

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 10



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

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All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

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Mallory Stevens lay in her nice, king-sized bed, naked under the sheets. Next to her, her husband snored softly. They had made love earlier that night and Mallory was in shock. For the first time since she'd met him, it'd been unsatisfying. They'd always had a robust sex life, but tonight, while her husband moved fervently inside her, she'd felt something different. Emptiness. Bob sported a good six inches, but he'd felt like almost nothing. Had her vagina been stretched beyond repair by that teenager? Sam had roughly taken her at the office, and the feelings she felt with that scrawny eighteen-year-old boy deep inside her belly had eclipsed anything she'd felt with Bob or anyone else. But Mallory had expected things to return to normal. They hadn't.

"Bob?" Mallory whispered.

Her husband snored on.

What was happening to her?

Assured that her husband slept soundly, Mallory's left hand snaked down between her legs. She was wet. Her fingers stroked along her vaginal lips, feeling the soft little hairs. With a grunt, she shoved two fingers inside. For several minutes, she friggd herself.

It wasn't working.

Mallory snuck out of bed and tiptoed through her darkened house. In the refrigerator downstairs, rested a large cucumber that Bob had picked up at the grocery store earlier that day. Mallory needed it. She needed something to fill the empty void inside her vagina.

Stairs creaked as she moved toward the kitchen. She thought of Bob, innocently buying something for their salad. She imagined the clerk at the store ringing it up. She thought of herself unpacking the groceries. Everyone that had handled that once-virtuous vegetable had no idea that it would soon be buried deep inside Mallory's vagina.

With a flood of light, Mallory opened the fridge. She found the substitute penis. Maybe it wasn't quite as big as that teenage penis, but it would have to do. She fished it out of the bin and hurried toward the bathroom. In her rush, she left the refrigerator door hanging open behind her.

If this satisfied her itch, she might be able to get Sam out of her mind.

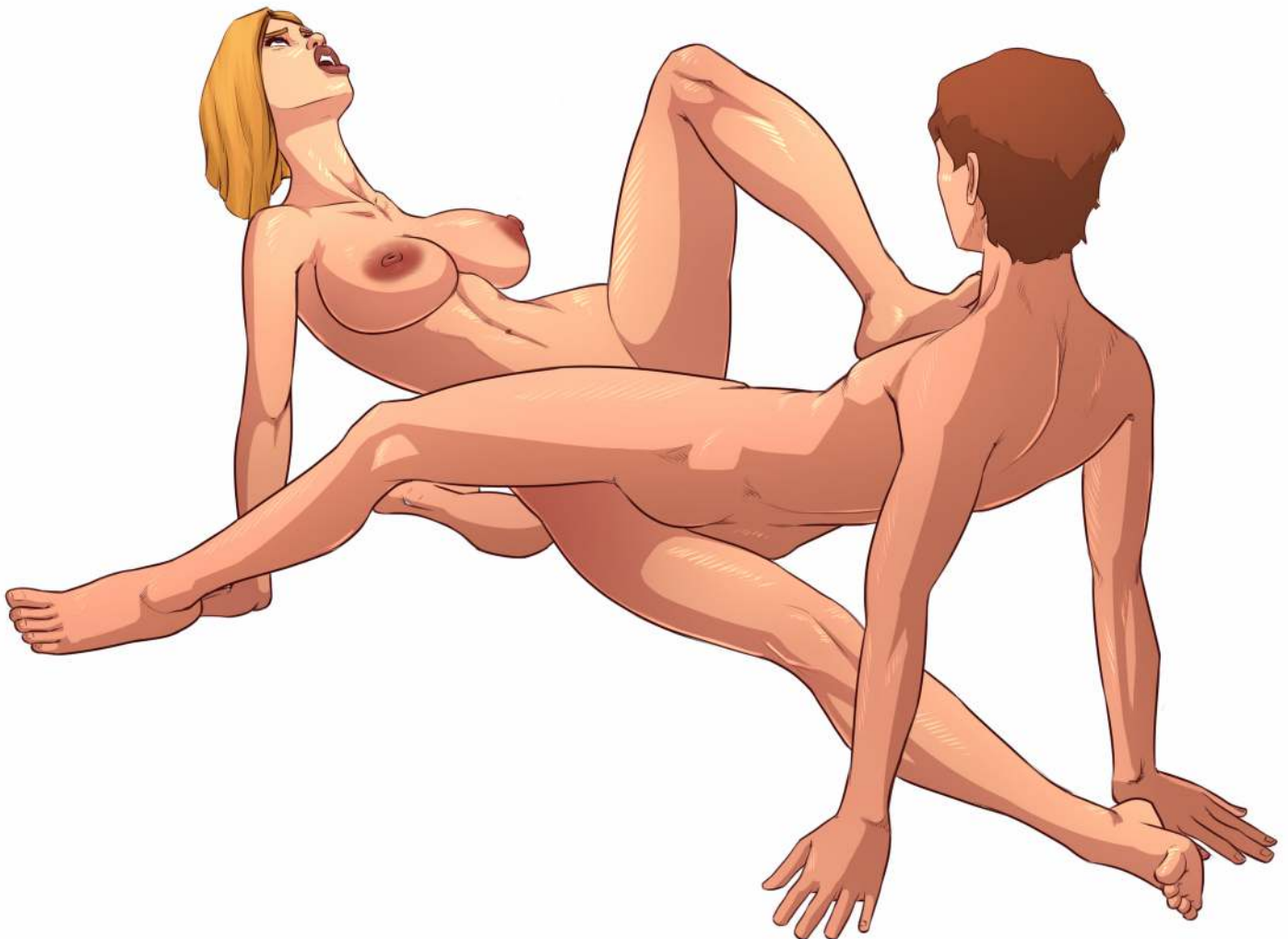


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Several weeks passed for Sam. He raced home after school every weekday so that he could soak his mom and Mrs. Singh in cum. Sam was particularly pleased he'd been able to get them to do stuff together. Watching his mom's head thrash as their petite married neighbor lapped at her pussy was an amazing high. Not long ago, Joyce would never have conceived of such an act, but now she thrust her hips, driving her pussy into Lakshmi's eager mouth. It was the same brazen lust that she showed for her son's dick. A spectacular sight.

During that time, Mallory Stevens kept herself at a long distance. Sam was sure she'd come to him on her own. But she didn't. Sam even stopped by his dad's work, but Mallory hid well enough that Sam couldn't find her.

Sam spent the odd night with Bex, learning more about sex. He particularly liked the idea of scissoring. Something about holding on to that one leg gave him terrific leverage to ram his dick home. Bex was a fan because it allowed her



to rub her clit on his top leg. When he tried it with Joyce, she went wild.

Of course, Bex kept pestering him about letting her watch him defile an older woman.

Eventually, on a Wednesday night in the early autumn, Sam gave in to his sister's requests and put a plan in motion.



“In the closet?” Bex eyed Sam’s closet with a long, dubious look. She could see no bare carpet through the mass of dirty clothes on the floor. It smelled ripe. She was sure some of his cum-soaked towels lay hidden in there.

Disgust. She should have felt disgust. This was her gross little brother, after all. That’s not, however, how her body responded. She pressed her pajama clad legs together as her pussy started leaking in her panties.

“What’s wrong?” Sam cocked his head at her.

“It’s just ...” Bex took a long breath in and then slowly let it out. Her narrow shoulders relaxed a bit. “Isn’t it a bit clichéd.”

“You’re the one that wanted this.” Sam squirmed in his sweat pants. He hard dick was tucked under the elastic band of his pants, but the band wasn’t quite strong enough to hold it in place. “Get in and leave the door open a crack. I promise you’ll get a show.”

“Fine.” Bex pouted her lips at Sam and stepped into the closet. Her panties were now soaked through and it was only a matter of time until a stain started to spread on the front of her flannel pajama pants. She closed the door almost all the way. “And Sam?”

“Yeah?” Sam looked in at her. The only light came in from the waning moon outside his window. He could just barely make out the smooth curve of her cheek and her round blue eye peeking out.

