

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 11



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

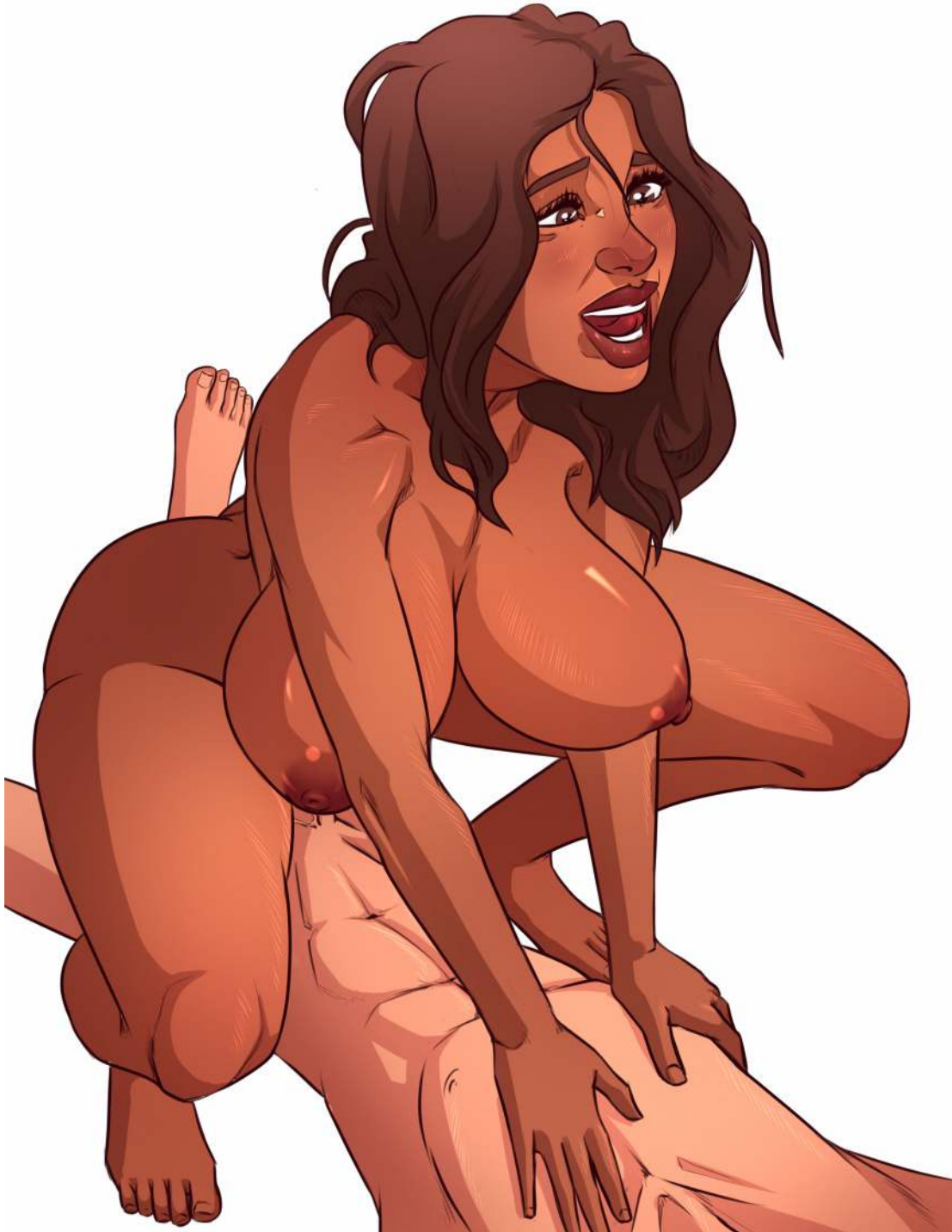
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Chapter 11



The weeks passed and there wasn't a day Sam didn't take at least one of the women in his life. He did consider further conquests, but didn't act on those thoughts. Mostly he watched the neighborhood wives, thinking about which ones would look good bouncing on his giant cock. The trouble was, the women already in his life kept him plenty busy.

At one point, Lakshmi mentioned that her sister's family would be staying with them for Diwali. It was a Wednesday afternoon and her hips rhythmically undulated as she rode Sam on his bed.

"What's Diwali?" Sam slapped at one of her boobs.

Joyce lay next to them in bed, her breasts and face covered in drying cum. "Sammy, you need to learn more about other cultures."

