

# THE DARK STONE

## Chapter 6



# DARK STONE STORIES

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## Chapter 6

“Everything happened so fast.” Lakshmi sat across the table from Joyce. She cradled her hot mug of coffee between her hands. The warmth radiated through her fingers. Such a familiar sensation. Lakshmi hung onto familiar sensations now. New feelings had bombarded her lately, making the world more than a little alien.

It was Monday afternoon, around two in the afternoon. Joyce’s kitchen smelled faintly of baking. Cookies, maybe. That was a familiar smell. Lakshmi tried to hold onto that.

“How are things with Raj?” Joyce watched her friend closely. Sitting there, in that moment, it was hard to tell last week had ever happened to poor, little Lakshmi. “Better, right? Lots of sex?” Lakshmi was such a pretty thing, with her dark eyes, soft, feminine features, flawless, brown skin, and wide smile.

“The first few days after I started with Sam were sorta wild with Raj.” Lakshmi looked off into space, thinking. “But then Raj started avoiding me around bedtime, and making up excuses. I think I’m too much for him now.”

“Oh, honey, I’m sorry.” A small frown clouded Joyce’s warm face. Her brow furrowed, sending a crease along her forehead.

“Well, I’m coping.” Lakshmi lifted the mug and took a sip. She regarded her friend through wisps of rising steam. Joyce really was a beautiful woman. Lakshmi had never given it much thought, but after this past week, she was seeing things differently. Joyce’s brown hair was so full and vibrant. Her skin wonderfully milky, with a dappling of freckles. And her body was ... was ... very womanly.

“What do you mean?” Joyce took a sip of her coffee. The smell mixed with the other kitchen smells in a rich, soothing way.

“Well, this is embracing, but after what you’ve seen ...” She kept her mug up near her eyes, a shield against the intimacy of the moment. “I bought a large cucumber at the grocery store, and I’ve ... been using it.”

“Oh, my,” Joyce said.

“After everyone else is asleep, I sneak into the hallway bathroom and use the cucumber on myself.”

“I ... I ... oh, my gosh.” Joyce didn’t know what to say.

“I told you a secret.” Lakshmi put the mug down and leaned on her elbows. She was aware this was exposing a good deal of cleavage to her friend. She had on a revealing white summer dress. “Now you tell me something. Why are you watching us? How can you watch your son ... do that to me?”

Joyce leaned back in her chair. She folded her arms over her blouse. “I guess, I just wanted to be there for you. You know?”

“That’s crazy, Joyce.” Lakshmi shook her head. “He’s your son.”

Joyce’s shoulders stiffened. “I know it’s unusual.”

“What’s really going on? What’s happening to me?” Lakshmi leaned a little more forward, her dark eyes almost black and so fierce.

“Well ...” Joyce licked her lips. “You’ve always been ... um ... persuadable.”

"That's not true."

"No, it is true." Joyce didn't like arguing with her friend, but it was true. "You tend to go with the flow. Remember the canoe trip? Or the softball team? Or heavens, pick any game night."

"Fine." Lakshmi sighed and leaned back in her seat. She wrapped her fingers around her mug again. "But that doesn't explain last week."

"Well, Sammy has a way about him." Joyce smiled to herself. "He's good at persuasion. And you're good at ... um ... listening. So ..." Joyce spread out her hands, palms up and shrugged her shoulders. "And you've been frustrated with Raj. So, I suppose it's only natural."

"I don't know, Joyce." Lakshmi stood and walked around the table. She held out her hand. "What about Sam's rock?"

"It might have ..." Joyce looked at her friend's outstretched hand. "Where are we going? Sammy won't be home for a while." Joyce cocked her head at her friend, confused.

"I know, but he asked me to do something for him." Lakshmi reached down, squeezed her friend's hand, and gently pulled her to her feet. Joyce's large breasts were now just below Lakshmi's eye level, the blouse she had on was loose, but it still couldn't hide her assets very well. Lakshmi took in an eyeful and then looked up into her friend's surprised eyes.

"When?"

"On Friday, when he was rearranging my insides. He whispered in my ear." Lakshmi reached up and grabbed two fistfuls of Joyce's blouse, just below the shoulders.

"What?" Joyce whispered.

"He wanted me to ..." Lakshmi pulled on her friend's shirt and brought Joyce's face down to hers, "... kiss you." Their lips met. The soft silky warmth of Joyce's mouth mixed with the earthy aroma of coffee was enthralling. She moved her mouth away. "And as you say ..." Lakshmi pulled her friend's face down again and delicately licked at Joyce's top lip. "I am suggestable."

"No." Joyce looked down at her friend with frightened eyes. "I didn't mean ..."

Lakshmi pressed their lips together and tenderly slipped her tongue into her friend's mouth. They kissed like that for several minutes, standing in the middle of the kitchen, lips locked.



Joyce pulled her face back. “We can’t —” Lakshmi dragged her into another long kiss. After a minute, Joyce pulled away. “Lakshmi, the window. Someone could see.”

Still holding two fistfuls of blouse, Lakshmi ripped to the sides. Buttons flew throughout the kitchen and Joyce’s blouse hung open. Joyce had on a very sensible, supportive bra.