“Thanks for doing this.” Bex’s right hand absentmindedly made its way toward her pussy. “This is going to be so hot.”

“We’ll see how you like it.” Sam turned and headed for his bedroom door. “I’ll go get her. Wait here and be quiet.”

“Okay,” Bex squeaked. Her hand had found her pussy. God this was hot. She couldn’t wait to see Sam destroy their married neighbor.

About five minutes later she heard footsteps. Bex bent down and picked up a random piece of clothing. She wiped the pussy juice from her right hand onto whatever it was and threw it back to the floor. There was some satisfaction in adding her own bodily fluids to the mess of the closet. She placed her hands up on the wall and leaned forward. She couldn’t masturbate while this was happening. Some accidental noise might give her away.

Bex peered out into the soft silver-lit room. In walked Sam, followed by a feminine form. But something was wrong. This woman was taller than

Sam. She had a full, well-rounded figure. Her white skin almost glowed in the murky room. Bex stared hard at the woman.

Shit, it was their mom. She'd somehow found out what Sam was up to. Bad news was about to go down. Bex held her breath as she waited for Joyce to let Sam have it for having sex under her roof. With her married friend, no less. But there was no yelling. Not even any stern chiding.

"I'm still really sleepy, Sammy." Joyce wore an old t-shirt and panties. She rubbed at her right eye with the back of her right hand.

"Please, Mom?" Sam shifted weight from foot to foot. "I know you don't like to do it with Dad home, but I've got a test tomorrow. And I can't sleep."

Bex scratched her head. What the hell was happening?

Joyce sighed and fell to her knees. The round lower curve of her ass caught the dim light perfectly as it emerged from her white panties. Bex gazed at her mother's voluptuous female form with some jealousy. What was Joyce doing?

With the quick, fluid movements of practiced hands, Joyce pulled down her son's pants and briefs. His dick sprung free.

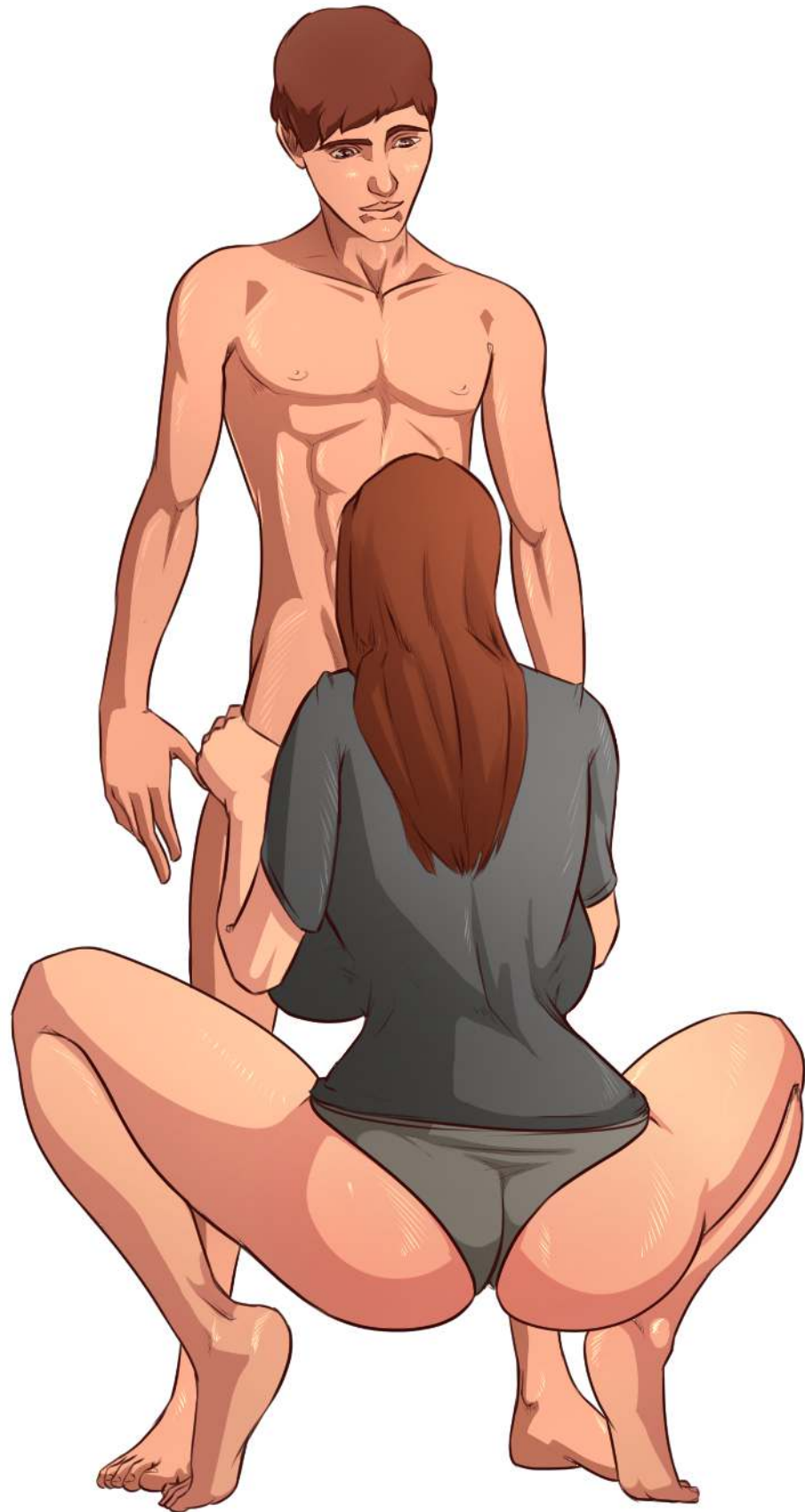
Oh. Bex put her hand to her mouth. Oh no. The smell of her own fresh pussy lingered on her fingers.

"There now. We'll take care of this and I'm going back to bed." Joyce grabbed Sam's dick with both hands, lowered her mouth, and sucked in the mushroomed head.

Oh ... my ... God. Bex stared as her mom's brown hair bobbed quickly back and forth. She was cheating on Dad. With Sam. What a slut.

