feel the blood rush to my dick.

“I think it’s time we sealed the deal with Beth.” She looked over her shoulder, caught me staring, and gave me a warm, indulging smile. “I have a plan.”

“Of course you do.” I laughed.

Once we were in the store, I had to pause because my dick was fully hard and nearly overtaxing my pants. I stopped next to the melons.

“We’re not shopping for melons, Billy. Come over to the dairy section with me.” Mom beckoned me over.

I didn’t move.

She looked back at me, saw the tent in my pants, and rolled her eyes. “Oh, for heaven’s sake. Why is this happening now?”

“You’re pretty, Mom.” I grabbed a melon and held it in front of my crotch. I waddled over to her.

“That won’t work, I can still see your thing running down the leg of your pants.” Mom looked around, quickly surveying the store.

“Meredith! How good to see you!” A redheaded lady walked over to us. “Isn’t it amazing meeting out and about like this?” She was about Mom’s age, wearing a conservative dress and a friendly smile. “And this must be Billy. I haven’t seen you since you were this high.” She held her hand to her waist.

“Gwen. You look fabulous.” Mom spun me away from Gwen, kissed her cheek, and gave her a hug. “Unfortunately, Billy isn’t feeling well. We were just leaving. But let’s get coffee sometime.”

“Sure.” Gwen waved as Mom hurriedly pulled me out of the store. “Feel better, Billy.”

“Thanks!” I waved back to her.

Mom escorted me to the backseat of our minivan. “I’m glad we parked in a private spot.” She sat next to me and pulled off her jeans and panties. “To avoid this sort of thing in the future, I suppose I should take my daily dose of your stuff before we do errands.” She unzipped me and pulled down my pants and underwear. “Live and learn, right?”

“Yeah ... Mom.” I watched her bite her lip as she straddled me and guided my dick into her pussy. “But it’s sort of hot ... doing it in the parking lot, don’t you think?” I said.

“It’s sort of ... dangerous ... doing it in the parking lot.” Mom’s expression lost its focus as I bottomed out in her. We both still had our tops on, and she hugged my face into her boobs through her soft sweater. “But ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... we have to do ... ugh ... ugh ... what we have ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... to do.” She was already riding me hard. I’m sure the minivan was rocking. We spent a blissful hour in the car before we were ready to go shopping again.

I couldn’t wipe the grin from my face for the rest of the outing. There was something spectacular about helping her with mundane errands while her womb was filled to the brim with my cum.

~~

The next day, Mom drove me to Beth’s house. It was a rural neighborhood, so she parked behind some bushes while we waited for Ned to leave. We made small talk for a while. But eventually she ended up leaning over to the passenger side and blowing me. Before I could cum, Ned drove by without noticing us. When I mentioned it to her, she spit out my cock.

“Wait ... Mom ... you should finish.” I was shocked.

She tucked my dick away and drove the rest of the way to Beth’s. “Today’s the big day, I was just ... um ... priming the pump. I want you ready to make it happen with Beth.” She practically pushed me out of the car. “Good luck, honey.”

“But if I’m supposed to hold back ...” I wasn’t able to finish the thought.

Mom blew me a kiss and drove away.

Beth was shocked when she opened the door. She led me inside and poured us some coffee. “I had no idea you were coming over. You could have texted me or something.” She eyed me warily as we sat in her kitchen. She was wearing a floral dress, and she had her hair up in a bun.

“Mom thought you’d keep Ned around if you knew I was coming. She wanted you to help relieve me again, and ... well ... Ned would get in the way.” I shrugged. This was totally true, and I tried not to laugh at the nearly apoplectic expression on Beth’s face when she heard it. “Don’t look at me like that. Mom tried to get me off this morning, but she couldn’t do it. The doctors said I had to keep cumming. That snake poison is really bad. Not a good place to get bitten.”

Beth stood and rushed for her phone, knocking over her coffee in the process. I listened to her call our mom, her voice high-pitched and panicked. Calmly, I got up, grabbed a dishtowel, and mopped up the spilled coffee. Beth’s voice got more and more reedy as the call went on, until she sounded like a bird doing speed. I could barely understand her. When she hung up, she turned back to me, her face pale and her chest heaving.

“So, what’d Mom say?” I lifted my eyebrows.

“We can’t keep doing this, Billy. This is insane.” She watched me like I might bite her. “Maybe I can hire an escort for you or something?”

“That’s disgusting, Beth.” I frowned at her. “What really needs to happen is that I need a girlfriend.”

“Yes ... that ...” She nodded emphatically and pointed at me.

“But that can’t happen right now, and the poison won’t wait. Mom was so desperate, she was trying to finish me on the car ride over here.” I pressed my lips into a thin line, doing my best to look worried. “But it wouldn’t work.”

“Mom was touching you ... in the car ... on the way ...” Beth slowly shook her head. “No ... no ... there’s no way I’m touching you again. And even if I did, there’s no way I’m putting you in my mouth again.”

Twenty minutes later, we were in the main-floor bathroom. I was standing naked. Beth was on her knees, still wearing her dress, holding my dick with both hands. She had the head of it resting on her tongue with her mouth wide open. I was guessing that this was what she thought oral sex was. I wasn’t going to tell her otherwise. She looked so cute looking up at me like that.

“Aaw eu ooiin du uuum?” It was hard for Beth to get the words out, but I knew she was asking me if I was going to cum. It turns out my big sister used the word ‘cum.’ That was even cuter.

“Not ... yet ...” I was trembling. Mom really should have finished me off in the car. Her plan would have been a lot easier if she had. But I was a trooper, so I held back the flood.

“Ooh aay.” Beth nodded and continued to pump me while holding my dick on her tongue. Another twenty minutes, and she finally stopped. “My jaw hurts, and my hands are cramping. What’s wrong?”

“Maybe the poison is making it harder to finish?”

Beth looked like she didn’t like the sound of that. “If it wasn’t Mom telling me I had to do this, I would never ... I mean ... I made a vow to Ned. I love him. But I guess I’m the only one that can ...”

“What are you talking about?” I looked down at her with all the innocence of an angel.

“I don’t know if your tree trunk of a penis will even fit.” She stared at my dick, shaking her head. “But I can’t keep using my hands, and you need to finish.” She looked so earnest and defeated at the same time. It pulled at my heartstrings. I almost told her about the Djinn but held my tongue. She stood up, took my hand, and led me upstairs. “We’re going to use one of Ned’s condoms. You better be eternally grateful that I’m doing this.”

“Best big sister in the world.” I felt like grabbing her butt as she walked up the stairs ahead of me, but I restrained myself.

In the bathroom, she got on her knees again and tried to put one of her husband’s condoms on my cock.

“I think I need something larger,” I said. “Ned’s condom is micro-sized.” I grimaced at the jab. I didn’t need to do that.

Beth frowned, still gallantly trying to roll the condom onto my dick. “I told you, Ned’s normal-sized. You’re like ... a genetic experiment gone wrong ... or something.”

“It won’t fit.” I watched her ring glitter as her fingers struggled.

“It better.” She gave me a stern glance. “Because there’s no way this thing is going inside me without protection.”

Ten minutes later, we were on her marital bed. She was on her back, screaming her lungs out. The hem of her dress was up around her waist, and her panties were pulled to the side. Her fingers had a white-knuckle grip on my shoulders. I was between her legs, slamming into her viselike pussy with nice, easy strokes.

“Oooohhh ... gosh ... oooooohhh ... gosh ... Billy ... I think ... you’re in my ... belly.” Beth pointed her toes at the ceiling. “That stupid ... snake ... messed everything up ... uuughhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... now ... I’ll never ... be the same.”

