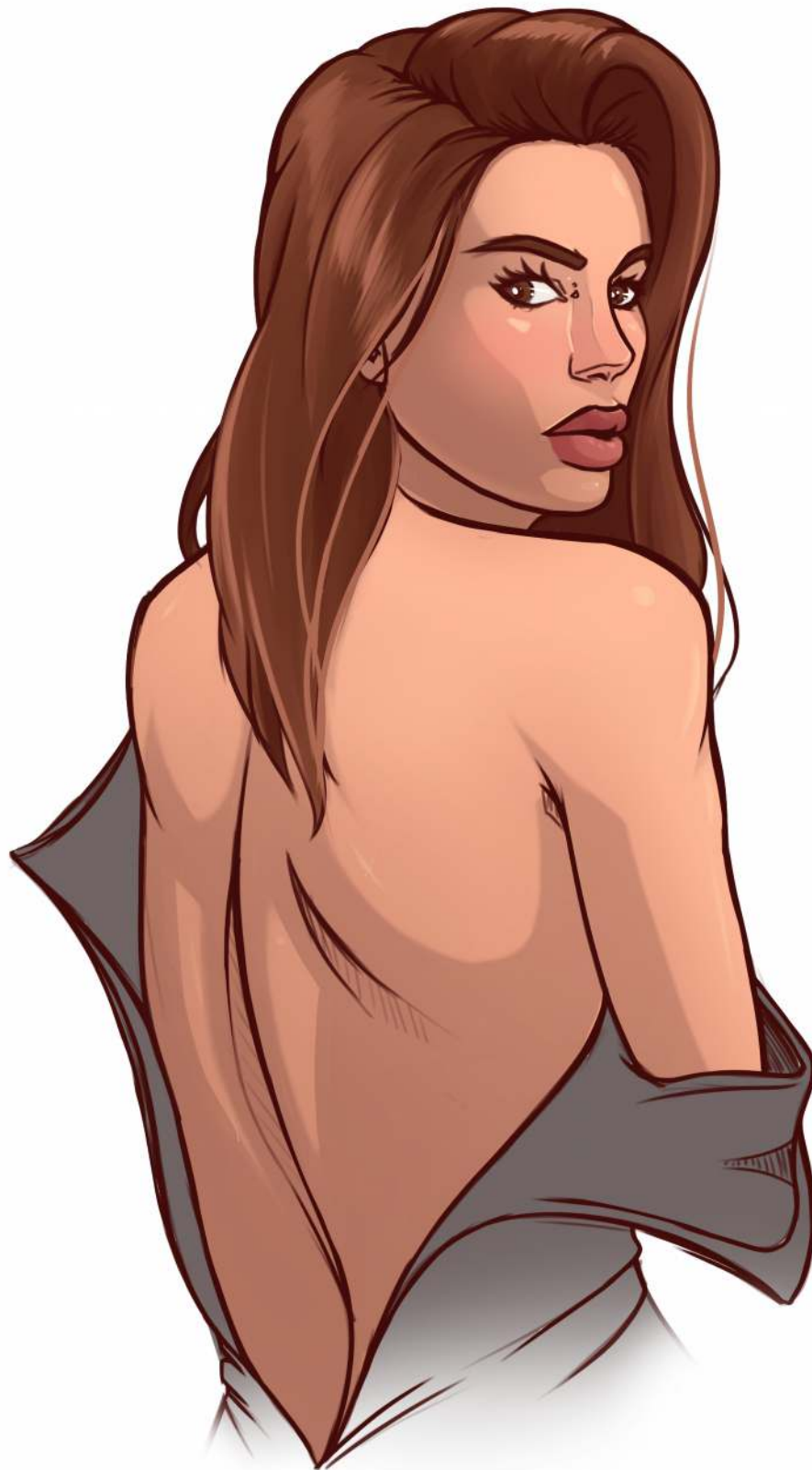


# THE DARK STONE

## Chapter 5



# DARK STONE STORIES

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

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## Chapter 5



Sam nailed his married, next-door neighbor, Lakshmi, every day after school that week. And to make things even better, his mom watched every single time. Joyce would sit in his desk chair and stare at them while they did it.

Joyce complained the first several times Sam mounted Lakshmi doggy. Saying things like, “You’re degrading her.” Or, “It’s too dirty.” Or, “You look like animals.” But eventually Joyce gave up her complaints. And while she didn’t exactly encourage Sam that week, the way she looked at them, Sam could tell she might even like it. At least a little bit.

The downside to that wonderful week was that Joyce declared herself off limits now that Sam had a girlfriend.

And so, the three of them found themselves in Sam’s bedroom on Friday afternoon. Sam had already cum three times all over poor little Lakshmi. He had her on all fours again. With his success that week, he felt bold.

