

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 4



DARK STONE STORIES

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Chapter 4



Friday night was awkward in the Higgins house. Earlier that day, Sam's mom, Joyce, had put Sam's thing inside her again. She'd sworn she wasn't going to do that. She looked at her Husband, Paul, sitting across the dinner table, and felt her cheeks flush with guilt.

Sam and his older sister, Bex, seemed to be having a hard time too. Joyce had overheard them having a fight shortly after Bex got home. They were upstairs and Bex had yelled at Sam, "I don't care. It'll never happen again. Got it?" And she'd slammed a door. Now, they weren't making any eye contact, and they both glumly poked at their food. Joyce thought it better not to intervene. Let them sort it out.

Paul was oblivious to it all. He regaled them with tales from poker nights past. Tomorrow was his monthly poker night with the guys, and he was excited. Joyce smiled and nodded at his stories.

Bex interrupted her father. "I need to get out of the house this weekend. I'm going to spend tonight and tomorrow night at Sarah's."

"That's fine, honey." Joyce tried her best warm smile, but it wasn't as bright as usual. "How about you, Sam? Are you getting out of the house this weekend?"

"Well, actually." Sam looked up from his plate of food. "I have a date tonight. Can I stay out late?"

That broadened Joyce's smile.

"That's great, sport. Who's the lucky girl?" Paul said between mouthfuls.

"Ashley. She's in my class." Sam poked around his food again.

Bex rolled her eyes at Sam.

"Well, your mother and I want you home by eleven." Paul winked at Joyce. He was such a dummy sometimes.

"Thanks, Dad," Sam said. "That'll be great."

"Have fun you kids." Paul smiled at his family.

Joyce's smile faded. She had faith in Sam, but he really needed to make it work with this girl. She thought about what might happen if he didn't. She fought off the frown that tried to form.

Both kids pushed off from the table and carried their plates into the kitchen. "I guess that means dinner's over," Joyce said.

"Have fun you two."

The kids grumbled back their affirmation. Paul kept on happily eating his chicken.



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The next day, Sam spent the morning at the library studying. He stopped by a friend's house for some video games and got home in the late afternoon. He wandered around the house, but couldn't find anyone. He walked out into the back garden and found Joyce pruning the flowers. "Hi, Mom."

"Hi, honey." Joyce looked up, she was on her knees in the flower bed, pruners in hand. "Have a good day?"

"Yeah." Sam walked over to where she was working and leaned on the old wood fence.

"How was last night?" Joyce stood up. Her jeans were covered in dirt. Sweat stained her t-shirt. She wiped off her brow with the back of her hand. Her hair frizzed in the humidity and was generally a mess. To Sam, she was the most beautiful woman in the world. He took in the outline of her bra straps and the swell of her boobs that her frumpy t-shirt couldn't hide.



"It went well." Sam offered a sheepish smile. Should he be guilty telling his mom about a date? "I took it real slow. But she laughed at my jokes and she was fun to talk to. I think she'll want to see me again."

"That's great, Sammy." Joyce lowered her voice so the neighbors wouldn't hear. "How slow did you take it?" A positive date was a good start, but she needed more than that. She needed to stop helping her son with his thing. She needed things to go back to normal.

"Slow." Sam shrugged. "I gave her a goodnight kiss." He lowered his voice too. "She seemed to like it."

"Okay, honey. Well, that's a start." Joyce brushed off her jeans. She was filthy.

"Where's Dad?" Sam offered the phrase with complete nonchalance.

"Well." Joyce's eyes narrowed at her son. "He left early for his poker game."

"And Bex?"

"She's still at Sarah's." She shook her head. "I see where you're going with this. Weekend rules apply, young man. I'm going to go take a shower and make us some dinner. I won't help you with your thing on the weekends."



"But I could really use some help." Sam straightened and picked up the basket of flower clippings. Eager to help in any way. "My penis hurts, and I did good with Ashley, right?"

"Shhhhh." Joyce stepped over to Sam and dropped the shears in the basket. "You cannot talk about this where someone might hear you," she whispered. She looked around the fence line.

"Come on, Mom." Sam nodded toward the house. "Please?"

Joyce put her hands on her hips. She looked him up and down and sighed. "Fine. But first I need a shower." She turned and walked toward the house.

