

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 3



DARK STONE STORIES

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

After Joyce left, Sam cleaned himself up and tried his best to study for a few hours. But concentration was not his friend. He had just had sex with his mom. Or, really, his mom had sex with him. It was the single best moment of his life. Granted, there'd only been eighteen years, so he had time to top it. Like right now. He could go for twice in one day.

Time for a study break. They had hours until Sam's dad, Paul, got home from golf. And his older sister, Bex, was off playing D&D with her friends. Sam got up from his desk chair, walked across the room, and opened his door. Voices carried up the stairway. Two women having an animated conversation.

Well, this might ruin his study break. Sam padded down the carpeted hall and descended the stairs. He turned into the kitchen.

"He did what?" Joyce said. She sat at the kitchen table, wearing a white blouse and jeans. Her brown eyes wide with shock as she watched her companion across the kitchen table. After a shower, Joyce's hair always turned a bit straighter and a darker shade of brown, as it was now. Maybe Sam had accidentally sprayed some cum in her hair and she'd needed to wash it out. It was bound to happen, he supposed.

One thing was for sure, she looked absolutely amazing. Beyond beautiful.

"You heard me." Mrs. Singh sat across from Joyce. "With his secretary. And now Jill found out and she's beside herself." Sam hadn't really noticed before, but Mrs. Singh was quite beautiful too. A small, dark woman with a quick





smile and surprisingly curvy body. She wore a t-shirt and yoga pants, so the curves were easy to spot. "Raj would never do that to me or the kids."

"No, neither would Paul." Joyce's face shifted from surprise to ... what? Guilt? She turned her attention to where Sam stood in the doorway. A little frown formed on her pretty face. "Oh, hello, honey. Lakshmi just came over for some coffee."

"Hi, Mrs. Singh." Sam waved.

"Hi, Sam." Lakshmi gave him a sheepish smile. She might have been a little guilty too. Probably for getting caught dishing dirt on the latest neighborhood scandal. "You're really getting tall, aren't you?"

"Not really." Sam adjusted his pants. "But thanks for saying so."

"You want some lunch, Sam?" Joyce stood and walked over to the fridge. It blew Sam's mind; he'd been inside her hours ago, and now everything was so ... normal.

That thought tugged at his dick. He could feel the swelling. He'd need to go or he'd have a hard time hiding his erection from Mrs. Singh. Now that would be some gossip. *I was over at the Higgins house, and Joyce's boy Sam was literally bursting out of his pants. Oh, I do mean literal. Oh yes, it was horrifying. Right in front of his mother, too.* Sam didn't want that. "No thanks, Mom. Just wanted to see who was over." Sam turned for the stairs and fled. "Bye, Mrs. Singh."

"Bye, Sam." Lakshmi said.

"I'll bring you some lunch after Lakshmi leaves, Sammy." Joyce called after him. "Keep studying."

"Okay." Sam wasn't going to study. Seeing Mrs. Singh in his kitchen had changed something. He couldn't place what. Sam had never cared one way or the other about his mom's friends before. But having her here. So close to the rock ... Sam needed to fap.

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An hour later, Sam was back at his desk, trying to concentrate. There was a soft knock on the door. "Sam?" Joyce said through the door. "I've brought you some lunch."

"Come in." Sam swiveled his chair to face the door.

The door opened and Joyce stepped in carrying a plate with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. In her other hand she held a glass of water. "Lakshmi left for yoga class."

“Okay.” Sam’s pants grew more uncomfortable as his dick struggled again to break free. “Thanks for lunch, Mom.” Sam watched her walk towards him. She set his lunch down on his desk a little to the left of where he was working. Her blouse was tight enough to show off the roundness and abundance of her boobs. Sam tried not to stare.

“Is there anything else you need, sweetie?” Joyce looked down at him.

“Mom.” Sam squirmed in his pants. “I’m still having trouble concentrating.”

“My goodness, Sammy.” Joyce shook her head and crossed her bare arms over her chest. “It’s Sunday, and I’m not supposed to help you on the weekend. And you ... and we ... did what we did earlier. Which was way more than what I’d ever thought we’d do. It has to be enough, Sammy.”

“It’s just that I didn’t actually get to see anything.” Sam looked up at her with pleading eyes. “And if I’m going to take care of myself ... If you won’t help me ... I need to have something to help my imagination.”