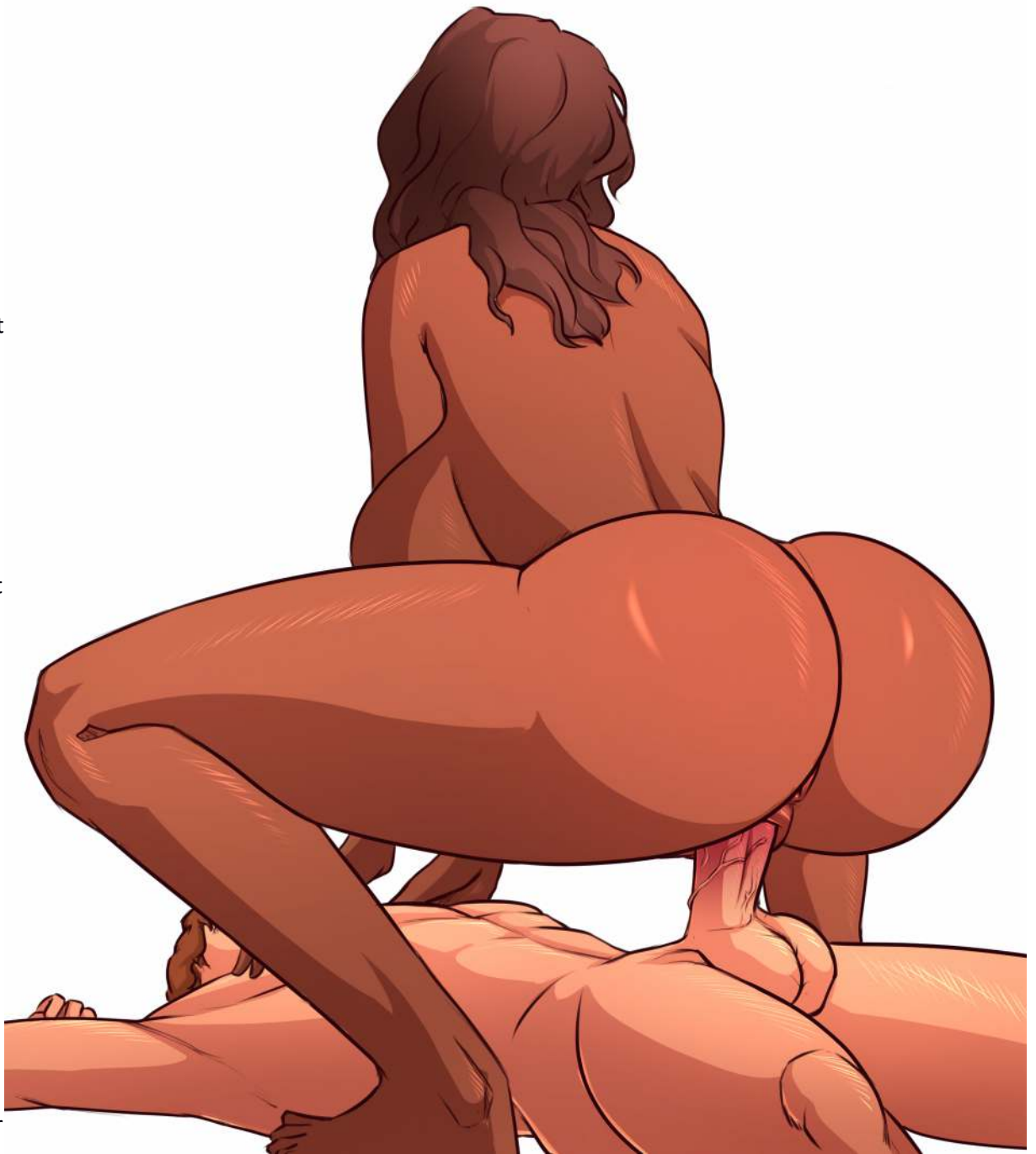
"Uh ... I'm trying, Mom." He reached to his side with his hand and squeezed Joyce's left tit. "That's ... uh ... why I asked."

"It's ... oooohhhhhh." Lakshmi came on the eighteen-year-old's swollen cock. Her hips stopped for a minute, and then started up again. Her dark nipples bounced in an elliptical motion. "It's our festival ... of lights. The lights symbolize ... aaahhhhh ... the victory of light over darkness and ... good over evil."

“Hhhmmmmmm.”

Sam liked the idea of the stone conquering this sister while she celebrated light over darkness. “Is your sister hot?” Sam gently smacked Lakshmi’s other boob and watched it shake. If he wasn’t mistaken, her nipples were darker than before. And there was a definite swell to Lakshmi’s belly that hadn’t been there even last week.

“Everyone ... thinks that Laasya is the real beauty ... in the family.” Lakshmi scrunched up her nose. She didn’t want her poor sister to fall the way she herself had. Laasya had a loving husband and young children. The thought made her queasy, but Lakshmi’s hips never stopped their motions.



“Don’t worry.” Sam let out an easy laugh. “I’ve got enough ... aaaaahhhh ... pussy right now.” He placed his hands on Lakshmi’s hips. “Maybe next year we’ll try something. You ... think she’ll come next year for ... Diwali?”

Lakshmi closed her eyes and nodded.

“Great ... here I cuuummmmmmm.” And Sam’s dick exploded in her pussy.

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Joyce stood before the full-length mirror. She'd missed her period for a while now and her boobs were definitely bigger. She turned sideways, naked in her room looking at her reflection. White sunlight streamed in through her window. She'd just seen off her husband and children as she hurried them all to work and school. She put her hands under her breasts and hefted them up. She let them drop and sighed. They were bigger.

"Of course, Sammy did it," she muttered to herself. She turned to her other side and ran her left hand over her belly. It wasn't her imagination, there was a slight bump. The thought that Paul had impregnated her never occurred to Joyce. Sam was beyond virile. Paul ... was not. Joyce rubbed her belly and watched in the mirror. She wasn't ready to do this all over again. It was hard enough with Sam and Bex, but to start all over?

