

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 2



DARK STONE STORIES

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Chapter 2



Joyce looked around her room. She was in her bra and panties since a little while ago Sam had nearly ruined her dress. That was total madness. She wore sensible underwear, as she did almost always. Except for a few frilly numbers she had tucked away for special occasions with her husband Paul.

The t-shirt she'd slept in last night was still on the dresser. She pulled it on.

Something had to be done about Sam. Joyce knitted her brow and chewed on her bottom lip. Things were spiraling out of control. All because of Sam's new urges. And his gargantuan penis.

No, that was wrong. It was the rock that was doing this. Everything was normal before the rock came into the house. Now, everything with Sam had gone bananas. Not to mention her sex drive was out of control. She masturbating at least twice a day. Once, while the kids were at school. And then once after her bathroom session with Sam. Add to that all the sex she'd been having with Paul.

There was only one thing to do. She walked out of her bedroom, down the hall, downstairs, and into the kitchen. The rock still rested on the linoleum floor where she'd dropped it. Its surface a complete black. Except, of course, the red veins which glowed and pulsed as she watched it.

This would end now. Joyce walked over to the rock. A couple splashes of Sam's cum had landed next to it on her beautiful, patterned floor. She'd clean that up later. But first, she'd take that rock and throw it into a nearby lake. No one would find it. Ever again.

Joyce bent down and picked up the rock. It throbbed at a faster pace. She took several steps toward the garage and stopped. She hadn't put any pants on. She looked down at her bare legs, so pale in the morning light. She turned around to head upstairs, find a pair of jeans, and then get back down to the car. She'd do away with this evil that had invaded her home.

Once in her room, Joyce's mind went a little foggy. Her legs. She had come up here to do something about her legs. She pulled off her panties and tossed them into the laundry basket. Done. Now, she needed something else. Joyce sat down on the edge of her bed. What?

A daydream about Bex, her wonderful daughter, crept into her mind. Sam's older sister was smart, passionate about her nerdy things, and so ... pretty? Joyce was more than a little jealous of her daughter's tight body and silky skin. Bex got her blue eyes and blonde hair from her father.

"Mom," the imagined Bex stood in the room with her. Her daughter walked toward her. Wearing her usual tank top and skirt. "I want to talk to you about code." Bex pulled off the top and skirt and tossed them into nothingness. Her tight little body looked so perfect in her bra and panties. Bex kneeled in front of her mom.

"What?" Joyce's voice was feeble. "What code, Bex?"

"Code is language. It needs to be translated." The imagined Bex looked up at her mom, her little oval face so pretty. She reached out her hands and rested them on Joyce's knees. "You have to listen. To break any code, the first step is to listen."

"What are you talking about, Bex?" Joyce felt faint. A pulsing warmth spread up her right arm and into her chest.

"Ones and zeros, mom." Bex applied pressure with her hands and slowly spread Joyce's knees apart, until the outside of each knee touched the mattress.



"Oh no." Joyce looked down at the Harvard t-shirt logo draped across her breasts. She pulled down the collar of her shirt to expose her cleavage, she needed to see her own breasts.

Bex leaned in toward the triangle of brown hair between Joyce's legs. "Tongues and heros." Bex licked at her mom's vagina and looked back up. "Ones and zeros."

"Oh ... my ... goodness." Joyce, lost in her daydream, furiously masturbated on her bed with her left hand, her legs spread wide. Her right hand clutched the rock and didn't let go.

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Sam swung the front door open. He was out of breath. He wasn't used to running. Certainly not all the way home from school. "Mom." He stopped in the front hall to slow his heart rate. "I'm home." How were they going to top this morning? Not easy, for sure. But it'd be fun to try.

"Mom?" Sam walked into the kitchen, but she wasn't there. He wandered through the main level. No one. He went upstairs. "Mom, you up here?" Nothing. He slowly descended back to the main level and called down at the basement door. "Mooooooooommmmm?" She wouldn't be in the basement anyway.

Sam walked through the kitchen and opened the door to the garage. No cars. His mom was out. He closed the door and looked around the kitchen. Not even a note.

This morning, they'd left the rock on the kitchen floor. It wasn't there. Panic struck. Sam raced upstairs into his room and lifted the mattress. He let out a deep breath. The rock was there. Joyce had put it back.