“Ned ... won’t ever feel ... your pussy ... again.” I kept needling her when I didn’t have to. I felt bad for doing it, but it didn’t seem like she was listening to me.

“Something’s wrong ... Billy.” She stared into my eyes. “My legs are ... shaking ... and I feel all ... floaty ... and tingly ... and like ... uuuggghhh ... really floaty ... and ... nnnngggggggggg.” She grimaced, rolled her eyes back, and spasmed under me.

“I think ... you’re cumming ... Beth.” I continued my steady, even pace.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” She went wild under me.

I humped her to two more orgasms before rolling over and letting her ride me. That was a mistake. She didn’t really know how to get her hips into rhythm.

“You can just bounce on me, like you’re riding a horse,” I said. It was so awkward watching her try to get her hips going. She still had her dress on, so I wasn’t even able to watch her tits.

“Like this? Wait ... oh my ... wait ... gggghhhaaaaaa.” She spasmed again, her hands fruitlessly grabbing the air. She was cumming again. It was useless having her on top, so I pushed her off me, placed her on her belly, and closed her legs. She looked back at me with dreamy eyes. “Are we ... done?” Her face glistened with sweat.

“No ... I still have to finish.” I slapped her ass with my cock. It made a satisfying thwacking sound.

“But we can’t have sex like ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Beth didn’t know about prone-bone sex, I guess. She was twenty-five and married, but she seemed more innocent than our eighteen-year-old sister, Sally.

“We can ... have sex ... like this.” I put my hands on her back and railed her from behind. This was the perfect position, and I wasn’t going to last long. “Gonna ... finally ... cum ... Beth.”

“Oooohhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... not ... inside ...” Beth gripped the sheets and didn’t do anything to dislodge me.

“Yes ... inside ...” My hips fell out of rhythm. The Djinn wouldn’t be happy with me if I pulled out now. But sadly, I couldn’t tell Beth that. Fortunately, she was cumming again, so I didn’t have to explain myself. “Oh ... damn ... so tight ... Beth ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” I unloaded deep inside her.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Beth tossed her head, hunching her butt back against me. She gladly accepted my seed.

When we were finished, I lay on top of her, sweating onto the back of her now sopping dress. I would twitch every now and then, and her pussy would grip my dick in response.

“Ooohhhh ... Billy ... that was ... wild.” Her voice was muffled as she spoke into the mattress.

“Yeah ... thanks for helping me out.” I felt like I could melt right into her. I guess Mom’s convoluted plans worked out after all.

Chapter 12

“Wow ... Beth ... I feel so much better.” I pulled out of my sister and rolled onto my back next to her. My cock softened, resting on my hip. It leaked the last bit of my cum onto her marital bed. *Ned would be so pissed.* I smiled at the thought. “Thanks for ... milking me with your pussy.”

“Ohhhhhh ... Gosh ... Billy.” Beth was still on her belly, her dress still halfway on. She turned her head to look at me, her cheek pressed to the covers. “Should I ... um ... worry about ... the poison ... in my womb?”

I pressed my lips together. Mom and I hadn’t thought of that. Shame on us. “No ... the poison is such a small amount in my sperm that it can’t hurt anyone. That’s what the doctor said. That’s why I have to keep draining my balls. I lose a small amount of poison each time.”

“Oh ... good.” She blew out a relieved exhale. “Um ... Billy. That was pretty crazy, right? I mean ... sex isn’t supposed to be like that.” She rolled her eyes in mock ecstasy and let out a playful moan. “Ned and I ... do it differently.”

“Yeah, well. Ned and I aren’t the same.” I shrugged.

“That’s true.” Beth’s brow creased with worry. “Anyway, that’s the last time I’ll ever have sex like that, I suppose. Now that you’re relieved, we can go back to normal.” Slowly, she sat up. “Come on, let’s get cleaned up.” She got off the bed and groaned. “Oooohhhh ... my vagina feels so strange. I hope you didn’t do any permanent damage.” She waddled to the bathroom.

Fifteen minutes later, we were humping in the bathroom. I think it was the first time Beth had ever had sex standing up. I was still naked, and she was becoming more so. She only had her bra on now. I was standing on her floral dress. The last time she’d cum, she’d squirted, and the dress was now sadly stained.

Beth was facing me, with her arms wrapped around my shoulders. “Oooohhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... Billy ... I’m going to have ... another ... big one ... I can feel it.”

“I’m giving ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... the big one ... Beth.” I slammed my hips into hers.

“You are ... you are ... it feels ... so goooooood ... Billyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.” She threw her head back, screamed, and convulsed in my arms.

A little while later, I filled her womb again. We cleaned up after that. We showered, dressed, and headed back downstairs. She looked so pretty in a green blouse and skirt, with a headband to match. I stared at her as I sat in the kitchen, watching her busy

herself with getting us some lunch. All I could think about was my tiny swimmers inside her, and how happy that freaky Djinn was going to be with me.

Beth looked over at me. "What are you thinking about?" She waddled over to me with a dreamy expression, leaving the fridge door open behind her, forgotten.

"All the cum I put inside you today." I smiled at her.

"Oh ... my ... gosh ..." She stared at me like I had suddenly turned into a giant spider. "What is ... happening to me?" Her voice pitched higher. "I can't stop thinking about what it was like to have you in my belly, and then, when you exploded all those times, and I exploded, and my mind is literally fried, and I can't stop ..." She spoke in one long run-on sentence, her voice rose so high and fast that she almost sounded like a chipmunk on speed. She suddenly stopped talking mid-sentence and tackled me to the floor.

"What are you doing, Beth?" I was mostly amused, but the fall had jarred my shoulder. It stung a little.

She was angrily fishing her hand down the front of my pants. "One more time ... ggggrrrrrrrrrr ... one more ... time ... gggggrrrrrrr." Her high-pitched growling almost made me laugh. But then she had my dick out of my pants, and she placed it on her tongue. It was Beth's version of oral sex again. My merriment faded, and I was ready to fuck again.

After a few minutes of oral, I pushed her mouth away from my dick. "It's pussy time, Beth."

"Oh ... my gosh ... oh ... my gosh ... oh ... my gosh!" She undressed, tossing her fresh clothes carelessly around the kitchen. Naked, she mounted me with a crazed look in her eyes. "We should really stop but ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh."

"I know ... uggghhhhh ... one more time ... right?" I playfully slapped her tit, much to her astonishment.

Beth rode me hard in a herkie-jerk motion. Her hip movements were still awkward, and the rest of her body couldn't seem to put itself into one, cohesive motion. She was, however, improving. When I gripped her boobs, gently pushing and pulling, she followed my lead and started bouncing. With my help, she finally found a rhythm on top of me.

By the time I came inside her again, she was a blathering, incoherent mess. "Big ... Billy ... explosion ... my brain ... Billy ... tummy ... explosion."

I helped her back upstairs just as Mom texted to say she'd be picking me up soon. I cleaned us as best I could, tucked Beth into bed, and mopped up the mess we'd left

around the house. I opened some windows so the place wouldn't smell like all the gallons of cum and pussy juice we'd splashed around. Then, I walked out the front door whistling just as Mom drove down the long drive.

~~

A couple hours later, I was resting at home.

"So, how'd it go at Beth's?" Sally sauntered into my room. "Ha, you're grinning like the cat that ate the canary. She let you do it in her?"

I was sitting on my bed reading a comic book. I looked up and held up three fingers.

"Well, I'm glad you got the job done. But making her cum three times is nothing to brag about." Sally put her hands on the hips of her yoga pants and shook her head. "Beth has always been such a prude. I cum like three times a minute when I'm with you."

"No, silly. *I* came three times. *She* came like ... I don't know ... forty or something times?" I shrugged like it was no big deal.