"I don't care about that." Sam followed her. Clutching tightly to the basket. His eyes fixed themselves on her round butt.

"Listen to my words." Joyce said over her shoulder.

"Yes, Mom." Sam followed her inside and into the laundry room.

Joyce unbuttoned her jeans and started to shimmy out of them. Once they were about halfway, she looked up to the doorway.

Sam stood, the basket still in his hands, jaw hanging open.

"Give me some privacy, Sammy."

"Okay, Mom." Sam didn't move.

"I mean it, Sam Higgins. Only your father sees me naked." She furrowed her brow. Her deep, brown eyes fierce. She was still bent over, hands on the waistband of her jeans midway down her legs.

"Okay Mom." Sam didn't move.

"Sammy, you can't keep pushing me like this." She pulled the dirty jeans the rest of the way off and tossed them into the hamper. She straightened and looked at her son. His mouth agape. His bulge more than obvious in his pants. She shook her head. "What am I going to do with you, Sammy?" She reached down and pulled off her shirt and tossed it in the hamper.

"You're so beautiful, Mom." Sam couldn't believe his luck. There were so many soft curves to look at that Sam didn't know where his gaze should go. Her boobs, her hips, her tummy. All perfect.

"Thank you, sweetie." Joyce looked down at the checkered linoleum floor. Was she really doing this? "Really, I'm dirty. Go wait in your room."

Sam nodded but didn't move.

Joyce reached behind her and undid her bra. It dropped to the floor.

It was the second time Sam had seen Joyce's boobs. And they were every bit as magical as he remembered. They hung down in two breath-stopping tear drops. Her areola so



large and enticing. "Can I touch them?" Sam dropped the basket, and the flower clipping spread across the floor. He unbuttoned, unzipped, and stepped out of his pants. He pulled his briefs off and his dick sprung free.

"Oh, my." Joyce looked down at his monster. "Oh ... oh ... kay," she stuttered.

Sam stepped up to her and reached up. He cupped each boob and hefted them up. They were indeed heavy as he'd guessed. "I love you, Mom." He massaged them gently, feeling the swells of flesh under his fingers.

"Ohhhh. I love you too, sweetie." Joyce was crazy for doing this with Sam. She reached down with her left hand and stroked the head of his thing. The glitter of diamonds on her wedding ring reminded her of her husband. "We ... oohhhhh ... need to go up to your room and lock the door. Your father could come home."



“Wow, Mom.” Sam couldn’t resist any longer. He lowered his mouth to her right boob and sucked it in. She smelled of sweat, and dirt, and of life itself.

“Ohhhhh, no, Sammy.” She instinctively cradled the back of his head. “We need one of your condoms, sweetie.”

Sam reached his hands down to her hips and tried to lift her onto the washing machine right behind her. She was too heavy. “Mom, could you?”

“We need a condom.” But instead of rushing for one his condoms upstairs, she pulled off her soaked panties and hopped back onto the washing machine. Sitting there, looking down at Sam, she spread her legs.

Sam looked down at the triangle of brown hair. He stood up on his toes to put his dick level with her pussy. He



dropped his mouth to her left boob and licked and sucked.

“Ooohhhh,” Joyce cradled his head with her right hand and grabbed his thing with her left. “What would your father do if he found us?”

Sam lifted his face from her boob. “He’d probably murder me, Mom.”



gonna ... I'm ... gonna ..."

Joyce's eyes shot wide. She wiggled her hips to dislodge him. "Not ... uh ... in me ... uh ..."

"Mom ..." Sam pulled free and sprayed her belly and boobs with his hot sticky mess. "Ah ... ah ... ah ... aaahhhhhh ..."

"Saammmmmmyyyyyy." So much of it. And the smell was intoxicating and overpowering. Once he was done, Joyce reached down with her right hand and wiped up some of his stuff off her left boob. She put it in her mouth. So hot and salty. It tasted delicious. She looked down. Sam was fighting to catch his breath, his thing still hard. "That's enough for now, honey. I'm going to go take that shower. I'll have dinner ready in a little while." She jumped down off the washing machine and sprinted out of the laundry room, hopping over the spilled basket. She didn't like running naked, covered in sperm, through her house. But she didn't want Sam to catch her for round two.

"Okay," Sam said. He watched her bounce and wobble out of sight. What a view. He bent down, picked up his mom's panties, and tossed them in the hamper. "Wow," he said to no one.