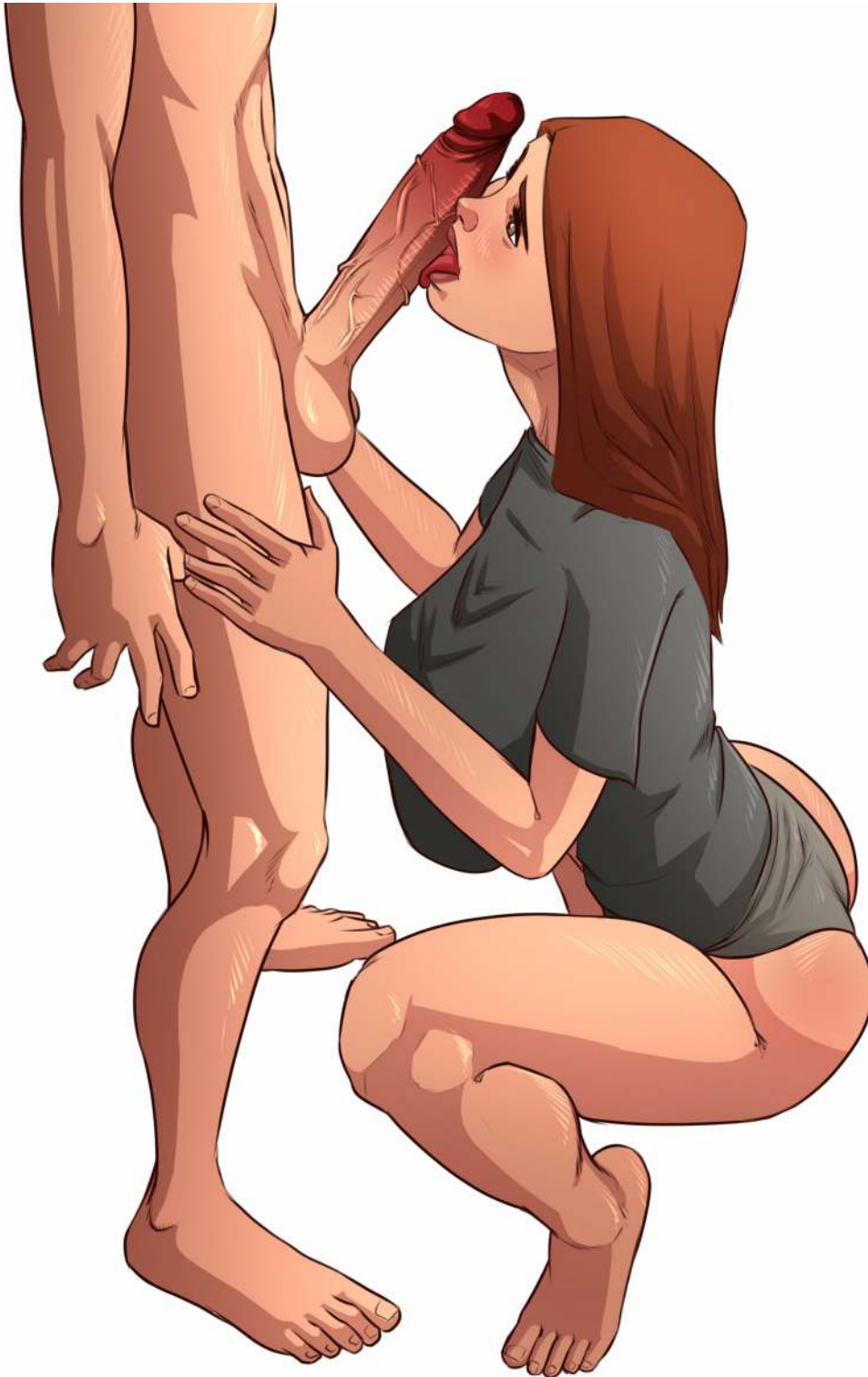
Slurping sounds filled the room.

"Oh, that's good, Mom. Thank you." Sam put his right hand on the back of Joyce's head. He looked over at the closet and smiled.



Five minutes later, Joyce had increased her pace. Her right hand massaged Sam's massive balls, cupping them, hefting them, and gently kneading them. Her left hand stroked up and down his shaft. Her wedding ring caught the moonlight and sparkled faintly.

Bex was torn by betrayal and lust. And at the moment, lust was winning. Her hand snaked its way inside her panties again and rubbed at her clit.



“Does Dad ... ah ... ah ... ah ... know you're ... such a slut?” Sam casually asked.

“Nnnnngggghhhhhh.” Joyce couldn't believe the way Sam talked to her nowadays. No one, not a single person, had ever dared talk to her like this. And she didn't stop him. She did nothing to stop Sam's filthy mouth. “Uuuuuggggghhhhhh,” she said as spit dripped down her dainty chin.

“I guess ... that's ... a ... no.” Sam's fingers tightened in his mother's hair. “Take it, Mom. Ah ... ah ... aaaahhhhhhh.” He unloaded in her mouth.

Bex could clearly hear the gulping sounds as Joyce swallowed what Bex knew from experience was a massive amount of hot cum. Bex shook her head. Holy shit, her own mother was a cum guzzler. She was sucking down teenage cum like it was lemonade. With that thought, Bex quivered, her body tensed, and she had her own orgasm as quietly as she could.

“There now, better, sweetie?” Joyce licked some stray cum off the head of her son's penis and stood back up.

“Almost, Mom. I’ve got a little more left.” He grabbed her hand and pulled her onto his bed.

“Oh ... Sammy ... again?” Joyce found herself spread eagle on the bed. Her shirt and panties were pulled off and thrown to the floor. “You can’t keep doing it inside. It’s just ... oooohhhhhhhh.” Her vagina spread to accommodate him as Sam mounted her and shoved his penis home.

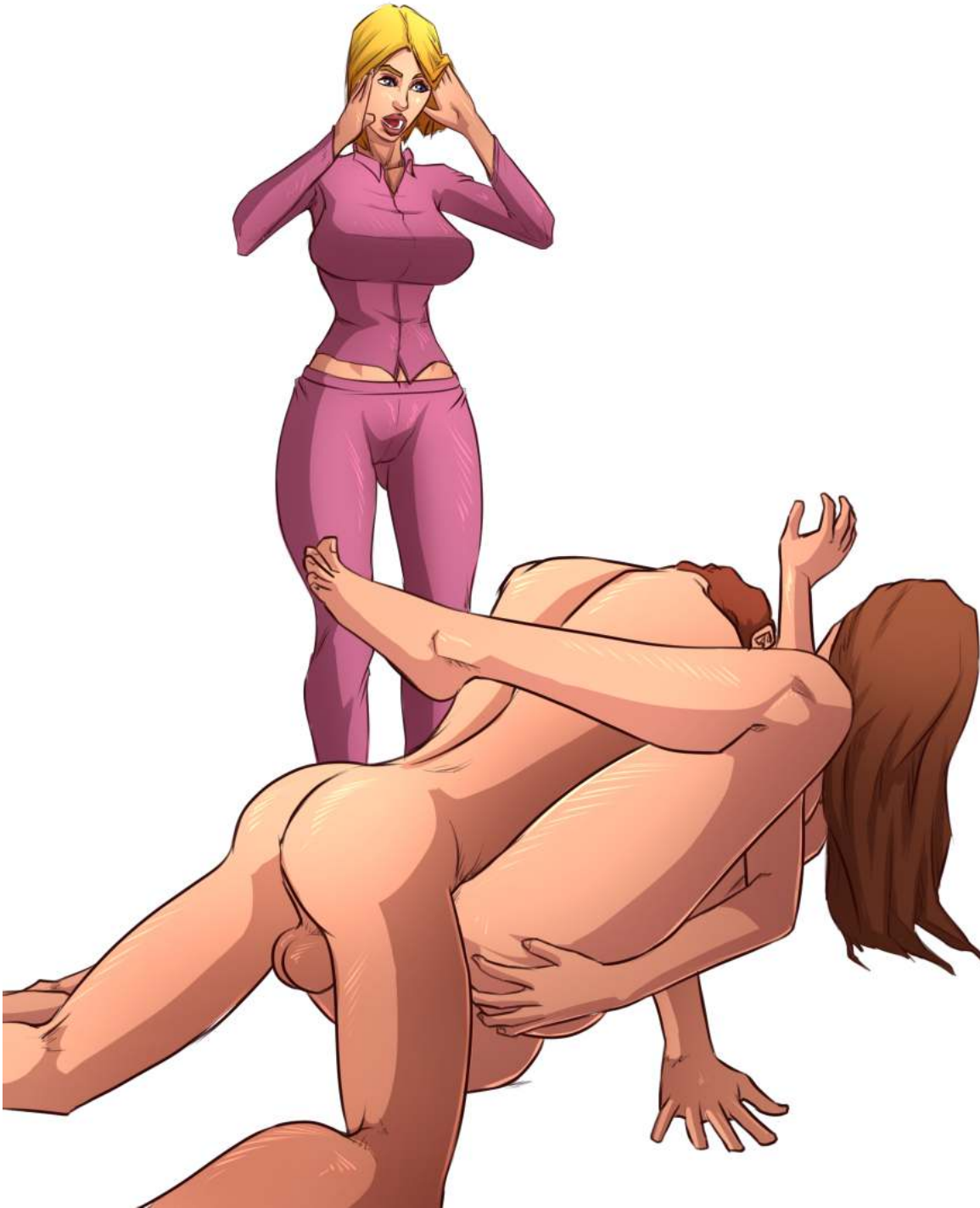
Bex watched from the closet with her mouth hanging wide open. This was next level. Her little brother’s stark-white ass humped up and down in between their mother’s legs. From her angle, Bex couldn’t see much of Joyce. Just her legs up in the air, her toes point out straight. That, and Joyce’s pussy. Between thrusts, she could see the hole Bex herself had come from straining to contain Sam’s enormous girth.