"Oh ... my God. My prissy big sister is a slut." Sally clapped her hands and laughed. She pulled off her top. She wasn't wearing a bra. "Got any left?" She didn't bother closing the door. My mom was the only other person home, and she'd be happy that Sally and I were doing it again.

"Honestly, I can always get hard for you, Sally." I tossed my comic book away and pulled off my shirt. We were quickly naked, Sally riding me with great bounding lunges. Unlike Beth, Sally was a natural. She didn't need any help from me keeping time or making all parts of her body move in concert.

It took her about five minutes to climax three times. I suppose I should have been worried that I was losing my touch, but I didn't fret. I was too busy having fun.

A little after we switched to doggy style, Mom checked in on us. She stood in the doorway, looking on with pride. "I thought I heard an awful lot of thumping and groaning going on up here. I'm glad to see that you still have some juice left after your visit with Beth."

"All ... good ... Mom ..." I held Sally's hip with one hand and saluted my mother with the other.

"He's ... gonna ... fill me up ... Mom ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii." Sally tossed her head and came again.

"I'm sure he is." Mom nodded her head with approbation. "That ring carries a lot of responsibility. Not just for Billy, but for the whole family. It warms my heart to see that you're both up to the task." Mom's foot tapped the floor in time with my hips slamming into Sally's ass. She stood and watched us for a while.

I kept railing Sally's squelching pussy. Eventually, looking over at the doorway. "Did you ... ugh ... ugh ... need something ... Mom?"

"Oh ... no ... but if you have any left after you're done with Sally. Well ... come find me." Mom smiled, licked her lips, and disappeared down the hall.

"My pussy ... is going to drain you ... Billy ... ugh ... ugh ..." Sally looked back at me over her shoulder. Her face was sweaty, red, and twisted by passion. "There ... won't be ... ugh ... ugh ... any left ... for Mom."

"We'll ... see ... Sally ... aaaaahhhhhhh." I slammed into my sister and unloaded in her pussy.

~~

A couple hours later, I found my mother reading in the living room. When she saw me, she pushed her reading glasses down her nose and smiled. "Your father is going to be home soon. With the day you had, I doubt you can be quick about it. Maybe I should take a raincheck?"

"Maybe we should come up with a plan for Gail instead?" I smiled nonchalantly and sat on the sofa. "I'm sure you're already scheming up something."

"You made fun of my plans with Beth, but you enjoyed it, didn't you?" Mom put down her book and glasses, stood, and walked over to me.

"I don't love lying to her." I tried to frown.

"Well, I sort of enjoy it." Mom giggled. "What's that frown about?" She rolled her eyes at me. "You know how Beth can be?" She looked down at the rising tent in my pants. "See, even the thought of her draining your poison gets you going."

"Honestly, it's just being around you, Mom. You're so beautiful." I put my hands behind my head and reclined, making the tent even more pronounced.

"Oh ... very sweet, Billy." Mom's cheeks flushed. "Planning for Gail will have to wait. Come with me." She grabbed my shirt and pulled me to my feet.

"Where are we going?" I let her drag me through the house.

“The bathroom.” Mom led me upstairs. “If your father gets home while we’re still doing it, I don’t want to scandalize him.”

“What about that raincheck?” I laughed.

“It’s raining semen, Billy. Hallelujah.” She pulled me into the bathroom and locked the door.

In no time at all, I was pounding into Mom from behind while she grimaced at her reflection in the mirror. Two sisters and my mom in one day. It was one for the record books. But I had another sister to seduce. And I hadn’t seen my aunt for a little while. I figured I was going to be a busy man going forward.

“This is ... ugh ... ugh ... a pretty ... sweet ... life ... Mom.” I made eye contact with her through the mirror.

“Yes ... sweetie ... but don’t let it ... take over. Your uncle ... always had a hard time ... focusing ... after he got the ring.” My mother snorted in ecstasy when I hit a special spot deep inside her. “We have to ... we have to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

I never got to hear what special advice she had for me. Her climax wiped the didactic moment right away. It didn’t really matter anyway. Life was good, and even the thought of that grumpy Djinn wasn’t scaring me anymore.

Chapter 13

“Good morning, sunshine.” Mom shook my shoulder. “My sister is coming over today, and I’m sending your father out. Pam doesn’t know if she’s pregnant yet, so you think you can make some time for her?” She sat down next to me, smiling brightly. She wore a rather revealing dress, which was unusual for her. Maybe she was trying to give me the energy needed to get out of bed.

“Whoa ... Mom ... give me a sec to wake up.” I reached out and took hold of her tit through her dress, gently squeezing it to help ground me in reality. My dreams slowly faded away.

“Your father is still home right now, and also, I want you to save your stuff for Pam. Otherwise, I would ...” She gently caressed the hand that was on her boob. “I would love to.”

“I don’t need sex right now, Mom. I just like holding your tits.” I leaned forward and nuzzled her décolletage.

“Ooohhhh ... Billy. Ever since you were born, I was so worried about when the djinn would one day show up.” She put her hand on the back of my head and pressed my face into her cleavage. “I don’t know what I was so stressed over.”

“You were worried I’d steal you from Dad.” My voice was muffled by her curves.

She grabbed onto the back of my hair and pulled my face away from her chest, looking into my eyes with a searching gaze. “Are you going to steal me away?” She whispered.

I wasn’t used to seeing her so vulnerable. She’d always been imperious with me. “I ... um ... want to,” I said. “But I suppose I can share you with Dad, if you don’t mind sharing me with Sally, Pam, Beth, and Gail.”

“Ha!” Mom’s smile returned. “Sometimes I forget how busy you are. We’ll need to strategize about Gail. But not now. Now, you need to get up, clean yourself up, and get ready for your aunt.”

“Maybe some breakfast, too?” I moved my grip to her other tit and squeezed.

“Once upon a time, you got your breakfast from there.” Mom rolled her eyes. “And in about nine months, I’ll let you do it again. But for now, how about waffles?”

“Perfect.” I winked at her and went about my morning routine.

~~

“You look nervous, Aunt Pam.” I was sitting at the kitchen table eating my waffles when my mother showed her sister into the kitchen.

“I’m a little early.” Pam’s face softened when she saw my smile. She was fidgeting with her pearl necklace, casting frequent glances at my mother and then back at me. Unlike Mom, Pam wore a conservative dress.

“Early bird gets the worm, right Billy?” Mom giggled.

“Yeah, I suppose she’s caught herself a *Shai-Hulud*.” I laughed around the waffle in my mouth.

“What’s that mean?” Pam raised an eyebrow at Mom.

“I think it’s from one of the stories he likes. He’s twenty. I don’t know what he’s talking about half the time.” Mom shrugged.

“Oh, okay.” Pam bit her bottom lip, stared at me, and seemed to come to some sort of decision. “I ... um ... can’t wait any more Billy. I’m buzzing with anticipation. Are you almost done with breakfast?”

“It’s his third plate. He can be done.” Mom said. “You need it that bad, Pam?”

“It’s been a while.” Pam raced across the kitchen, dragged me out of the chair, and pulled me upstairs.

“Wait ... wait ... I haven’t brushed my teeth yet.” I laughed at her frenzied excitement.

“Okay ... fine.” She changed directions upstairs and pulled me to my bathroom.

Two minutes later, I was happily brushing my teeth, while Aunt Pam’s knees were on the cold tile floor. My pants were around my ankles. Her face was wonderfully distorted as she bobbed her lips on my engorged cock. I wanted to tell her about how Beth gives blowjobs, resting the head of my dick on her tongue, but I was too busy brushing my teeth to fill Pam in on that lovely detail. I filed that one away to tell her later.