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"Oh my gosh. He would." She guided that monster into her vagina. "Don't ever let him catch us, Sammy."

Sam was too busy sucking to respond. Once inside her, his hips moved back and forth.

"Oh, it's ... uh ... uh ... happening already. I'm going to ..." And with that, Joyce's whole body shook in a massive orgasm.

Sam placed his hands on the curve of her hips. He thrust in and out.

A few minutes later, "Ohhhh ... again." Joyce spasmed on his thing.

"Oh, Mom" Sam alternated his sucking between her boobs. They were so heavy and full.

Twenty minutes later, Sam looked up into her brown eyes. "I'm ..."



Dinner that night was just Joyce and Sam. Joyce took small bites of salmon and cauliflower.

"This fish is so good. How'd you cook it?" Sam shoveled his food into his face.

Joyce thought about telling him to slow down, but she was happy Sam liked the meal. "I baked it."

"Well, it's really good."

"Thank you, sweetie." Joyce took a long gulp of red wine. She had a lot on her mind, and the wine helped unload some of it.

"I was thinking." Sam put down his fork and looked over at his mom. His big, brown eyes were earnest and sincere. "I don't want to ruin it with Ashley. We had fun the other night."

"Mhmm?" She swallowed another large sip of wine.

"Anyway, I don't want to scare her off with my dick." Sam nodded for emphasis, like this was a normal sort of conversation that any mother and son could have.

"Your penis, Sammy. Or you can call it your thing." Joyce's wide-set eyes were so striking in the low light of their dining room.

"Well, my thing can be a little scary. Right?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to keep seeing Ashley, but to help me out with my ... needs ... well, I need an older girlfriend." He sipped at his water. "A more mature woman that knows more about sex."

"I will not be your girlfriend." Joyce shook her head slowly. "All this stuff we're doing stops very soon."

"I know." Sam smiled. "I didn't mean you."

"Oh?" Joyce picked up the wine bottle and refilled her glass.

"I was thinking you could help me to date one of your friends." Sam's smile widened.

"You're crazy, Sam Higgins," Joyce said. "Most of my friends are married. And regardless, I'd never put one of them in your bed."

"Please, Mom. It'd take a lot of pressure off. I'm sure things would go back to normal with us." Sam knew they wouldn't.

"No way. I'm putting my foot down on this." Joyce drank half the glass in one swallow.

"Well, just think about." Sam stood and carried his plate into the kitchen. "Thanks for dinner, Mom. That was great. Now can we go up to my room?"

"Again?" Joyce looked at the swelling in Sam's pants.

"Dad won't be home for a while," Sam said.

Joyce finished off the glass of wine. "Okay." She stood and took Sam's hand. She'd clear the table later. "But, let's be quick. And you're wearing a condom."

“Okay, Mom.” Sam felt the pleasant warmth of her hand in his. He let her lead him upstairs.

They did it in Sam’s room, with the door locked, and she never removed her blouse. Small victories. What was now the status quo, Sam plowing her vagina with his enormous thing, would have been a tremendous defeat just a little while ago. At least he was wearing a condom.

The problem was it felt so good. She’d never felt anything like it. And Joyce began to worry about what life would be like when this was all over. Would Paul really be able to give her all that she needed?

Joyce came five times riding her son. And when it was time, she dismounted him, pulled off the condom, and finished him in her mouth. She swallowed almost all of it.

Things were slipping out of control. But she was clean, showered, and ready for Paul when he got home.

There had to be a solution that would put things right again in her household. Joyce would do anything to ease the pressure with Sam.



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The birds sang outside the kitchen window. The sun worked its way over the horizon. Paul was already off to his Sunday golf outing. He and the guys were getting an early start for a busy day. Joyce sat at the kitchen table wearing jeans and blouse, her hands wrapped around a warm mug of coffee. Across the table,

Lakshmi gossiped about the neighborhood. Steam from her own mug rose and drifted past her soft, dark eyes. Upstairs, Sam slept in.

"... and that's what she said, if you can believe it," Lakshmi said. She was a pretty little thing. A small nose and a wide curving mouth. Her skin was a very dark brown and flawless. Her attire left a lot of skin to see. Joyce eyed her bare arms. They were thin, but toned.

