

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 1



DARK STONE STORIES

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Chapter 1

Sam skipped out of the alley behind the 7-11 and turned onto the old train tracks. Weeds scraped along his ankles. The faint scent of creosote rose up from the weathered wood beneath him. He hopped from one tie to the next. His brown eyes scanned the ground. The weight of his backpack cut into his shoulders. He didn't care. It was all about finding that next remarkable rock.

It wasn't the most direct route between school and his quiet suburban home. But he was passionate about rock hounding, and he'd found quite a few prize pieces along these tracks. Sam, a senior in high school now, had been taking this path the last four years.

Something caught his eye. Sam bent to his knees and reached his steady right hand down to tug at the thing lodged against the metal rail. It was jet-black with jagged red veining. It wasn't chromite. It wasn't some sort of volcanic glass. He had no clue what it was.

With a little effort, Sam pulled the thing loose. He dusted it off and held it up to the light. The red veins seemed to pulse as he cupped it in the palm of his hand. Interesting trick. This might be his best find yet. He shoved it in his pocket and resumed his hopping down the tracks. He hummed a little song to himself and scanned the ground for more interesting finds.



"Mom, I'm home." Sam threw down his backpack in the hall, kicked off his shoes, and fished the rock out of his pocket. It seemed to throb in indoor light too. Really strange. He held it loosely in his right hand, eager to show his mom, Joyce. She'd pretend to be interested. That was enough for Sam.

“Hi Sammy, I’m in the kitchen.” Joyce’s voice echoed throughout the house.

Sam bounced down the hall and into the kitchen. His mom was chopping something at the counter, her back to him. Her long brown hair hid her face. She was still taller than Sam, but hopefully not for long. He just needed a little late growth spurt. Just past his eighteenth birthday, he was bound to start growing soon.

Sam was about to tell her all about the rock in one big gush of exuberance. But he suddenly fell quiet. Warmth pulsed through his right hand and his fingers clenched tighter around the rock.

“Sammy?” Joyce chopped away at the vegetables in front of her.

Why hadn’t he noticed the flare of Joyce’s hips before? She was wearing a knee length skirt and a white blouse that sort of hugged her waist. Her butt curved nicely under that skirt. Sam shook his head and looked again. The outline of her bra straps under the shirt was unmistakable. Was that sexy? He took a step into the kitchen. He could see the swell of her right side-boob under her shirt, jiggling as she chopped with the knife. Holy smokes. His mom was hot.

“What is it, young man?” She turned around and gave him an appraising stare. “You okay?” The beauty of her face caught him by surprise. Her wide brown eyes and soft feminine features lit up as she gave him a sly smile. “What’s gotten into you.”



“Ah, sorry Mom.” Sam ran the fingers of his left hand through his messy brown hair. “I guess I’m a little tired.”

“Well, your father’s getting home late, and Bex has yearbook, so maybe we can spend a little time together this afternoon.” She put down the knife and her smile broadened. The concept of the hourglass figure suddenly made sense to Sam. “But first you have to do your homework,” she said.

“Yes.” Sam nodded and backed out into the hall. “I’ve got a lot of homework. Might need to go right until dinner.”

“Okay, honey.” She turned back to her vegetables. “Come down if you get done early.”

He turned and ran up the stairs, taking two steps at a time. He got to his bedroom and slammed the door. He needed to fap like never before. It sounded crazy, but wanted to hold that rock the hole time. That pulse was spreading up his right arm. It felt really good.

A couple hours later, the family sat around the table for dinner. Sam's dad, Paul, sat next to Sam's Sister, Bex. Joyce and Sam sat on the other side of the table.



"Dad, stop with the politics," Bex said. Her short blonde hair bounced as she cocked her head at their dad. "I wanna tell you all about yearbook. We're gonna do some cool things this year."

Sam tuned her out until her babbling was just background noise. He looked down at his plate. He'd barely touched his mashed potatoes and green beans. But he'd eaten all his meatloaf. He'd had three helpings and he still wanted more.

Fapping had helped, but he still felt really weird. Before dinner, he'd tucked his new rock under his mattress. Somehow, he'd become afraid he might lose it. Or that someone else might touch it. For some reason, he worried about Joyce touching the thing.