Having cum, Bex’s betrayed feelings came to the fore. How could they? How could they do this to their family?

The room filled with the sounds of Joyce’s mewling and whimpering, slapping skin, and the occasional taunting comment by Sam. A response welled up inside Bex. She didn’t know what it was going to be, but something was about to happen.



“How could you?” Bex burst out of the closet into the room. She moved toward the bed. “How could you two do this?”



“Rebekah!” Joyce looked up at her daughter. “I didn’t mean to.” Their mother’s big breasts lurched up and down on her chest as Sam continued to plow away. Sweat trickled down her forehead. “He’s just ... he needs it, Bex. Sammy needs me.” Joyce lost focus with her eyes and put her head back onto Sam’s bed.

“Stop fucking her you little shit.” Bex swatted at Sam’s thin butt. “I said stop fucking her.” Her hand came to rest on his ass and heat poured through her fingers, up her arm, and into her chest.

“I can’t stop, Bex. It’s ... ah ... too good.” Sam looked over his shoulder at her,

annoyed. “And keep it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... down. You’re going to wake Dad.”

The stone sent its energy all throughout Bex’s small body. “Dad should be awake. He should see what you’re doing behind his back.” But then again, did he really? Bex looked down at her moaning mother. She hadn’t seen Joyce’s naked breasts in years. They were proud and beautiful, with full areola. They lurched again and again, changing directions with each thrust that her body absorbed.

“Mom ...” Bex found that her hand was now squeezing her brother’s ass cheek. “You look really nice, Mom.” The squelch of her mom’s pussy was audible from this short distance as half her family mated on the bed next to Bex.

“This is what you ... wanted. To see me ... nail an older ... uh ... lady. Remember?” Sam’s tempo increased. “It’s hot ... right?”

It was hot. Sam had corrupted their sweet and innocent mother. How long had it been going on? Days? Weeks? Tonight, she’d spread her legs for him like it was nothing. “You’ve tamed her, haven’t you?”

Sam grunted with the effort. Sweat dripped down his back in little rivulets. “Yeah. It’s my ... uh ... pussy now, I just let Dad ... borrow it sometimes. Right ... Mom?”

“Oh goodness, Sammy.” Joyce tossed her head side to side, her pretty curls obscuring her face. “Yes. It’s ... true. Your father borrows my ... vagina from you. Oh ... no ... again ...” and with that she convulsed under him in a massive orgasm.



This was the hottest thing Bex had ever seen. The little twerp had conquered their mother. Bex reached her left hand under Sam's ass and cupped one of his balls. She wanted to feel him release. Was Joyce on birth control? Bex didn't think so. "Do it Sam. Cum in her." The rock's heat surged through her.

"Yeeesssssss." Sam dumped a torrent of cum in Joyce's unprotected pussy. He slammed into her with arrhythmic thrusts again, and again, and again, until he was done.

Bex felt the flood leave his balls in a series of contractions. She didn't know balls could do that. Good God, he really filled her up.

Sam laid his head down on his mom's right boob and sighed.

"You're a bad boy, Sammy." Joyce languidly stroked his hair with her left hand. Her boob rose and fell as she struggled to regain oxygen. "You keep doing that."

"Mom?" Bex straightened up and looked down at them. Joyce was so much bigger than Sam, not just in height. It looked like an awkward pairing. But maybe Sam's enormous cock served as the counterbalance.

"Oh, my. I'm so sorry, Rebekah." Joyce kept stroking Sam's hair as she looked up at Bex. "Are you mad at me, sweetie?"

Sam's hips started to move again. A very subtle rocking at first.

"Yes ... No I don't know." Bex crossed her arms, but she could still feel the rock's power moving through her.

"I'm ... sorry." Joyce's breathing picked back up again as Sam's thrusts moved faster.

"He's going to fuck you again." Bex dropped her pajama bottoms to the floor.

"I know, sweetie." Joyce moved her hands down to Sam's butt and held on tight. His cheeks flexed under her fingers with every thrust.

"You're okay with this?" Bex dropped her soaked panties to carpet.

"It's a mother's ... job ... to ..." Joyce shut her eyes tight and trembled all over. She was cumming again.



“Sam?” Bex found that her hand was rubbing her pussy. She thought about removing her shirt, but her little boobs couldn’t compete with her mom’s magnificent ones. Maybe she’d grow breasts like that one day. “I need it, Sam. I really need it. You’ve perverted Mom. Do it to me it to me too. Make me your slut, Sam.” Bex crawled up on the bed next to them and positioned herself on all fours, her eyes just above those wonderful rocking tits. She arched her back and stuck her ass high in the air. “Take me, Sam.”

“No, Rebekah.” There was a potent mix of sorrow and desire in Joyce’s eyes as she looked up at her daughter. “Not you ... too.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Bex rubbed her legs together. “I can’t take it. It’s just too hot.”

“Okay.” Sam pulled out of Joyce with a plop. His dick swung side to side as he climbed behind his sister.



“Uuuggghhhh.” Bex wasn’t sure how that cock fit in her, but it always did. She was so wet, it snuck right in with a little slurping sound.

“Better?” Sam held on to her slim hips with both hands and found a steady rhythm.

“You’ve ... ah ... ah ... ah ... done it Sam.” Bex had so far found sex with her brother to be the best sex she’d ever had. It wasn’t really close. But what she experienced at that moment, was an order of magnitude hotter than anything that had come before it. “You’ve ... done it. You’ve conquered ... oohhhhh ... our family.”

“He has. Oh my goodness, he has.” Joyce’s right hand made its way past the slight swell of her belly, between her legs, and onto the mess of her vagina. There was copious amounts of sperm leaking out. “Take your sister, Sammy.” Joyce’s fingers found her clit. Sparks of pleasure rushed through her.

“You still want Dad ... to wake up?” Sam watched Bex’s little butt shake. “He’s sleeping ... right down the hall. He ... should ... know ... what ... happens ... under ... his ... roof.” Sam punctuated each word with a mighty thrust.

“He shouldn’t have left us with you.” Joyce looked up at her children. The moonlight caught the glint of Sam’s white teeth as he smiled down at her. “He should have protected us.” The smell of Sam’s sperm pervaded everything. It was the smell of the jungle primeval. Joyce’s nostrils flared. The odor communicated one of the most basic needs. To reproduce. To bind together. To surrender civilization to instinct.

“Dad’s stupid.” Sam said.

“No.” Joyce was building up to another big orgasm.

“Oooohhhhhhhh.” Bex shook and thrashed as an orgasm overtook her.

“Say it ... Mom. Say Dad’s stupid for ... uh ... uh ... letting this happen.” Sam loved the look of confusion and desperation on Joyce’s face as she looked up at him.

Joyce shook her head.



“Say it Mom. Dad’s stupid.” Sam slapped at Bex’s butt.

“Just say it, Mom,” Bex said. She’d recovered from cumming, but wave after wave of pleasure still surged through her. She lowered her face down to her mother’s right boob and took Joyce’s nipple into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the resilient flesh.

“He’s ... stupid.” Joyce closed her eyes. “Your father’s a dummy. He should know ... what ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Joyce came again with her hand furiously working in between her legs and her daughter’s mouth on her breast.

Sam came three more times that night. Nothing else really compared to having these two women at his mercy. He wasn’t sure how he’d top that night. As Sam drifted off to sleep in his cum-stained bed, both women staggered off to take their own showers. They were still doing their best to hide the escalating perversion from Paul.

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Mallory Stevens closed the garage door behind her. Bob was going to be late getting home from work, so Mallory had raced home. She clutched at the silver cross around her neck. Why was Jesus letting this happen to her? All she could think about was getting some time alone with a large cucumber. Her heart raced as the image of that skinny teenager flashed in her mind. If Jesus wouldn’t save her from her fate, the cucumber would.

The need had gotten so bad recently that she’d even considered looking up porn on her computer. But she didn’t even know how to begin with that.