"I can hardly." Joyce's finger tapped on her mug. A nervous tick. "Can I talk to you about something personal?"

"Of course, Joyce. What is it?" Lakshmi smiled; warm, friendly, and helpful. Her teeth very white.

"Well ... It's kind of embarrassing." Joyce's face flushed. "I've been having fantasies lately. Sex ... sex fantasies."

"Oh, girl, we all do. That's okay." Lakshmi waved her hand dismissively.

"They're about a younger man. With a very big ... you ... know ... what."

"Well, young men have all that mythical virility. And our bodies still send us signals that we're supposed to be making babies. I'm sure it's normal. Anyway, after years of marriage things can get a little stale." The steam continued to rise and twirl in front of Lakshmi. "Have you tried to spice it up with Paul?"

"That's just it. We've never had more sex. Lately, it's just been about every night," Joyce said.

"Well, I'm jealous." Lakshmi's cheeks darkened just a bit. With her skin, it was hard to tell when she was blushing. "It's been a little slow for Raj and me lately." She sipped at her coffee. "Who am I kidding, it's been a slow decade. We do it a couple times a month, maybe."

"Really?" Joyce watched her friend closely. Was this really about to happen? This was even more crazy than usual, but something had to be done about Sam. And it might actually be good for Lakshmi. "Well, Sam found something that might turn it around for you and Raj."

"Sam?" Lakshmi crinkled her nose in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"Here, I'll show you." Joyce stood, walked to the counter, opened a drawer, and pulled out the rock. It was incredibly black, and the red veins glowed faintly in the morning light. The telltale warmth spread from the rock, through her hand and up her arm. It felt very, very good. She closed the drawer, walked back to the table, and sat down. "Have a look at this." Joyce held out the rock to her friend in the palm of her hand.

Lakshmi looked at it. "I don't get it."

"Take it." Joyce leaned across the table. "Don't be shy."



"I really don't ..." Lakshmi reached out and lifted it out of her friend's hand. "It feels weird." She held it up and looked closer at the rock. "I feel a little strange, Joyce."

"That's fine. Don't worry about it." Joyce sat up straight in her chair and wrapped her hands around her mug again. "So, while my sex life has been great. Poor Sammy hasn't been able to find himself a girlfriend."

"What?" Lakshmi lowered her hand to the table, holding the rock in her palm. She didn't take her eyes off it. "He should talk to Arjun. That boy goes from one girl to the next. There're so many, I can never keep them straight."

"Sammy and Arjun are very different boys."

"That's ... true."

"And Sammy is sort of a special case." Joyce stood up and stepped around the table.

"How so?" Lakshmi looked away from the rock for the first time in what seemed like ages. Her gaze roved its way up Joyce's body. Her friend was so tall and pale and ... and ... and busty. Lakshmi hadn't given it too much thought before, but Joyce really had some big ones.

"Come on." Joyce reached down with her left hand.



Lakshmi took Joyce's hand with her own right hand, still holding the rock in her right. She didn't want to let go of either the hand or the rock.

"Don't worry, you can take the rock with us." Joyce gently lifted her by the hand out of her chair.

"Where are we going?"

"Upstairs."

They walked upstairs and

Joyce led Lakshmi to Sam's room. They opened the door and stepped inside. Lakshmi watched her friend lock the door behind them. This was beyond strange.

"Sam, sweetie. Time to wake up. Sammy?" Joyce pulled Lakshmi over to Sam's bed.

Lakshmi looked around the room. A wizard-cat-thing poster hung on the wall. Next to it was a solar system poster. And over in that corner, a Star Wars poster. Or was that Star Trek? She could never keep them straight. No wonder Sam was having trouble with girls. Sam slept in a t-shirt and briefs on top of the covers. He was on his stomach, with his pillow off to the side. He was so thin. So unlike her strong, muscular Arjun.

“Mom?” Sam rolled over. “What is it?”

“Oh, my God.” Lakshmi released Joyce’s hand and put her hand to her mouth. Inside Sam’s briefs, and stretching up under his Guardians of the Galaxy t-shirt, was the most enormous morning wood bulge she’d ever seen. And she could see the outline of his balls too. The boy’s genitals were totally, horrifically, out of proportion with the rest of him. She squeezed the rock tight in her right hand.

“We have a guest,” Joyce said.