"This is your fault, Paul," Joyce said to the mirror. "You should have known what your son would do to me."

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Over the next several weeks, Mallory visited the Higgins house often for *tutoring sessions*. On a Sunday after church, while Bob and Paul golfed, Mallory found herself on her knees in Sam's room. She still wore the modest, blue dress she'd put on for church. Her red hair fell around her shoulders and her mouth pumped on Sam's hideous penis.

"How was the sermon today?" Sam stood in front of her, completely naked. He watched her pretty lips contort around his massive dick.

"Mmmmmmmgggghhhh." Mallory removed the penis from her mouth and leaned back onto the balls of her bare feet. "I have to tell you something."

"Okay." Sam nodded. He still had bed-head, his brown hair sticking every which way. "But keep stroking it while you talk."

Mallory complied.

"No, not that hand. With your left hand." Sam liked nothing more than to have her wedding ring in contact with his veiny cock.





“It’s important.”
Mallory switched hands. His penis was slick with spit and her hand easily slid up and down his great length. She looked up at him, her gray-blue eyes full of sincerity. “I’m pregnant.” Her face was expressionless as she waited for his response.

“Cool.” Sam smiled.
“Is it Bob’s?”

“You know it isn’t.” A vertical crease formed on her pretty forehead.

“Okay. Well, what does Bob think?”
Sam bent sideways, making sure he didn’t pull his dick from Mallory’s hand. He pulled out the drawer on his bedside table and retrieved something. He straightened back up.

“He thinks one of his

sperm made it past the condom.” Mallory’s gaze fell. She regarded the mighty penis in her hand. A sense of power moved through her, that she could manipulate and bring pleasure to such a thing.

“Great.” Sam reached down and opened his right hand. In his palm was a silver pendant with engraved floral designs on a silver chain. “Here, I got this for you. To celebrate our baby. Take off your cross and put it on.”

It was tricky, taking off her necklace with one hand, but she reached behind her neck with her right hand while her left kept stroking. After a few tries, she unclasped the hook. She placed the cross in Sam’s open hand and picked up the pendant. “What is it?”

“There’s a hidden button here.” Sam reached out with his fingers and depressed a little button, cleverly disguised at the bottom of the pendant. The pendant opened. It was actually a locket. Inside was a picture of Sam smiling at the camera. It was his school picture. “Better than that silly old cross.” Sam took the locket, closed it, and bent toward her, opening the new silver chain.

Mallory moved her hand from his penis.

“Don’t stop,” Sam said.

“I don’t know what to say.” Mallory’s left hand went back to pumping and she moved her hair to the side with her right hand, exposing her soft, freckled neck to Sam.

“You should say thank you. My mom helped me pick it out.” Sam reached the silver chain around her neck and clasped it. He straightened up again. “There, it looks beautiful.”

“Thank you, Sam.” Mallory’s cheeks flushed. She moved her lips to the head of his penis and took it into her mouth again. Her tongue swirled around the head, met with his salty precum.

“One more thing.” Sam placed his hand on the back of her head and made her bob on his dick. “My mom’s pregnant too. So, my dad needs to get that promotion at work. Cool?”

“Yyyyyymmmmmnnnnn.” Mallory reached her right hand up to Sam’s testicles and felt their substantial weight.

“Good girl. Thank you, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam looked over at the poster of Gandalf cat. Hang in there indeed. The sounds of a pretty Christian wife slurping filled the room. He tossed the old silver cross toward the trash can by his desk but missed. He was going to cum soon.



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As the days piled one on top of another, Sam enjoyed the ever-expanding bellies around him. But he was in for a surprise.

Late one night, a voice interrupted Sam right as he deployed a fleet in his latest space strategy game.

"We need to talk," his sister's quiet voice said from behind him.

"What?" Sam looked over his shoulder.

"We need to talk." Bex stood just inside his doorway. She closed the door and locked it.

"Okay." Sam turned back to his game.

"Turn off your game, Sam."

With a tap of the keyboard, he paused the game. "Happy?" He swiveled his chair to face her.

"It's ..." Bex wore plaid flannel pajamas. She clasped her hands in front of her, fidgeting with her fingers. "It's positive."

"What is?" Sam cocked his head at her.

"I took a pregnancy test, Sam. I don't know how, but it's positive." Bex wrung her hands together as she looked into her brother's soft, brown eyes.

"Strong swimmers, I have," Sam said in a Yoda voice.

"Stop being a jerk. This is serious."

Bex stepped toward him. "I'm on the pill. I mean, I was. I just stopped today because ... well, it didn't work."

"This is great, Bex." Sam beckoned her over. "Have you told Mom yet?"

"No." Bex walked over to Sam. Out of habit, she fell to her knees in front of him. "I think Dad's going to freak out." She reached up and pulled Sam's pajama bottoms and briefs down. His dick sprung out.



“He’ll get on board if Mom tells him to.” Sam leaned back in his chair as his sister’s delicate hands went to work on his dick.