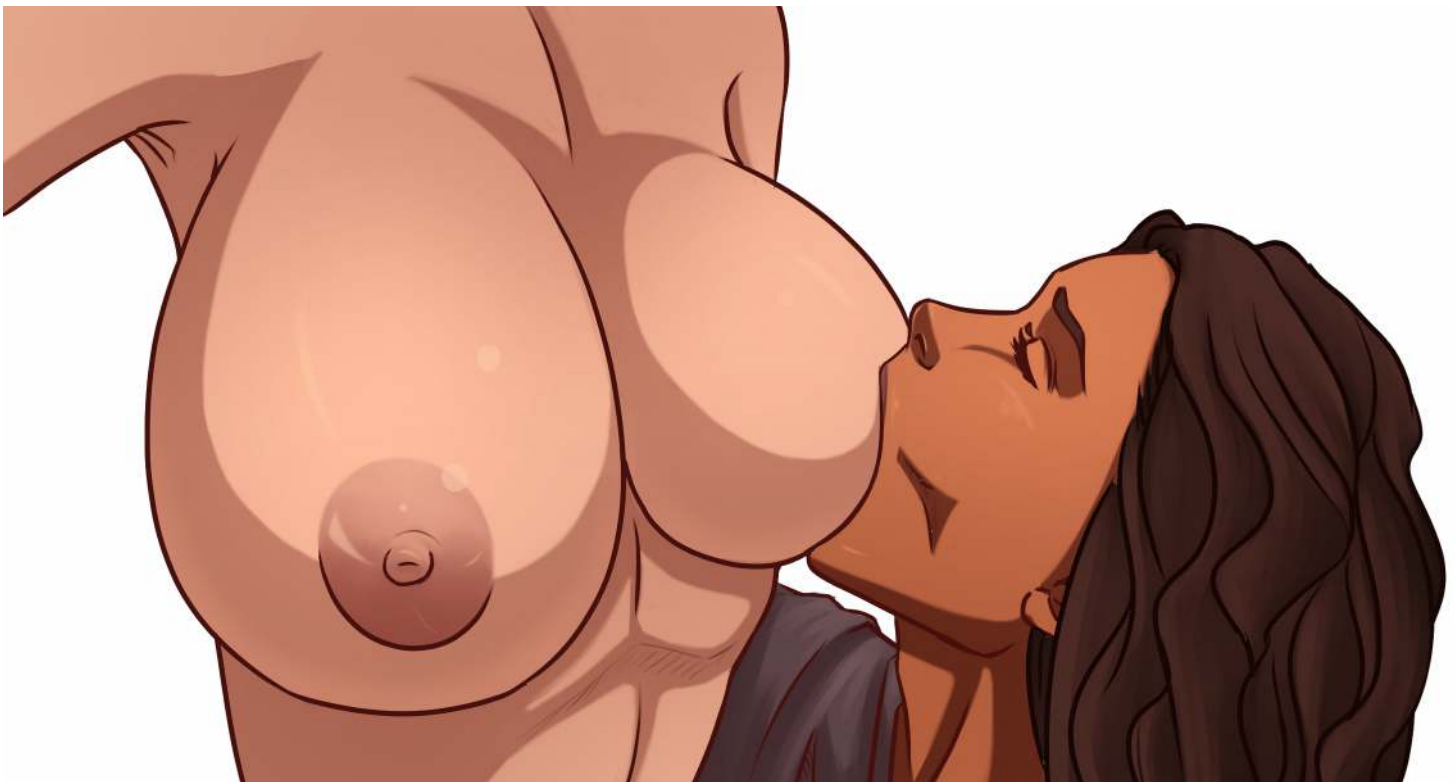
“Lakshmi!” Joyce realized she had her hands on her friend’s shoulders. As if they had a mind of their own, her hands snaked around and pressed themselves into Lakshmi’s delicate back. She’d never touched a woman like this before.

“Sam asked me to.” Lakshmi kissed Joyce on the neck. She kissed a little lower. A trail of soft, tender nuzzles and licks made their way down Joyce’s chest and up onto the exposed part of her breasts. “You smell so good, Joyce. Like fresh cut flowers.” Lakshmi’s hands snuck inside the blouse and made their way to the bra strap on her back. With a quick manipulation, the bra snapped open. Lakshmi tugged at the sleeves of Joyce’s blouse, pulled it off and dropped it to the floor.

Joyce sucked in her breath.

“It’s okay.” Lakshmi smiled up at her friend. Her teeth so white behind her dark lips. “You were always such a goody two-shoes, Joyce. Time to loosen up a little.” She pulled the bra off Joyce and dropped it to the floor. Lakshmi looked down at those beautiful, tear-drop breasts. “My God, Joyce. I never really appreciated these before.” She trailed her fingernails over the soft, pale skin, following the meandering blue veins just beneath the surface.

“We can’t do this.” Joyce stared at her friend’s nimble fingers as they brushed along her breasts. She shivered.



Lakshmi lowered her lips to Joyce’s right nipple. “So beautiful.” She sucked it in and rolled her tongue. Her hand brushed its way down over the gentle curve of Joyce’s belly. Lakshmi reached for the button on Joyce’s jeans.

“Oooohhhhhh.” Joyce instinctively cradled Lakshmi’s head with her right hand. With her left hand she guided Lakshmi away from her jeans. “We can’t do this, Lakshmi. Oh, my gosh. We can’t do this in my kitchen.”

Lakshmi released her mouth from the nipple and gave Joyce's breast a playful, little slap. She watched the boob bounce. "Okay, upstairs then?" She pushed Joyce toward the stairs and gave her butt a slap.

"Oh." Joyce looked back at her friend in surprise. She covered her boobs with her right arm and hurried toward the stairs, eager to get away from any and all ground floor windows.

Lakshmi followed close behind.

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Sam got home from school sweaty. He'd run almost the whole way home. The women in his life were good for his cardio in more ways than one. He threw open the front door and looked for his mom and Mrs. Singh in the kitchen, living room, and backyard. Not finding them, he walked upstairs.

The door to his bedroom was closed. He stepped over to it, turned the handle, and slowly swung it open. He stepped inside and his jaw dropped.