“Are you thinking about me when you do it?” Joyce scrunched up her nose with distaste.

“I can’t help it, you’re so beautiful.” Sam looked down at his hands. He thwittled his thumbs, not wanting to make eye contact. After a long pause, he looked back up again.

“Oh, Sammy.” Joyce’s face relaxed and reddened. “What do you need?”

“I’d really like to see you naked.” Sam spoke in a rush to get out the words. “Just once would be enough. You’re the most beautiful woman in the world, Mom. I just want to see.”

“No way, Sammy.” She cocked her head at him, very cross. “Your father is the only one that gets to see me naked.” She looked him up and down, eyes lingering on the bulge in his pants. “You really need a girlfriend.”

“But this would be, you know, a bridge. I’ll have a girlfriend soon, and I’m having a really hard time concentrating. I just need a little help, Mom. Dad won’t be home for a long time.”

“No way, mister.” Joyce tapped her foot. The smell of Sam’s cum still lingered in the room from their episode that morning. The scent was so earthy, rich, and full of life.

“Just this once, please?”

They went back and forth for several minutes. Sam wore Joyce down.

“Fine. Wait here, I’ll be back in five minutes.” Joyce exited the room.

Sam moved over to the bed and sat at the edge while he waited. The rock hid directly beneath him, under the mattress. Its warmth spread through him.

Five minutes later, Joyce opened the door and stepped back into the room. She was wearing only her white, cotton panties. Her underwear accentuated the wide contours of her hips. Her pale, creamy skin was dotted with freckles here and there. She cradled her boobs with her left arm, to hide them from Sam.



“Wow, Mom.”

“There.” She closed the door behind her and locked it. “Happy?” She did a quick spin around. Her butt was perfectly heart shaped. The arch of her back perfectly feminine. She faced Sam again.

“Sorta.” Sam unbuttoned his pants, pulled them down, and kicked them off. He pulled off his briefs. He stroked the head of his dick while looking at her.

“Put that away. We’ve had enough today, honey.”

“Your boobs, Mom. Can I see them?”

“You want to see my breasts?” Joyce sighed. Her face flushed further. She lowered her head and looked at the carpet. “Isn’t this enough?”

“Please?”

A long moment passed as she stood in the middle of his room, indecisive. “Fine.” Joyce said. She dropped her left arm, and her boobs swung free. They hung low on her chest. She had raised two kids, after all. They were wonderfully round and full. The areolae were larger than Sam thought they’d be. He considered these new revelations. He thought some more. He concluded that her boobs looked very heavy.

“Oh Mom, you’re gorgeous.” Sam stroked faster, adding his left hand to his right.

Joyce continued to look at the floor. “Thank you, Sammy.” Her belly was soft, with just a hint of roundness. Her hips flared in breathtaking fashion from her waistline. With her left hand, she fiddled nervously with the strap to her panties. She pressed her legs firmly together, as she stood there exposed in front of her son.

“I’d like to do it again.” Sam continued his fapping.

“No, honey.” A dark spot spread in the v of her panties.

“I need help. The bridge thing, remember. I promise I’ll get all A’s.”

Joyce stood quietly for a long time. “I don’t know.” She raised her eyes to Sam and took in the length and girth of his enormous thing. Her breathing quickened.

“You’ll need to wear a condom.” She spoke so softly, Sam barely heard her.

“I don’t have one. I promise I won’t cum inside you.”



“No.” Joyce bit her lip. “But I’ll get one of your father’s. Wait here.” She turned, stepped to the door, swung it open, and disappeared down the hall. Sam was spellbound by her panty covered butt. It rolled and wobbled, practically calling to him with a siren’s song.

A minute later, she reentered the room, relocked the door, and sat down next to Sam. Her boobs hung down, almost touching her thighs. “Stand up in front of me, honey.”

“Okay.” Sam let go of his dick and stood facing his mom. He pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it behind him. His dick bounced, pulsed, and stood straight out. Below his dick, he could see the network of blue veins that crisscrossed his mom’s boobs. She looked so incredibly vulnerable sitting naked on his bed. That was so hot.

“Oh my, I think you just grew a little more.” Joyce’s fingers shook as she tore the foil packet. “This will be good, Sammy. I’ll get to show you how to properly put one of these on.”

“Sounds good, Mom.”