“You like my dick, Mrs. Singh?”

“Ughhhh,” she said. Her head hung down and she watched the blanket below her.

His mom didn’t like Sam to use the word dick, but he felt mostly indestructible at the moment. He pulled back on Lakshmi’s hips, thrusting harder. Her brown skin smacked against his pale hips. “Do ... you ... like ... my ... dick.”

“Yesssss.” Lakshmi had practically been pounded into a coma.

“Tell me you like it.” Sam watched his rod open her up and vanish inside her.

"I ... uh .... uh ... uh ... like it," she squeaked.

"Tell me you like my big dick."



"Sammy, that's enough." Joyce leaned forward in Sam's desk chair. Staring at them as they pounded away.

"It's okay, Mom." Sam looked over at Joyce and took his hand away from Lakshmi's hip long enough to give a thumbs up. "She likes it."

Lakshmi lifted her head and looked up at her friend. "Oh, my God ... Joyce ... I love ... your son's ... huge cock." Lakshmi's eyes were wide, her jaw slack, and she had streaks of Sam's cum everywhere. She was a mess. If Joyce

didn't like the word dick, Sam wondered how she felt about her friend saying cock. At any rate, she didn't try to correct Lakshmi.

Later, after Sam had emptied his fourth load on Lakshmi's back, Joyce helped Lakshmi shower, got her dressed, and then sent her home. After Sam cleaned up, he found his mom in the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"You must be hungry." Joyce had her back to him as she did a few dishes at the sink. Her dark dress hugged her hips and showed off her voluptuous backside. "I mean ... after all that."

"I'm not hungry." Sam watched her butt jiggle as she washed dishes. "But I could use some help. I didn't get it all out with Mrs. Singh."

"Sam Higgins." Joyce looked over her shoulder at him. She brushed her brown hair out of the way. "We've been over this. That's behind us now that you have a girlfriend."

"But —"

"No buts, young man." Her pretty face softened. The line of her jaw eased. "And speaking of girlfriends, when are you going to see Ashley again?"

"Tonight, Mom."

"And how's it going with her, sweetie?" Joyce turned back to her work in the sink.

"Good. I really like her."

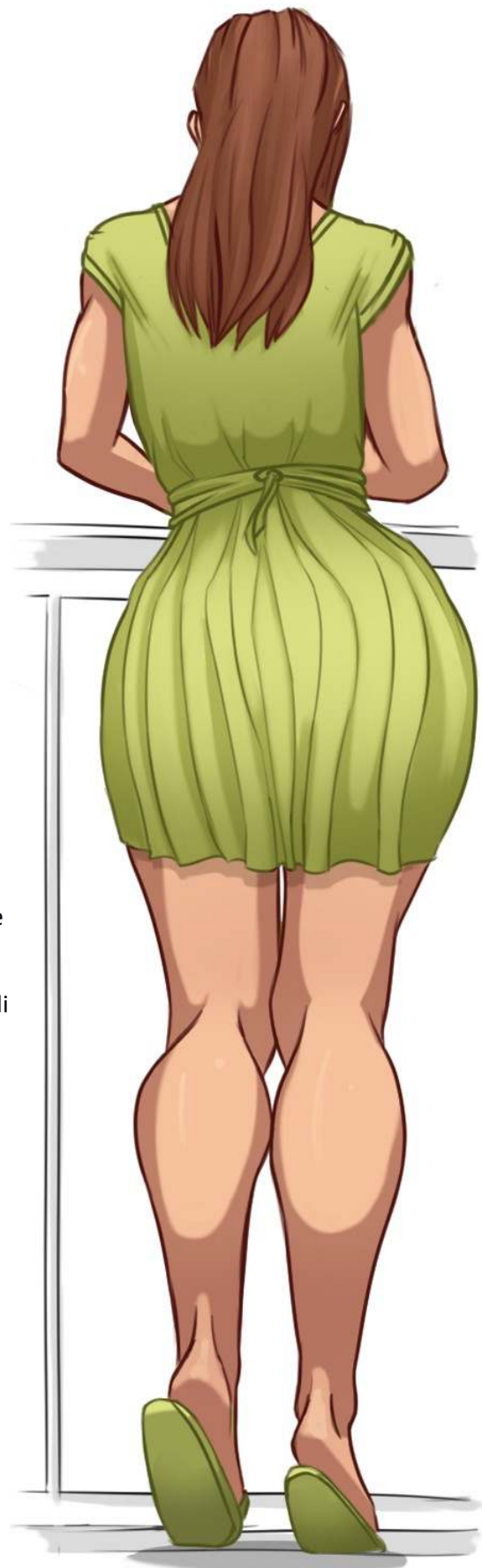
"That's great, honey. Maybe you can move it along with her and give poor Lakshmi a break."