Looking up from his dinner, he surveyed the table. Joyce gave him a quizzical look. He tried to smile at her. Paul did his best to engage his sister on matters yearbook. His older sister looked different. How had he not noticed how pretty and delicate she was? Soft blue eyes. A warm engaging smile. Her bra straps visible on her narrow shoulders. Her boobs. Oh God, her boobs. Small and firm, just hanging out right there. How had he not noticed before?

"I have to go," Sam stood up. Everyone looked at him. "I don't feel well."

"Do you need anything, honey?" Joyce said.

"No." He turned and ran out of the room. He was still hungry. Maybe he'd come back down for some more meatloaf later. But now, more fapping.

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The next morning, Sam woke early. It was still dark outside. He could barely make out the NASA poster above his bed, the planets faint smudges in the solar system. He rolled over in his tangle of sheets and groaned. Something felt odd. He tossed and turned, trying to get comfortable. Very odd.

Something was wrong with his dick. He rolled over and jumped out of bed. He pulled down his briefs and looked. His eyes refused to register what he was looking at. It was impossible.

What growing boy hasn't seen his share of big dicks in porn? But not in real life. Not in the showers at school. And certainly, never before with this view, looking down past his measly pecks and smooth, flat belly. There between his legs was a huge dick. It was soft, but maybe seven or eight inches resting against his leg. And fat. Good Lord, was it wide. His old scrawny dick had been replaced overnight.



The rock. The rock had caused this. He pulled it out from under the mattress and it was pulsing. Red light

glowed in his dark room. He held it in his right hand. The red veins in that black surface flowed, and throbbed, and spread warmth into his hand. He tightened his hand around the rock. Images of his mom leapt into his head. He grabbed his cock. He was hard now and it truly was a sight to behold. It had to be at least a foot long. The head purple and angry. The veins, throbbing.

Ten minutes later he came all over his sheets. Tons of cum exploded out. He'd never experienced anything like it.

He waddled over to the window with his briefs still around his ankles and pulled it open. The cold, crisp air cleared his head. Sam pulled up his briefs, which barely contained the deflated monster between his legs. He gathered his bedding into a great ball and carried it off toward the laundry room. He'd never washed laundry before, but he sure as hell wasn't going to let his mom do it this time.



At school, Sam didn't tell his friends about what had happened. He didn't seek out the school counselor. Although, come to think of it, she did have nice round boobs and a round butt.

Sam kept to himself at school that day. Looking forward to getting back to his rock. And his new equipment.

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That afternoon, Sam didn't take the railroad tracks home. He went the shortest route, directly via Oak Avenue. When he got to his house, he burst through the front door. He didn't bother calling for Joyce. He needed to get to his room right away.

The stairs took longer than he remembered. He took three steps at a time. He raced down the hall, about to burst into his room. He stopped. His heart pounding in his chest. A moan escaped out the partially open door to his room.



Sam tiptoed up to the door and peeked in. His mind nearly exploded when he saw what lay inside.

There, under the NASA poster. Under the other poster that hung over his bed, the one of cat Gandalf, telling you to "Hang in there, you fools," was his mom. She had on a t-shirt and jeans. Her head back on his pillow. Her right hand furiously rubbing under her jeans, her left hand clenched round something that throbbed red. Oh no, she'd found his rock.

Joyce's eyes were closed. Her mouth hung open. Sam had never seen her like this.

His rock-hard dick pulled uncomfortably at his pants. He looked down, it had snaked its way past his waist band and under his shirt. Past his belly button, Sam guessed.

"Oh my," Joyce said. "Oh my." Under her t-shirt, her boobs bounced as her hand dug between her legs. Her tits jiggled. Wow, she was hot.

This wasn't good. This wasn't good at all. Sam backed away from the door. He crept down the hall and went to the front door. He'd have to figure out how to deal with an erection this size. It was mightily uncomfortable in his pants.

"Mom, I'm home," Sam called out. He eased himself awkwardly into a chair in the kitchen to wait for her to come down. His brain feverish with the images he'd seen upstairs. He tried to clear his mind. He'd play it cool. He'd check to make sure she put back his rock later.