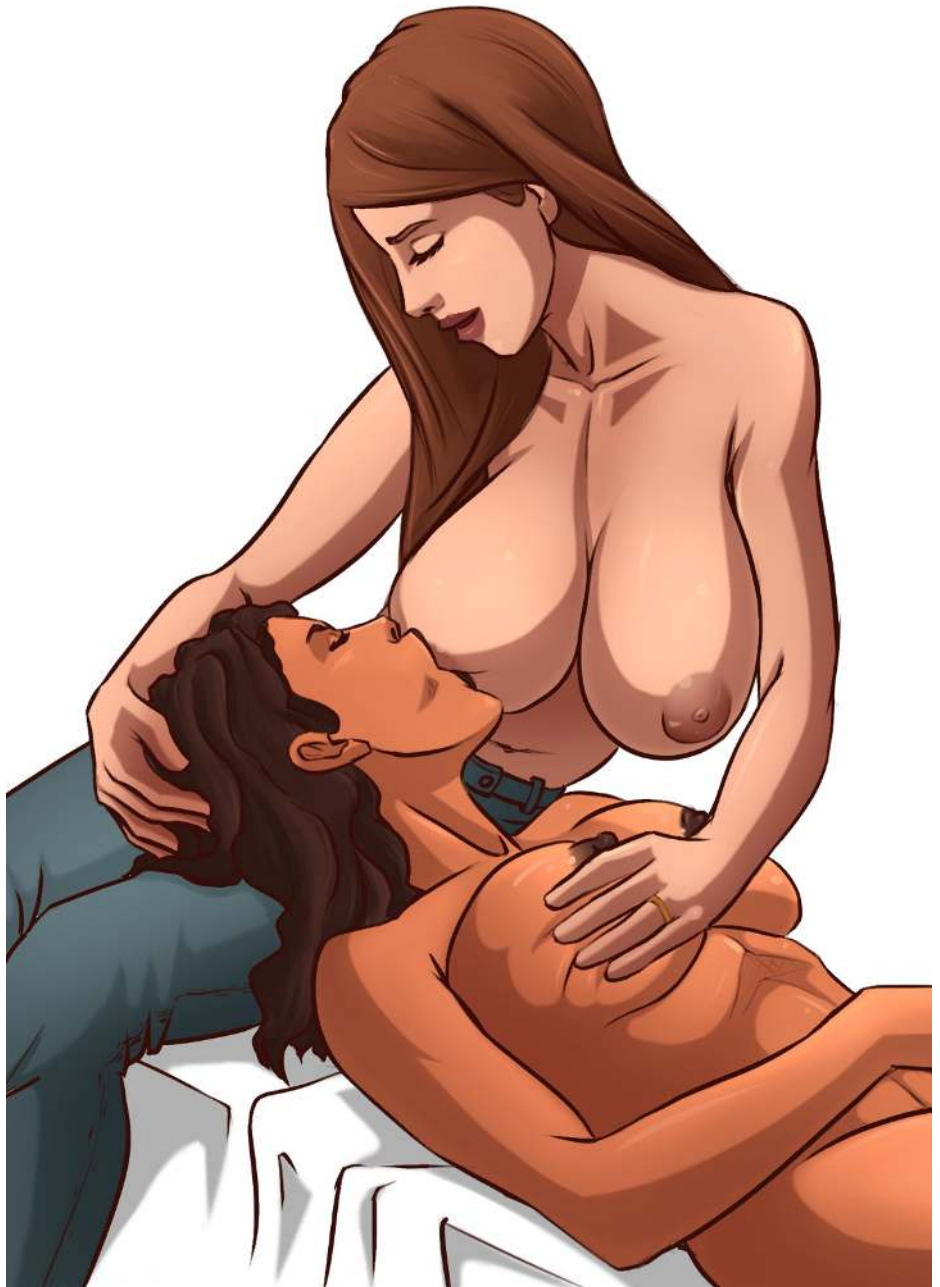
Joyce sat on the bed completely topless, although she still had her jeans on. She was cooing and moaning. Lakshmi was naked, curled on the bed next to her. Her dark hair hung in Joyce's lap as she eagerly sucked on Joyce's left boob. Joyce held her head lovingly and ran her fingers through her black hair.

"Wow." Sam stood just inside the room, not sure what to do.

"Oh, my gosh, Sammy." Joyce looked up at her son. "You're home already?"

"This is when I get home, Mom."

"Oh no, oh no." Joyce moved Lakshmi away from her breast and stood up. "I'm sorry, Sammy. I don't know why ..." She looked around the room for her blouse, but it wasn't there. "I don't ..." She covered her boobs with her arm and sprinted past Sam and out the door. She slammed it behind her.