"I'm trying." Sam sighed. "But I don't want to scare her off with my di ... my penis."

"I understand. But I do think Lakshmi's gotten more than she bargained for. You've been insatiable this week." Joyce switched off the faucet and turned to face her son. She rested her hip on the edge of the counter.

"What'd she bargain for, anyway?" Sam took in the shapely swell of her boobs, so poorly hidden in her dress.

Joyce dropped her gaze to the floor. A surge of guilt spread through her. But Lakshmi really was enjoying herself. Joyce pressed her legs together, thinking about how Sam took her little, dark friend over and over again that week. "Well, anyway." Joyce turned and busied herself at the counter. "I'm happy things are going well with Ashley. Don't stay out too late."



"I won't Mom." Sam got up and headed for his room. If his mom wasn't going to help him, he needed another fap before he met up with Ashley.

Sam rolled out of bed late on Saturday. He'd had another great time with Ashley, but it was mostly talking and laughing. No need to rush anything with her. Sam had enough on his plate at home. And first and foremost, was the fact that his mom had really upped her game of hard-to-get. He was grateful for Mrs. Singh. But Joyce was the most beautiful woman in the world, and to have her and then to lose her was maybe a little too much.

Golden light filtered in through Sam's windows, telling him he had really overslept. He pulled on some jeans and socks. Straightened his t-shirt and headed downstairs.

The sound of college football echoed up the basement stairs. His dad was already getting his football fix on the big screen in the basement. He found his mom curled up on the couch in the living room, legs tucked under her long dress. She was, of course, reading a mystery novel.

"Morning, Mom."

"Hello, Sammy." Joyce didn't look up from her book. "How was your date last night?"

"Good." Sam sat on the edge of the couch and watched her read. She was cute in her round reading glasses. She'd tied her brown hair back in a ponytail. Her fair skin glowed in the sunlight that flooded through a nearby window. Sam watched the graceful curve of her dainty neck, so feminine and enticing.

"Still taking it slow?" Joyce continued to stare at her book, but she clearly wasn't reading anymore.

"Yeah."

"That's fine. I want you to make it work with her. But don't take too long, you need a girl your own age."

"Okay, Mom." Sam looked around the room. "Where's Bex?"

"She took off early. School project? Maybe?" Joyce took off her glasses and looked up at her son. She blinked a few times.

"And Dad's watching football?"



“Yes. There’s a big game, or games, or something, going on today.” She closed the book and put it down. “I have some errands to run today. Want to come with? Unless, you’ve got homework to do.”

“I don’t have that much homework this weekend.”

“Oh, good.” Joyce smiled up at him, full of warmth.

“Is ... um ... Mrs. Singh coming over today?” Sam’s jeans felt uncomfortably tight.



“Ssshhhh.” Joyce looked around the room and lowered her voice. “We have to keep that quiet. Okay?”

“Okay.” Sam looked down at his hands.

“And, I’m sorry, honey. The weekends are a busy time for Lakshmi. She’s spending time with her family.” She kept her voice just above a whisper. She eyed the growing lump in Sam’s pants. “Anyway, I’m sure you can wait until Monday. You certainly must have gotten it all out of your system. That was a lot of ... um ... exercise this week.”

“I wish.” Sam looked up at her with sad, puppy-dog eyes. “It hurts again.”

“Well, you’ll just have to take care of it yourself, young man. I’m done helping you.”

“I ... I ... please?” Sam looked for all the world like he was going to cry.

“Sam Higgins, your father is home. Your sister could return at any time.” She looked toward the basement stairs. “I took a very big risk in bringing my friend to help you. You should be grateful.”

“I am.”

“And then you did all those things to her and you want more? I just, can’t ... and ... are you crying?”

“I’m just so sorry, Mom. I’m sorry for all of it.” Sam

was crying a little bit. “It hurts if I don’t let it out.” But maybe not that much.

“Oh, Sammy.” Joyce reached over and took his hand in hers. She patted it. “Okay, okay, I’m here. What can I do for you?” She glanced at the basement again. “Maybe I can watch you in the bathroom, like we used to do. Would that help?”

Sam nodded and wiped a tear from his cheek.

“Okay, but we have to be quick and quiet.” Joyce stood up and pulled him by the hand upstairs. “No more tears. Come on, before I change my mind.”

They entered the hallway bathroom upstairs and Joyce locked the door behind them. She stepped past Sam and sat on the toilet lid. "This will be fine. As long as I don't have to touch anything, we're not really doing anything wrong."

"Sure, Mom." Sam dropped his jeans and his briefs. He kicked them to the side. "So, you want me to do it in the sink then?"