Sam looked up at his mom, bleary eyed. And then over to Lakshmi. He smiled. “Oh, cool.” His brown hair stuck out in all different directions. “Hi, Mrs. Singh.”



“Like you asked for, Sammy.” Joyce stepped behind Lakshmi. “I thought this was best.”

“Wow, thanks Mom.” Sam sat up in bed and pulled off his briefs. His penis bounced out of its confines.

It was a monstrosity in more ways than one. Such a dark, purple head. Veins that stood out and pulsed. The whole thing throbbed. Jesus, Lakshmi could see his heart beat in that thing. Danger messages flashed all throughout her brain, but her feet remained fixed to the carpet.

“Sammy needs lots of help.” Joyce’s breathing quickened. Why was she so confident in this craziness? Why was she even participating in this craziness? “His thing hurts him. He needs a woman to help him take the edge off. So he can concentrate. College is on the line, you understand. Right, Lakshmi?” She gave Lakshmi a gentle nudge in the back.

Lakshmi took a step forward.

“Could you take your top off, Mrs. Singh?” Sam scooted to the edge of the bed and put his feet on the floor.

“Good God, no. Are you kidding me?” Lakshmi shook her head, but she didn’t run. Why wasn’t she running? A warmth had spread from the rock up her arm. She could feel it pulsing to the same beat as Sam’s monster. She



reached down with her hand, grabbed the bottom of her top, and wiggled out of it. She dropped it next to her on the floor.

"The bra too, please." Sam smiled up at her. Such an innocent, kid-in-the-candy-store smile.

"Joyce?" Lakshmi said.

"It's okay, Lakshmi." Joyce stepped over to Sam's computer chair and sat down, confident she wasn't needed to guide Lakshmi anymore. She watched with wide eyes. It was all so wrong, but maybe this is how they'd get it sorted out.

"Um ... okay, I guess." Lakshmi reached up between her boobs and released the clasp on her bra. Her wedding ring glinted in the morning light. The bra opened and her boobs fell out.

"Wow." Sam couldn't believe it. "You're beautiful Mrs. Singh." Her boobs dropped and bounced. They were big for her small body, standing out proudly and a little to the side. Her areolae and nipples were smaller than Joyce's and so dark that they were almost black. Sam had never seen boobs like these.

"I don't know." Lakshmi lifted up her right arm to cover her boobs. But that was a mistake, because the warmth from the rock had a more direct route. "What would Raj think?" The warmth spread completely through her.



"Honestly? I don't think he'd like it." Joyce watched her friend. "But he'll never know. The important thing is that we have to help Sammy. His thing really hurts him, Lakshmi. He needs some relief and a mother can't do that for her son."

"No." Lakshmi shook her head. "No, she can't." Lakshmi dropped to her knees and crawled over to Sam. She dropped the rock by his left foot.

"Please help." Sam looked down at her.

"Okay. I'll help this one time, because it looks painful." She took a deep breath and looked up at that monster. "Remember all those years ago when you fell off your bike and broke your arm?"

"Yeah," Sam said.

"And I held you until your mom got home." Lakshmi reached out and lightly touched the purple head. Some precum dribbled down the side. It did look like it was hurting. "This will be like that." She grabbed his penis with both hands and stroked up and down. Her hands had a long way to go.



Sam looked back and forth between the two women in his room. His mom sat transfixed. Whatever her plan, Sam guessed it hadn't involved watching her friend give him a handjob.

"It's really thick." Lakshmi stared at her work, mesmerized by her task.

"Ah ... that's really good, Mrs. Singh. But I think I need more."

"Really?" Lakshmi looked up at him with pleading eyes.

Sam nodded.

"Um." Lakshmi pulled her right hand off his penis and brushed a lock of black hair behind her ear. Before she knew it, that fat knob was in her mouth. It tasted so good. She wanted more.

"That's ... ah ... good," Sam said. He watched Mrs. Singh's little head bob on his dick. "Keep going." He put his right hand behind her head and held her, firm but gentle.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Singh was still between Sam's legs slurping on his dick.

"Okay," Sam said. "That's ... uh ... enough."



"Uuuurrngggghhhh?" Lakshmi said around his dick.

With the hand behind her head, Sam gently pulled on her hair until his dick popped out of her mouth.

"What?" Lakshmi panted. Drool dripped off her pretty little chin.

Sam scooted back in the bed. "Come on up."