“The trick is to hold the little pouch on top and unroll it.” Her breasts rose and fell with each quick breath. Joyce grabbed the pouch and placed the condom at the tip of his thing. She tried to unroll it, struggling. “I’m just having a little trouble getting it over the head. Hold on, sweetie.” She tried several ways, but it didn’t want to stretch far enough. “I’ve never had this problem with your father.”

Sam smirked. Fortunately, his mother didn’t see his expression as she concentrated on solving the condom problem.

“Maybe if I do it this way?” Her boobs jiggled as she tried to manipulate the condom onto his penis.

“It’s okay, Mom.” Sam reached down and gently pushed on her shoulders. “Don’t worry, I won’t cum in you.”

“Oh, no.” Joyce was going to let this happen. She followed his nudging and leaned back on the bed. Her boobs swung outward. She stared up at the ceiling.

“Move back just a little.” Sam looked down at her, enthralled.

Joyce wigged back on the bed. Her eyes never left the ceiling. She still had the unused condom clenched in her right hand.



Sam crawled up on the bed. He pulled her panties off and tossed them to the floor. She then spread her legs for him. His mom's pussy looked so different from his sister's. Her lips were bigger and splayed out just a little. Sam moved between her legs. From Bex's instructions, he knew how to find her clit, but that was for another time.

"You're the best, Mom." Sam guided his dick to her entrance, but couldn't quite find the opening.

"Here, let me help you." Joyce reached down with her left hand. Sam watched her wedding ring, mesmerized. She grabbed his dick and pulled it in. "Uh ... ah ... Sammy."

He slowly pushed into her. He held himself up, hands pressed into the bed on either side of his mom, so he could watch it happen. "You're so wet, Mom."

"Oooooohhhh." Joyce said.

He kept pushing until he bottomed out and held it there. "Mom, look. You can see it in your belly."

"Ah ... that's not ... possible." But Joyce lifted her head and looked down. Sure enough, his thing outlined itself clearly from inside her tummy. "What have ... uh ... you done, Sammy?"

"This feels so good." Sam pulled out almost all the way and thrust back in. He got into a steady pace and kept at it.



Would she even feel Paul after this? It was completely obscene, the way her belly expanded with every thrust. She put her head back to the bed and stared into blank space.

"Oh, Sammy. Oh, no. Oh, my goodness." Joyce's toes curled. "You're going to make me ..." Her eyes rolled back in her head and she arched her back off the bed. "uuuaagggggg." Just like that, she came on her son's thing for the second time in one day.

"Wow, Mom." Sam leaned forward, put his arms around the backs of her knees, and kept up his steady

pace. Her boobs squished into his chest with every thrust.

Joyce came again in a few minutes. And then again a few minutes after that. "I didn't know ... I didn't know ..." She babbled, tossing her head back and forth.

“What, Mom?”

“I didn’t ... uh ... know ... it could be like this.”

Sam sped up. “Oh, Mom. Ah ... ah ... I’m gonna ... I’m gonna ...”



Joyce’s eyes went wide and she looked up at Sam’s sweaty face, his eyes clenched tight. “Not in me, not in me!”

Sam stopped and pulled out with a wet sloppy sound. He grabbed his dick and blasted his mom’s belly, boobs, face, and hair.

When he was done, Joyce wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. “Oh, my goodness.”

“That was the best.” Sam fell next to his mom on the bed and rolled onto his back. His dick stood straight up in the air.

They took a minute to catch their breath.

“Okay, sweetie.” Joyce propped herself up sideways on her elbow, her boob spilled over her upper arm. She looked at her skinny young man. “That should hold you until you find a girlfriend.” Her breathing slowed. She was completely covered in his stuff. She’d have to wash all the bedding before Paul got home. “We’re not doing that again, okay?”

“Okay.” Sam nodded, still looking at the ceiling.

Joyce’s gaze trailed down his body to that giant monster between his legs, still hard. “We got that out of our system.”

“Okay, Mom.” Sam nodded again.

“Now, let’s get this all cleaned up before your father gets home.”

“Right now?” Sam made no effort to move.

“Yes, right now Sam Higgins.” Joyce pulled herself out of bed and stood with her hands on her hips, surveying the mess.

Sam watched all her amazing parts bounce and jiggle as she moved. “Yes, Mom.”

He stood too.

They took separate showers, and then reconvened in Sam’s room to clean. Or as Sam thought of it, dispose of the evidence.