The mattress fell back with a thump. Sam sat down on the bed. He was already completely hard. A warmth spread through him. Lately, it seemed like having the rock under the mattress was just as good as holding it. He pulled off his pants and briefs and lay down on the bed. The monster between his legs looked angrier than usual. Maybe it didn't like it when his mom disappeared either. Time to fap.



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Sam stayed up in his room until well after his sister and dad came home. When his mom called up that she'd brought home take out, Sam came down.

Paul and Bex carried most of the conversation that night. If they noticed that Sam and Joyce were quiet, they didn't mention it. Joyce made eye contact with Sam a couple times, but quickly looked away.

After dinner, Joyce excused herself. "I have to lie down," she said.

Sam went back to his room and played video games for a few hours, until a knock on the door interrupted him.

"Yeah," Sam said.

The door opened half way and his dad leaned in. "Just wanted to say goodnight, Sam. Everything okay at school?"

"Thanks, dad." Sam paused the game and spun his chair from the computer screen to face the door. "There's been some tough tests lately, but I'm getting through it."

"Good to hear it." Paul smiled. "Your mom and I are counting on you to get more A's."

"Yeah, she's been helping me focus."

"That yoga stuff?"

"More or less," Sam said.

"Well, goodnight." Paul softly closed the door.

"Goodnight, dad." Sam waited for the click of the latch and then turned back to his game.

A few hours later, a soft knock at the door intruded on his game again. Sam paused it and spun his chair to face the door.

"Yeah?"

"Sammy?" The door opened halfway and Joyce's head peeked through. "You're still awake?" She stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. She didn't lock it.

She was so strikingly beautiful, even in an old Evergreen t-shirt and sweatpants. Her soft face so perfect and calming. Sam hadn't turned any lights on, so the glow from his monitor cast all sorts of shadows. Wherever the light could find her curves, it did. Even in those clothes, there were plenty of curves to find.

"Sam, I'm sorry I wasn't here when you got home from school today. I just needed ... I needed a little break." She clasped her hands in front of her. "But we have to talk."

Sam's shoulders slumped. Suddenly, all the anger at her leaving melted. "I'm sorry mom."

"For what, honey?" She didn't move.

"For everything. There's so much that's hard to control these days."

Joyce stepped over to his bed, smoothed out his blanket a little, and sat down. She eyed the pile of clean towels and looked back to Sam. "It's not your fault, Sam. You're growing and going through changes. It happens to all boys your age." She patted the bed next to her. "Come here. We need to talk about the rock."

Sam rose from the chair and dragged himself to the bed. He sat down next to Joyce.

"Now, everything's going to be okay." She put her arm around his shoulders and gave him a warm motherly squeeze, careful not to press her right breast into his shoulder. "Two things need to happen. We need to stop touching that rock. And you need to find yourself a girlfriend."

"You want me to throw it away?" Sam knew it was the right thing to do, but he was still crestfallen.

"If you can, honey. But I tried that already, and it wasn't easy." Joyce squeezed him tighter. Her boob pressed into his shoulder. "I think we should put it away somewhere and agree not touch it. Ever again."



Sam felt the warmth spread up from below. The rock rested right under where they were sitting. "Touch it how?" His dick hardened in his shorts. It was about to be very hard to hide it from his mother.

"You know what I mean, Sammy." Joyce looked Sam in the eyes, a stern and searching look. But it softened by the second. She was feeling it too.

"Like this?" Sam put his left hand on his mom's right leg. Friction from the soft fabric of her sweats warmed his hand as he rubbed up and down.

"No, honey. Not like that." Joyce didn't push his hand away.

"How about like this?" Sam pulled down his shorts and briefs and leaned sideways a little so that his dick rested on Joyce's thigh.

"Oh, honey, that's not what I'm talking about."

"Just one last time, mom. To help me until I get a girlfriend." Sam's dick bounced slightly with his pulse as it rested there.

Joyce looked down at the monster, her eyes wide, lips parted. She was breathing in quick shallow gasps. "You promise you'll work hard to find a girlfriend?"

"I promise."

"Oh, honey. It looks so painful." Joyce reached her left hand over and gently stroked the purple head. "This will be the last time."

"I promise."

"And only my hands." Joyce slid her hand down the shaft and then back up.



"Okay," Sam said.