Step after step she found herself in her immaculate kitchen, opening the fridge. If Bob had noticed how many cucumbers she’d been buying lately, he hadn’t said anything about it. A cold breeze blew out at her. Her gaze fell to the middle shelf. There was big one she’d bought just yesterday. Long and fat. The excitement surged through her. She pulled it out of the fridge and closed the door.

The doorbell chime echoed through the house. Halfway to the stairs, Mallory froze. Whoever it was, she’d have to send them away fast. She walked down the hall, to the front door. She swung the door open, about to offer a greeting. “Hello, I ...” She stopped and stared.

“Hi, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam stood in the doorway.

He’d carelessly left his bike on its side behind him on the front lawn. Mallory looked him up and down. His sartorial decisions were typical for a teenager. A t-shirt, loose jeans, and some old scuffed-up sneakers.

It was Sam’s turn. His gaze fell down to her feet and slowly wandered up until he locked eyes with her.



"I ... I ..." Mallory shivered. She still had on her skirt suit with her copper hair pulled back on her head. Just a touch of makeup on her freckled face. The large cucumber dangled from her left hand. She realized it was there and shot her hand behind her back to get it out of view.



Sam smirked at her.

Hiding the vegetable was the wrong thing to do. Now it looked like she had a reason to hide it. She brought it back out from behind her back and gripped it firmly in her left hand. "I was just about to make dinner."

"Oh?" Sam raised an eyebrow. "Where's Bob?"

"He's working late." Mallory's right hand moved over to the cucumber and began gently stroking it with her finger tips. It took her a few seconds to notice this strange behavior. Her body seemed bent on betraying her. She set the cucumber on the entryway side table to her left and wished for pockets to stuff her hands into.

"Great." Sam beamed his goofy grin at her. "Can I come in?"

"I don't think that's a very good idea." Mallory's fidgeted with nervous energy. She twisted her wedding ring around and around her finger.

"That's not a no." Sam stepped past her into the front hall.

"Um." Mallory stuck her head out the front door and looked both ways down the street. No one was watching. She slammed the door behind them.

"Well, come on." Sam walked toward her home office at the back of the house.

"Where?" Mallory stood by the door wracked with indecision.

"And bring that huge cucumber with you," Sam said over his shoulder.

Mallory stood there another few seconds, twisting her ring round and round. She then dutifully grabbed the horrid vegetable and followed Sam. By the time she got to her office, Sam's t-shirt, shoes, jeans, and underwear lay scattered on the floor. He sat on her pretty floral-pattern couch, his unsightly monster of a penis pulsing and swaying. It protruded way up from his lap and leaked a small amount of clear liquid. She put the cucumber down on the desk.

"I don't want to mess up your nice business clothes." Sam's right hand moved to his shaft and pumped away. "So ..."

Mallory shuddered. He was a sinful boy. Without so much as a thought she pulled down her skirt and carefully laid it on her desk. Next followed her jacket and blouse. Then off came her pantyhose. "Oh, God, why am I doing this?"

"Are you talking to me?" Sam watched her. He was really fapping it now.

Mallory hesitated standing before this skinny eighteen-year-old in only her black panties and bra.

“Off with those too, I’m guessing we don’t have much time,” Sam said.

“I’m so sorry, Bob,” Mallory whispered to herself. She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, and pulled it off. She dropped it on the desk with the rest of her ensemble. Her breasts were dappled with freckles too, her puffy nipples stood out at the end of each sloping boob.

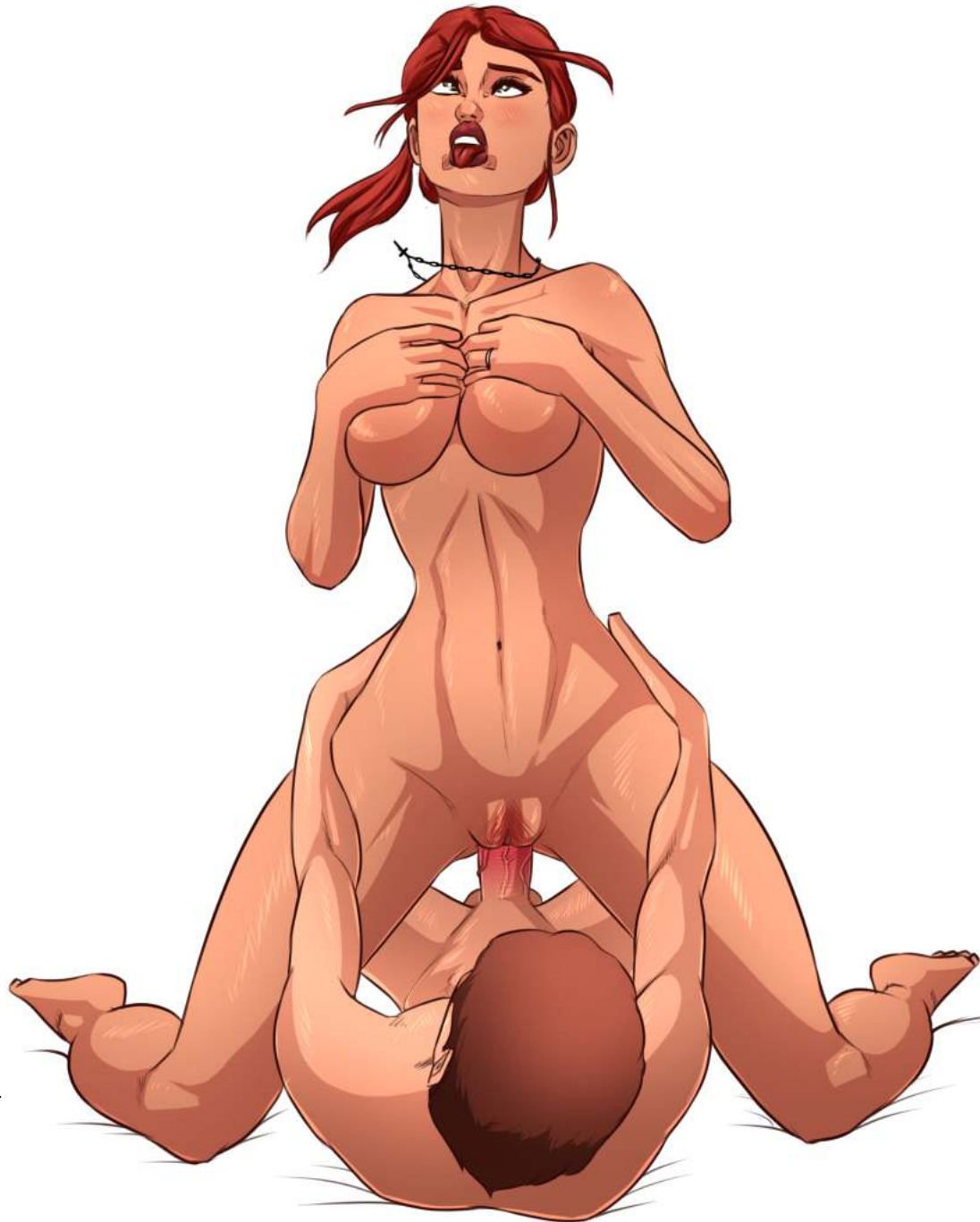
“Really nice, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam stopped his stroking. “Come on over.”

“Okay.” Mallory wiggled out of her panties and placed them at the top of her clothes pile. She stepped toward the boy with his distorted, pulsing appendage.

“Climb on,” Sam said.

“Sweet Jesus.” Mallory straddled him, her knees sunk into the couch on either side of his hips. She reached between her legs and grasped the head of his penis with the tips of her fingers. She guided it toward her entrance. Last time, when he had taken her at work, Mallory had doubted it’d fit. Not now, having taken it once and having dildoad herself countless times with produce, she was ready for that fat penis to slip right in. And it did. “Aaaahhhhhh.” Now that it was in her, she wondered how she’d been able to make do all those weeks without it. Her makeshift dildos didn’t compare. And Bob’s penis wasn’t even close.