Twenty minutes passed before Joyce came downstairs. "Oh, hi Sammy, how was school?"

"It was fine." His dick had deflated somewhat as he scrolled Twitter on his phone while waiting for her. It still felt huge in his pants. He squirmed a bit in his chair. "I got a B on a math test." He looked up at her.

"You. Um. Need to do better." Joyce's face was flushed. The freckles on her nose more pronounced. She didn't make eye contact with Sam. "Your father and I need you to get As, honey." She stepped over to the refrigerator, opened it, and looked inside. Sam watched her butt wobble in her jeans. How had he not seen her like this before?

A thought popped into Sam's head. "I, uh, haven't been able to concentrate lately."

"Um-hmm," Joyce leaned into the fridge to get a better look.

"My body has been going through some changes." Sam resisted the urge to stand up and grab her butt. His dick began to harden again.

"You are that age, Sammy. Things are changing." She straightened and looked over her shoulder at him, making eye contact for the first time. Her soft brown eyes captivated Sam.

"I think I need your help," He squirmed in his seat again, making sure the kitchen table hid the monster in his pants.

"Of course, sweetie, I'm your mom. I'll do whatever I can for you."

"When's Bex getting home?" Sam said.

"She's over at Sarah's. They're working on a computer project." Joyce turned to face him. "She's probably staying over there for dinner."

"And Dad?"

"He just texted, he'll be home in an hour," she said. "Do you want to talk to him instead?" Her face was still flushed.

"No, I feel more comfortable with you, mom."

"Okay, honey."

"Can I show you something and you can tell me if it's normal?" Sam's heart beat faster.

"Of course." Joyce stood before him, hands clasped in front of her.

"It's about my dick. My penis I mean."

"Well, perhaps your father —"

"No." Sam shook his head. "I need your help."

"What do you need?" A look of concern spread across her pretty face.



"I need to show it to you. I need you to see me fap. Uh. Masturbate. I need you tell me if it's normal. It doesn't seem normal." These were the craziest words he'd ever said. Where did he get the courage?

Joyce's hand went to her mouth. "Oh my gosh, Sammy. Absolutely not."



"But you said –"

"I could never." She shook her head slowly, back and forth. Her hand still covering her mouth. Something in her body language told Sam he had a chance.

What followed was fifteen minutes of begging and pleading by Sam. And consistent refusal by Joyce. Sam couldn't tell what had finally happened. Had he convinced her? Had she finally just worn down? Was the rock somehow behind this? But here he found himself. Both of them in the bathroom. Forty-five minutes until his dad came home. His mom sitting on the toilet lid, hands on her knees, watching him with wide eyes.

"Let me show you what the problem is." He pulled off his shirt. Sam stood in front of the bathroom sink. Looking at his scrawny torso in the mirror. The rock certainly hadn't made anything else bigger. He unbuttoned his pants. The sound of his zipper descending filled the little bathroom. He dropped his pants and then his briefs. His dick flopped out, fully hard and enormous.

"Oh my goodness. Sammy, Sammy, Sammy." Joyce recoiled, but her eyes fixed themselves on her son's thing. "I didn't know. Oh my, I didn't know."

"Here we go mom." Sam grabbed his dick with his right hand and pumped away.

"I don't know, honey." Joyce leaned forward like she might get up.

"You ... ah ... promised ... mom."





She didn't get up. Joyce leaned forward again. And watched. And watched.

About ten minutes later. "Mom ... I'm ready ... to ... show ... you ... the ... problem ... aaahhhhhh." Sam let out a torrent of cum into sink. He came and came.

"Oh no," Joyce murmured. "So much ... and the smell."

After a few more spasms, Sam looked over at his mom. "What about the smell?"

"Don't worry, honey. It's normal. Just ... very pronounced."

"And the rest of it?"



“Well.” Joyce leaned against the back of the toilet. Her chest rose and fell with shallow breaths. “I’ve never seen anything like it. But everything seems to function ... normally.”

“Am I a monster?” Sam said. He didn’t mean it, but fishing for sympathy with his mom always worked pretty well.