Ten minutes later, Joyce found herself on her knees on the carpet in her son's room. Before her, Sam sat on the bed, leaning back, resting on his elbows. He looked down as his mother lovingly slobbered on his dick. "I'm getting ... close, mom."

"Uuummmmmmm," Joyce said. She closed her eyes tight. Her head bobbed, her hands pumped, and her pretty lips spread themselves to their max around Sam's dick.

"Here ... it comes." This was better than the morning session. Sam was living the dream.

Joyce pulled her mouth off his thing and looked up at him. "Okay." She

grabbed one of the towels from beside the bed and covered his thing with it. She wasn't going back to her husband with an Evergreen shirt covered in cum.

"Oh ... mom ... oh ... mom." Jet after jet of cum spewed into the towel. Sam jerked and spasmed for a long time.

After a while, Joyce removed the towel. It was saturated. She looked down at the still hard thing before her. Some of her son's sperm leaked down the shaft. She couldn't help herself. She bent down and licked it up in one deft move. She straightened and stood up. "There, now. Tomorrow you can go find a girlfriend." She held the towel away from her body. "I'm going to go put this in the laundry."

Sam leaned back and looked up at his ceiling. "You're the best, mom. Whatever you say."

"Goodnight, honey."

"Goodnight, mom." Sam heard the door open and then close with a soft click. Sam thought she'd probably need to lock it next time.

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The next day when Sam got home, Joyce asked him if he had a girlfriend yet. Sam said no and before long she was in Sam's bedroom, the door locked behind her, on her knees, sucking on his monstrous thing. He came again in a towel, saving her new red dress.

This repeated itself for the rest of week. And two weeks after that. Every day after school he'd come home with no girlfriend and she'd end up on her knees. She didn't know how to stop it. Sam looked like he was in pain, and he really was trying to find a girl to replace her.

Joyce put her foot down on the weekends. And didn't return to his room again at night either, or anytime when Bex and Paul were home. That was progress. Or if it wasn't, at least she had stopped the descent. One thing was for sure, she'd now given more blowjobs to Sam than she had in her whole marriage to Paul.



This would all be over soon, and Paul was none the wiser.

And on the plus side, her sex life with Paul had never been better. They did it most nights after the kids went to bed. And her vagina had never felt better. It felt tighter and relayed back to her brain in ecstatic detail every ridge and knob of her husband's penis.

Things were okay, and once her son found a girl, they'd probably be close to perfect.

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Sam stood in the hall outside his parent's room. He curled his bare toes in the carpet and fought the urge to lower his pajama bottoms. On the other side of the door he could hear his mom.

"Oh, Paul. Oh, Paul. Just like that."

His father was grunting. He was probably close, the lucky bastard.

"What are you doing?" The soft voice behind him carried all the weight of a thunderclap.

Sam spun to see Bex standing, hesitantly, in the hall. It was hard to make her out in the darkness. She had on some sort of long-sleeved top and pajama bottoms. Her blonde hair and pale face seemed to glow in the gloom.

"Just coming back from the bathroom." Sam's voice faltered a little.

"That's where I'm going. You're going the wrong way." Bex moved to step by Sam. Even though she was older, her head crested several inches below Sam's eyeline. At least he had outgrown somebody.

"I was just ..." Sam looked down at her.

Bex stopped next to Sam in the hall. The noise from their parent's room crept out to the hall with soft, but distinct grunts and thumps. Her eyes widened in the dark. "You are so gross."

"I'm sorry." Sam dropped his head and snuck back to his room. He lowered himself onto his desk chair. A beam of moonlight fell into the room from a gap in the curtains. His dick was hard as could be. His pajama bottoms didn't offer much support, so it was probably lucky he hadn't accidentally whacked his sister as she walked by. Then she might have really exploded.

If the rock had any lasting effect on her, it didn't show. And Sam was afraid to lend it to her again. He might not get it back. The experiment with Bex was over.

A few minutes passed as Sam pondered the moonlight and his embarrassment. He was about to leave the chair for his bed and enjoy the rock as it hid under his mattress when a quick tap-tap sounded at his door. "Yes," he said.

The door opened and Bex stepped in. "We need to talk." She closed the door behind her.

Sam gestured at the bed and turned his chair slightly to hide his bulge from view.