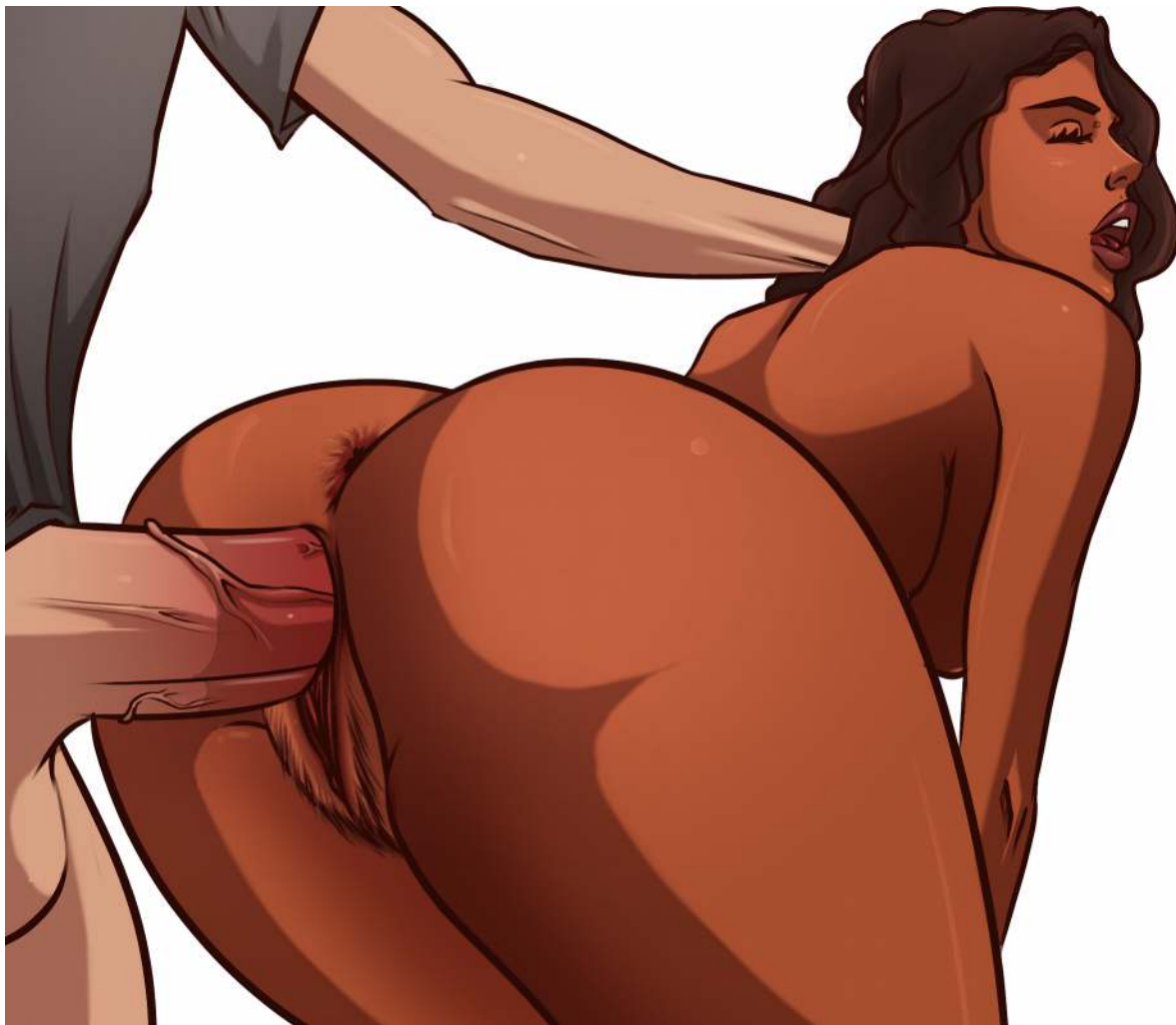
Sam looked at Mrs. Singh, sitting on her knees on his bed. "I can't believe you did it."

"Me either." Lakshmi wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Thank you." Sam looked up at his poster of cat Gandalf. That's what you get when you hang in there. Sam pulled off his pants and flung them across the room. He stepped out of his briefs and his dick swung free.

"Wow. I'd almost forgotten." Lakshmi gazed at his penis with longing. "How do you want me?"

"On all fours, please." Sam walked toward the bed. He didn't bother taking off his socks or t-shirt.



"Okay." Lakshmi turned her butt toward Sam. She was already breathing hard. "You don't need a condom. Just finish outside, okay?"

"Sure." Sam climbed up on the bed behind her. "Miss me over the weekend?"

"Yes." She wiggled her round butt at him. "God, yes."

Sam lined up his dick and entered her pussy. "Are you my girlfriend, Mrs. Singh?"

"Uh ... yes, Sam. I

can't ... uh believe it. But yes."

"Sweet." Sam grabbed her hips and got himself into rhythm.

"Oh, my God. Already ... Sam. Already ..." Lakshmi shook all over as she came on the teenager's enormous cock. He split her in two.