“You want?” Lakshmi blinked up at him a couple times. “There’s no way that will fit.”

“Maybe we’ve gone far enough,” Joyce said.

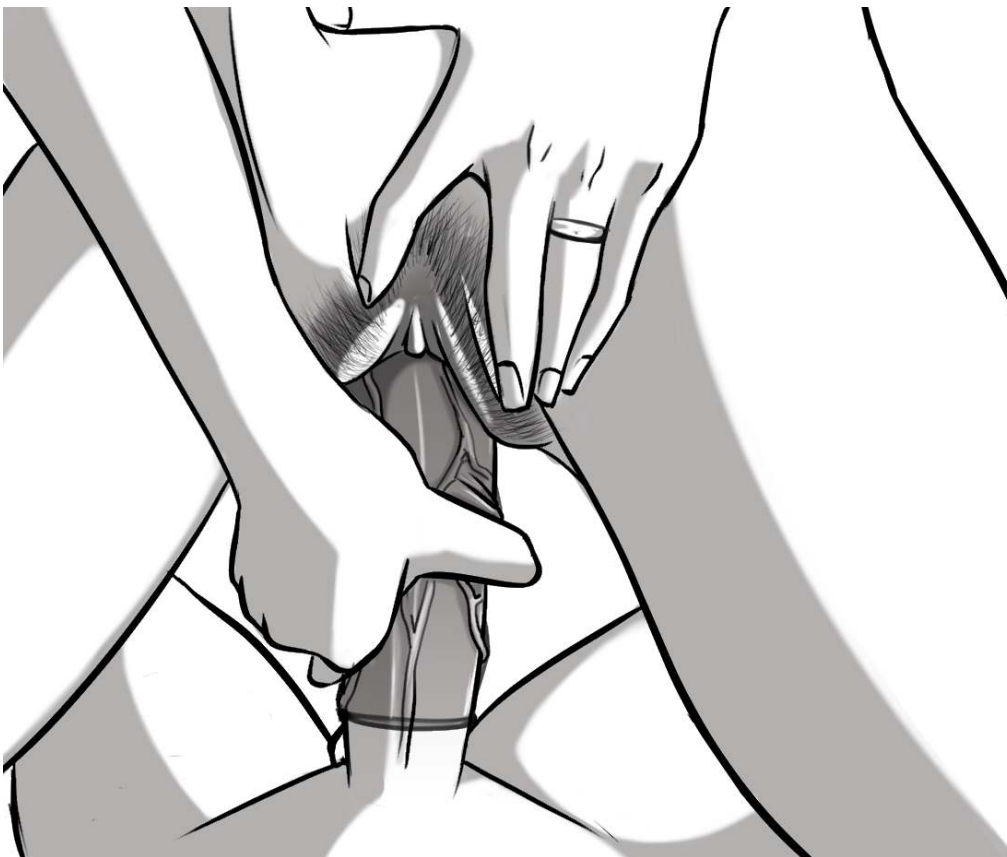
Lakshmi looked over at her friend questioningly.

“It’s okay, Mom.” Sam pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the floor. “I’ve got this.” He leaned over the edge of the bed, picked up the rock and put it under his mattress. He then grasped Lakshmi’s left hand and pulled her up onto the bed. Her wedding ring rubbed against his thumb and Sam thought of poor Raj putting it on her for the first time all those years ago. And how, at that time, they must have been so confident she’d take only Raj’s dick inside her from then on.

“I don’t know.” Lakshmi watched as her teenaged neighbor pull off her pants and sopping panties. “Do you have a condom?”

“Always wear a condom, Sammy.” Joyce said

“Oh, yeah.” Sam pulled one out from beside his bed, tore the packet, and rolled it on.



Even sheathed, Sam’s penis looked fearsome. Lakshmi gulped and lifter her leg over him. “I really don’t know.” She reached under her and held his penis with her left hand. She could feel it pulsing. Penises weren’t supposed to do that. Not like this. She slowly lowered herself and guided it in. “Oh,” she said as it spread out her entrance.

“You’re so tight, Mrs. Singh.” Sam watched his dick disappear inside her. The triangle of hair between her legs was black. The outside of her pussy was the same deep dark brown of her skin. But, as she inched up and down, adjusting, he could see the bright pink of the inside of her

pussy lips, stretched to their capacity. It was amazing.