“Mmmppphhhh ... gaaack ... gaaaack ...” Pam’s eyes were filled with love and tears. I think she was gagging enough to cry. It was sweet.

I spit out my toothpaste and rinsed my toothbrush, turning my hips to allow her to keep working. “You’re the best, Aunt Pam.” I smiled down at her. “I’m going to my bedroom now, but I want you to keep blowing me on the way. Okay?”

“Mmmppphhhh.” She nodded avidly, without removing my cock from between her lips.

I moved slowly, waddling backward so Pam could follow with my dick in her mouth. She kept bobbing her head and gagging, bless her heart, while she crawled after me.

Looking down at the arch of her back and the flare from her waist out to her ass really got me going. I stopped in the hall. "I was planning on going to my room, but plans change." I pulled my cock out of her mouth with a loud plop.

"Wha ...?" Pam stared up at me with great sorrow, like I had just taken a puppy from her.

"Don't worry. You're still on my to-do list." I pulled her forward so that she was on her hands and knees. "I just can't wait to get to my room. This is the spot." I got on my knees behind her and flipped her dress up over her ass. Her panties were down to her knees in no time. I smacked her left ass cheek with my cock, leaving a smear of precum.

"Are we really going to do it out in the open?" Pam looked over her shoulder at me. There was a spark of reason in her eyes but also a deep thirst.

"Who cares? My dad's out." I slapped her other ass cheek with my hand. "Uncle Bob isn't here. Mom and Sally don't care where we do it."

"It's just I ... oooooohhhhhhh." Still looking back at me, the intelligence left her face. She crossed her eyes and dropped her jaw in the most wonderfully dumb expression. "Billy ... uuuuggggghhhhhh ... I've ... missed ... this."

"I'm here for you, Aunt Pam. Whenever you need me." I worked my dick into her pussy and held it there, giving her time to adjust. In my book, it's the responsibility of the colossally dicked dude to allow for some stretching time. I didn't want to break the pussies in my family, just ruin them. "You haven't taken a breath in a while."

Pam exhaled loudly and then sucked in air with a whistling hiss. "I'm ready ... I can take it ... I can take it!" She pushed her ass back at me.

In no time, I was railing my aunt like old times. She looked so much like Mom from the back that I almost forgot who I was fucking at one point. Even their wailing was nearly indistinguishable. "We're ... ugh ... ugh ... gonna make ... the djinn ... happy?"

"Oooooooohhhhhh ... yes ... so happy ... so happy!" Pam squealed.

I came inside her in the hall. She then stripped, dragged me into my room, mounted me, and rode me for more than an hour. As I stared up at her flopping tits and her silly, ecstatic face, I couldn't help thinking about how this was the same woman that helped take care of me when I had the Lizard Flu. The same woman that was married to Uncle Bob. The same woman that I used to avoid at family gatherings so she wouldn't pinch my cheeks. I reached up and pinched her tit, just to get back at her. She was too busy cumming to notice.

After I filled her again, we showered, put on bathrobes, and headed down for lunch.

~~

Mom was in the middle of making us sandwiches when Beth barged into the kitchen. "Beth! What on Earth are you doing here?" Mom said.

Pam, sitting next to me, pulled her robe tighter across her chest, obscuring the cleavage that had been showing. She gave me a nervous glance.

"I ... um ... I just really need to talk to my brother today. I just *really need* to." Her jaw was clenched, and there was frenzy in her gaze. "Oh ... hi ... Pam." Beth cocked her head as she looked at Pam's bathrobe. When Beth turned her attention to me, I could see her lose her train of thought. She stared with smoldering eyes.

"Hello, Beth. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" Pam's words were slow and lackadaisical. She was obviously still high from her orgasms.

"I need to talk to you, Billy. About the poison." Beth walked over to me, pulled me out of my seat, and tugged on my hand. For the second time that day, a woman was desperately pulling me upstairs.

"Okay, Beth." I caught my mom's gaze. She shrugged at me and smiled.

Beth didn't say anything on the way upstairs. When we got to my room, she closed the door and stood in front of it, hands on her hips. "Billy, I don't know what it is. It could be that you've got a penis like the neighbor's horse, or maybe that poison in your sperm is like ... addictive or something ... but ..." She looked at the closed door over her shoulder. "If we do this, we have to do it quietly. I don't want Mom and Aunt Pam to know."

"Do what?" I smiled innocently at her and dropped my robe to the floor. I was naked underneath, and my dick was quickly rising.

"Wow ... it's unreal." She shook her head and seemed to remember my question. "You know what. Like ... if you need me to milk your poison like before. With my ... you know ..." She glanced between her own legs and then moved her eyes back to my cock.

"I have plans with Aunt Pam this afternoon, Beth." I used both hands to pump my dick to full hardness.

"Well, we can be quick. I promise." She removed her dress and tossed it carelessly to the side. "I'll start with my mouth, then we can do other stuff." In only her socks, bra, and panties, Beth scurried over to me, dropped to her knees, and placed my cockhead on her tongue. She pushed my hands away and pumped it for herself.

“Okay, Beth. But I think I need you to help me milk the poison a few times a week. Not just today. Otherwise, I have to ask Mom. And that’s weird, right?” I put my hands on my hips and watched the wheels turn in her head.

She leaned her mouth away from my dick and pressed her lips together in thought. “I ... um ... I’m married and ... well ... I thought it would be just today and ... well ... only until the poison is gone ... I suppose. What’s that ... like a couple weeks?”

“The doctor didn’t say. But I doubt it will be too long.” I stepped closer to her and gently slapped my dick on the side of her pretty face.

“Oh, my gosh. A few times a week? Am I really agreeing to this?” Forgetting about the blowjob she pulled off her panties, turned around on her hands and knees, and presented me her ass. “Okay, Billy. I’ll milk you as much as you need for as long as it takes. Just please ... put it in now.”

“You like sex with me that much, huh?” I slowly entered her and went through the same process I’d used on Pam in the morning. I let her adjust.

“I told you ... uuuuugggghhhhh ... last time we did it ... that it was ... ooohhhhhh ... good.” The little muscles in Beth’s back twitched as her body got used to me again.

“Better than Ned, right?” I let my fingers dig into the soft flesh of her ass. I wasn’t sure why I kept needling the women in my family. I looked down at the ring on my finger, the mammoth was on top facing me. *I’ll stop teasing them. I’m stronger than you, mammoth.* I hoped that was true.

“Different ... you’re ... ughhhhh ... different than Ned ... and I ... ooohhhh ... here we go.” I could see her brace herself as I pulled back and began pistoning with long strokes. “Different ... ugh ... ugh ... different ... ugh ... ugh ... very different ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

She’d forgotten about keeping quiet. I wondered what Mom and Pam were thinking downstairs.

Chapter 14

“It’s time ... we talked ... about Gail ... sweetie. There is ... a deadline.” My mother rode me slowly, cradling my head between her breasts. Sally was out with friends, and Dad was off enjoying a world without the Lizard Flu. That left only the two of us at home. We were both naked on my bed.

“Mmmmpphh ... mmpphhh ... mmpph,” I said.

My mother giggled and pulled my face away from her tits. “I didn’t quite catch ... that. Say ... again, please?”

“Gail and I ... are close. We saved her ... for last ... uuuggghhhhh ... because she’s going to be the easiest to ... convince.” I stared up into my mother’s eyes with adoration.

“Hmmmmm. I’m not ... so sure.” Mom lifted off my dick and dislodged it with an audible plop. She stood over me, straddling my hips. Her pussy gaped wonderfully. From my angle on the bed, I was staring directly into its dark depths. “Ha, you look like you’ve seen a ghost,” she said, turning around and standing over me so that I was now looking directly at her cute, puckered butthole. “Speaking of ghosts, Gail is very superstitious. She believes in all that paranormal stuff. That’ll be our angle.” She squatted on top of my cock, took it in her hand, and guided the head to the wrong hole.