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Sam was satisfied for the next few days. For that, Joyce thanked all that’s good and holy. He settled for a blow job after school and didn’t push for more. She was able to finish him in a towel each time. She did catch him staring at her breasts a few times through her blouse or dress. That was fine, she’d given him what he needed for his imagination.

Now that she had put sex with Sam behind her, Joyce channeled her sex drive back to masturbation, with and without the rock, and sex with Paul. To her surprise, her vagina still worked much as it had before Sam tried to wreck it on Sunday. This meant sex with her husband was pleasant, even if it didn’t measure up to what she had done with Sam.

Now if only Sam could find a woman other than his mother to satisfy his urges. Then they might be out of the woods.

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Thursday night, after their parents went to bed, Bex and Sam sat around talking in his room.

“I’ve got my robotics test this week, mind if I show you what I’ve been working on?” Bex sat on the floor, one leg tucked under her. She leaned her back on the bed, her right shoulder inches away from the rock tucked under the mattress.

“Sure.” Sam leaned back in his chair flipping a pen up in the air and catching it, or often not catching it. He kept the cap on so he wouldn’t mess up his “After a while, alligator” t-shirt. “There’s a robot class at the JC?”

Bex watched her brother closely. “Yes, for the eleventh millionth time. I’m taking a robotics class. You don’t seem interested. I thought you’d want to see it, since you like science.” She didn’t get up to go get it.

“Why do you say that?” Flip, flip, flip.



"Well, you like space. And geology." Bex wore baggy pajama bottoms and a long-sleeved t-shirt.

"I'm sorry, Bex. I'm just really tense. I've got a big chemistry test this week." He looked down at her. She was older, but smaller than Sam. Thank God for that. Sam was tired of looking up at people. Her pretty blue eyes sparkled.

"I'm interested in your science stuff, you know," Bex said. She absentmindedly twisted a strand of blonde hair. "I'd love to see your rock collection."

"It's under the mattress, right behind you." Sam pointed. "No, the other side. On the right."

Bex reached behind and pulled the rock from under the mattress. The deep black mineral was very familiar to Sam. The rock's veins glowed faintly and cast a red reflection in Bex's eyes. "How'd you know which one I meant?"

"It's my very best rock." Sam caught the pen and placed it on his desk. He turned his chair toward his sister. "What other one would you want to see?"

Bex stared at the rock for a while. Sam watched his sister.

"Have you had a chance to practice what I showed you? You know, about girls?" Her eyes didn't leave the glowing light in the palm of her hand.



"I tried, Bex. But I'm too awkward with girls. I never make it that far. And then I'm also worried about showing them my dick."

"I can see why. It looks like some sort of deformed monster." Bex looked up from the rock and curled her lips into a frown. "Sorry. I mean, I've never seen one like it before. Have you?"

Sam shook his head. "Maybe if you gave me some

more tips, I could feel better around girls. Maybe if I was more comfortable ... I just need to know how it's supposed to work."

"Well ..." Her frown dissipated. She gently bit her bottom lip. "Don't worry, Sam. You just need to learn what to do. I suppose a good big sister should show you how the world works. Bex looked back at the rock and then back at her brother. "Take off your pants."

"Really?" But he didn't wait to be told again. Sam stood and pulled down his sweatpants and his briefs. He kicked them onto the floor. His dick bounced out of its confines, standing at attention. A small drop of precum trickled down the purple head.

"Wow." Bex put her hand to her mouth. "I'm sorry, it really is scary looking. Does it always shake like that?" His dick did its subtle bounce to the rhythm of his heart.

"I think they all do that." Sam fought the urge to start fapping.

"No, they don't. Not like that." Bex dropped the rock on the floor and crawled on all fours toward him across the carpet. Her hips were so much slimmer than their mom's, but the curve out from her waist was still magical. As was her little round butt as it rolled under her pajama bottoms.

She stopped when she reached his feet and sat up on her knees, staring at that monster. The crisscross of veins stood out prominently, making it look even more ghastly. "Does it hurt at all?"

"A little." Sam's legs trembled in anticipation.

"I'm going to show you how a girlfriend is supposed to take care of her boyfriend. Hopefully, once you know how this works, you can relax with girls and you won't scare them away." She reached her hands out to his knees. Sam's balls hung down. They looked very full. Very heavy. "I'm sure you'll find someone who will know what to do with this thing."

"Do you?" Sam tried to calm his shaking legs. "I mean, do you know what to do with it?"