“It ... fits.” Lakshmi was breathing hard again. She’d hit bottom and it hadn’t killed her. She gently rocked her hips. This was all so warped. How was this actually happening? “Ughhhh ... I have to ... go slow. You’re ... ah ... oh ... so much bigger than my husband.”

"That's fine, Mrs. Singh." Sam reached up with his right hand and caressed her left boob. A little more compact than his mom's, but still very heavy and full. When she didn't push him away, he grabbed each boob and gently massaged her. She was rocking too slowly for Sam. He pulled on her boobs a little to get her into a faster rhythm. It worked. Her wide hips ground down onto his narrow ones with an increasing pace.

"What's your husband ... ah ... doing right now?" Sam moved his hands from her boobs down to her hips and held on tight.

"What?" That brought her back to reality. She looked down at the boy she was riding, with his smug grin. "He's ..." But her hips wouldn't stop. She leaned forward and placed her hands on his meager chest. So unlike her Arjun. "He's ... uh ... uh ... playing tennis with ... oohhhhh ... friends." She was getting close.

"And Arjun?"

"Aaaaahhhhhh." Her pussy clenched and she stopped her rocking motion. She closed her eyes tight and trembled all over.

Thirty seconds later, she was back grinding at a steady pace.

"I asked ... ah ... about Arjun." Sam watched her petite frame rock back and forth. She wasn't as smooth as his mom or as frenetic as his sister. She was probably not all that experienced.

"He's ... ah ... basketball practice." She spit the words out.

"The whole ... Singh family ... playing with balls," Sam said.

"Don't torment her, honey." Joyce leaned forward on the chair, looking on in fascination.

"Sorry, Mom." His grip tightened on Lakshmi's hips. "I'm ... uh ... getting close."

"What ... uh ... uh ... uh ... what do I do?" Lakshmi looked down at Sam below her. Those big balls held a lot of cum. That condom might not hold it all.





“Finish him with your mouth,” Joyce’s voice was almost a whisper.

Lakshmi dismounted him with some effort. She crawled between Sam’s legs, grabbed his penis, and pulled off the condom. She lowered her mouth and sucked for all she was worth. Her butt stuck up directly in Joyce’s line of sight. Her best friend probably had a clear view of her gaping pussy. This thought disturbed Lakshmi, but not enough to stop.

“Aaahhhhh.” Sam erupted in her mouth.

Lakshmi coughed and sputtered. She pulled off his thing and he sprayed her face, hair, and boobs. It was all over her. She couldn’t believe the intoxicating smell. This was all a revelation. A horrific revolution to her

thinking about pleasure. His cum was so much hotter than her husband’s. She licked her lips. And tasted so much better. When he was done, she turned toward Joyce with a look of complete disbelief and then fell face first onto the blanket.

“That was awesome, Mrs. Singh. Can’t wait to do that again,” Sam said from somewhere behind her.

“Never ... again,”
Lakshmi said
between gasps for
air.

The bed bounced a little as Sam moved behind her. If he was anything like Raj, he’d be soft by now and ready for a nap.

“Don’t you dare, Sam Higgins,” Joyce said. “Not like that. I mean it.”

Lakshmi sighed. What could she be talking about? He’d already done everything he could do.



“It’s okay, Mom.” Sam got on his knees in between Lakshmi’s legs. He placed his hands on her wide hips and pulled her up onto all fours.

“What are you doing?” Lakshmi looked back at him over her shoulder. To her horror, she discovered he was still hard.

Oh no, he was going to mount her.

Sam pushed in.



“Oooohhhh.” She felt him split her wide open. “I won’t be able to ... oooohhhh ... take it. In this ... position.” She panted as he inched it in.

“You’re treating her like an animal.” Joyce had her fingers over her eyes, peeking in between them like a kid watching a horror movie.

“It’s okay.” Sam hit bottom. Her pussy spasmed around his dick. He held on firmly to the curve of her hips and pushed and pulled, getting into a steady pace. The pink of her pussy clutched desperately to his dick on every outthrust.

“Oh ... God.” Lakshmi looked up at Joyce. Sam’s cum dripped off her chin and down her cheek. It was all over her hair. “I can take it ... aaaahhhh.” Lakshmi’s face was twisted in desperate ecstasy. Her mouth hung open, her eyes glassy. “Joyce ... I ... uh ... uh ... can take it ... uh ... uh ... I can take it ... all.”