Bex looked at the bed, sighed, stepped over to it and sat on the edge with her knees pressed together. "I know you're going through lots of changes." She was sitting right on top of the rock. In the same exact spot Sam had been sitting earlier that day while their mom bobbed her mouth on his dick.

"Yeah," Sam said.

“And you’ve obviously got some messed up issues with that ... that thing you’re trying to hide right now.”

Sam blushed and just sat there.

“But you need some ... some ... self-control.” Her eyes trailed away off to the closed door. Bex shook her head and looked back at her brother. “Maybe you could meditate or something.”

Sam didn’t move.

“I’m talking to you,” Bex said.

“No, you’re right.” Sam’s embarrassment floated away, replaced by something very akin to boldness. He spun his chair to face her, no longer hiding the tent in his pajamas. “It’s just I need a girlfriend. And I don’t know anything about girls. I need your help.”

Bex snorted a laugh, and at the same time spread her knees apart a few inches. “You’re not listening to me.”

“I am. I don’t want to be a pervert.” Sam’s shoulders relaxed and he sat up in the chair a little. “If you could just help me get a girlfriend, I’m sure I wouldn’t bother you any more about this stuff.”

“I don’t know.” Bex shook her head and opened her legs a little farther. “What kind of stuff do you need to know? Look it up on the internet.”

“I just need to know how a girl’s body works. You know? A real girl. The internet is all full of crazy and fake stuff.”

“Sam, I don’t think this is a good idea.” She cocked her head and gave him a quizzical look. She then spread her legs all the way.



“Please. I promise, it’ll be just till I find a girl that wants me.” Sam steepled his hands together, pleading.

Ten minutes later, Bex had removed her pajama bottoms and her white cotton panties. “This is the clit here, right at the top of the pussy.” Her legs were still spread, showing off a perfect blonde triangle of hair and the tight slit between her pussy lips. She spread two fingers on her left hand and put them on either side of her clit and gently pulled to expose it. “This is really important. Girls like this spot, but you don’t want to overstimulate it. You have to be gentle.” She was looking down at herself as she did this, hair partially concealing her face.

“Okay.” Sam rubbed his dick through his pajamas. “I think I get it. Can you show me how to do it?”

“Um ... well, you reach down like this.” She lowered her right hand down to her pussy and started to rub with soft circular motions. “Oh ... um ... oh ... you see?”

“Yes.” Sam pulled down his bottoms and his dick sprung out. “You mind if I practice on myself while you show me? So, it’s more realistic.” He reached out and stroked the shaft with his right hand.

“What?” Bex raised her eyes to watch her brother. He looked like a little twig with a horrific branch jutting out from between his legs. “I ... ah ... I guess that’s okay. Just keep it away from me.” She looked back down at her pussy and sped up her right hand.

“I promise.” Sam was riveted to the scene playing out on his bed. Bex’s little boobs jiggled with her motions, creasing the fabric of her pajama top. Her grunting increased in frequency. He looked up at the Gandalf cat poster above her on the wall. Hang in there you fool. It was working.



“And then ... ah ... after a little while ... ah ... ah ... she’ll start to cum.” Bex spasmed, her whole body contracting, her narrow shoulders scrunching forward. “Oooohhhh.”

“Quiet, Bex.” Sam kept stroking. “Mom and dad will hear you.”

A few more spasms, and she relaxed and leaned back on the bed, her hands moved to her sides. Her chest rose and fell with each deep breath. “Sorry.” In the moonlight, her pussy lips glistened. “Anyway, that’s how you do you it.” She looked up and her eyes widened. “Oh, my God.” Her brother’s dick was colossal.

“I’m getting close.” Sam was using both hands, moving them up and down in long quick stokes. “Toss me ... ah ... a towel.”

Bex looked around, spotted his stack of towels, reached over, and tossed it across the room to where Sam sat in his chair.

"Thanks." Sam took his left hand off his dick to catch the towel, covered up, and started to cum. "Ah ... it's coming out."



"Oh, my God," Bex said again. Her mouth fell slack as she watched her brother cum for a long time. His balls hung below the towel, and they almost looked like they were pulsing red. They were bigger than any she'd ever seen.

When Sam had finished, Bex quietly stood, collected her bottoms and panties, and walked to the door. She opened it and exited without another word.

Sam watched the twin white globes of her butt bounce and disappear out the door.

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The next day was Saturday, and Sam found his parents sitting on the back patio eating breakfast.