“Will Mom tell him to?” Bex’s nostrils flared as she took in his aroma. His cock had such a pull on her. Like she was a moon in its orbit.

“Sure.” Sam reached with his hand and gently caressed the back of his sister’s blonde, satin hair. “I’ll discuss it with her, tomorrow. Maybe I’ll take her in the bathroom before school while you and Dad are eating breakfast.”

“Oh, Sam.” Bex didn’t need the pressure on the back of her head to know a blow job was in order. But she liked it all the same.



“I’ll talk to her then.” Sam pulled her mouth onto his dick. “While she’s bent over the sink, shaking ass.”

“Uuuuggghhhh,” Bex said. She thought that was a good idea.

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Several months later, Joyce lay on her back on the bed she shared with her husband every night, her legs spread high in the air. Warm afternoon light filled the room. She lifted her head and tried to look down at her son's penis as it plowed her vagina, but she couldn't see past her belly. She had gotten very big.

"Mom, you look so beautiful." Sam held her ankles, looking down at her distended belly, dark nipples, and obscenely swollen boobs.

"Uh ... uh ... uh ... thank you, Sammy." Joyce rested her head back against the blanket and looked up at the ceiling. Wave after wave of pleasure flooded through her.



Joyce's phone rang on the bedside table. She reached with her left hand, picked it up, and held it over her rocking breasts. "Stop, Sammy. It's your ... uh ... father."

Dutifully, Sam slowed his pace so that she could talk. They were expecting this call. Sam's dick slid in and out of his mother's pussy so slowly that her enormous boobs barely moved at all.

"Good boy, Sammy." Joyce took a deep breath and hit the answer button. She held the phone up to her ear. "Hello, dear ... yes ... yes, he's here too. Here he is." Joyce held the phone up to Sam's ear.

"Hi, Dad ... yeah ... cool ... here's Mom." He continued to lazily slide in and out of Joyce.

"Yeah, I'm back." Joyce looked up at Sam, past her growing belly. What a polite boy to slow down for her phone call with his father. Joyce was so proud of her handsome young man. "So, did you get it?"

Sam sped up his pace just a little bit.



"Yeah?" Joyce put her finger over her lips and gave Sam a stern look. "You did?"

Sam slowed his hips.

"That's great news, Paul." Joyce's face lit up in warm, wide smile. "I'm so proud of you. You deserve that promotion."

Sam let go of her ankles and leaned forward. He took one of her dark nipples into his mouth.

"Oh." Joyce automatically cradled his soft hair with her free hand. "Nothing, I'm just so happy." She could feel Sam so deep inside her. "Yes, I'll tell him. We're both so proud of you ... yes ... love you too, dear ... bye." And she hung up the phone and put it back on the bedside table.

Sam lifted his head off his mother's boob and laughed. "What a dummy. He thinks he earned that promotion." He kept up his long, slow strokes. Sometimes pounding wasn't necessary.

"No, Sammy." Joyce looked up at the ceiling again.

"No, it's true, Mom." Sam pushed and held himself all the way inside her pussy.

Joyce squealed.

"I'm fucking his wife," Sam said. "And I got him his promotion. He's worthless."

"Maybe." Joyce nodded her head. "Maybe he's a little worthless. He's certainly not what he used to be in bed."

"That's because I broke your pussy, Mom." Sam moved inside her again.

"Yes, sweetie. You did," Joyce said. "Sam, there's something we need to talk about."



“What?” He lifted himself up and placed his hands behind her knees. He held her legs as far open as they’d go.

“When the baby arrives. I mean, when the babies arrive, we’re not going to have as much time to take care of your needs.”

“All of you?” Sam furrowed his brow. He hadn’t really thought about after the babies arrive.

“Yes, Sammy. We’re going to have to find you some new girlfriends. At least for a little while. I know how often you ... uh ... need help with your penis.” Joyce grunted at an especially deep thrust.

“Now?” Sam upped his tempo.

“No ... uh ... not now. But ... uh ... you have to ... prepare. Oh ... Sammy ... You’re going to make me ...” Joyce closed her eyes and thrashed her curly brown hair from side to side. She jiggled and bounced through her orgasm.

“Okay.” Sam banged into his mom with powerful strokes. “I’ve ... got ... an ... idea.”

The Higgins marital bed shook and squeaked. The headboard thumped as it crashed repeatedly into the wall. If only Paul could see what Sam had done to his wife.



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Spring was in the air when the baby shower arrived. Sam had asked Joyce to set it up. A pregnant woman wasn't supposed to coordinate her own baby shower, so she agreed only so long as she wasn't the center of attention.

A banner hung from the rafters: *It's a boy, and a boy, and a boy, and a boy.* Below it hung another banner: *Congratulations Lakshmi, Mallory, Bex, and Joyce!*

Joyce waddled through the kitchen. She'd forgotten how hard it was to move around when you were eight months pregnant. "Drinks and refreshments?" Her formless black dress draped itself over her profound rotundity.

"We're all set." Lakshmi leaned on the counter, rubbing her swollen belly. Her own green maternity dress was stretched to the max. "This little guy is kicking."

The doorbell chimed. "Our guests are here." Joyce walked over to the living room. "No men allowed, Sammy. You get upstairs. We'll come find you when it's time."