Joyce stood and stepped over to Sam, careful to steer well clear of his still erect penis. “No way. You’re my special little man.” She tousled his hair and looked at him quizzically. She was a few inches taller than Sam, and he had to look up a little to see her eyes. “Some parts of you are just a little more developed than others. The rest of you will catch up.” She stepped around him and opened the bathroom door. “Clean that up.” She pointed to the sink. “Now I need to take a little nap before cooking dinner.” She walked out of view down the hall.

“Okay.” Sam smiled. “Can I show you again tomorrow?”

“This was a one-time thing.” Joyce called back to him. “Just needed to see it once.” Then the click of his parent’s bedroom door followed as she went down for her nap.

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Last night, after Sam’s dad, Paul, got home. After their pizza dinner. After some stilted conversation, without much eye contact by anyone. Sam had turned in early to his room. He fished the rock out from under his mattress. Joyce had returned it after all. Thank God. He sat down in his chair and with one hand clenched around the rock, and the other around his dick, he passed several hours. He’d have to keep a stack of towels by the bed. He couldn’t keep washing sheets all the time.

After school the next day, Sam fapped in front of the sink in the main floor bathroom.

Even though she swore she wouldn’t, Joyce sat on the toilet lid, watching his hand slide up and down that huge thing. “Does it hurt at all? The head looks really purple, and your veins ... I

can practically see your pulse.”

Sam gave Joyce a sidelong look. “Um ... yeah ... mom ... it hurts. The stuff needs to get out.”

"Oh, honey. I'm so sorry. Maybe you should try just keeping your hand around the head. That's what your dad does." Her eyes didn't move from his thing. "We really have to hurry. Your sister will be home soon."

After a few more minutes of fapping just the head. "Did you tell dad?" Sam said.

"No, honey." Her pretty mouth turned itself into a small, little frown. "I don't think he'd understand."

"Understand that you like to watch my dick?" He had no idea where this confidence was coming from.

The frown deepened. "I'm doing this for you, Sammy," she said. "To make sure you're okay. So that you can concentrate on schoolwork. So, it doesn't bother you anymore. You're doing better with the head there. Does that feel any better?"

"A little. It still hurts." It didn't hurt at all.

"Okay, you just need some practice."

"What would Dad say if he saw us right now?" Sam's hand moved faster.

"Sam, stop talking about your father."

"You ... ah ... brought him up. Are you a ... ah ... good wife ... doing this with your ... ah ... son?" Sam said.

"Sam Higgins," Joyce raised her voice.

"Sorry." He looked over at her, perched on the toilet. Arms crossed over her chest. Brown eyes piercing through him. Eyebrows furrowed. She was pissed. "I'm sorry," Sam stopped fapping. "What I meant was you're the best mom in the whole world. Thank you for doing this for me."

"You're welcome, Sammy." Her face softened. Her eyes fell back to his thing.

"You won't tell Dad?"

"I won't tell your father." Joyce's arms unfolded and her hands fell back in her lap. "And you can't tell anyone either. This is our secret."

"Not Bex?" Sam grabbed the head again and resumed stroking.

"Goodness no," Joyce said.

"Not my friends?"

"No."

"Not ... ah ... Mrs. Prescott?"

"Sarah's mom? Nobody, Sammy. Promise me." Joyce leaned forward eyes fixed on Sam's motions.



“So ... does this mean ... ah ... you’ll watch me again?”

“Maybe Sammy. If you’re good. And it helps with your grades.”

“Oh ... I’m gonna ... I’m gonna ...” Sam erupted in the sink again.

The next couple weeks Joyce watched Sam in the bathroom every day after school. She told him no on the weekends. “We’ll never do this while your sister or father are home,” she’d said.

Sam used the rock every night before bed. He’d notice that it was moved to a slightly different place under the mattress every day. He knew that his mom was using it while he was at school.

Somehow, he managed to get his homework done. Things had never been better. His mom even let him talk about how clueless his dad was while they were in the bathroom. Sometimes. And only just a little.

As great as this all was. He wanted more. Joyce’s curvy body called out to him. It seemed like she was even more sexy every day.

He’d also began to hear his parents doing it at night after he and Bex went to bed. The first night was an accident while walking to the bathroom. He’d heard the rhythmic thump and his mom moaning.