"Yes, honey." Joyce nodded, eyes fixed on that throbbing monster. How could it stand up so proud after all it did last week? "In the sink."

Only five minutes later, Joyce found herself with both hands on her son's thing. Stroking hard and trying to get him to do his business in the sink. "Is that okay, sweetie?"



"Yeah, Mom. Ah ... ah ... I'm ... ah ... close." Sam looked down at her wedding ring sliding up and down his dick. "Dad's ... ah ... in the basement ... watching ... ah ... dumb football."

"Don't talk about your father, Sammy." Joyce's hands kept up their pumping.



“While his ... ah ... wife ... is ... fapping ... her son.”

“Sam Higgins.” Joyce looked up from his penis. Her eyes were narrow and fierce. But her hands kept on milking him.

“You’re the ... best ... aaahhhh ... Mom ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” Sam emptied his balls into the sink.

Joyce finished draining his penis. “There, all done.” There was so much in the sink. More sperm than came out of Paul’s penis in a whole week of nightly sex. And the smell. So rich. Joyce tried to stand but her knees felt weak.

“Thanks, Mom.” Sam helped her up. His dick bounced and throbbed in the space between them. It didn’t seem like it was done. “Just a little more, okay?”

“No, Sammy.” Joyce shook her head, but didn’t stop Sam when he guided her to the sink and placed her hands on the mirror, facing all that sperm. She looked up and saw a woman with wild eyes, flaring nostrils, and parted lips. It was a completely unfamiliar view of herself. “Not like this, sweetie.”

Sam ignored her. With his feet, he pushed at his mom’s ankles and widened her stance to lower her hips to his level. He lifted her dress and rested it on the small of her back. Her round, panty-covered butt was beyond perfect. He wanted to smack it, but didn’t want to break the moment. He pulled her panties aside. Her pussy looked so inventing, lips spread and glistening.

“Oh my gosh, we need a condom,” Joyce said. She grunted as her opening stretched around her son’s penis. “Uh ... Cooonnddddooommmmm.” Of all the new sensations she’d experienced with Sam over these past months, this was by far the most shocking. From back there, he had access to some special point that just melted everything else. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” She was already cumming, breathing in the smells of her son’s sperm and pushing back on his enormous thing. She spasmed and shook as Sam plowed into her.

“You feel so good, Mom.” Sam held onto her hips and pulled her back onto his dick again and again. “You’ve never done it like this with Dad?”

Joyce shook her head. Her ponytail swished back and forth. “Nevvveeeerrrr.” She looked in the mirror at herself being taken from behind like an animal and then down into the sink were copious amounts of her son’s stuff slowly slid into the drain. She closed her eyes.

“Dad’s ... oh, Mom ... aaaaahhhhh ... Dad’s missing out.” Her butt jiggled and bounced, every thrust sending ripples out like it was some sort of soft round ocean.

“You’re ... uh ... uh ... going to make me ...” Joyce came again on Sam’s penis while her husband blissfully watched his stupid football downstairs.

They continued on for another ten minutes. Joyce would occasionally open her eyes and see the woman in the mirror getting debased by her own son. She hardly recognized herself. And then she’d have another orgasm. Just one after the other.

“Okay ... Mom ... here ... it ...” Sam sped up his pounding.

“Outside.” Joyce looked over her shoulder. Sam had his eyes shut tight, his skinny arms working hard to drive her on his thing. “Not ... uh ... uh ... inside meeeeeee.”

“Sorry ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” And Sam came in his mom’s pussy.

Joyce threw her head back and orgasmed like never before. The world burned, stars shot before her eyes, and every cell in her body exploded with pleasure.

“Ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She could feel the heat from her son’s sperm deep, deep in her tummy.

Sam pumped more and more cum inside her as he convulsed and banged her again ... and again ... and again. Eventually he stopped and held himself firmly pressed against her butt. “I love ... you ... Mom,” he panted.

“Oh ... honey.” The world came back into focus for Joyce. She panted too. “We ... should not have ... done that.” Her vagina contracted on his penis, trying to milk every last bit of his sperm.



“Sorry, Mom.” Sam pulled out of her and stepped back.

Joyce moved her panties back into place and stood up straight. She wiggled her hips to get her dress back in place, it fell below the knees again. She turned for the door, not making eye contact with Sam. “I’m going to go check on your father.”

“Bring him a beer, Mom.” Sam’s dick still stood at attention, hard and pulsing. “I want you to bring him a beer with my cum inside you.”

“Sam Higgins.” She looked back at him. His thin boy with the monster thing. It was covered in his sperm and her juices. “Never talk about your father like that.”

“Sorry, Mom.”