“Mom! What are you doing?” I was shocked. I had been working so hard to get everyone pregnant, I hadn’t even considered anal sex. Especially not with my uptight mother who ... now that I thought about it, wasn’t as uptight as I had been led to believe before the ring came along.

“What? You don’t want to try my butt?” She giggled. “Your Dad likes it. My vagina has you plenty lubricated, so ...”

“I’m not Dad.” I hadn’t seen my father’s penis, but I’d seen mine. Even if Dad was well above average, I was sure I dwarfed him. My dick was so far to the right of the bell that it couldn’t even see the curve. “I’m pretty sure I’d put you in the hospital, Mom.” The way she had my cockhead pressed up between her cheeks felt wonderful.

“Don’t forget about Uncle Monty.” She looked over her shoulder, winked at me, and lowered her weight.

“You let your brother ... do that ... with your ...?” I stared at her with wide eyes. My cockhead met serious resistance. I didn’t think it was going to go in.

“Gotta keep things ... uuuuggghhhhh ... spicy ... Billy,” Mom said through gritted teeth. “Men ... get bored ... with ... just ... one ... hole.” Suddenly, her butt gave way, and my dick slid in. It was tight and warm. I was sure that I was going to enjoy anal sex.

“Wow ... Mom ...” My eyes may have crossed a little as I watched her ass slide all the way to the base. I guess Uncle Monty *had* prepared her for my dick. Soon, she was bouncing on me with wild abandon. I watched her ass jiggle and shake.

“Possessed ... Billy. We’ll tell ... Gail that ... your penis ... is possessed.” Her breasts were flopping so much that I wondered if she might give herself a black eye. “Who ... wouldn’t believe that ... a penis like yours ... was possessed?”

She had a point. I didn’t argue. Instead, I erupted deep in her ass.

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“Just so we’re clear, you’re the only one who can help your brother with this possession.” Mom stood next to me with her arms folded. We were in Gail’s living room. Her husband, Ricky, was conveniently off with Uncle Bob and my dad for some duck hunting. Gail, my older sister by two years, frowned at my dick. It was soft and out in the open. I’d removed my pants since my mother had needed to prove the possession. I only wore socks and a t-shirt. My dick gently swung between my legs as I shifted my weight.

“You made it all perfectly clear, Mom.” Gail nodded, a severe expression creasing her forehead. “No doubt something evil has gotten ahold of him. And it’s not like you can take care of it. But why me? What about girls who are *not* in the family?”

“With the Lizard Flu, I haven’t really met that many girls.” I glanced at my mother. She gave me a quick nod of approval.

“Yeah, but I bet they’re all dying to meet a handsome, twenty-year-old like you.” She shrugged. “Go to the park or something. Better to have a stranger drain your possession than your sister.”

I smiled. I always appreciated how tough Gail could be.

“No ... *you* need to take care of it.” Mom furrowed her brow. “I’m going to go run some errands. I expect you two to deal with the possession by the time I come back.”

“But ... Mom ...” Gail shook her head.

“No buts, Gail.” Mom waved a dismissive hand at her and headed for the front door.

When she was gone, Gail and I stared at each other. After what felt like an eternity, she burst out laughing. Her high cackles filled the small house.

“What?” I shrugged.

“What’s ... with all ... this possession ... bullshit?” She said between guffaws.

“It’s not bullshit, look at it.” I pointed to my dick.

“Oh, knock it off, Billy. I expected more from you when this moment came.” She pointed at the ring on my finger.

I held up the ring next to my face. “You know?”

“Uncle Monty confided in me. I was always his favorite daughter.” Her laughter died away. “I know all about the ring and the djinn. Is she as grumpy as Monty said?”

“I ... um ... I ... what?” I was trying to process everything. “Daughter?”

“Yeah, it turns out Mom was getting busy with Uncle Monty. Poor Dad didn’t stand a chance, I guess. But he did alright raising us, right?” Gail nodded sagely. “So, how is that thing supposed to fit? I love Ricky. I don’t want to ruin our marriage or anything. I mean, I know what I have to do, but ... that thing ... looks like it was grown in a lab.” She pointed at my dick, her lip curling in faint disgust.

“Why ... didn’t you tell me you were close with Monty?” My mouth gaped in shock. “We talk about everything.”

“You’ve been keeping secrets too, little brother.” She nodded to my dangling dick. “Does it get hard, or is it too big for that?”

“Oh, my God, Gail.” I slapped my forehead like the dummy I was. “It was Mom’s idea to lie to you about the possession.”

“Of course it was.” She shrugged and took a deep breath. “You haven’t really answered my questions. So, focus for a second.” She walked up close to me and stared into my eyes. “Billy, who else has taken that thing, and has it ruined their pussies?”

“Um ... right ... well ...” I gulped. “Mom, Aunt Pam, Sally, and Beth. They’ve all had sex with me. And they’re all still walking. Although, Aunt Pam did mention ... that she couldn’t feel Uncle Bob anymore. But she took Uncle Monty’s dick when she was in her 20s, and then she married Bob. So, I guess she tightened up over time. So ...”

Gail knelt in front me and gave my penis a clinical examination, running her fingertips over the ridges of its veins. “Oh, I guess it does get harder. Look at that.” She backed away when it started to grow. “Can’t you just jack yourself, and I could use a turkey baster or something?”

“If you were close to Uncle Monty, I’m betting you know the djinn wouldn’t allow that.” I stared down at my sister’s cleavage. The way she was kneeling gave me a great angle.

Gail watched my cock grow with wide eyes. “Dude ... Billy ... I’m really worried for my marriage here.”

“Why don’t you just tell Ricky? I’m pretty sure Pam told Uncle Bob. Although, I don’t think Dad knows anything at all.” I took a step closer to her. My erection was almost complete, and my dick swayed side to side.

“It’s jumping with your pulse. This is wild.” Gail tentatively reached out a finger and wiped the precum from my cockhead. “Is it weird taking Dad’s place?”

“It isn’t like that. Mom is still ... Mom. We just do extra stuff now.” I shrugged. “Same with the others. My relationship hasn’t really changed with them.”

Gail snorted her disagreement. “Yeah, right.” She tenderly clasped her fingers as far around the shaft as they’d go and gave my dick little jerks. “Ricky already knows. He’s my husband, Billy. I wasn’t going to keep this from him. To tell you the truth, he’s been very supportive after the initial shock. When I say I’m worried about my marriage, I just mean I need a working pussy to keep Ricky happy.” With a little hesitation, she kissed my cockhead. Her expression was hard to read. Something between curiosity and disgust.

“You can do exercises.” I gave her a helpful smile.

“Gonna need a lot of kegels after I take that monster.” She shook her head. “Okay, Billy. I’m wet. We might as well get this over with before Mom comes back.”

An hour later, we were both naked. We were still in the living room. There were couch cushions on the floor. A lamp had been knocked over. The pictures on the wall were hanging at odd angles. Our clothes were strewn about. Gail had her back to the wall, her legs wrapped around my butt and her arms wrapped around my shoulders. I was standing, thrusting into her and kissing her neck. I think I might have been giving her a hickey, but it didn’t matter. Ricky knew. There wasn’t anything to hide.

“Uuuggghhhh ... Billy ... why does this feel ... why does this ...? Billy ... I’m going to have ... another one ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Gail’s shriek was high and clear.

“So ... tight ... Gail.” I held onto her ass with both hands and drove into her. My pace didn’t slow through her orgasm.