“Your incredible, Joyce,” Paul had said. “You’re so tight.”

“Do it, do it, do it.” Joyce had chanted.

Sam listened and thought about what he could do with his powerful new weapon.

After that, he snuck out to hear them most nights.

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It was Sunday, and Sam was thinking about his sister. He’d never noticed Bex like this before. Her trim little hips. Her elfin nose. Her long, slender neck. How had he never seen it before? He needed more than fantasies.

Sam knocked on his sister’s door. “Come in,” Bex said.

“Hey.” Sam opened the door and stepped in.

She was working at her computer. She didn’t look up. “What?”

“I was wondering if you could help me with something?” Sam stood just inside the door. Their parents were both downstairs. He thought he’d probably hear them if they started up the stairs. “In the bathroom.”

“I’m busy.” Bex pounded her fingers on the keyboard.

“I really need you to tell me if you think something is normal.”



“What?”

“I’ll show you in the bathroom,” Sam said.

“Just tell me now.” Her eyes didn’t leave her monitor.



perversed friends. Your dick looks deformed.” She threw another pen at him.

“Sorry.” Sam retreated, opened the door, and slid out. He closed the door behind him.

“Try that again and I’m telling mom,” his sister yelled out at him.

“Sorry,” Sam said.

“Sammy?” Joyce called up to him from downstairs. “Everything okay?”

“Bex and I just had a fight.” Sam called down. His voice was a little shaky.

“You apologize to her, right now.” Joyce said.

“I did,” Sam said.

Sam sighed. This would be harder than he thought. He gently closed the door behind him. “I’ll have to show you here.” He unbuttoned his jeans and dropped them around his knees. He lowered his briefs too.

“What?” Bex said.

“This.” Sam’s new dick bounced, slightly, to the rhythm of his pulse. It stuck proudly out in front of him, looking as angry as ever.

Bex turned to look at him. Her eyes widened. “Ewwww, gross. What’s wrong with you pervert.” She threw a pen at him from her desk.

“I ...” Sam ducked out of the way as the pen sailed past.

“Get out of my room. Put that disgusting thing away.”

Sam pulled up his underwear and pants. “I just wanted your help.”

“Go show one of your



Sam went back to his room and thought long and hard about his sister's reaction. His mom had said no at first, but not like this. Joyce had found the rock in his room, probably while she was in there cleaning up. Bex never went in his room. If he wanted her help, he'd have to help her find the rock.

The more he thought about the rock, the more worked up he got. He almost fished it out for another fap session, but he had other ideas. Sam left his room and walked downstairs.



His parents were in the living room. Paul was watching a football game. His mom reading a book. Sam walked over to Joyce and stood next to the armchair she was curled up in. "Mom, I need some help."

"Not today." She didn't look up from her book. "You know the rules."

"It hurts mom. I'm not doing it right. It's been too long."

"What's going on, Sam?" Paul's eyes never left the television.

"Nothing dad, I'm just trying to learn some yoga."

"You wanna watch the game with me?"

"Maybe later, dad." How did his dad not realize what Sam hated sports? Sam turned back to his mom. He raised his eyebrows and motioned his head upstairs.

"Well." Joyce took off her reading glasses. "Paul when's the game over?"

"It's the third quarter." Paul still hadn't looked over from the game.

"I'll be right back, Paul." Joyce stood up.

Sam's dad waved a hand at her. "Okay, do your thing."

Sam's heart raced.

Once Joyce and Sam were in their usual positions in the bathroom upstairs, Sam looked over at his mom. "Thanks mom. It's really hurting."



"This is the only time I'm helping with your dad and sister home. You have to be quiet." Her eyes fixed themselves on his dick.

"All right mom." Sam looked down at his dick bobbing inches from the sink.

"Why don't you start first with the head only, and then try two hands to finish up? And we have to be quick. No half-hour sessions. Okay?" As she leaned forward on the toilet lid, her boobs pressed tightly into her t-shirt.

"I'll try." Sam rubbed his right hand on the angry purple head.



Ten minutes past. "Are you almost there?"

"I'm trying. Ah ... it's still hurting." It wasn't.