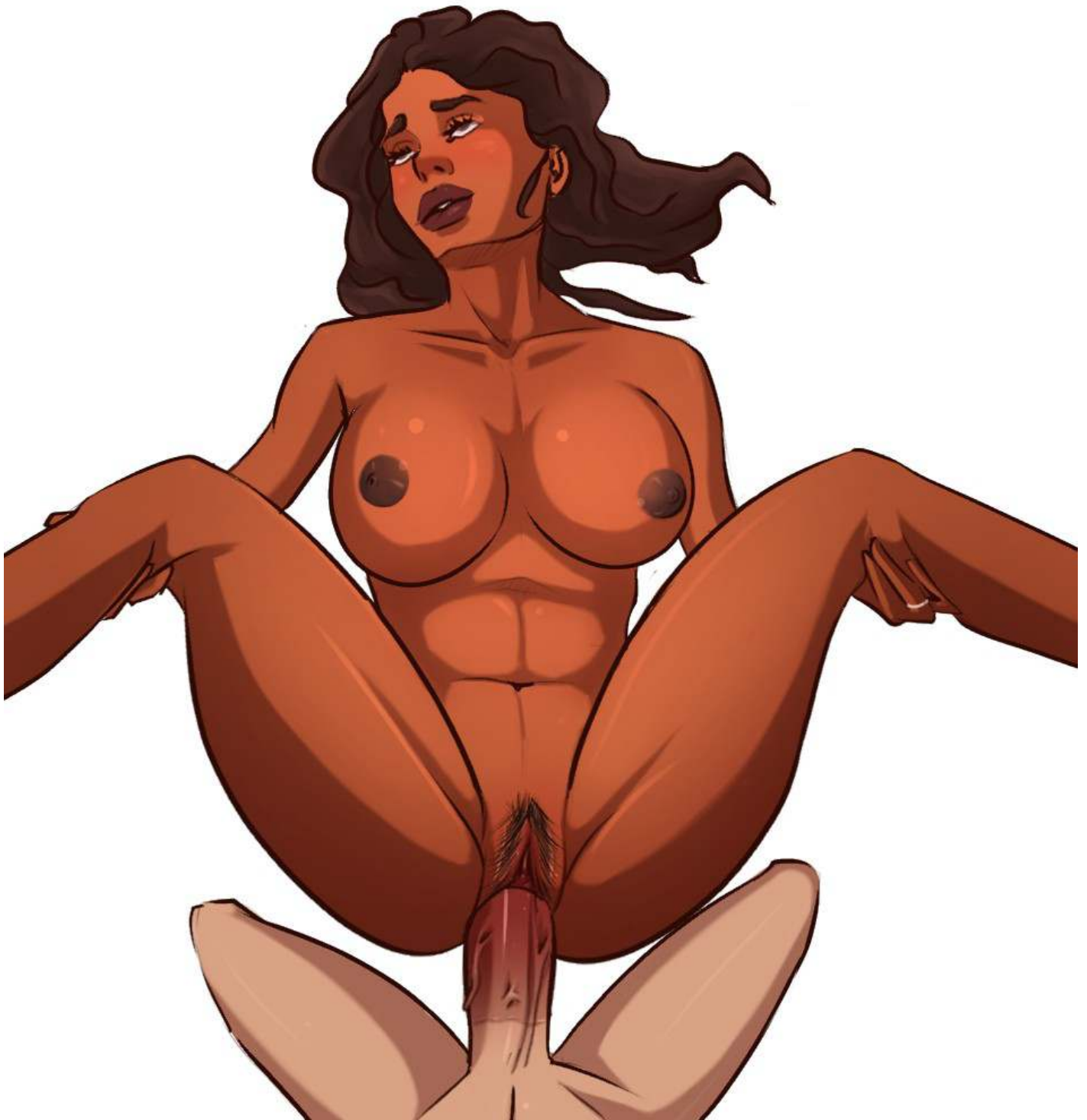
Sam pounded her for about ten minutes. "Can I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... cum inside?"

"Oh, my God. Oooooohhhhhh. Oh, my God," Lakshmi chanted.

Sam took that as an affirmative. "Take it ... Mrs. Singh." He erupted inside of her pussy, sending spurt after spurt deep into her.

“Aaaaaahhhhhh.” Lakshmi’s eyes rolled back and every sensation in her body exploded in the most powerful orgasm she’d ever had.

Sam held her there, on all fours, impaling her. After a few minutes passed, he flipped Lakshmi over, spread her legs and went for round two. When he finished the second time, he sprayed her face, boobs, and belly.



After they were done, lying on their backs and catching their breath, Sam reached over and squeezed her boob. It hung a little off to the side of her chest and swayed with each gulp for air. “I liked that,” Sam said.

“I can’t believe,” Lakshmi panted. “... you did that.”

“Me either.” Sam nodded. “And I can’t believe you kissed my mom. That was hot.”

“Jesus, Sam, she’s your mother.” Lakshmi turned her head to look at him. Her face was covered with dried and drying cum. She looked ravishing.

“Yeah, but still.” Sam traced his finger around her dark nipple and Lakshmi shuddered. “I’d like you to do it again.”

“What?” Lakshmi’s eyes widened.

“I want you to seduce my mom, Mrs. Singh.” Sam lazily played with her substantial breast. “I want you to go all the way.”

Lakshmi stared at this force of nature. At this skinny teenager. Every fiber of her being wanted to make him happy. But could she actually seduce Joyce? “I’ve never been with a woman, you know, down there.”

“First time for everything.”

“Your mother is a bit of a prude.” Lakshmi’s breathing finally slowed. “She’d never.”

“Just try, okay?” He gave her boob a playful little tap and watched it jiggle.

“My God, Sam.” She turned and sat up, on the edge of the bed. The elegant curve of her spine caught the afternoon light. “Maybe.” She sighed. “I’ll think about it.”

~~

Later, after Lakshmi had showered and gone home, Sam found Joyce making dinner in the kitchen. He grabbed himself a glass of water and sat down at the table. Sam’s brown eyes followed Joyce around the room, taking in her wonderful curves.

“So, about that,” Sam said.

“I don’t want to talk about it, Sam Higgins.” Joyce didn’t look at Sam.

“I didn’t think she’d actually do it.” Sam took a gulp of water. He was thirsty. “It was just ... you know ... dirty talk. I thought it was a hot thing to say to her.”

“Dirty talk?” Joyce had an icy tone to her voice. “I raised you better than that.”

“Well, I mean ... A lot’s happened recently and —”

“Sam.” Joyce looked over at him with a piercing stare.

“Sorry, Mom.”

“Now, we’re done talking about it.” Joyce went back to her work. “Go do your homework.”

“Okay, Mom.” Sam took a long drink and put the glass back down on the table. He stood and trudged back upstairs.

At dinner that night, Joyce seemed to have put the whole incident behind her. She was chipper, laughed at her husband’s jokes, and even gave Sam a warm smile or two. Bex was bubbly too and punctuated several stories by kicking Sam under the table. Sam guessed that was a good thing. Paul was his normal gregarious self.

It was a good time to be in the Higgins house.

As Sam drifted off to sleep that night, he pictured his mom as he'd seen her, cradling her small friend in her arms as Lakshmi sucked at her breast.

~~

The next day at school, Sam saw Arjun and a couple of his football friends coming the other way in the hall. Sam felt magnanimous. After all, even if Arjun didn't know it, the dude's mom was Sam's girlfriend.