“Goodness, you two.” Mom had returned. I didn’t notice her until she spoke. Gail was still cumming, so I don’t think she noticed Mom at all. Mom was still holding her purse, arms folded. “I could hear Gail’s screaming all the way out in the driveway.” Mom chuckled. “How many times have you done it in her?”

Despite the interruption, my hips didn’t slow down. “Twice ... ugh ... ugh ... so far ... and shooting ... for thrice ... soon.” I smiled over at Mom.

“I’m glad to see that Gail wanted to help.” Mom walked over behind me, dropped to one knee, and examined my heavy, flopping testicles. “How’s the possession?”

“Mom ... I’m helping him ... get the ghosts ... out.” Gail didn’t seem to be shy about humping in front of Mom. “Shoot ... those ... spirits ... I can take it ... Billy.”

“Gail ... Gail ... aaaahhhhhhhhh.” With my mother kneeling behind us and watching intently, I emptied my balls into my sister’s pussy.

“Ohhhh ... your testicles are contracting ... oh ... my ... I’ve never seen them up close while you’re ...” Mom sounded taken by the sight. I had to admit, it was odd to be examined like that, but I wasn’t complaining. I was cumming.

When I finished, I put Gail back down on her own two feet, and sat on the floor, leaning my head against the wall. “Well ... that was ... something.”

Gail slid down to her butt next to me. Her head lolled to the side. She sent a dopey smile my way. “I’m not sure ... what I was expecting ... but it wasn’t that.” She pointed toward the front door. “Mom ... tell me you’ve got more errands to do.” She put a possessive hand on my thigh. “Billy’s staying over for the afternoon.”

“Yes, that makes sense. We have to take care of the possession.” Mom nodded, gave us a tight smile, and headed for the door. The second we heard the door close, Gail mounted me. We humped until evening, when Mom swung by to pick me up. On the drive home, I couldn’t wipe the grin off my face. I’d done it. The djinn was going to finally be happy with me.

Chapter 15

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. “Uuuuuuuhhhh ... uuuuuuhhhh ... nnnnuuhhhh,” 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 ... ooohhhhh ... 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 ... oooohhhh ... 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. 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.

Chapter 16

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 ... uuuuuggghhhhh.” 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.

Chapter 17

“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.

“Uuuuggghhhh.” 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.

Chapter 18

“She’s really dating a woman?” Sally sat next to me in the back seat of the minivan. Dad was driving.

Mom was in the passenger seat. “We don’t judge, Sally. It’s how she was born.” She looked back at Sally and gave her an earnest smile.

“Duh doy. I’m not judging her at all. That’s awesome for her.” Sally frowned at our mother. “It’s just ... you know ... what we talked about. That seems impossible if she isn’t even interested.”

“What did you talk about?” Dad said.

“I know, we’re just laying the groundwork at the barbecue today. She’s dated boys before, so maybe she’s interested in both.” Mom shrugged and turned to look out the front window.

“What groundwork?” Dad said.

“You, Gail, and Beth will all chat with her today. We just want her to know what’s out there.” I patted Sally’s thigh and let my hand linger.

“What’s out there?” Dad said.

“Don’t worry about it, Donald.” Mom patted his cheek. “Just a pet project Billy and the girls are working on.”

“It sounds like you want Sylvie to stop being a lesbian?” Dad said.

“Don’t worry about it, Dad,” Sally and I said in unison.

He was silent the rest of the ride to Aunt Pam’s house.

When we got there, Sally took off to go find Sylvie. I waved at Gail and Beth, as they arrived with their husbands. Mom asked for my help, so I carried in drinks with her, while my dad ran off to find Uncle Bob.

“Hello, Aunt Pam.” I found her in the kitchen. Putting down the drinks, I stepped up behind where she was working at the counter and hefted her boobs.

“Not today, Billy!” She pushed me away with her butt. “There are guests everywhere.”

“Sorry, you just looked so good.” I backed up, put my hands on my hips, and looked her up and down.

“Gosh.” She blushed. “Maybe we can find a private moment later,” she lowered her voice to a whisper. “But I have a lot of hostess stuff to do. Who’s talking to Sylvie first?”

“Sally went off to find her.” My mother arrived in the kitchen, carrying bags of ice. “How many people are coming?”

“A lot. I wanted to make this a big event, so Sylvie doesn’t feel like she’s the center of attention.” Pam kept her voice low. “Anyway, Billy, why don’t you run along? Your mother can help me in the kitchen.”

“Nah, I want to help.” I walked to the window and looked out at the backyard. My father and Uncle Bob were out there getting the grill going. Pam’s boys were helping them. I didn’t really care for my cousins, better to stick with the women.

“Okay, fine. Cut some limes and make yourself useful.” Pam tossed me an apron and pointed at a stack of limes on the counter.

I got to work.

A half-hour later, I was done doing chores. I gave my aunt a clandestine pat on the ass and went out to join the party. Steering clear of the guys, I found Beth sitting by the pool with a wine cooler. “No bathing suit?” I stood so that my shadow fell over her, enjoying the shy way my older sister looked up at me.

“I’m not going swimming, Billy.” She tugged on her dress, aware of my eyes roving her body.

“Where’s Ned?” I offered her my hand and pulled her to her feet.

Beth nodded over to the grill, where Ned was hanging out with the other guys. Most were in my family, but there were a few I didn’t recognize.

“Have you talked to Sylvie yet?” I pulled her inside, heading to the same bathroom where I’d fucked my mother the last time I was here.

“No ... I was too nervous when I first got here.” Despite walking briskly, she took a gulp of her wine cooler. “I’ll talk to her later.”

Beth didn’t know the other women in our family were having a similar conversation with Sylvie today, so I didn’t mention that Sally had already had her go at Sylvie.

“Don’t worry, Beth. I know what you need to calm your nerves.” We entered the house, stepping sideways around a few boisterous guests.

“You can’t mean ...” Beth stopped, bringing me to a halt, too.

I squeezed her hand. “Come on, people will wonder why we’re holding hands.” I tugged her.

She bit her bottom lip and stared at me with uncertain eyes. Eventually, she nodded.

“Okay, but we have to be quick. Ned might go looking for me.” She let me lead her to the

bathroom. "Not here. Too many people." She looked down the hall with worry. It was her turn to tug on my hand. "Upstairs."

I followed my sister upstairs, staring at her round ass as it rolled with her quick steps. "This is the last time, Billy. We really have to stop now that the poison is gone."

"Agreed." I followed her into Pam's room, and then into the master bathroom.

"Oh ... Billy ... why do I feel like this around you?" Beth closed the door behind us, locked it, and pulled off her dress. Of course, she had on boring, utilitarian underwear. "I'm so giddy!" She squealed with delight when my semihard cock fell into the open.

"We share a special bond. That's what you're going to tell, Sylvie. Right?" I finished undressing.

"Yes, but like I said before, I'm not going to name you. I could never let anyone know that I'm ... you know ... with my twenty-year-old brother." She removed her bra without any teasing, slid down her panties, and turned to face the counter.

"Actually, go to the window. I want you to look down at the backyard while we do it." I took her shoulders from behind, and guided her toward the small, bathroom window.

"No ... Billy ... someone might see." She sounded aghast, but didn't resist as I held her with her face near the window.

"If anyone sees you, just smile and wave." I made sure only her face would be visible to the people in the backyard. Satisfied on her positioning, I entered her from behind. She was wet and accommodating.

"Ooooooppphhhhhhh ... uuuggghhhhh ... so deep ... Billy." She braced herself with a hand on either side of the window. "I ... I ... can see ... Ned ... down there." The little muscles in her back flexed and spasmed as her pussy got used to my thrusts. "I shouldn't ... see ... Ned while ... we do this ... uuuggghhhhhh."