"I know what do with a normal one." Bex slid her hands up Sam's bare thighs. "I think I can manage this."

"Well, thanks Bex." Sam watched her pale, little hands snake their way toward his dick. Life was beyond good.

"This ..." Bex grabbed his dick with her right hand just under the head. "Is how ..." She placed her left hand below it. Her fingers didn't quite reach all the way around. This really was a monster. "A girl helps her boyfriend." Her hands moved up and down. On the downstroke her left hand hit the base, on the upstroke her right hand nudged the head.

"Wow." Sam clenched his fists by his sides.

"What else does a girlfriend do?"

"Do you have any lotion?" Bex's thin arms worked hard as she kept up a steady rhythm.

"No."



"You need lubrication." She pulled her right hand off, brought it up to her mouth, and spit into the palm. Her left hand continued while she did this. She put it back and her strokes spread the spit around the shaft. "That's better, right?"

"Yeah."

Bex continued the handjob on her knees for about ten minutes. "Are you getting close?" Her eyes fixed themselves on her task.

"Not ... ah ... yet."

"You are strange." She cocked her head to the side, watching the precum ooze from the head. "Okay, since I'm already doing this. I'll show you how a girlfriend can help speed things along." She leaned forward and licked some of the precum. Salty and very hot. The temperature was all wrong, but the taste was ... really good. She dipped her head and licked again. "There now. A girlfriend can also do this." Bex opened her mouth wide and lowered it onto his dick. She bobbed her head up and down.



"That ... feels ... good." Sam clutched the armrests.

After a few minutes, Bex lifted her mouth off the head with a pop. "Girls like it when you put a hand on the back of their head when they're doing this for you." She went back to sucking.

“Okay.” Sam released the armrest with his right hand and cradled the back of her blonde hair.

Bex lifted off his dick again. “Gentle, but firm. No pushing.” She dropped back to his dick.

“Okay.” Sam hadn’t really done much head holding with his mom. Really only that first time. He wondered if she’d like it too. He’d have to give it a try tomorrow after school.



Another ten minutes passed and the room filled with the sounds of Bex’s slurping and Sam’s grunts. Hopefully they weren’t being too loud.

Bex lifted off again and looked up at Sam. “Are you close?”

“Um ...” Sam didn’t usually have this sort of staying power with his mom. But he sensed if he could hold out a little while longer, he might be rewarded. Bex seemed really into her birds-and-the-bees demonstration. Behind her, on the floor, the red glow from the rock shown brighter than before. “Not yet.”

“That’s crazy.” Bex let go of his dick and stood up in front of him. “You must be some kind of mutant.” She grabbed the waist band of her pajama bottoms and pulled them to the floor. She slipped her thumbs under the sides of her panties and shimmied them down too. There was that little triangle of blonde hair again. She shuffled the clothes to the side with her foot. “There’s something else I can show you. But you can’t tell anyone I did this for you.” She grabbed the bottom of her shirt, pulled it off and tossed it behind her.

“No one, I promise,” Sam said.

She was so different from their mom. Small, skinny, and taut. Her boobs were a couple handfuls that defied gravity, with dark, puffy nipples. She didn’t really have freckles, but she did share their mom’s pale skin. “You

can’t tell anyone about any of this.”

“Yeah, yeah. I promise.” Sam was so surprised, he didn’t bother to remove his own shirt. He sat down in his desk chair.

“This will help you finish and hopefully build your confidence.” She stood with her hands on her hips. “But I’m only going to show you one position. I don’t think I could handle that thing any way but on top. Can you move those armrests?”

The armrests did swivel to the side. Sam pushed them out of the way.

Bex awkwardly straddled the chair, looking down at her brother’s frightening dick. Was she really going to do this? “When the girl’s on top, it’s always best to let her put it in.” She reached down and grabbed his dick with her right hand. “Like this.” She lowered herself onto her brother’s lap. “Aaaaahhhhh. You’re huge. There’s no way I’ll get it all inside me.”

“Oh,” was all Sam could say.

Bex’s muscles slowly relaxed. She lowered herself inch by inch. Grunting and moaning, but trying not to make too much noise. After a few minutes, improbably, Sam bottomed out in her pussy. “I ... uh ... uh ... don’t believe it.”

“Me either.” Sam rested his hands on her hips. Trying to be gentle, but firm. No pushing. His gaze moved down to her boobs, up to her pretty face, and back to the boobs again. Her chest rose and fell with the effort.