“You’re lucky this is my safe time of the month. What if I got pregnant?” she whispered. “What would we do then?”

“Sorry, Mom.” Sam had the inclination to grab her, bend her over, and do it all over again. But something told him the moment had passed.

“You really shouldn’t have done that. Go to your room.” Joyce opened the door and looked both ways down the hall. She looked back at Sam. “Think about what you did and we’ll talk about this later.”

“Okay, Mom.”

With that, Joyce left him there and headed back downstairs.

After all that, Sam needed a fap. She was totally going to bring his dad a beer while Sam’s cum leaked out of her. He picked up his pants and underwear and headed back to his room.

~~

Saturday afternoon rolled around, and Sam was still in his room. Which was also, for the moment, his doghouse according to his mom. Paul and Joyce were out running errands, and Joyce had made sure Sam knew he wasn’t welcome. Paul had been a little confused as to what was going on, but he figured whatever Sam had done, he probably deserved Joyce’s wrath. Such as it was.

There was a soft knock at the door. “Yeah?” Sam spun his chair to face the door.

Bex walked in. “We need to talk.” Bex absentmindedly tugged at her sweat pants. She wore the frumpiest clothes she owned. Baggy pants and an Evergreen sweatshirt about two sizes too large for her.

“Okay.” Sam watched her close the door and walk over to the bed.

“I heard you the other day.” She sat down on the edge of the bed, knees together, hand in her lap.



"Yeah?" Sam wondered which thing she had heard exactly. He played it cool. "So, what did you hear, exactly?"

"I heard ..." Bex looked back at the door and then back to her brother. "I heard you boning Mrs. Singh."

"Ohhhhh." Sam's face turned red. "That's it?"

"My God, Sam. What if Mom found out? Or Dad. You'd be dead."

Sam watched his sister, unsure what to tell her.

"What's gotten into you?" Bex rubbed her thighs together. Was it hot in Sam's room? She realized her panties were wet. "How did it happen? I mean, it's crazy. She's a PTA mom. She's friends with our mom, for Christ's sake."

"Well ..." Sam stood and walked over to the door. "Mind if I lock this? If I'm going to tell you, I don't want Mom or Dad coming in here."

Bex nodded.

He locked the door. "It started when she accidentally saw my dick." Sam walked over to the bed and sat down next to Bex. He angled his body toward hers. "I was heading to the bathroom in the morning, and she was using the bathroom upstairs for some reason, and my morning wood was sorta popping out of my underwear." He didn't know what Bex would do if he told her the truth. This was much better.

"Oh, my God." Bex took in every word.

"She said she'd never seen anything like it, dropped to her knees, and started slobbering on my dick."

"Oh ... my ... God." Somehow, Bex's hand had found its way onto Sam's thigh.

"She said she'd never done anything like that before." Sam's dick was straining at his shorts. The rock under the mattress sent up waves of warmth. "I came down her throat and she swallowed it all up." Mrs. Singh had not yet been able to swallow more than the first spurt of Sam's cum. "The next day, when Mom went out for some groceries, Mrs. Singh came over and practically jumped on my dick. She said it was the best sex she'd ever had." That last part was true.



"I can't believe it, Sam." Bex was now rubbing Sam's dick through his pants. It was so long and thick. So improbable, on her little brother. "How did you do it?"

"Well, she was on top at first. Then on bottom. Then I got behind her. She went wild when I had her on all fours."

"Did you use a condom? I mean, can you use a condom with this?" She squeezed his dick with her hand for emphasis.

"Yeah, I found some that fit."

"Remember when I said never again?" Bex slid off the bed and knelt between Sam's legs. She pulled off his pants and briefs. "About us?" She stared up at that nightmare of a cock. It bounced, and swelled, and oozed precum from the tip. "I'm sorry about that. I can be sorta mean sometimes."

"That's okay." Sam watched her hands glide up his thighs and cup his balls. Each testicle practically filled her hand. She gently squeezed them.

"Did you hold her head when she gave you a blowjob? Like I showed you?" She reached up and stroked both hands up and down his shaft.

Sam nodded.

"Would you like me to show you what else you can do to her?" Bex lowered her mouth to that deep, purple head and sucked him in.

"Mmmmmmm."

"Yes, please."

Bex released her lips from his dick with a pop. She stroked him and looked up into his eyes. "You had her on all fours. How was her ass?"



"It was ... ah ... amazing. Round, and she had wide hips."

"I bet. Did you put her down flat on her stomach, with her legs together?" Bex licked up some precum.

"No."