Ten minutes later, she bounced up and down with complete abandon. She’d already had three of the best orgasms of her life. As her vagina contracted around the massive invader, she knew she was fixing for an even bigger one. “What ... ah ... ah ... have you done to me?” She pressed her hands firmly into Sam’s slender chest. Her boobs jumped violently with her movements.



"I've ... made you my bitch ... Mrs. Stevens." Sam slapped at her flopping tits. The little silver cross around her neck bounced from one boob to the other.

"Oh ... no ..." The feeling of his hands pawing and smacking at her sent Mallory over the edge. "Oooooohhhhhhh." Her voice hit one long, high note. Like she was killing the end of a long hymnal in church. She shook and quivered and her vision narrowed into a tiny spec, before widening out again.

"Almost ... there." Sam smacked her right butt cheek with a loud thwack. "Keep ... going."



Bob wasn't always gentle during sex, but he'd never treated her like this. Mallory bounced again on Sam's shaft, eager to put him over the edge. Some part of her brain, receded far in the back, tried flashing warning lights at her. This wasn't a safe day. This might end with a baby. But she turned a blind eye. All that mattered was milking this teenager dry. "Do it," she hissed. "Fill me."

And Sam did. He emptied his balls into her womb.

Minutes later, she still sat on top of him, trying to catch her breath. She watched as a bead of sweat dripped of the tip of her nose and disappeared in Sam's messy brown hair. "Are you satisfied?" She took several deep breaths and pulled his still hard penis from her vagina. Good God, it was a

cataract of sperm down there. She stepped off the couch and looked down at him. "You have to go now. Bob will be home soon." Her eyes focused on the engorged purple head of his penis. "How are you still hard?"

Sam stood too and gave her butt another playful smack. "Go grab that cucumber."

“No way.” But even as she said it, her feet carried her over to her desk. She picked up the long green vegetable. “Now what do you –?” She was cut off as a hand spun her around and Sam pressed his lips against hers. She bent her head down and kissed back, exploring his mouth with her tongue.

A few minutes later, she lay on her back on the floor. She clutched the cucumber tightly in her left hand as she looked down past her breasts, her flat tummy, and her copper bush to where Sam knelt in between her legs.

“This is how far I’m going inside you.” Sam placed his dick on her stomach, so that his large balls rested on her pussy lips.

“I can’t believe it.” Malloy’s eyes bulged. The tip of his penis extended far beyond her belly button. Far beyond.

“But not your pussy this time.” Sam pulled back and lined up his dick with her little buttole.

“What? You can’t.” Mallory’s heart raced anew, but she didn’t know how to stop this teenager. “I’ve never.”



“Don’t worry.” Sam pushed and the head slid in with a little pop. “We’ve got plenty of lube.”

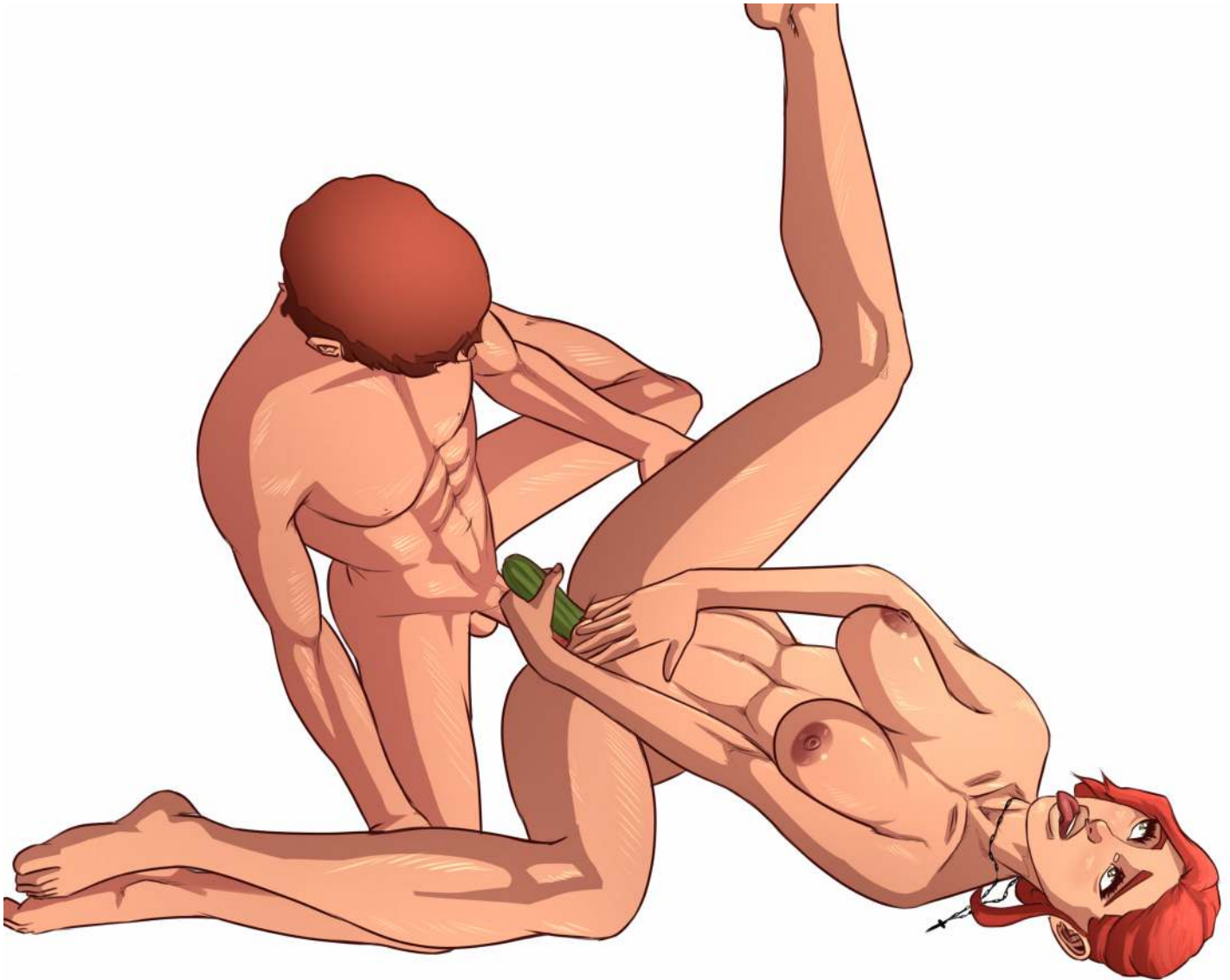
Mallory could see the frothy white mess covering his penis from their lovemaking on the couch. Would that really be enough?

It was. A few minutes later, Same moved in and out of her butt. She grunted as she watched all that length disappear into her again and again. A new pleasure spread through her.

“Now take that green monster.” Sam held her legs open with a hand behind each knee. He was fairly upright. They needed room for what was about to happen. “And shove it in your pussy.”

“Uuuuuuggghhhhhh.” Mallory gritted her teeth as she did what Sam asked. Soon, she was plunging her own vaginal depths while Sam reamed out her butt. “Oh ... God ... have mercy.” She came all over both invaders.

“Awesome, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam watched her frantic movements. Her wedding ring pressed tightly into the green skin of the cucumber. If only Bob could see her now. Sam Smiled. “Your pussy is ... uh ... uh ... mine.”



Mallory nodded as she pumped herself full of vegetable.

“Your ... ass ... is ... mine,” Sam said.

She looked up at him with wide eyes and nodded again.

“You’ll come over ... to my house ... to tutor me ...”

“Yes, Sam.” Her whole body trembled. “Anything.”

“Take it.” And Sam unloaded in her ass.

A little later, Mallory rose to her feet. Her knees wobbled as she watched Sam dress. She reached up with her left hand and held the cross around her neck.

“I’ll see you in a few days?” Sam buttoned and zipped his jeans. “Friday night?”

Mallory nodded. She cradled her boobs with her right arm.