Sam was really giving it to her now.

“Oh, Sammy. I can’t believe you’re doing that to her.” Joyce’s hands dropped to her knees. She watched in amazement. Her little friend was bouncing like a rag doll, her back arched, her boobs swaying beneath her.

No one but Sam noticed he was no longer wearing a condom. But that was fine. He'd pull out. "This is ... my first ... uh ... uh ... doggystyle. You?"

"My ... my ... husband ..." Lakshmi was quite the sight. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the blanket. Her butt rippling with every thrust from Sam. Her eyes rolled upward. Sam's stuff still dripping off her face. She couldn't get out the words. She came again.

"You and Raj do it like that?" Joyce stared on. "I can't believe you two."

"I'm going to ... going to ... cum ... Mrs. Singh." Sam jackhammered into her.

"AAaaahhhgggghhh," Was all Lakshmi could say.

"Goodness, Sammy." Joyce's hand went to her mouth. "Not inside her. You don't have a condom on." She had noticed after all.

"Ah ... okay ... Mom." Sam pulled out and blasted load after load all over his neighbor's butt and back. She was now nearly covered from head to toe. Sam fell next to her onto to his back. He looked over at the sweaty, cum soaked, mess she'd become. "That was great." A big smile spread from ear to ear. "Will you be my girlfriend Mrs. Singh?"



Still on her hands and knees, panting, eyes closed, Lakshmi thought about her situation. She'd gotten up this morning a happy suburban wife and mother. And now this. How could this happen? "Not in a million years," she said.

Joyce stood, picked up one of the clean towels by Sam's bed, and wrapped her friend in it. She helped her off the bed. Lakshmi's legs wobbled. She walked her to the door and looked back at her son. His thing still stood straight up. "Give it a little time, sweetheart. These things take time." She turned back to Lakshmi. "Let's get you in the shower."

Sam watched them go. They turned into the hallway and disappeared. The last thing he heard was his mom. "I can't believe you let Raj get behind you like that."

~

Lakshmi swore she didn't know what came over her, and it'd never happen again. But the next day, she arrived at the Higgins door right before Sam got home from school. Sam took her in his room again and covered her in cum



while his mom watched. It was the most perverted scandal ever to hit their neighborhood and she was right in the middle of it. No one could ever find out.

Each day, as Lakshmi cleaned off in Joyce's shower, she'd vow never again to let Sam's horrific thing near her. But the day after, she'd find herself walking next-door around 3 p.m.

Why did she let this happen? Why did Joyce let this happen?

She was just lucky Sam was responsible enough to keep his cum on the outside.



But that wasn't all. Every night that week, she'd accost Raj for sex. He was thrilled at first, but by midweek he was making excuses. And Lakshmi found herself in her bathroom, furiously fingering her pussy and thinking of her teenage neighbor's enormous cock. What had she become?

~~

Bex got home early on Thursday. Usually she'd be working at the coffee shop in the afternoons, but someone covered her shift. "Mom?" She expected to find her mom in the living room, reading. Or in the kitchen. Or working out in the garden. But she wasn't around. Maybe she was out shopping or something. Bex didn't care enough to check the garage.

Time to get back to coding that app on her computer. She walked upstairs and down the hall toward her room. She stopped by Sam's door. She put her ear to the door. It was unmistakable. The rhythmic thumping, slapping skin, and grunting. Sam had a girl in there.

Well, good for him. Maybe he'd stop being such a pervert if he was getting some. But he should be more careful. He couldn't let Mom catch him. She'd flip out if she knew he was banging someone under her roof. Bex listened and smiled.

“Sam ... aaaahhhhhh ... oh ... it’s so deep,” a girl said.

Her smile faded. Wait, Bex knew that voice. Not a girl at all. That was a woman. It couldn’t be.

“Right there ... ahhhhh ... bounce on it, Mrs. Singh,” Sam said.

Oh ... my ... God. Bex could not believe he was banging Mrs. Singh. She was old enough to be his mother. Jesus. It was so wrong. Suddenly, Bex noticed that her panties were very wet. She snuck back to her room and rubbed her clit for a long time. All the while, imagining her little brother breaking the pussy of their married next-door neighbor. Pure insanity.