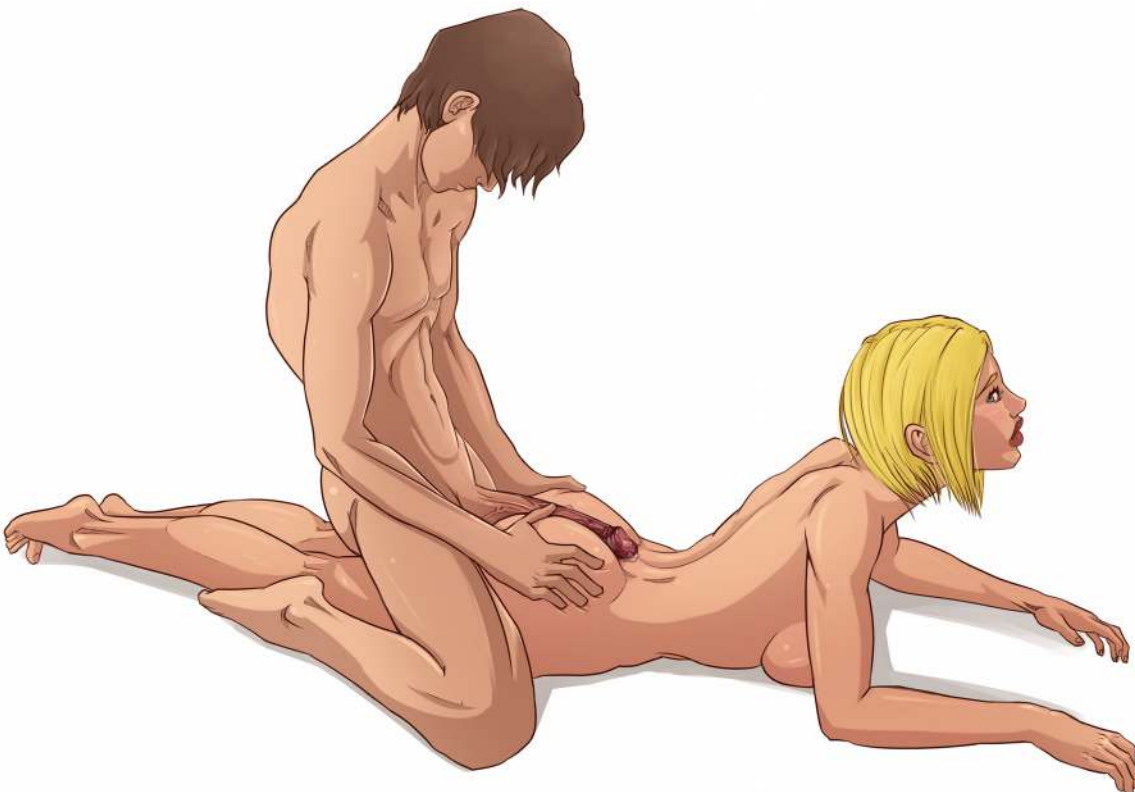
"Well, I'll teach you about that." Bex let go and stood. She peeled off her sweatshirt and dropped her pants. "There's something about you, Sam." She stood, mostly naked, and gave her brother a questioning look. "I can't believe I'm doing this again." She slid down her panties and



stepped out of them. Her firm, lithe body so different from the other two women Sam had come to know. Her little boobs bounced as she hopped onto Sam's bed. She gave him a wink and got on her stomach. Her feet kicked the

blanket with little fits of enthusiasm. Her tight butt was so compact, rounding up and away from her lower back in a bewitching arc. "Get behind me."

Sam eyed the door. It was dangerous doing this when his parents could come home at any second. "Okay." But nothing could have stopped him just then. He climbed up behind her and straddled the back of her thighs. His dick hung in the air over her butt. How was all of it going to fit inside her?



“Unlike when the woman’s on top, you should put it in ... uuuuhhhh ... when you’re behind.” Bex grabbed a handful of blanket with each fist and held on tight. “Just ... like ... that.” She clenched her butt cheeks as Sam slid inside her. “Oooooohhhh. You’re so fucking big.”

“I’m going to go slow. I don’t want to break you.” Sam placed his hands on her back and watched his dick disappear. When he hit bottom, he slowly pulled out until he’d almost exposed the tip and then back in.

“Good ... uh ... idea.” Bex looked back over her shoulder at her brother. He looked so happy. She smiled at him.

“Wow, Bex, I love this.” Sam fell into an easy pace. His sister’s butt pushed back at him. He bounced off of it with a satisfying thump every time he hit bottom.

“Thanks.”

“You’re wel ... uh ... uh ... uh ...” Her voice trailed away into a series of grunts. Her smile departed, and was replaced by a vacant expression. She turned her head and buried her face in the blankets to stifle her moans.

Sam pumped her like that for a long-time. He watched her shoulder blades flex and the little muscles in her back spasm as she came again and again. Eventually, Sam was ready. “Uh ... uh ... uh ... uh ... inside?”