"We've been in here too long." Joyce whispered. She stared at his dick, watching Sam's two hands slide up and down over the pulsing veins. Sam looked over at her. She was on the very edge of the toilet now. "I'm going to have to help you. Good Lord. I'm going to have to do it."

"Please, mom, I need it to get out."

"Okay." Joyce took a deep breath and bit her lower lip, ever so slightly. "Move your hands away Sammy."

Sam dropped his hands by his sides. He turned to face her.

"No, stay facing the sink," she whispered. Joyce turned him back to the sink. "Now, my hands might be a little cold at first." She reached out with both hands, hesitated. Maybe she wouldn't go through with it. But then she reached all the way and grabbed his dick. "I'm going to have to show you how to take care of your thing, Sammy. After this, you can do it on your own." She started stroking with both hands. Long slow strokes. Her delicate hands not quite wrapping all the way around his dick. The sparkle of her wedding ring contrasting with his purple head was amazing.

"Oh. Ah ... thanks mom. You're the best."

She smiled a slight half crescent, eyes still on her task, and dropped to her knees to better help her son.

Five minutes later. "I'm getting close, mom. Ah ... ah ... ah."

"Good, honey." Joyce's boobs bounced under her shirt with the effort. The flare of her lower back out to her butt and hips was a magical sight for Sam looking down at her.

"Can you ... ah ... believe that dad ... ah ... ah ... is right downstairs. And Bex ... ah ... "

Joyce's hands slowed. "Don't you start, Sammy."



“Sorry, mom.”

“Okay.” She sped up again.

“Here it comes, mom.” Sam tried to whisper.

“Let it out, honey.”

Sam came for what felt like forever. He couldn’t believe his luck. This was the best thing that ever happened to anybody.

“That smell is so ...” Joyce stood and turned on the faucet to wash the cum down the drain.

“Is it bad?”

“No, it’s good. It’s just so strong. It’s like all of you down there. Perfectly normal. Just more than most boys. I guess.”

There was no way Sam was waiting until tomorrow for another round.

“Okay, I’m going to go take a quick nap now.” Joyce turned off the faucet.

“Mom?”

“Yes?” Joyce stood up and scooted behind Sam. She tousled his hair as she stepped by.

“It still hurts.”

Joyce stopped at the door. “Oh, no. No, no, no, no.”

“It really hurts.” Sam’s dick still stood perfectly straight. One time wasn’t going to do it.

“Well ...” Joyce frowned and looked down at his enormous thing. “It can’t be helped then. We’ll have to be fast.”

Sam nodded with enthusiasm. “I promise.”

“Okay.” Joyce sighed, opened the door, and checked down the hallway, looking both ways. She stepped back inside, closed and locked the door. “Why am I doing this?” She whispered.

“Thanks, mom.” Sam smiled.

And Sam got the second handjob of his young life in the same day by the most beautiful woman in the world. And they finished before the end of the fourth quarter.



There was another beautiful woman in that house. It was too bad Sam had upset Bex like that. He'd have to make it up to her. As he lay in bed that night, he hatched a plan. His parents were watching TV downstairs. Bex was in her room down the hall. Sam reached under the mattress and pulled out the rock. Its smooth black finish cooled his hand. At the same time, on a completely different level, the red pulsing veins sent ribbons of warmth up his arm. He stood and walked over to his sister's room.

"Rebekah?" He knocked softly on her door.

"Go away." Her muffled voice carried out into the hall.

"I'm sorry about before. I just wanted some help. I haven't been feeling all that well."

"Go away you pervert."

"Okay. Well, anyway, mom wants you downstairs." Sam placed the rock in the hall outside his sister's door. "She said it's important."

"Fine."

Sam walked back to the bathroom and closed the door almost all the way. He peeked out. The rock glowed faintly in the dark hall. Bex opened her door and stepped on the rock on her way out. "Ow." She looked down. She was wearing shorts and tank top.



"Another stupid rock." Bex bent down and picked up the rock with her right hand. "She straightened back up and held it in front of her to get a better look. She took a few steps down the hallway toward Sam's room. "Sam, I found another one of your dumb ..." She stopped in the hall, looking at the pulsing light. Bex turned and when back to her room. She closed the door and locked it with a soft click.