Bex looked up from the loveseat at her mother. Her blouse hung loosely over her roundness. Her maternity jeans did their best to contain her ever expanding womb. Across from her, Mallory and Sam sat next to each other on the couch. Mallory looked dazzling in a billowy, sack of a blue dress. She wasn't quite as big as the other women.

"Goodbye ladies." Sam picked up Mallory's left hand and kissed her wedding ring. "See you soon."

"Get out of here, nerd." Bex threw a pillow Sam's way.

"I'm going." He caught the pillow and gently tucked it behind Mallory's shoulders. "There now, you look more comfortable."

"Thank you, Sam." Mallory reached up to her neck and held the silver pendant that hung from its thin silver chain.

Sam fled upstairs. They heard the thump of his door closing.

Joyce watched her young man go with an approving smile.

"The guests." Lakshmi waddled up next to her.

"Right." Joyce shuffled down the front hall. She opened the door with a warm, bright smile. "Welcome, friends. I'm so happy you could come."

Outside, in the cool air, waited three neighbors, chosen specifically by Sam for beauty and proximity. Each clutched a wrapped gift. Each wore light jackets over modest dresses; the sort of thing one wears to a neighborhood party on a chilly day.

Mrs. Alexa Gibson was a short, round woman in her mid-forties. She wasn't so much fat as she was plump. Her cheeks dimpled as she smiled at her host. Her wavy, brown hair bobbed in a ponytail behind her head. She'd moved to the neighborhood a few months ago with her husband and her eighteen-year-old daughter. Her son had flown the nest last year for college.

Mrs. Penny Robinski stood to Alexa's right. She was a tall, blonde woman in her late twenties with an athletic build. Joyce had seen her and her husband playing tennis together in the local park many times. She had a silver headband in her hair and a bright, white smile on her face.

Ms. Nancy Robinson was the third guest. She attended the local state college. She rented out the cottage behind Penny's house, although, as she'd happily tell you, she spent most nights at her boyfriend's place in the city. Her black



hair fell just past her shoulders. Her dark brown skin shone in the late morning sun. She forced a smile, a little uncomfortable with all these older women.

“Come in, Come in.” Joyce stepped aside and welcomed them in. She offered each an awkward hug and a kiss on the cheek. It wasn’t easy to hug with bloated boobs and belly. Who knows, someday these fine neighbors might be in Joyce’s predicament. And Joyce would have her new baby to look after. She shivered. After that, would Sam knock up his own mother again? The thought hadn’t occurred to her before now. How many more pregnancies could her middle-aged body take? Although, now that she thought about it, this pregnancy had been far easier on her than her first two.

The four ladies stood in the front hall, unsure what to do next.

Behind Joyce, Lakshmi coughed. “Maybe we can take your jackets?”

That brought Joyce out of her reverie. “Of course, how silly of me.” Joyce closed the door behind them. “Let’s get your jackets off and get this party started.”

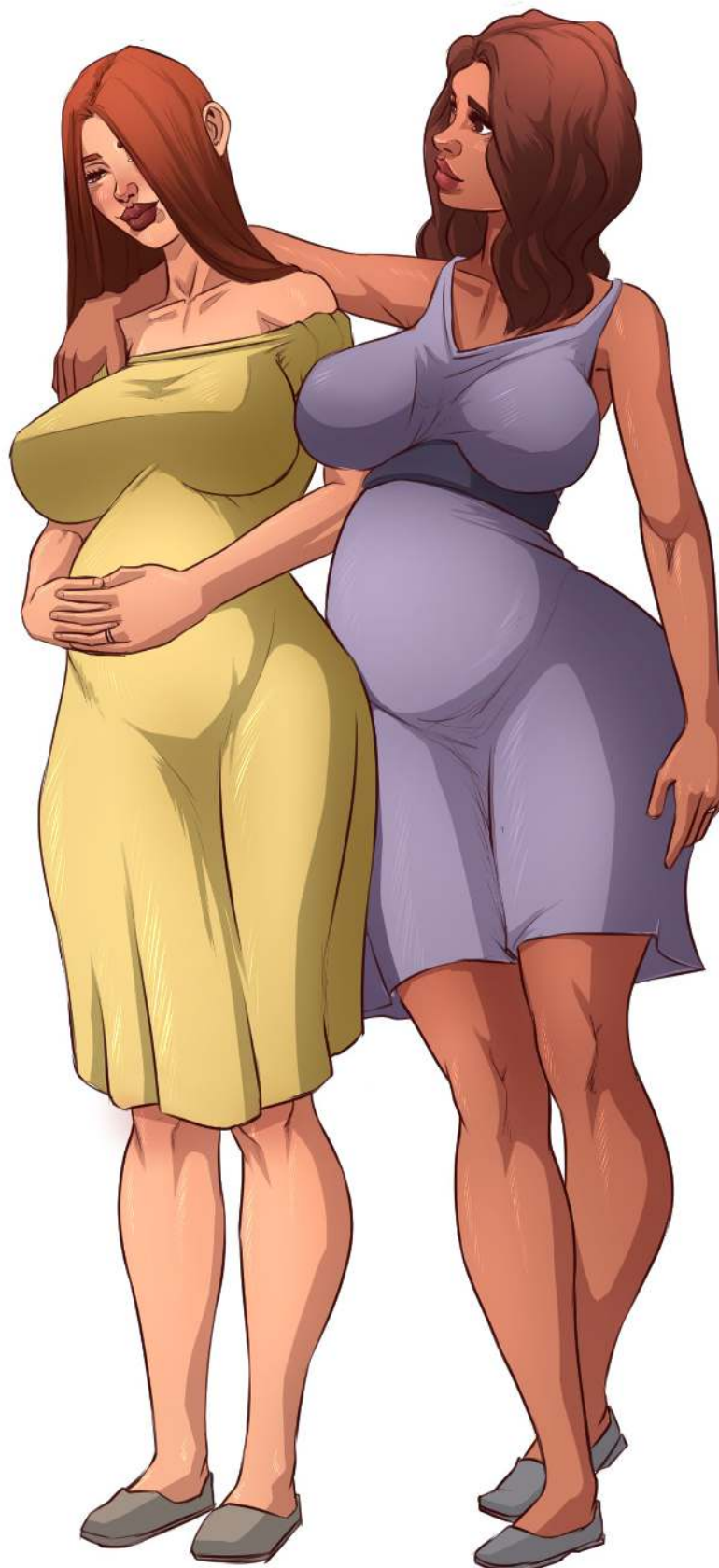
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The baby shower filled the Higgins House with laughter and conversation. The women played *Don’t Say Baby*, *Guess Mom’s Measurements*, and *Baby Price is Right*.