"Hey man, what's up?" Sam said as they passed.

"Shut up, asshole." Arjun casually shoved Sam's shoulder with his left hand and sent him sprawling against some lockers. The football friends laughed.

Sam watched them go and straightened up. He looked around and didn't see anyone he knew. Even so, Sam's face flushed and he looked down to his shoes. He shuffled off to class and kept his head down the rest of the day.

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At about the same time as Sam was picking himself up off the lockers at school, Lakshmi headed over to the Higgins house.

Joyce let her in with a quizzical look. "You're early today, want to talk?" She closed the front door behind them. "What's u -"

Lakshmi grabbed Joyce's butt and pulled her in for a tight embrace. She craned her neck up and kissed her friend again. Joyce was soft, warm, and curvaceous.

Soon, Joyce's shirt and bra were lying in the front hall and Lakshmi lapped at Joyce's boobs. "We can't," Joyce said, without much conviction.

They moved it upstairs again. Joyce managed to keep her dress on despite repeated attempts by Lakshmi to get it off. Lakshmi quickly disrobed. They kissed, and cuddled, and caressed each other for a couple hours. Joyce did keep an eye on the clock this time and had them both dressed and downstairs before Sam got home.



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After school, Sam hadn't lost his anger at Arjun, even as he plowed into Mrs. Singh. He had her on her stomach.

Joyce had returned today to watch them. She sat on the edge of her chair, her chin resting on her hands.

"Arjun ... what's he like?" Sam pounded in and out of Lakshmi's sopping pussy.

"He's ..." Lakshmi grunted with each thrust below him. Pushing her ass up to meet his thrusts. "A ... uh ... good boy."

"That's ... open to debate." Sam had his hands placed on the small of Lakshmi's back, propping himself up so he could watch his dick disappear and reappear.



"What's this about, Sammy?" Joyce raised her eyebrows.

"He ... uh ... uh ... pushed me today. For ... no ... good ... reason." Sam punctuated the last four words with a slam down into Mrs. Singh's pussy. "And called me an asshole."

“Well ...” Joyce didn’t really know what to say. The parenting manuals never covered this exact situation.

Lakshmi, her face buried in the blanket, shook her head back and forth. She continued to grunt. “Not ... my ... boy.”

“It’s true.” Sam pulled out of Lakshmi with a pop.

“Now, Sam.” Joyce bit her lower lip with worry. “We can talk about this later.”

Sam reached down and made sure his dick was slick with Lakshmi’s juices. It was soaked. Sam lined himself up with her asshole and rested the head there. “Can I, Mrs. Singh? It’s only fair.”

“I’ve ...” Lakshmi inhaled and exhaled with ragged breaths. “I’ve never done ... that.”

“Arjun pushed me.” Sam bounced his fat dickhead on her right butt cheek. “Just because I said hi to him.”

“You can do it, Sam.” Lakshmi gripped the blanket tighter. “But go slow.”

“Lakshmi, you don’t have to do this.” Joyce wanted to act somehow, but she was riveted to her seat.

“No, it’s okay. I want to.” Lakshmi looked up at her friend and held Joyce’s gaze. “Okay. Slow, please. Ow! Oh, no.” She kicked her feet into the bed. “Oooooohhhhhhhhh.”



“Oh, my goodness, Sammy.” Joyce watched her son’s thing disappear into her friend’s butt.

Sam adjusted his position a little, and drove in and out with a steady rhythm. She was tight. “There now ... I feel better.”

Lakshmi’s grunts were even louder than before. “Oh, God. Uh ... uh ... uh ... I ... never ... uh.”

Ten minutes later, Sam was ready. "I'm gonna cum ... uh ... uh ... in your butt, Mrs. Singh."

Lakshmi screamed. "Do it, Sam. Oooohhhh."

"Ah ... ah ... aaaahhhhhh." Sam let out blast after blast inside her. When he was done, he kept her impaled. He panted and watched the sweat drip off his face onto her flexing back.

"I'll never walk again," Lakshmi mumbled into the blanket.

Sam thought about what a dick Arjun was and pulled back and slammed into her butt again. "One more time?"

"Oh my." Joyce couldn't look away.

"Yesssss. Oh, God." All Lakshmi could do was take Sam again.

Surprisingly, a little later, as Joyce helped her to the shower, Lakshmi could walk. But she took it easy. Very easy.

~~

Late that night, Sam slept in his room. He was sprawled out on the covers on his back, softly snoring.

Bex quietly opened his door, snuck in, and closed and locked it behind her. She wore an oversized t-shirt and panties. She crept across the carpeted floor and over to Sam's bed. The smell of Sam's cum hung in the air; earthy and vibrant. She looked down at her little brother. Even soft, his cock was a monstrosity. His briefs barely held it. Maybe he'd need to get special underwear.

"Sam." Bex reached down and shook his shoulder. "Sam," she whispered. "Wake up."

Sam was naked, but for his briefs. Bex examined his torso. His scrawny frame might have gained a little definition recently. Tough to say really, in the moonlight. Maybe she could see the beginning of some abs, if she looked really hard.

"What? Who?" Sam sat up in bed.

"Sssshhhhhh." Bex put her finger to his lips. "It's me." She pushed his shoulders until his head fell back on the pillow.

"What are you doing." He rubbed his eyes. "I'm sleeping."

"I know." Bex squeezed her legs together. Her panties were soaking. "I just wanted to catch up." She grabbed her panties with her thumbs and wiggled out of them.

"Oh." Sam smiled up at her.

Bex smiled back. Her teeth almost glowing in the moonlight. "When did you shower last?"

"Um, before bed."