“Great.” Sam slipped into his shoes. “Today was awesome. Thanks so much.”

“You’re welcome.” She didn’t know what else to say.

“Better get cleaned up. Mr. Stevens will be home soon.” Sam smiled, waved goodbye, and strolled out of her home office. He made his way through her house, out the front door, and found his bike where he’d left it on the front lawn. He walked it home, whistling tunelessly to himself. Life was good.

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Mallory sat in the driver’s seat of her Volvo SUV, staring at the front door of the Higgins house. She’d parked the car in their driveway, but couldn’t bring herself to exit. The engine was off, but her hands gripped the wheel with white knuckles. Paul and his daughter were off looking at colleges, so she knew only Sam and Joyce would be home. She stared some more.

On the one hand, the thought of Sam’s sinful hands on her skin sent shivers down her spine. Not the good kind, rather they were the kind of shivers one got all alone in the dark. On the other hand, she needed to feel that penis between her legs. Mallory stared at the door. The only sound in the car was her own rapid breathing.

It was possible to make the case that she just needed to give herself over to that horrid little eighteen-year-old one more time. Then maybe she’d get the whole thing out of her system. Her hands gripped the wheel tighter.

Mallory took several deep breaths and opened her door. She stepped out of the car and her heels clicked on the pavement. She closed the door and smoothed out her dress. She’d told her husband that she’d be going out with girlfriends and not to wait up. As an excuse for infidelity, it was a little trite. But you go with what works. She’d dressed like she’d be meeting friends. A slightly-less-than-modest, knee length blue dress that showed just a hint of cleavage. A pair of red kitten heels on her feet. An understated splash of makeup on her face. Her hair fell down around her shoulders. Just going out for some drinks, Bob, nothing to see here.



A step toward the door. Followed by another step. She could do this. The air outside felt crisp and clean, with just a hint of chill. The sky had faded to a deep azure on the horizon. A single chickadee whistled at her from a nearby tree. Her feet kept moving, one after the other until they hit the door mat.

She reached for the doorbell and pressed the button. The muffled chime resonated through the door. "No going back now," Mallory whispered to herself. She swept her hair over her shoulders, stood up straight, and waited.

The door swung open and Joyce's warm smile greeted her. "Hello Mallory. Sam mentioned you might be stopping by. Come in." Joyce wore a modest dress with a blue chevron design. The pattern accentuated the curve of her breasts.

"Thank you." Mallory tried not to stare. Were Joyce's breasts bigger than before? "Um ... This is a bit awkward." Mallory stepped into the front hall.

"Think nothing of it." Joyce closed the door behind them. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

"No thank you." Mallory offered a stiff smile.

"He's waiting for you upstairs in his room. You remember how to get there?"

"Yes." Mallory nodded. "I know the way."

"Okay. You kids have fun." Joyce smiled at Mallory like she was one of her son's girlfriends. "I'll be downstairs tidying up if you need anything."

"Thanks." Mallory's cheeks flushed. She nodded again and walked back toward the stairs. She could feel Joyce's eyes on her butt as the heels forced her hips to sway. She stopped, bent over, and removed her shoes. She left them neatly tucked next to the bottom of the stairs. She ascended, past all the family photos. Her heart nearly beat out of her chest.

"Sam?" Mallory stepped down the carpeted hall and looked in through the open door into Sam's room.

"Cool. You're here." Sam sat in front of his desk and swiveled to face her in his chair. "I didn't know if you'd come tonight."

On the monitor behind him, two women undulated together, rubbing their vaginas. The sound was off. Mallory squinted at the screen. She couldn't make out their faces. The fair-skinned woman was quite a bit taller, and fuller, than the brown-skinned woman below her. Mallory's panties had already been wet, but this site sent her vagina into overdrive. So many curves, writhing, bouncing, and wobbling together in a mesmerizing rhythm. So that's what porn was like. She hadn't known women rubbed together like that.

"What are you doing?" Mallory forced her gaze from the screen to Sam.

"Just wasting some time." Sam didn't have any pants or underwear on. His dick extended proudly out of his lap. "But this is perfect. I've always wanted to watch porn while getting a blow job." Sam motioned with his hand under his desk. "Let's try it out, okay?"

"I'm not that kind of woman." Mallory shook her head.

"I'd bet you'd do it for Mr. Stevens." Sam frowned.

"No, I wouldn't." Mallory took a step into the room.

"That'll make it even more special, then." Sam smiled up at her.

"I just came here to get you out of my system." A bead of sweat formed on her forehead.

“Do it then.” Sam beckoned her over.

“I have the perfect life. Why am I doing this?” Mallory walked the rest of the way to his desk and got on her knees.

“Because you need my dick, Mrs. Stevens.” He turned his chair back to the desk and watched the action on the screen.

“Ugh. Fine.” Mallory pulled her dress up a little and crawled under the desk. She rested her butt right next to the surge protector. It was cramped, she had to crane her head sideways as she took Sam into her mouth. The first hit of salty precum played across her tongue. She bobbed her head and rolled her tongue and lost herself in the lascivious act. She lifted her hands and reverently cradled each one of his testicles.

Five minutes later, Joyce walked into the room. “Oh, my.” She stopped just inside the door. “How could you?”

Mallory stopped her motions. She didn’t know what to do, so she just sat there under the desk with the head of the boy’s penis in her mouth.

“Turn that off, Sammy. I don’t want you watching that. And I certainly don’t want her to see it.” Joyce walked over to Sam and gently swatted him with a dish towel.

“Sorry, Mom.” Sam clicked at his mouse.

“I didn’t mean to intrude, Mallory.” Joyce bent at the waist to look under the desk. She made eye contact with Mallory. “Please keep going.”

“Uuuuuugggghhhh,” Mallory said around the thick penis. As asked, her head bobbed again and she massaged those impossibly heavy balls with her fingers.



Joyce straightened back up. "I came up to see if you needed anything, sweetie."

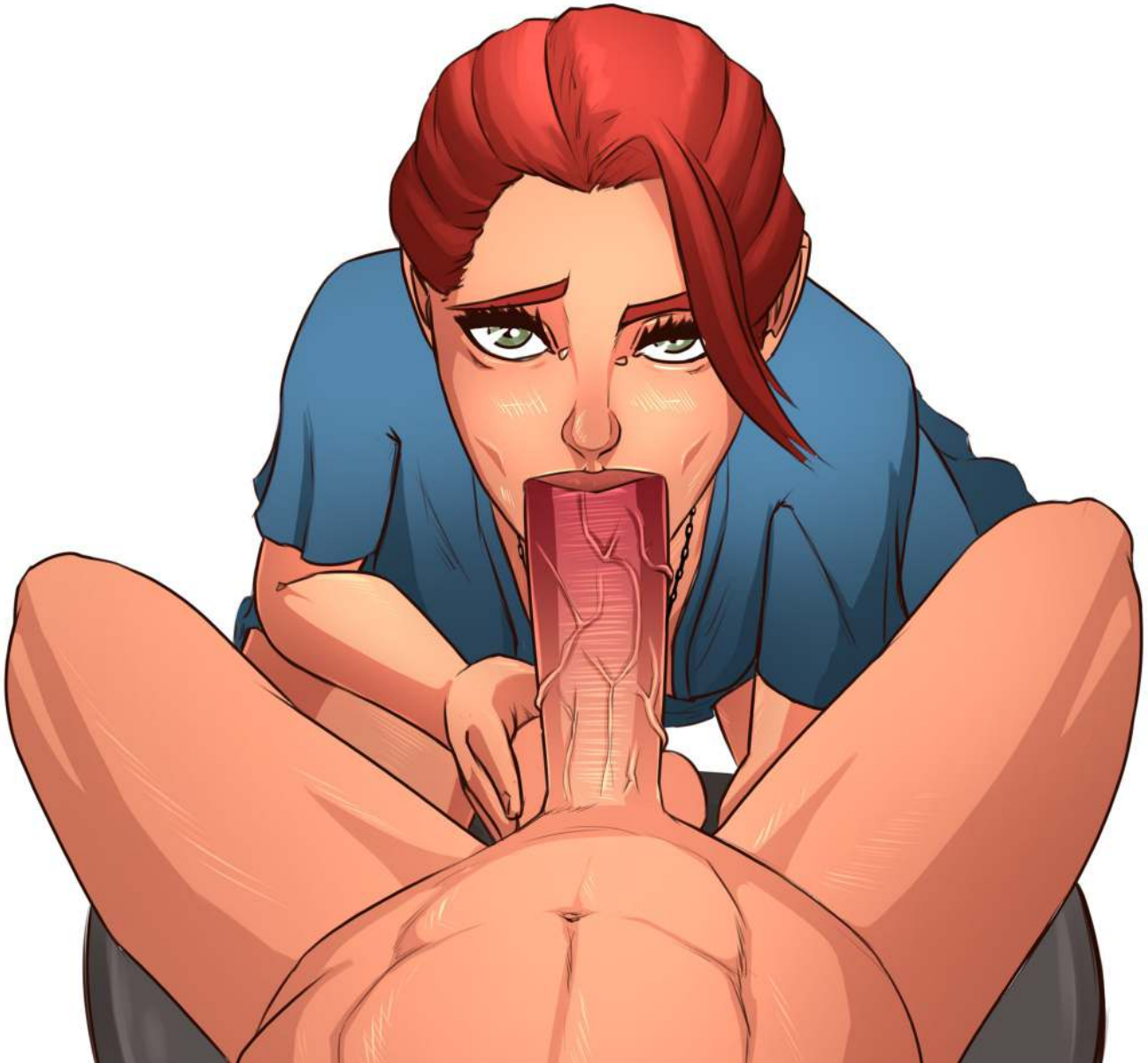
"Could I ... uh ... have a coke?" Sam leaned back in the chair.