About an hour into the party, Joyce excused herself. “I have to get the prop for our next game.”

“Oh, what’s the next game?” Alexa flashed her dimples at Joyce. She was having such a blast getting to know these women better.

“It’s called ...” Joyce stopped and gave Alexa a broad, warm smile, so full of motherly tenderness. “Talk to the rock.” She turned and ambled into the kitchen. “Be right back.”





Something changed in the room. Alexa looked around at the pregnant ladies.

Mallory's cheeks flushed and she busied herself looking at a Higgins family portrait on the far wall. It showed the family assembled in front of their Christmas tree.

Young Bex suddenly spread her legs in her loveseat. She had jeans on, but her pose was a bit lascivious. Alexa tried not to feel embarrassed for the poor girl, but she wished Bex would close her legs back up.

Lakshmi fanned herself with a paper plate, looking like it had suddenly become very hot. It wasn't hot as far as Alexa could tell. The dark woman reached up and adjusted her large breasts inside her dress. When she caught Alexa looking at her boobs, Lakshmi gave the woman a friendly smile.

Penny and Nancy, the other non pregnant ladies, seemed oblivious to the new energy in the room. They were laughing as Nancy told a story about how well-endowed her boyfriend was. Alexa didn't care for that kind of girl-talk, but she knew it was probably par for the course at a baby shower.

"I ... I ..." Alexa said to no one in particular. She twirled the large diamond ring on her left hand. Sudden thoughts of her husband waiting at home popped into her mind. She'd promised him she'd go looking at new backyard grills that afternoon. Maybe she should go now. He'd be so happy to have her come home early. Alexa stood. "I ... have to go. I'm sorry."

"Not before cake." Joyce waddled back into the room with an exaggerated frown on her face. "I promise this rock game will be quick, then we can move on to cake and presents." She walked over to Alexa, put her left hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her back down to the couch.

"Okay." Alexa sat and looked at her hands. Her fingers still twirled her ring.

"Wonderful." Joyce stepped around the couch and lowered herself onto one of the folding chairs. She sat with her back straight and looked around the room. The women were all seated in a circle in the center of the living room; on the couch, armchairs, loveseat, and folding chairs. In the center was Joyce's cherrywood coffee table. "For this game, I got this novelty rock." She held up the stone for all to see.

"Oh, it's very pretty." Alexa looked at the rock in Joyce's hand. It was jet black, with red veins meandering all throughout the mineral. Those veins were very clearly glowing with a steady pulse about the same as a heartbeat. Novelty indeed.

“What does it do?” Nancy watched the stone closely, the red glow reflected in her dark eyes.

“I don’t want to spoil the surprise,” Joyce said. “Lakshmi, could you be a dear and close the curtains? We need a darker room for this game.”

“Of course.” Lakshmi rose with some effort and waddled over to the big front windows. She drew the curtains. She moved over to the side curtains and drew those too.

“Could we leave one open?” Alexa cast nervous glances around the room. All the other women seemed to be enjoying themselves. Did no one else sense something was amiss? The living room went from a bright cheery place, to a gloomy room full of lingering shadows.

Lakshmi returned to the couch and sat down next to Alexa and patted her on the thigh. Alexa cringed a little at the friendly contact.

“The curtains have to be closed for this game. But don’t worry, it’s not that spooky.” Joyce stood and lifted her dress with her right hand up to her boobs. She lowered her left hand, with the stone, to her exposed belly.

Alexa’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head. She’d been getting a strange vibe from the room, but she hadn’t expected this from their genteel hostess.