"Good." Bex reached down and pulled off his briefs. She paused. Seeing was believing, his cock was like nothing she'd ever witnessed. It was already growing. "Now just relax." Shirt still on, Bex crawled into bed and spread Sam's legs. She got between his legs and grabbed his dick with both hands. Her butt stuck up in the air. She lowered her mouth and started sucking on that grotesque, purple head.

"Wow. Thanks, Bex." Sam looked up into the darkness of his ceiling.

When she was satisfied that he was ready, Bex straddled him. With a grunt, she guided him into her pussy. “Oh, man, that’s big.” She put her hands on his chest and rode him with short, jerking thrusts. “You see ... uh ... Mrs. Singh again?”

“Yeah.”

“What’d you do?” Bex pulled off her shirt and tossed it to the floor.

“Um.” Sam reached up and grabbed two handfuls of his sister’s boobs. “Well ... I did ... um ... anal.” His smile widened.

“What?” Her hips stopped and she looked down at him.

“Today?”

“Yeah.”

“You mean the dick that’s in me right now was in my neighbor’s ass a few hours ago?”

Sam nodded up at her, smile still spread across his face. He gently pushed and pulled on her breasts to get her moving again.

“Jesus, Sam. That’s fucking twisted.” Her hips moved, rocking back and forth this time. “Even for you.”

“It was great.”

Bex shook her head. “How’d you do it?”

“Like you showed me.” Sam moved his hands from her boobs down to her hips. “She was on her stomach.”



“Holy shit, you doofus.” Her hips sped up. “That was for her pussy, not her ... uh ... ass.” Bex’s fingers dug into his chest. “Could she walk ... after?”

“Barely.”

“Jesus Sam. What are you ... ooohhh ... doing to that poor woman?”

“She liked it.” Sam’s grip tightened on his sister’s hips. “She said she’d be my ... ah ... girlfriend.”

“Crazy.” She slowed her grinding. “Did she really like it?”

“She wanted me to do it again.”

“No way. Did you?” Bex could feel her brother all the way in her tummy. She couldn’t imagine having him up her butt.

“Yes.”

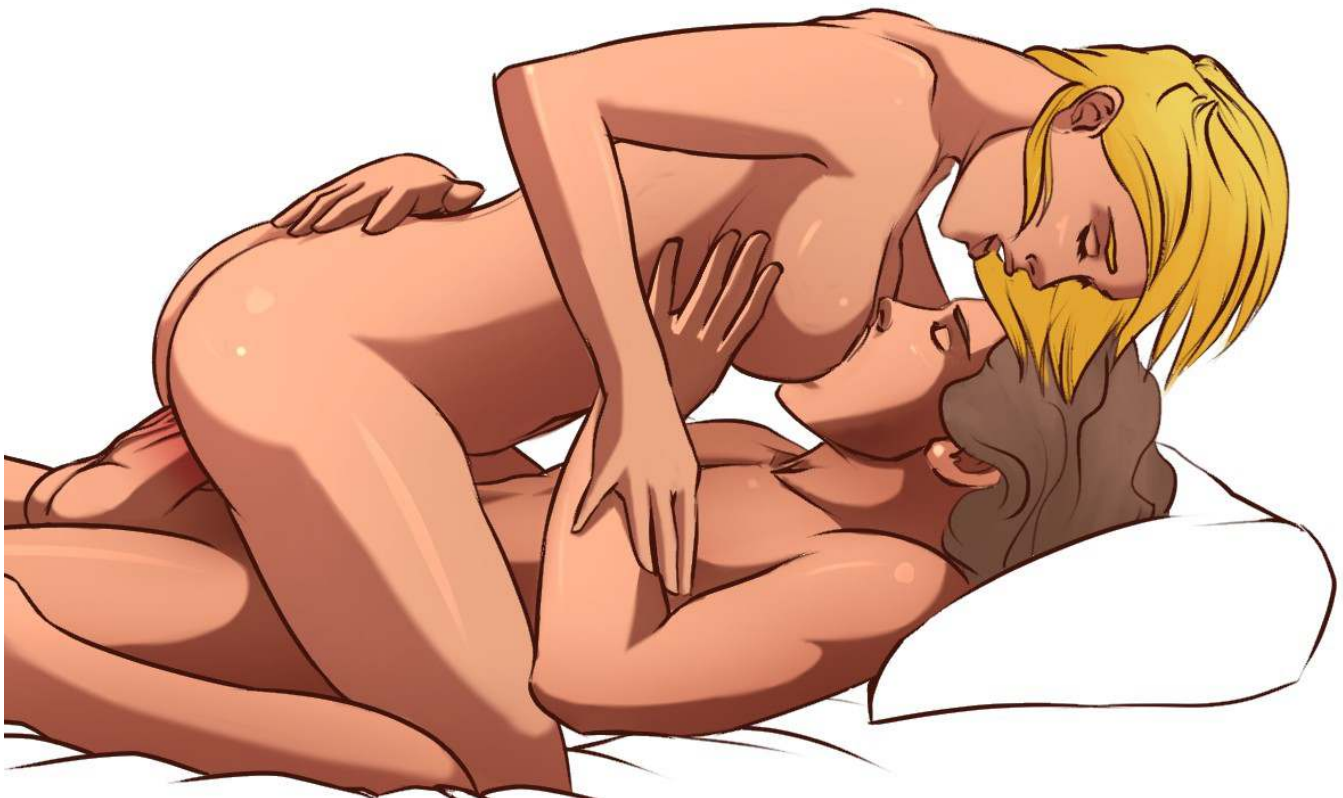
“Did you ... like it?” Bex moved her hips faster again. She was getting close. “I mean, how ... uh ... did it feel?”