“Yeah,” Bex squeaked out. The warmth spread through her tummy as Sam washed her insides with his cum. “Oooooohhhh.” She came one last time.

Sam stayed on top of her for a while. "That was amazing."

"Good." Bex wiggled her butt into him. "But you need to get off me or we'll fall asleep like this."

"One more time?"

Bex shook her head into the covers.

"Okay." Sam rolled off her and lay on his back. "But you can't get mad at me again."

"I won't." Bex sat up on her knees and kissed his cockhead with a quick peck. "I promise." It was salty and so delicious. She almost changed her mind about one more time, but quickly jumped off the bed instead. "I'll see you later, dummy." She picked up her clothes and walked to the door. Her tight butt bounced with each step. "I've got some homework to do."

"You're the best big sister." Sam said.

"Thanks." She smiled to herself as she opened the door.

Sam watched her go and sighed.

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It seemed like at least one of the women in his life was angry at Sam at all times. Joyce barely said hello to him when he came down for breakfast the next morning and didn't offer to make him anything. She made zero eye contact and left the room a few seconds later. On the other hand, Bex skipped down the stairs while Sam was eating cereal. She greeted him with a warm smile and a friendly punch on the shoulder.

"What are you up to on this fine Sunday?" She dropped a slice of bread in the toaster.

"Maybe some video games. And some studying, I guess."

"Why so sad, Sam?" Bex hoisted herself onto the counter. Her bare legs swung as they dangled. Sam was at the right angle to see up her skirt. She had on blue panties today. "You should be happy. You're learning all sorts of new things." She winked at him.

"Mom's mad at me." Sam shoveled in another spoonful of cereal.

Bex frowned. "Am I in trouble?"

"You're fine. It's me." He waved his hand at her.

"Phew." The toaster popped and she grabbed her toast. "Well I'm off."

"Where to?"

"I've got more to do on that school project, meeting some girls to work on it at one of their houses." She scooted off the counter and walked past Sam. She gave him another playful punch on the way out. Bex lowered her voice in a bad impression of their father, "See you later, sport."

"Bye, Bex." Sam watched her skip out the kitchen door. What a difference a week makes. The slam of the front door reverberated as she went off to her project.

A minute later, Paul walked into the kitchen. "Did I miss Rebekah?"

"Yeah, she's off to do a school project." Sam pointed to some papers Paul had in his right hand. "What's that?"

"Some college info I wanted to give Rebekah." Paul dropped two slices of bread in the toaster and hit the switch.

"We're doing some tours soon."

Sam perked up. "Can I go?"

"You know the drill, Sam." Paul frowned at his son. "Two years of junior college and then a four-year school. Same as your sister. Money's a little tight."

"Yeah." Sam looked down at his nearly empty bowl. "Is Mom going? On the tours?"

"No, Mom's staying with you."

"I can stay by myself." This was a rote response, but Sam didn't really mean it. What an amazing opportunity to have his mom all to himself for a while.

"We know." The toaster popped. "Anyway, I don't know why I bother to ask, but do you want to play some golf today?"

"No thanks."

"Okay." Paul grabbed his toast. "Bye, Joyce," he yelled toward the living room.

"Bye, Paul. Have fun today," Joyce's called back from the other side of the house.

"See you later, sport. You're missing out on a beautiful day outside." Paul gave Sam a smile and went into the garage.

"Bye, Dad." Sam waited for the sound of the garage door closing before he rose, put his bowl in the sink, and went searching for his mom. He found her folding clothes in the laundry room.

"I'm sorry, Mom." Sam stood in the doorway, unsure if he should get too close to her. He looked down at the floor and remembered where he'd dropped the basket the day they'd done it in that room.

Joyce looked up at him. She held one of his sister's skirts, mid-fold. "I don't know why you keep pushing me, honey. I've tried to give you what you need."

"I know, I'm sorry."

"And I have such a hard time saying no to you." She finished folding the skirt and put it on top of a pile on the counter next to her. She picked up a shirt from the unfolded pile and pressed it to her chest. "I can't have another baby, Sammy."

"I know. I'm really sorry."

Joyce was wearing jeans and floral print blouse. She'd braided her hair in the back. "It seems like whenever we make a little progress, we slip up again." She bit her bottom lip and looked at her son. Her eyes trailed down his body and lingered on the lump in his pants. She looked away and folded the shirt. "Do you need some help, today?" She mumbled.

"Yes." Sam nodded, full of earnest remorse. "I'll use a condom from now on. I promise. Let me show you."

"Oh, Sammy." She picked up a pair of his shorts to fold. "I could never stay mad at you." She fiddled with the hem of the shorts. "But I thought we'd gotten beyond this."