For a little while, they just sat there, Sam fully inside his sister. “Uh, you’re all the way up in my belly, Sam.” She could feel him pushing things around inside her. She gently rocked her hips. “Now, there are two ways we can do this. I can rock my hips back and forth, or I can try bouncing up and down.”

“Bounce, please.” Sam gripped her hips a little tighter. His fingers made indentations in her tight flesh.

Bex pressed her hands onto Sam’s chest and pushed herself up and down and up and down. Slowly at first, but when the pain she expected never came, she sped up. “Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh ...”

“You’re ... amazing,” Sam said. He had now experienced both women in the house. Joyce was round in places Bex was not. Joyce’s movements were smooth and fluid. Bex bounced like a maniac, her motions herky-jerky. Her body brimmed with kinetic energy. Sam looked down between their legs. On each upthrust, her pink pussy lips spread themselves tight around his dick, hugging it all the way up.



“So, this ... uh ... uh ... is one ... uh ... oh ... position in sex.” Bex’s boobs shook and jiggled right in Sam’s eyeline. Little beads of sweat trickled over and between them. “Are ... you ... close?”

“Not ... yet.”



Bex looked down at her brother, her mouth hanging open, her eyes wide. “Oh, Sam. You’re gonna ... make me ... ooohhhh ... cum.” She thrust down and held her pussy there, grinding her narrow hips into his. “Oooooooooohhhhhhh.”

“Shh.” Sam put his hand over her mouth. “You’ll wake Mom and Dad.”

Bex shook uncontrollably. Her fingernails dug painfully through Sam’s shirt and into his chest.

A minute later, she was pumping her pussy up and down again. “Sorry.” She looked over her shoulder back toward the door. “I think we’re okay.”

Sam returned his hand to her hip. She looked so amazing, spread wide, bouncing herself up and down on his dick. She was so small, he wondered where it all went inside her. “Get off, Bex. I’m ... gonna ...”

“It’s okay. You can ... uh ... leave it inside.” She looked down at her brother with a faint half smile. Sweat dripped down her forehead. “I’m on the pill.”



Sam gripped her hips hard. He wasn't gentle or polite. "Uh ... uh ... uhhhhh." He pulled her up and down on his dick to the rhythm of the blasts that covered the inside of her womb.

"Oh, Jesus. It's ... so ... warm." Bex shut her eyes tight and came again.

After he was done, Bex leaned forward and rested her head on his slim shoulder. Sam's hands held loosely to her hips. She stared off in a daze into the corner of the room. The red pulsing light shone against the wall. Her breathing gradually slowed. "So, now you know what a girlfriend does. Feel better?"

“Almost.” Sam’s fingers tightened around her hips. He pulled and pushed, rocking her on his dick. The room filled with the squelching sound of his sister’s cum filled pussy. “I want to know what that back and forth thing is all about.”

“Oh, Sam. Oooooohhhh. You are not normal!”

A little later, Sam came for the second time inside his sister. Afterwards, she staggered back to her room and fell into bed. A puddle formed in her sheets between her legs. Sam had really filled her up. She didn’t care. It was all so crazy.



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The next day was Friday and before school Bex avoided Sam. She made no eye contact as she whirled through the kitchen, picked up breakfast, and rushed out the door to her robotics test. Sam watched her little butt go. It was fine, she was probably just uncomfortable after last night. They’d be fine.

Paul left for work and Joyce chased Sam out the door so that he’d make it to school on time.

Sam tried to concentrate at school. But daydreams of his mom and sister crept into his mind. Then his imaginings took flight and went in new directions. He found himself thinking of his neighbor Mrs. Singh. She had a son, Arjun, who was

in Sam's class. He was the tall, athletic type, who played sports all year round. So, Sam didn't have much in common with him. As his daydreams unfurled, he saw Mrs. Singh flirting with her son. Seemingly innocent at first, with just a hint of the dirty events to come. He saw things spiral out of control. Once started, they'd slide down a never-ending abyss of lust.

Eventually, Arjun would be nailing his mom from behind in the upstairs bathroom, while his father, Raj, got ready for work downstairs. Mrs. Singh was always very proper and quick to shake her head at other's scandals. This made the daydream exponentially better.

And so, Sam wasted the day playing out these perverse stories in his head. But school wasn't a total loss, he did get his chemistry exam back, and it had a big, fat A at the top.