After about ten minutes, Sam crept down the hall and listened at her door.

"Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh." He could hear her grunting, barely audible through the door. He'd let her keep the rock for the night.

Sam thought about getting his mom back up to the bathroom, but three times in one day felt like it might be pushing it. He went back to his room and fapped without the rock or his mom for the first time in weeks.

The next morning, Sam waited for Bex to head off to the bus. After her little butt was safely out the front door, he snuck into her room and found the rock. She'd tucked it under her mattress. Must be a thing with this rock. He pulled it out, looked down at it, and had an idea.

Sam tucked the rock into his pants pocket and jogged downstairs. He found his mom in the kitchen.

"Is dad still here?" Sam said.

"I'm right here, kiddo." His dad walked into the kitchen wearing a suit and tie, briefcase in tow. "Need something?"

"Just wanted to wish you a great day," Sam said.

"Thanks." Paul grabbed a piece of toast and strode out of the kitchen. "You too," he called over his shoulder.

Sam and his mom looked at one another. She was wearing a blue, flowing dress that didn't reveal too much and ended just below the knees. "You're gonna be late," Joyce said.

They heard the front door slam as Paul left for work.

"I'm hurting a bit today. And I've got a test this afternoon," Sam said. "I don't know if I can concentrate."

"No way, young man." She crossed her arms and gave him a stern look.

"And I'm also really upset because Bex took my favorite rock and wouldn't give it back." Same took the rock out his pocket and held it out to her. This was the first time they'd been with the rock together. That felt important for some reason. "I had to get it back from her room."

"Well, she shouldn't have done that." Joyce stared at the rock and bit her lip. "Off to school with you."

"I can be a few minutes late. The test isn't until later. I want you to see my favorite rock. And then, maybe you can help me."

"Come on, buster." Her arms fell to her sides. "Not now."

"Just ten minutes." Sam walked slowly over to his mom. He held out the rock to her.

Joyce reached out her hand and picked it from Sam's palm. "What is this stone, Sammy?"

"I don't know. Do you like it?"

"I do." She was breathing heavily and her boobs rose and fell under her dress. "And I don't."

Sam pulled down his pants.

"Don't do this Sammy."

Sam pulled down his briefs.



“My goodness. It’s huge.” She said. Before she knew it, she was on her knees on the cold linoleum floor. The rock rolled out of her hand and fell next to her. “So you can concentrate,” she said. Her hands reached up for his thing. The diamond on her wedding band sparkled in the morning light. She tried not to think of her husband.

Ten minutes later, she had the purple head of her son’s penis in her mouth, both hands stroking up and down the shaft. How had this happened?



“Wow, mom, I can’t believe you’re doing this.” Sam looked down at her. She was struggling with his size, nostrils flaring, as her head bobbed back and forth.

“Uuuuhhhmmmm,” Joyce said.

“I’m getting ... close.” Sam put his hands on the back of his mom’s head. Her hair was silky and smooth.

“Uuuukkkmmmm.” She said.

“What ... about ... ah ... oh mom. What about the sink?”

Joyce pulled her mouth off her son’s thing. “It’s okay Sammy. I can’t believe I’m letting you do this. But it’s for the best.” She looked up at him. “Just let it out.” She put her mouth back on and rolled her tongue around the head.

“Oh ... my ... God ... mom,” Sam said. Shot after shot of hot, salty cum sprayed into her mouth. The heat was startling. So different from her husband’s.



Joyce groaned and tried to swallow. It tasted so good, but there was too much. She sputtered, pulled his thing out her mouth, and not knowing what to do, pointed it at her dress. By the time he was done, her chest was a goopy, sticky mess.

Sam let go of his mom’s head. “You are the best mom ever.”

“There you go, Sammy.” Before she knew what she was doing, Joyce licked up and down his shaft, trying to get him clean for school. “Now go get an A on that test.” She picked up the rock, smoothed out her dress, and stood. Her hands were sticky. She didn’t make eye contact. “Now I’m going to go upstairs and see about getting this dress cleaned. And you’re going to hurry to school.”

“Yes, mom.” Sam pulled up his underwear and pants. “See you afterschool.” He grabbed his backpack and skipped to the front door.