"Good morning, Sammy," Joyce looked up at him with her warm, enveloping smile.

"What's the news, sport?" Paul said.

Sam pulled up a patio chair and sat down next to his father. "I've got a date tonight."

"Well done, Sam. Who's the lucky girl?" Paul tousled Sam's hair.

Joyce's smile broadened. It's a good thing Paul was looking at Sam, because he surely would have wondered why his wife was smiling her head off about one little date.

"Kelly Becker. She's a girl in my class," Sam said.

"Great, well I want you to be home by nine," Paul said.

Joyce playfully slapped at Paul's arm. "Come on Paul, let him have some fun." She winked at Sam while her husband's head was turned.

“Okay.” Paul turned to his wife and raised his eyebrows. “Ten-thirty?”

“I’ll take it.” Sam stood and headed back into the house.

“Where you off to?” Joyce called after him.

“The library,” Sam called back. “I’ve got tons of homework.”

“That’s my boy,” Paul said.

Joyce nodded, still smiling. Everything would be back to normal soon.

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The next morning Sam sat at the kitchen table, by himself, eating some toast.

Paul walked into the room. “How’d it go last night?”

“Okay,” Sam looked up. His dad had his golfing clothes on.

“Going to see her again?”

“I think so.”

“That’s great.” Paul tousled his son’s messy brown hair. “I’m golfing with the guys today, want to come?”

“No thanks, dad. That’s not really my thing.” Sam’s eyes brightened a little. “When are you coming home?”

“Not for a while. We’re playing eighteen. And if you’re not coming, I’ll probably stop for a beer or two afterwards.” Paul grabbed a piece of toast from the counter. “Where’s your mother?”

“I think she’s in the living room, reading.”

Paul wandered off toward the living room, calling his wife’s name.

A few seconds later, Bex burst down the stairs wearing a tank top, skirt, and a big backpack on her back. “I’m off to Sarah’s for D&D with the girls. Won’t be back till late.” She rushed right through the kitchen, through the front hall, and out the front door. It slammed behind her.

“Bye,” Sam said to the door.

Paul returned to the kitchen. “Just said goodbye to your mother. Sure you don’t want to come?”

“No thanks.” Sam took the last bite of toast.



“Okay, have a good one, sport.” Paul strode off to the garage. A few minutes later the car engine rumbled, the garage door groaned open, the engine faded, and the garage door groaned shut. Sam sat with his hands clasped and listened to the kitchen clock tick away.

He stood and walked into the living room. His mom was curled on the couch, head in her book. She wore a floral, sleeveless dress and had her feet tucked up under the hem. Sam stopped near the couch and looked down at her. The morning light flooded into the room and highlighted the soft freckles on her arms. She was radiant.

“Hi, mom.”

“Hello, Sammy.” Joyce put down her book and took off her reading glasses. She looked up at him with her deep brown eyes. “How did it really go last night?”

“It was good.” Sam sat on the arm of the couch.

“Then, later, she wanted to see my dick ... penis ... and ...”

“And?” Joyce said.

“And she got scared and went home. I don’t think she’ll want to see me again.”

Joyce’s hopeful smile turned into a little frown.

“Well, don’t worry honey. There’s plenty more girls out there. Just keep trying.”

“In the meantime,” Sam said. “It really hurts.”

“Now, Sam.” Joyce gave him a hard look. “It’s Sunday, you know the rules. It can wait until tomorrow.”

“But dad and Bex are gone. And it really does hurt.” It didn’t really hurt.

“Well, okay.” Joyce sighed. “Let’s be quick.” She stood up, took her son’s hand, and led him upstairs to his room.



Twenty minutes later, her head bobbed on his thing. She released her mouth with an audible pop. “Oh, my goodness, Sammy. Are you ready?” She kept stroking him with both hands.



“Almost ... there ... mom.” Sam looked down at the diamonds flashing on her wedding ring. “Here ... it ... comes.”

Joyce let go with her right hand and grabbed a towel from the dwindling stack by the bed. She finished him off into the towel.

A minute later, she removed the towel and licked up the remaining cum. Joyce sighed, leaned forward, and rested her right cheek on his bare thigh. “Wow, honey.” She turned her head a little to look up at him. From this angle, his thing looked bigger than ever. It was still hard, bouncing to the beat of his heart. His veins wrapped themselves all around in jagged zigzags, and they pulsed too. “I hope you feel better. I’m going to go to my room for a little nap.”