"You know I don't like you drinking that stuff," Joyce said.

"Come on, Mom. It's ... oohhhh ... a special occasion." Sam looked up at his mom and winked.

Joyce was not so easily pacified. "How'd that test go today?"

"Good."



"Okay. And when are you seeing Ashley again?" Joyce folded her arms over her chest. All business.

"Ah, Sunday." Sam loved listening to the slurping sounds as the Christian wife drooled all over his dick. This was amazing. "I've got a date on Sunday."

Mallory's cheeks burned as her embarrassment reached peak levels. But she just kept on sucking.



“Okay. I’ll get you a coke.” Joyce turned for the door. “Love you, sweetie.”

“Love you too, Mom.”

“Mmmmmmmhhhhhhnnnnn,” Mallory said. What was wrong with Joyce? What kind of woman encourages this behavior? The Higgins home was a twisted, wicked place. And Mallory was right in the middle of it. Completely at its mercy.

A few minutes later, Sam pushed his chair away from the desk. His dick slid from Mallory’s mouth. “I’m getting close, Mrs. Stevens. You probably want to take that nice dress off.”

“Yeah?” Mallory looked up at him, panting. She crawled from under the desk. “Thank you.”

“Need help?” Sam didn’t have the heart to tell her she already had a small saliva stain on the material by her left breast.

“Yes, actually.” Mallory stood and turned her back to him. She reached back and lifted her hair. “There’s a catch and a zipper.”

“Sure.” Sam stood and undid the dress.

“Thank you.” Mallory let it fall to the floor. She stepped to the side, bent down, picked it up, and placed it over the back of the chair.

Sam watched her left hand as she moved about. He sat down on the edge of the bed. “Come here.”

Mallory stepped over to him and kneeled on the carpet between his legs. She wore a matching set of sensible pink panties and bra, and she kept those on for the moment. She reached up to hold his shaft. When she touched it, a wave of heat moved through her.

“Hold on.” Sam deftly grabbed her left hand and slid her wedding ring off her finger.

“Give it back.” Mallory looked up at him with frightened eyes.

“Of course.” He held the ring out to her in the palm of his hand. The large diamonds seemed to move as they refracted light. “I just want to play a little game. You keep your ring in your mouth while you blow me. If it’s still in your mouth after you swallow, you win.”

“What?” Mallory looked horrified. She took the ring back from him.

“You win,” Sam said.

“I never even dreamed ...” Mallory slipped the ring into her mouth and maneuvered it under her tongue.

“Good girl.” Sam reached behind her head and placed his right hand on her silky, red hair. He gently pulled her mouth to his dick.

“Heaven help me.” The words came out of Mallory’s mouth with somewhat of a lisp as she spoke around the ring. And then there were no more words as she recommenced her work on the teenager’s penis.

A few minutes later, Joyce reentered the room. The ice in the glass she’d brought clinked as she walked. “Oh, you’ve moved. Where should I put your coke?”

“Over there is ... uh ... good.” Sam pointed to his desk.

Mallory continued to suck away.

“Great,” Joyce said with bubbly enthusiasm. She placed the coaster she’d brought on the desk first, then the glass on top it. Then she turned to face them. “I see why you like her, sweetie. She’s cute. Look at those dainty hips.” Joyce put her hands on her own hips and watched the fellatio. “Anything else I can get you?”



“Yeah.” Sam nodded. “Come over here. She’s got her wedding ring in her mouth.”

“Why?” Joyce stepped over to the bed and sat down next to them. She folded her hands in her lap.

“She’s going to keep it ... ah ... ah ... in her mouth while I cum.”

“Oh, my.” Joyce put a hand to her mouth. “You’ve become such a bad boy, Sammy.”

“Uuuuggghhhhh.” Mallory pumped him with both hands in long, squeezing strokes. Her mouth sucked tight on that purple head. She tried to concentrate on keeping the ring under her tongue.



“Mom, could I get a boob, please.” Sam kept steady pressure on the back of Mallory’s head.

“Okay, honey.” Joyce pulled her dress and bra below her boobs and let them flop free.

“Thanks, Mom.” Sam leaned sideways and took Joyce’s left nipple into his mouth.

“Aaahhhh ... cummmminng.”

Mallory looked up at this new display of depravity with wide eyes. Then she found her mouth full of sperm. She swallowed and swallowed.

Joyce sighed and cradled his head with her right hand. While her son sucked on her breast, she watched this once regal woman swallow shot after shot of hot sperm. Joyce was impressed.

When Sam finished, Mallory lifted her head off his dick. She reached into her mouth and fished out the ring. She held it up for them to see. Sam removed his head from his mom’s boob so he could watch her, a broad smile on his face.

“There. I win.” Mallory returned the slimy ring to her finger.

“Nice,” Sam said.

Several hours later, her vagina now full of cum too, Mallory snuck into the hall to call her husband. She looked back into the room where Sam mounted his mom from behind. Mallory had asked them to be quiet, but Joyce was still squealing and moaning. Mallory stepped a little farther down the hall and walked into Joyce's bedroom. She closed the door behind her.

She dialed.

"Mal?" Bob's voice sounded so alien to Mallory.

"Hi honey. I'm a little drunk." Mallory shivered standing naked in the hall. Cum dripped down her belly and between her legs. She reached up with



her left hand and held her silver cross.

"You okay?" Bob sounded worried.

"I'm fine. Just having a great time with the girls." Mallory thought of Joyce getting it from her son down the hall and shivered again. "I'm too drunk to drive, so I'm going to stay at Christa's."

"I'll come get you." Bob, always so valiant.

"No, no. We're having fun. It's good to have a little space sometimes. Right?"

"Yeah. Of course." Bob hesitated for several beats. "Have fun. I'll see you in the morning."

"Thanks, babe. Bye. Love you." Mallory clutched the cross tighter.

"Love you too, Mal. Goodnight."

Mallory hung up the phone. She turned and headed back to Sam's room, a dark and sweaty place with outer-space posters tacked to the walls, clothes strewn about, and copulating family members. Once she arrived, she stopped in the open doorway and stared.



Joyce's wide hips thrust back to meet Sam's powerful strokes. "I'm back," she said. Mallory stepped into the room. She needed more. She needed lots more.