"I love you, Mom." Sam's face brightened in a hopeful smile. "You're so amazing."

"I love you too, sweetie. But ..." Her eyes fell down to his crotch again. "But Lakshmi will be your girlfriend during the week. Right? I'm only helping you on the weekends from now on."

"Sure." Sam took a step into the room.

"Not in here, honey." She dropped the shorts back on the unfolded pile. "Let's go upstairs and get a condom. I can fold laundry later." She walked over to Sam and gave him a chaste kiss on the forehead.

Sam reached up and grabbed her left boob. He squeezed and hefted it up. It was so wonderfully heavy.

Joyce didn't push him away. "Come on, Sammy. Not here." She stepped around him and led him by the hand.

"Okay, Mom." He followed her upstairs.

A little while later, Joyce's jeans, panties, and blouse lay discarded on Sam's bedroom floor. She still had her bra on, so there was some dignity in that. They were on the bed, and Sam's sheathed thing pierced deep into her as she rode him for all she was worth. Sweat dripped down her neck, trickled down her chest, and disappeared inside her bra. "Oh, Sammy. You're ... oohhhhhh ... you're going to make me do it ... again." Her hips stopped and she trembled all over.

Sam watched her boobs jiggle and sway. The bra was a thick, supportive number, but he could still see lots of wobbling cleavage. He reached both hands up and grabbed her boobs. When she'd stopped shaking, Sam gently pulled and pushed her breasts to get her hips rocking again. "You're ... ah ... oh ... so beautiful."

"Thank you ... honey." Joyce placed her hands on his chest. She worked to catch her breath. "How did ... oooohhhh ... this happen?"

"I don't ... know." Sam gave her boobs another squeeze. "Could you ... please ... face the other way ... while you're ... up there? It's not ... like animals."



She looked down at his handsome face. So sincere. She nodded. "Okay." Joyce lifted off Sam and held his thing with her left hand. She turned around, all the while holding him under her vagina. It wasn't easy, but she got in position, facing his legs. She looked down at the huge penis that was somehow going to slip right back inside her. Her wedding ring was smeared with her own juices. There was a quick rush of guilt, and Joyce lowered herself back down onto Sam. "Oooooohhhh. You're hitting all sorts of places, Sammy." She put her hands on his thighs. Joyce found it awkward to grind him from this position, so she bounced up and down. Soft, gentle little bumps as their hips met over and over.



"Wow ... Mom." Sam reached out and grabbed her butt. His fingers made indentations in her pale, pliant flesh. "Have you ... ah ... done this with Dad?"

Joyce shook her head. She looked down at her son's skinny legs and rode him a little faster.

"Amazing." They made a wet sloshing sound as Joyce drove her hips into him. Sam had the perfect view of his dick parting her pussy lips. He gave her right butt cheek a soft slap.

"Sammy?" Joyce looked back at him over her shoulder. Her face was more quizzical than angry. With her head at that angle, it forced her back into an exquisite arc. She reached up and cradled her boobs with her hands. She bounced harder.

"You ... uh ... like that, Mom?" Sam slapped her again, just a little bit harder.

With her face still turned toward him, she closed her eyes and shook her head. Her mouth hung open. She liked it.

Sam slapped the other cheek. It wobbled and shook, both from the slap and Joyce's bouncing.

"Oh, Sammy."

"I'm going to cum, Mom." Sam gripped her bu-tt again. "Outside?"

"It's ..." Joyce was lost in the moment. "It's okay. Condom."

With that, Sam dug his fingers in and pulled her butt down, impaling her all the way. He lifted her up and pulled her down with the rhythm of the bursts of cum that erupted from his dick.



Joyce tossed her head back, gripped her boobs tighter, and came again.

When they were done, she pulled herself off him and sat cross-legged next to him. She put a hand on his thigh and slowly caressed him as she panted. "Oh my, gosh. That was ... phenomenal. Crazy. Where did you learn to do

that, Sam Higgins." She looked at his thing. The condom stretched obscenely around his load, but it somehow held. Thank goodness.

"I've seen it in porn." Sam smiled up at her.

Joyce rolled her eyes. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Okay, get yourself cleaned up, honey." Joyce patted his thigh and climbed out of bed. "Remember to take your condom out to the big trash can in the garage. We can't have your Dad finding it." She bent down to pick up her clothes.

"Okay." Sam could see her juices trickling down her leg.

"I'll have some lunch for you in about an hour." Joyce walked over to the door, unlocked it, and disappeared out into the hall.

"Thanks, Mom."

Sam rolled over and pulled the pillow under his head. He was physically and emotionally exhausted. Before too long, his soft snore echoed through the room.