“What are you doing?” Nancy lifted her eyebrows, genuinely curious. This was her first baby shower. Maybe this was normal?

Joyce rubbed in circular motions and within a few seconds a red glowing pulse grew inside her belly, matching rhythm with the stone. Her face took on a pleasant calm, like she was taking a leisurely walk through a beautiful garden. “I wish for my children to find happiness with the women in this room.” Joyce pulled her dress back down to her knees and handed the stone to Nancy, to her right. “Now you rub and make a wish.”

Alexa blinked. Joyce had worded that wish in an odd way. It made it sound like the women in this room would bring her children happiness. Alexa shook her head a little, her mind was a tad fuzzy. Was the living room getting stuffy?

“That’s a neat trick,” Penny said.

“What do I do with it?” Nancy took the stone in her dark hand.

“Make a wish.” Joyce sat back down in her folding chair and placed her hands on her swollen stomach. She watched Nancy closely.



“Okay. I think I got it.” Nancy stood and lifted her dress.

Alexa marveled at Nancy’s trim, ebony stomach. Her panties were a black, lacey number. Maybe Nancy had a date with her boyfriend later that day.

“I wish for ...” Nancy looked around the room, rubbing the stone against her flat belly. A warmth spread through her. She felt so relaxed all of a sudden. She looked down but there was no glowing light in her belly like there’d been in Joyce’s. She wasn’t sure how the trick worked. “I wish Derrick, my boyfriend, would take me somewhere fancy tonight.” She passed the stone to Bex and let her dress fall. Nancy sat down. A bead of sweat formed on her forehead.



“My turn.” Bex stood, lifted her blouse to expose her impossibly round belly. She was so small that she looked even bigger than the other pregnant women. She rubbed the stone and soon her stomach glowed like her mom’s had. “I’ve been having some of the best sex of my life recently, I wish you all could find someone that does that for you too.”

“Now, Rebekah.” Joyce frowned at her.

Alexa looked back and forth between mother and daughter. This was getting stranger by the minute.

“My Derrick takes plenty good care of me,” Nancy said.

“Good for you.” Bex looked down at Nancy and gave her a patronizing smile. She dropped her shirt and handed the stone to Penny.



Penny stood, lifted her dress, and rubbed the stone on her lily-white stomach. “I wish my husband gave me a little of what Rebekah’s getting.” Some of the ladies laughed. Like Nancy, Penny’s belly did not glow, but she kept rubbing and rubbing. Eventually Mallory had to take the stone from her.

Mallory took her turn, then Lakshmi. Both their bellies glowed. It did seem like the pulsing light was coming from inside them. A very strange illusion.

When it was Alexa's turn, she took the stone and rose. The rock was very hot in her hand. Maybe all that rubbing. Normally, she was quite shy with her plump body, but she lifted her dress like all the rest. She rubbed the stone on her belly. The heat left the stone and moved through her. She was going to say she wished she was home with her husband and daughter. But that thought slipped away. She stood in front of the couch and rubbed and rubbed her belly without saying anything. It felt so good. She looked down and the only glow came from that rock.

"Okay. Maybe we'll get to your wish later." Joyce reached out and took the rock from her. She held it in her hand. It rapidly increased in brightness to the point that the women found they couldn't look directly at it. "Penny?" Joyce placed the rock on the coffee table and covered it with a plaid throw from the couch. That helped with the incredible brightness, but a faint glow did make its way through the blanket.

"Yeah?" Penny had a glazed look in her blue eyes.

"My son's room is up the stairs behind me." Joyce pointed behind her. "Second door on the left."

"Okay?" Penny smiled agreeably at Joyce.

"We're going to play a new game. Each woman will take a turn going up and playing a contest against Sam. Whoever can beat him, will win a big prize."

"What's the game?" Penny stood, brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulders, and walked over to the stairs.

"His choice," Joyce said. "Good luck."

Without another word, Penny ascended the stairs.

"What do we do while they play?" Alexa shook her head again, trying to clear it out. The heat from that rock lingered in her body. Her vagina felt moist, like it did with her husband right before their weekly Friday night sex.

"We can all chitchat and have a little girl's gossip while she's up there." Joyce wiggled her butt in the chair, trying to get comfortable. She turned to Nancy. "So, tell me more about Derrick."

Alexa talked with Lakshmi for about ten minutes. The little Indian woman seemed very nice and personable. They were talking about growing roses when they heard something from upstairs. Thump, thump, thump, thump. The ceiling above them shook with an even rhythm.

The women stopped their conversation and looked to Joyce.

"He's having a dance contest with Penny." Joyce nodded to herself. "Let's hope Penny brought her a-game, because Sammy has some moves."

Bex giggled at her mom's comment and Joyce gave her a sharp look.

Alexa shrugged. The warmth still tingled her nerves. Something about that dance contest made her vagina even wetter. She crossed her legs and willed it to go away.

"Anyway, as I was saying ..." Lakshmi continued.

Oh yeah, the roses. Alexa tried to focus on her conversation.

Ten minutes later, Alexa looked up to see Penny descending the stairs. Her long blonde hair looked tussled and her dress a bit wrinkled. She clutched at the handrail. "You win?" Alexa called out.