Sam looked down at her. The skin of her cheek on his thigh felt electric. "One more time? Please."

She lifted her head and looked Sam in the eyes. "Now, honey, let's not get carried away."

But, forty-five minutes later, both Joyce's hands moved up and down her son's long thing. "Are you almost there?"

"Not ... ah ... yet." Sam lay back on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

"Please hurry." Joyce rubbed her legs together. Her panties had soaked through long ago. She needed to go take care of herself, like she always did after helping Sam.

"A few ... more ... minutes," Sam said.

"Oh, honey." Joyce couldn't take it anymore. She let go of him and his thing flopped on his belly. She stood up. "Scoot back on the bed."

"What?" Sam propped himself up and looked down at his mom. She pulled the hem of her dress up to her waist. Her dark blue panties were stained an even darker blue on the triangle that covered her pussy.

"Scoot back, sweetie." Joyce's milk-white legs looked so vulnerable, exposed as they were.

Sam got the idea and scrambled back to the middle of his bed.

"You can't do it inside me." Holding her dress up with her right hand, she pulled her panties to the side with her left. "Tell me if you're going to orgasm."

Sam nodded.



"I need this, but I'll be quick." Joyce stepped up onto the bed and planted her bare feet on either side of Sam's hips. "Are you okay, honey?"

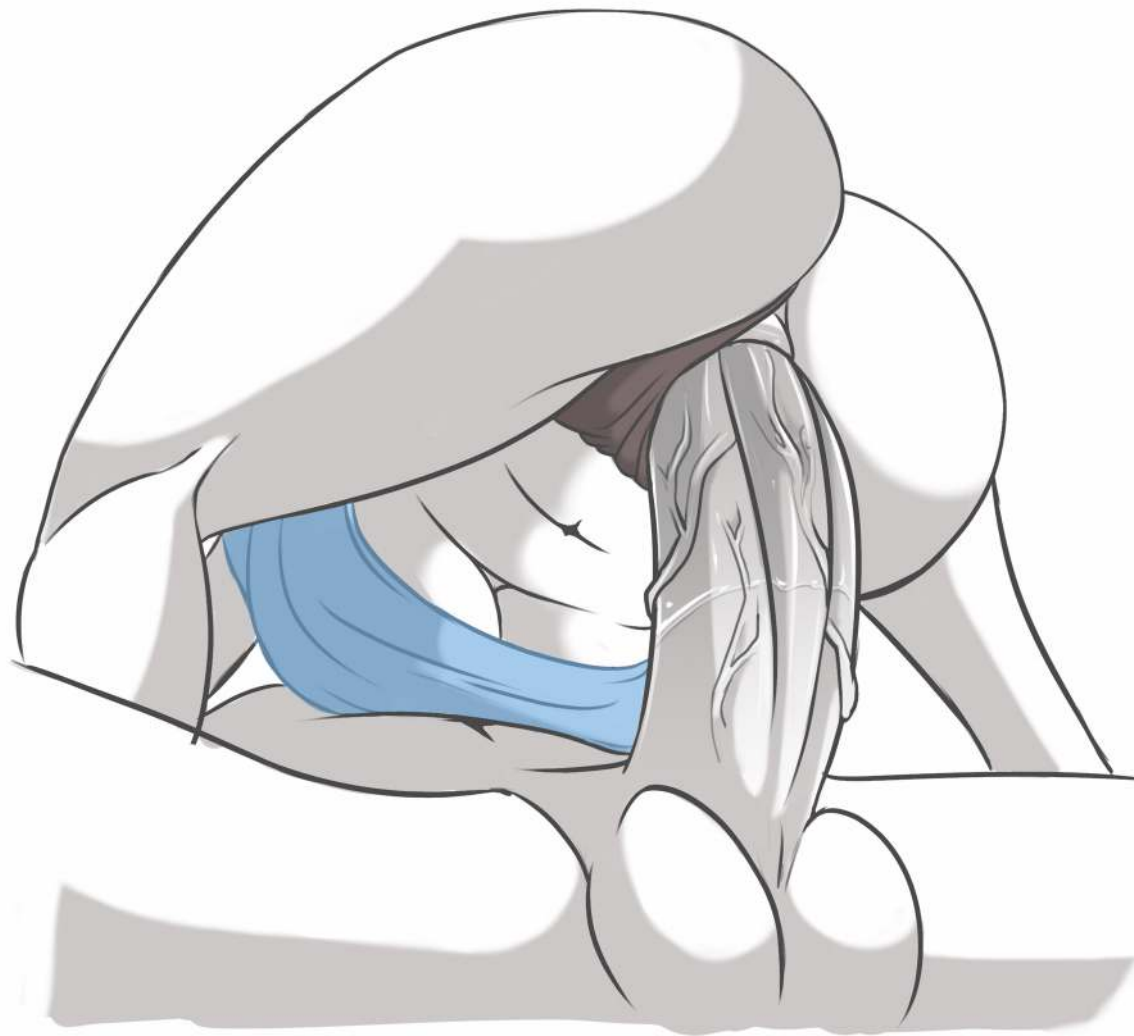
Sam nodded again.