"Does he look ... ugh ... ugh ... happy?" I held onto her hips and found a good rhythm.

"Yeeesssssssssss." My sister gazed out the window, her head bouncing a little as her body absorbed the impact each time I bottomed out. "Oooohhhh ... gosh ... he's looking up ... here!" She tried to move, but I kept slamming her, keeping her face in the window.

"Smile ... and ... wave." I smacked her ass to spur her into action.

"Okay." My sister waved down to her husband. I wondered what her smile looked like to him. I imagined she probably looked manic or drugged out of her mind. It made me want to laugh, but I held it in. There was probably glare on the window, so maybe he

wasn't seeing her too well. "He's ... ooohhhhh ... waving ... back," she said. "Oh ... gosh ... other people are ... looking up ... at me!"

"Good ... we should probably ... move you ... from the window. Don't want to ... ugh ... ugh ... make him wonder ... why you're staring ... at him." I pulled out of my sister's pussy, pushed her to the floor, and spread her legs. She looked so perfectly ecstatic and helpless on her back on the cold tile.

"Thank you ... for moving me ... I don't want Ned ... to find out." Absentmindedly, she hefted her tits while waiting for me to reenter her. "You shouldn't ... finish inside ... today." She still didn't know that the Djinn wanted her pregnant.

"Sure." I smiled, got between her legs, and shoved back inside her pussy. A while later, she had her hands on my ass, her toes pointed at the ceiling, and I was just about ready to finish.

"Billy ... Billy ... I want to ... feel it ... one last ... time ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She scissored her legs behind my butt. Even if I'd wanted to pull out, she wasn't letting me.

"Take it ... Beth! Aaaaahhhhhhhh." I unloaded inside her.

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Once we were downstairs again, I watched Beth waddle off to go find Sylvie for their talk. I thought it was a good idea for them to have that conversation while Beth was still high from sex.

Finding Sally, I pulled my eighteen-year-old sister upstairs to the master bathroom. I locked the door behind us. "How did it go with Sylvie?"

"It smells like sex in here." Sally moved around the bathroom, sniffing.

"Beth and I just ..." I shrugged.

"During a party? What have you done to her? She was always so stuck up." She inhaled deeply. "Is it crazy that this makes me horny?" She quickly undressed.

Following her lead, I took off my clothes too. "I had Beth wave to her husband out of the window while I was inside her." I laughed.

"You're so bad!" Sally had a devilish look in her eyes. "Do you think anyone noticed? Do you think they would notice if I ..." Naked now, she went to the window, put her hands on either side, and bent over so only her face could be seen from below. "Do it with me,

too. All the guys are around the grill. I can see them. This is ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... crazy." Sally shuddered and shook as I entered her pussy from behind.

"Anyone ... looking ... up ... here?" I held her hips and slammed into her pussy.

"No ... they're all ... too busy ... wait ... uuuggghhhhhh ... Aunt Pam ... and Uncle Bob ... are looking." Sally raised her hand in greeting. "They're waving ... but ... I think they know ... something's wrong. Does ... Bob ... know about ... Pam?"

I pulled my sister away from the window, turned her around, and lifted her into my arms. Her pussy found my cock on it's own, and she grunted as her weight pulled her down its length. I held her ass and bounced her in the air. "Bob knows ... but Dad doesn't ... so we need to keep it ... quiet."

"You were ... just fucking me ... in the window ... Billy ... and ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiii." She threw her head back and came. After that, she had a series of orgasms, and not much else to say.

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After I unloaded in her, I sent Sally stumbling away. I found Ricky talking to some guests in the living room. I pulled him away, and whispered in his ear, "Where's your wife? I want to take her upstairs for a while."

From his wide eyes, I was pretty sure Ricky knew what I planned on doing to her. "Gail's out on the front porch."

"Thanks. You might want to go to the backyard and look up at the second-floor windows." I gave him a smile and found my sister right where he'd said she'd be. A few minutes later, Gail had her head in front of the master bath window as I plowed her from behind. "Wave ... to your ... husband ... ugh ... ugh ..." I hadn't held the other women by the hair because I hadn't wanted anyone to know what we were doing. But I didn't mind teasing Ricky, so I took a fistful of Gail's hair, and brought her face closer to the glass.

"Ohhhhh ... shit ... shit ... he's going to see me ... cum ... big time ... uuuuuggghhhhhh." Gail quivered and shook. I'm sure her eyes were rolling back. I wondered if anyone other than Ricky was looking. If so, I wondered how obvious it would be from outside that she was having a monster orgasm. I finished up with her pressed against the wall away from the window.

"Going to ... give you ... twins." My hips gave a few last arrhythmic jerks.

“Yeeesssssssss ... inside ... so hot ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Gail came with me.

When we were finished, I dropped Gail back off with Ricky. Then it was time to find someone else to bring up to the master bath. The party was going really well. I went looking for my mother.

Chapter 19

“Yes, Billy?” Mom excused herself from a couple women I didn’t recognize and turned to me. “Do you need me?”

“Yeah, Mom. Upstairs.” I let her lead the way up the staircase so I could watch her ass rotate with each step. It was delightful.

“Where do you want to talk?” Mom paused in the upstairs hall.

“In Aunt Pam’s bathroom.” I led her to the room where I’d already humped all three sisters. I closed the door after us.

My mother looked around with a funny expression on her face. She waved a hand in front of her nose. “It smells wild in here. Have you ...?”

“I boned Beth, Sally, and Gail in here. That’s why it smells like sex.” I smiled and started undressing.

“Billy, you can’t do that at a party. We still need to keep this a secret from ...” Her voice trailed away when my cock came into view. She stared at it and licked her lips. “All three of your sisters? That’s what I’m smelling?”

“Yep.” I laughed. “And they were looking out the window while we did it.”

“They were? That’s crazy.” She went over to the window to look out. “You can see so many people from here. Did anyone notice?” My mother’s words were hushed. “What are you doing?”

“I’m lifting up your dress and pushing your panties to the side.” I wasn’t lying. “You’re wet, Mom. I’m going to stick it in now.”

“Wait ... someone might ... oooohhhhhhh.” Like her daughters before her, Mom put her hands on either side of the window to brace herself. “Uuuggghhhh ... you’re so big ... Billy ... every time ... it’s like you’re splitting me ... in two.”

“I’d go for your ass, but I don’t know where Aunt Pam keeps the ... ugh ... ugh ... lube.” I held her hips and pumped hard.

“It’s okay ... this is good ... too ... oohhhhhhhh.” Mom was still looking out the window. “On ... no ... your father just walked ... ugh ... ugh ... over to the grill. We need to ... move.”

“Wave to ... Dad.” I held my mother’s hips firmly. She squirmed, but stayed in the window.

“Billy ... I ...” Her voice was a high whine. I could tell she was trying to put steel into it, but my humping was making that hard. I didn’t usually disobey my mother, but this felt like a special circumstance.

“Wave ... Mom.” I eased the aggressiveness of my hips a little, so her head wasn’t getting jarred too much. I didn’t want Dad to figure out what was going on. Unlike Uncle Bob, Dad didn’t know about me or Uncle Monty, and Mom wanted to keep it that way.

“He’s ... looking ... ooohhhhh ... I’m ... waving.” My mother lifted her hand and gave what I thought was a very normal-looking wave.

“Smile.” I slapped her perfect ass for emphasis.

“I’m ... trying.” She kept waving, probably forgetting what her hand was doing. So, before she looked too suspicious, I pulled her away from the window, keeping us locked together via cock and pussy. My mother’s a couple inches taller than me, she’s a tall lady, and she’s curvy. Despite those hurdles, I picked her up and bounced her in the air, still facing away from me. It was a little awkward, but guessing from the sounds she made, I think she liked it.