When Sam got home, he found Joyce reading on the couch in the living room. She looked up at him, blinked through her reading glasses, and then took them off. "How was your day, honey?" She had on a long white skirt and a blue sweater.

"I got an A on my chemistry exam." Sam held up the exam for her to see.

"That's great." Her face lit up with a wide smile. "I'm proud of you, Sammy. I know how hard you've been working in that class." Joyce's smile shone at about a million watts.

"We should celebrate, Mom." Sam returned a sly smile to his mom.

"Ice cream?" Joyce stood up and smoothed out her skirt. It fell below the knee.

"I was thinking about something better," he said.

The bulge in Sam's pants was evident from where Joyce stood. "Better than ice cream?" She looked at him in mock confusion.

He gave her an exaggerated shrug.

"Okay, fine, hotshot. I've been saving something for a special occasion." She stepped by Sam and ruffled his hair with her right hand. "Go up to your room and wait for me. I have to go get something."

Sam jogged up to his room and pulled off his clothes. He tossed them toward the hamper. He turned, sat on the bed, and waited.

A minute later, Joyce stepped into the room and locked the door behind her. She had a box in her right hand. She looked at her naked son. "Goodness, Sammy, you don't waste any time." She held the box up to show him. "Magnum



“XLXL, the biggest condoms I could find.” She walked across the room and handed the box to Sam. “I want you to keep these hidden in your room. Your father is not to find them. Understand?”

“Okay.” Sam’s smile faded. “Aren’t we going to use them?”

“Such a long face.” Joyce smiled down at him. “I got these for you to use when you get a girlfriend. They’re not for me. Here.” She motioned for him to hand the box back to her. “How about I show you how to put one on, and then I’ll help you with my mouth. Sound good? We have a little while until your sister and father get home.”



Ten minutes later, Joyce had impaled herself on his giant thing again. She rode Sam on his bed, her skirt bunched around her waist. Her panties, long since discarded, lay on the floor. Her sweater remained in place. Their hips ground together. Joyce leaned back and put her hands on Sam’s knees.

Sam watched her body undulate. “Mom?” He grabbed a handful of skirt at each of Joyce’s hips and held on tight.

“Just ... a ... minute, sweetie.” Joyce continued to grind her hips in a smooth rocking motion. “Mommy’s kind of ... oooooohhhhhh ... busy here.” Her thrusts sped up, and she leaned back further. Her neck straining, her eyes looking up at the ceiling. “Aaaaahhhhhhhh, Sammmmmmy.” Her hips stopped and she convulsed several times.