"I ..." Penny shook her head. She looked a bit bewildered. "I ... don't think so." On shaky legs, she walked into the living room and took her old place in the circle.

Mallory put a hand on Penny's knee. "That kid can really wear you out, right?"

Penny nodded.

This was all too weird. Alexa needed to go to her husband. Backyard grills ... they were shopping for grills today. But she didn't move.

"Nancy, why don't you see if you can have a go at Sammy?" Joyce nodded toward the stairs.

"I can dance." Nancy stood and sauntered over to the stairs.

"I'm sure you can." Joyce watched Nancy's firm, round butt disappear up the stairs. "Good luck."

Five minutes later, Alexa's conversation with Lakshmi was again interrupted by the rhythmic thumping. Alexa looked up at the ceiling. This was all wrong.

"As I was saying. The grill my husband Raj got last summer ..." Lakshmi touched Alexa lightly on the arm.

The contact sent sparks through Alexa's nervous system. She shivered. "What?"

"The grill we got ..." Lakshmi smiled and told her story.

Five minutes after that, the women were interrupted again by high-pitched moaning coming from upstairs. The thumping continued. The voice was clearly Nancy's and she seemed to be in some distress.

"It's a vocal competition." Joyce waved her hand. "Don't worry about it."





Alexa looked around the circle. Penny kept her pretty blue eyes fixed above her. She looked like she was watching the most interesting performance, instead of staring at the popcorn ceiling as she was.

The rest of the women seemed like this was all perfectly normal. But things felt wrong. Alexa couldn't quite put her finger on what exactly was off. Warmth continued to tingle all through Alexa's body. She tried to focus on Lakshmi's words. Whatever game they were playing upstairs, it was apparently no big deal.

Another ten minutes and the thumping and moaning stopped. A few minutes after that, Nancy came wobbling down the stairs. She seemed much in the same state as Penny. She looked tired and a bit dazed. Was dancing really that hard?

Nancy found her old place in the circle and gingerly sat herself down. She looked around at the other women with wide eyes.

"Did you win?" Lakshmi asked.

Nancy shook her head.

"Oh well." Joyce looked over at Alexa. "Your turn."

"Okay." Alexa's pulse quickened. She stood and the room spun a little. Heat moved through her body. Without thinking, she walked to the stairs. The framed family portraits that lined the stairway moved past as she climbed up. Alexa noticed that Joyce's husband was a handsome man.

"Good luck," somebody called after her as she rose to the second floor.

Alexa found the carpeted hallway and walked two doors down on the left. She knocked, not sure what to expect.

"Come in," a youthful voice said.

Alexa pushed the door open and stepped into the room. She breathed in deeply. It smelled strongly of something dark, vital, and basic. The warmth in her body increased. "Sam?" She looked around the room.

"Over here." Sam waved to his newest conquest.

"Oh." Alexa's eyes fell to the teenager's bed. On top of the blankets, lay Joyce's skinny, eighteen-year-old son. He was naked. "Oh my." Alexa's hand went to her mouth. Everything about him looked meek. Everything, except for what was a hideously long and swollen penis that bounced slightly with his pulse. The same pulse, Alexa realized, as the stone. The penis stood up straight and proud.

"Hello, Mrs. Gibson." With that, Sam flexed his penis and it gave a little jump.

"I'd like to go home now." Alexa took an involuntary step into the room.

"Why? You have plans for the afternoon?" Sam sat up in bed.

Alexa nodded.

"Better cancel them." Sam stood up.

"Why?" Alexa stared as Sam's enormous penis bounced with his movements.

"You'll see." Sam's face lit up in a goofy smile. "Come here."

Five minutes later, Alexa found herself on all fours on the bed. Her panties lay on the ground, her dress bunched up around her waist. Her mouth was sore from sucking on that mushroomed penis head. How could this happen? She felt the teenager's hands on her chubby butt.



“Nice.” Sam lined up his dick with her pussy. “We’re going to have fun.” With that he slid in. She was so wet, he got the whole thing all the way inside with only four strokes.

“Oooooohhhhhhh.” Alexa groaned as the skinny kid started really giving it to her. She looked down at the blankets below her and noticed several large stains. She was going to be late getting home. She needed to get home. Her husband. The grills. “Oh, nnnnnnoooooooo.”

“That’s my girl.” Sam banged away and watched her sweet ass ripple. Her pussy contracted around his dick as she had her first of many orgasms. He reached with his right hand and grabbed her brown ponytail. He pulled her head gently back and got her to arch her back.



Twenty minutes later, Alexa was downstairs again, rifling through her purse. She found her phone. Cum leaked out of her and soaked through her panties. She tried to straighten her dress. She swiped to open the phone, not making eye contact with the other women in the living room. She needed to text her husband. There had to be some plausible excuse. She wasn’t going to make it home for shopping like she’d promised.

“You come up with that wish, Alexa?” Joyce called over to her from her seat in the living room.

Before Alexa knew what she was saying, she replied, “Again. I wish I could do it again. With him.” She opened the messaging app.

“No problem. We’ve got all afternoon.” Joyce smiled as she watched the frantic housewife text her husband. “You can do it again and again.”