Joyce lowered herself to her knees, let go of her dress, and reached down with her right hand. Her left still held her panties to the side. She grasped the head of her son's thing and guided it home.

Slowly, very slowly, she lowered herself. "Oh, my gosh, Sammy." She'd had a large boyfriend in college and he had painfully hit her cervix several times. As Sam got close to bottoming out, Joyce's shoulder's tensed, waiting for the pain. But none came. Her descent halted and their hips met. Somehow, this monster fit perfectly inside her. Joyce knew it was the rock. It had done this to her.

"I ... I ..." Sam stuttered. "I can't believe it, Mom."

"Sshhhh, honey. Give Mommy a minute here. Okay?" Joyce put both her hands on her son's flat chest, digging her fingertips into the coarse cotton of his NASA t-shirt. She rocked her hips very gently. "Ooohhhh. Sammy, I think you might break me." She'd never felt anything like this. Not her husband. Not her large college boyfriend. Not the other two boys she'd dated in college. Nothing before even resembled this feeling.



Sam looked down at his sweet mother, gyrating on his dick. He had an eyeful of cleavage down the front of her dress. He reached up with his left hand to cup her right boob.

"No, honey." Joyce lifted her right hand and guided Sam's hand away from her breast. Once safe, she placed her hand back on his chest. Her hips rocked faster.

Not knowing what else to do, Sam simply grabbed the blanket and held on.



Within a few minutes, Joyce was grunting uncontrollably and grinding Sam with fast, rolling thrusts. She leaned back, placing her right hand behind her, on Sam's thigh. She now bounced up and down with long, wild thrusts. "I'm going to do it, Sammy," she shrieked. "I'm doing it." Joyce tossed her head back, and her shoulders twisted in. Her hips stopped moving, and her whole body jerked several times.

The scene was unequivocally the most erotic thing Sam had ever seen.

Joyce's breathing slowed, her head dropped forward, and she opened her eyes.

"Were you a good boy, honey?"

Sam nodded. "I didn't cum."

“Good boy.” A faint smile crossed her lips. “I’ll finish you off now.” She pulled herself off him. A loud plop filled the room as his dick fell out. She crawled between his legs and dropped her mouth to that angry purple head.

It didn’t take long. “Mom ... ah ... it’s coming out.”

Lost in the moment, Joyce didn’t reach for a towel. Spurt after spurt of the hot, salty liquid filled her mouth. She did better at swallowing than the last time in the kitchen, but it still overwhelmed her. She pulled her mouth off, pointed the thing at her dress, and let Sam spray her.

Once he was done, she looked up at her son.

Sam propped himself up on his elbows and smiled down at her. “Think I should have played golf with Dad today?”



“You know how I feel when you talk about your father at times like this.” Joyce looked stern, but that was somewhat offset by a rogue streak of cum that dripped slowly down her forehead.

“There has never been a time like this,” Sam said.

Joyce smiled, despite herself. “Do you have homework to do?” She was still crouched between his legs, holding his thing with her right hand. The front of her dress was drenched with cum. “I need to go save this dress and take a shower.”

“Yeah, I’ve got homework.”

“Good.” Joyce stepped back off the bed and turned. Her dress fell back below her knees. She walked across the room and stopped at the door. “Don’t forget to take a break later. I’ll make you some lunch.” She opened the door and left.

“Okay, Mom.” Sam couldn’t wipe the grin off his face.