“You’re ... ugh ... ugh ... uggghhhh ... heavy ... Mom.” I held her ass tightly as I bounced her, worrying that I might drop her.

“Not ... polite ... Billy ... to discuss ... a woman’s ... uuuuggghhhhh.” The rest was incomprehensible moans and shrieks.

When she was done cumming, I pulled her off my dick and set her on her feet. She wobbled in front of me, her knees knocking together. I sat on the toilet lid and beckoned her over.

“Later ... we’re going to have a talk ... about being more careful ... around other people.” She sat on my cock and slid it into her pussy. “But ... I can’t talk ... right now.” She bounced on me with wild abandon.

It took another ten minutes or so, and then I was cumming in my mother. When I was finished, she pulled off me with a loud plop and stood. Her dress fell down around her legs, but she pulled it up, put one leg up on the sink, and cleaned her pussy with some tissues. “I can’t go back there while I’m leaking.” She looked so wonderfully silly in that position, holding tissues between her legs to soak up my cum.

“You’ve never looked hotter.” I sat on the toilet lid, wondering if I could get hard again for Aunt Pam.

“Your Uncle Monty pushed some boundaries with me and Pam, too.” Still with her leg up, she looked at me thoughtfully. “Power corrupts, Billy. You don’t want to break anything that can’t be fixed.”

“Like my cousin’s pussy?” I smiled.

“You know that’s not what I’m talking about. You need to break her vagina. There’s no way around the djinn.” She shrugged. “I’m talking about your father, and my reputation, and other people’s feelings and reputations.” She frowned. “You’re going to go bring my sister up here when I head down, aren’t you?”

“Is that a problem?” My smile widened.

My mother finished cleaning her pussy, dropped her foot to the floor, straightened her panties, and smoothed her dress. “I wish I could watch. But I’m going to cover for you at the party. Your cousin has had her conversations with your sisters, by the way. That ball is rolling.” She sighed. “Be discreet with my sister.”

“Always.” I watched her leave the bathroom, stood, and dressed.

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“I’ve got guests, Billy. I promise I’ll visit you tomorrow. We can’t possibly do it now.” Pam let me pull her into the empty hall that led to Uncle Bob’s home office.

“You’re beautiful. And the way you’re such a good hostess for the party ... it’s such a turn on.” I pushed her up against the wall next to a framed family photo. My arms circled around her. “I can’t help myself.” I kissed her delicate neck. My massive erection pressed into her belly. I guess it wasn’t much of an ask to get hard again. “I already did it with my mom and sisters.”

“Ooohhhh ... I know.” She writhed against the wall.

“At this party, I mean.” I continued to plant soft kisses on her neck. “I had sex with all of them up in your bathroom.”

“Billy ... Billy ... that’s so wrong. So ... very wrong.” She pulled my face off her neck and planted a kiss on my lips. We made out for ten seconds. She pushed me away, holding onto my shoulders. “My nieces and sister? During my party?” Pam looked a little drunk, but I don’t know if that was from lust or margaritas.

“Come on, I’ll do you, too. Make it a complete set.” I took her hand and pulled her toward the stairs. We could hear laughing and conversation coming from the living room.

“This isn’t the right choice.” Pam giggled and took the lead, pulling me upstairs.

For the first time that day, I didn’t make it to the bathroom. We ended up falling to the floor in her bedroom, entwined. Which was too bad, I had wanted her to wave at her

guests from the bathroom window. But when she pulled down my pants, lifted her dress, and mounted me, I didn't complain. "You look so hot ... riding me."

"I feel ... oooohhhh ... hot ... Billy." Pam undulated her hips, running her fingers through her blond hair. "I feel ... like a bad hostess ... a bad wife ... and a bad ... uuuggghhhhhh ... mother."

"Mom!" Sylvie was standing in the bedroom doorway. She was holding the hand of a woman I assumed was her girlfriend. They both had ashen faces, slack with shock. "What ... the fuck ...?" Sylvie blinked several times. It was clear that it was taking her a second to register that the man under her mother was me. "Billy?!? I can't ... what the ...?"

"Ohhhhh ... no." Pam's hips stopped. "It's ... not what it looks like." She pulled off me with a long, wet sucking sound from her pussy, frantically smoothing her dress down. My glistening cock was now out in the open.

"Oh, my god!" Sylvie put a hand to her mouth, staring at my dick.

"What the fuck is that?!?" Sylvie's girlfriend pointed to my penis in what looked like terror.

"Your father knows, it's okay. I ..." Pam was now white as a ghost. "I didn't want you to find out like this." She turned to Sylvie's girlfriend. "I'm so sorry about this, Claire. It's more complicated than it looks."

I'm not sure Sylvie or Claire heard her. They continued to cast horrified expressions at my dick.

"It's inhuman," Sylvie whispered.

"We need to go." Claire tugged on Sylvie's hand.

Sylve and Claire disappeared into the hall, slamming the door after them.

"Oh ... this is terrible." Pam looked like she'd seen a monster. "Sylvie ... and poor Claire ... they ..."

"It's spilled milk, Aunt Pam." I reached over and pulled up her dress. "And speaking of spilled milk."

"You can't possibly still want to ..." She turned her wide eyes toward my hard cock.

I lunged on top of her, got between her legs, and slid back into her pussy. Her eyes rolled back. It didn't take long before she wasn't worried about her daughter anymore. My hips went wild. I'm sure we were thumping on the ceiling downstairs, but there was a lot of noise from the party. I doubt anyone noticed.

“Billy ... Billy ... I can’t think ... ooohhhhhh ... I can’t think about ... anything ... but your ... but your ... uuuuggghhhhhh.” Pam bit my shoulder to keep from screaming as an orgasm made her shudder and tremble under me.

“I love it ... when you cum.” I held her legs, jackknifing them back toward her head. She looked so helpless. I wondered if her daughter, my bratty cousin, would ever look so defenseless at the mercy of my dick. We had really messed up today’s plan. I glanced at the ring on my finger. Who was I kidding? I’d messed things up. I was too busy playing with all my women to keep to the plan. Why couldn’t I just keep it in my pants for a few hours? “I’m sorry ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Aunt Pam.” Even as I apologized, I continued to plow her pussy.

“Billy ... I don’t know ... I don’t ... again ... again ... I’m going to ... again ...” Her eyes rolled, and she came again. I had to put my hand on her mouth to keep her from screaming bloody murder.

Even as she came down from her climax, my hips fell out of rhythm. “Shit ... Aunt Pam ... good pussy ... good hostess ... pussy.” I was still enjoying getting special attention from the person throwing the party. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” I unloaded in her pussy. The room was filled with her high grunts, my low ones, and the queefing sound of cum getting pushed through the tight space between my dick and her sleeve.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh.” She threw her head back and came again.

I lay on top of her for a while, trying to get my bearings. I had fucked all my women at the party. And I had complicated things with my cousin. It had been a memorable party, but that couldn’t be good or bad. I wasn’t sure if maybe it was a day that would live on in infamy. The djinn wouldn’t be understanding if Sylvie was untouchable now.

“Get off ... Billy. I have to go back ... to the party.” Pam pushed my shoulders, and I rolled off her. She sat up with a bewildered expression. “I did stupid things like this with my brother, too. It’s the ring.” She pointed to the Pleistocene ring on my right hand. “We figured it out then. We’ll figure it out now.” She slowly stood and walked to the bathroom to clean up.

“Okay,” was all I could think to say. She was taking this better than expected. I hoped my mom would, too.