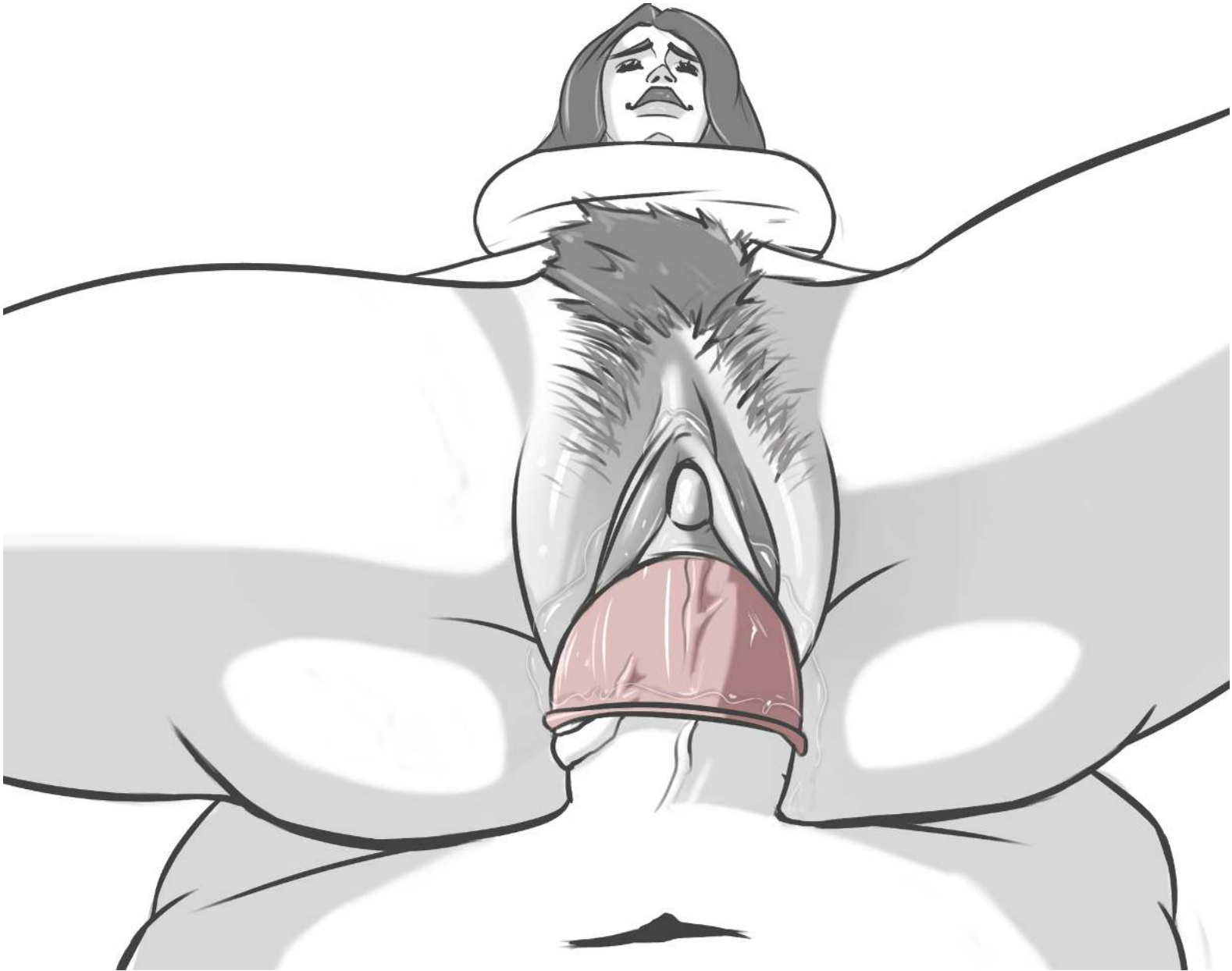
When it was over, she leaned forward, eyes shut. She placed her hands on Sam's bare chest. It wasn't easy to catch her breath. "What did you need, honey?"

"I was wondering. Um." Sam looked over at his cat Gandalf poster for support. The little cat hung to the edge of the Bridge of Khazad-dûm. "Can you get naked again?"

Joyce opened her eyes and looked down at Sam. A bead of sweat dripped off her nose. "That was a one-time thing, Sammy. I wanted to help you with your imagination. Only your father gets to see me naked."

"Okay." Sam kept his eyes on cat Gandalf. *Hang in there you fool*, it said to him. "Can I get behind you, then?"

"Sam Higgins" Joyce's vagina gave an involuntary clench around Sam's thing. "That's how animals do it. Not people."



"Please?"

Joyce reached with her hand and turned his face until they made eye contact. "Animals, Sammy. Mommy is not an animal." Her vagina clenched again.

“Fine, Mom.” Sam tightened his grip on her skirt.

“Thank you, honey.” Joyce rocked her hips in slow easy arcs.

“I love you, Mom.” Even with the condom on, her pussy felt amazing. Their rhythm sped up.

“Oh, honey, I ... uh ... love you too.” She was now rolling her hips and thrusting that thing of Sam’s deep, deep inside her.

“Uh, Mom. I’m ... ah ... getting close.” He was transfixed by those big boobs, bouncing in unison under bra and sweater. “Can I ... do it ... inside?”

She shook her head.

“But the ... ah ... condom.”

“Not inside, sweetie.” Joyce pulled herself off his thing with an audible plop and reached for a towel. She crawled between Sam’s legs, grabbed his thing, pulled off the condom, and stroked with two hands.

“Oh, Mom. Oooooohhhhhhh.”

Joyce finished him off inside the towel. She gave him a minute to calm down. “There now. I’m proud of you for getting that A.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Now get yourself cleaned up. Everyone will be home soon. Dinner’s in a couple hours.” Joyce stood up holding the towel away from her body and walked across the room. She shook her hips a little and her skirt fell down below her knees again. She bent down and picked up her panties. Sam watched her round butt.

“Okay, Mom.”

She left the room and closed the door.

One more fap wasn’t going to hurt him. Sam grabbed his dick again.