“She was ... really tight.” Sam watched his sister’s boobs shake as she rode him. “I came in her butt, both times.”

“Wow” Bex said. “You ... own that woman. That’s so ... ooohhhhhh ... hot.” Bex closed her eyes. “Are you close?”

“Yeah.”

“Do it,” she said. Her pussy spasmed around his dick as he emptied his balls in her. “Oooohhhhhh.” Her grinding jerked to a halt.



Sam, still coming, lifted her hips with his hands and brought them back down several times, milking his dick.

Bex tossed her head and shook all over. She then slumped down onto her brother and rested her cheek on his boney shoulder. After a while, she pulled off him, turned around, and got on all fours. "There's something else I want to show you. Get behind me."

"Okay," Sam scrambled to his knees in between her legs.

"Now put it in." Bex looked back over her shoulder. "Ow. In my pussy, dummy."

"Sorry." Sam lined up his dick and slid it into her pussy. It made all sorts of slurping sounds as he displaced the cum that was trying to drip out of her. "There." He grabbed her hips and drove into her.

"Good." Bex looked down at the blanket. "Now ... this isn't for every woman. Oooohhhh. But sometimes we want you to take ... uh ... uh ... charge. Grab my hair, Sam, and ... oh ... pull my head back."

Sam did what his sister asked.

"Easy, easy. But ... be firm." Bex now looked over at Sam's blank computer monitor. Her back was arched and her shoulders tensed. "Yes, Sam. Uh ... uh ... do what you want with me."

Sam took his sister like that for several minutes. When Sam was ready, he pulled her hair a little harder, driving her back onto to his dick for one big final thrust and came inside her. He released her and fell to the bed.

Bex caught her breath, lifted herself off his bed, and said goodnight. On her way out, she grabbed a towel for the torrent of cum that was flowing out of her, and stumbled back to her room.



~

The next morning, after the kids were off to school, and Raj and Paul were off to work, Lakshmi texted Joyce to see if Joyce could come over. Lakshmi wrote that she was a little sore after yesterday and could use some company and coffee.



Of course, Joyce understood. She'd watched her son sodomize Lakshmi. Joyce shivered, thinking about how painful it'd be to have Sam's monstrous thing up her butt.

She texted Lakshmi back, saying she'd be right over and she'd let herself in. She got the coffee maker going again and busied herself while it bubbled, humming and cleaning. When it was ready, she took the carafe, walked out the front door, and turned toward Lakshmi's house. The birds sang and everything was pleasantly crisp and clear. She wore a long, flowing dress and the outside air caressed her skin. A few houses down, Joyce turned and strode up the walkway. She opened the door. "Lakshmi?"

"In here." Lakshmi's voice carried out from the living room.

Joyce closed the door behind her and followed the sound. She found her friend reclining on the couch, watching a soap opera. She was still wearing a pair of flannel pajamas.

"You brought coffee, good girl." Lakshmi smiled up at Joyce. There were two mugs on the coffee table, so Joyce poured from the carafe into each. She handed a mug to Lakshmi, and picked up a mug for

herself. She sat down on the couch by Lakshmi's feet.

"How are you?" Joyce took a sip of coffee.

"To be honest, I feel like I sat on the space needle." Lakshmi let out a soft laugh and put her feet in Joyce's lap. "I had to make up some farfetched excuses for Raj, but, darling husband that he is, he took good care of me."

"What can I do?" Joyce took another sip.

"Foot rub?"



“Um.” Joyce put down her mug on the coffee table. “Okay.” She reached down and rubbed the feet in her lap. They were soft, small, and warm. She looked down at the little brown toes with bright splashes of red polish.

“Aaaaahhhhh. That feels terrific.” Lakshmi put down her mug and leaned her head back on the couch cushion. She closed her eyes. “Raj sometimes does this for me after a hard day.”

Joyce felt her vagina moisten. “How is it with you two?” She willed her sex drive to disappear, at least for a little while.

“With Raj?” Lakshmi sighed and closed her eyes. “Still the same. It’d be better if he wanted to have sex more often. But that’s fine, I guess. I have Mr. Cucumber. And Sam.”

“Um, yeah.” Joyce kneaded the soft tissue in the bottom of Lakshmi’s feet.

“That feels so good, Joyce.” Lakshmi opened her eyes and looked down her body to where Joyce worked on her feet. Her eyes rested on Joyce’s sizable bosom. “You’re such a good friend.” She sat up and leaned forward, keeping her feet in Joyce’s lap. “If it wasn’t for what your son did to me yesterday, I’d be feeling a little frisky.” She bent a little further and placed a kiss on Joyce’s soft cheek. “Maybe I’m a little frisky despite what your son did to me.”

“Um.” Joyce’s cheeks flushed and she looked over at her beautiful friend. “I just came over for some coffee.”

Lakshmi put a finger under Joyce’s chin and moved her face closer. “Maybe I’m very frisky because of what your son did to me yesterday.” She planted a kiss on Joyce’s lips. When Joyce didn’t pull away, she moved in for another kiss and let her tongue explore Joyce’s mouth.

Joyce let go of Lakshmi’s feet. “Mmmmmhrrrrrr.” She was lost. Joyce knew it.



They broke their kiss. "You are so beautiful, Joyce. Raj would give his left nut to see us do this." Lakshmi straddled Joyce's legs and rubbed their boobs together. She leaned back, reached up, and hoisted a boob in each hand. "Oh, Joyce, they're so heavy." Lakshmi nuzzled at Joyce's neck while she massaged her breasts. "What would Paul say if he saw us now?"

"Oh, my gosh. He's never talked about that. Ohhhhhh. But I think he'd like it. Maybe he'd be jealous?"

Lakshmi leaned up toward her friend and winced. She smiled when a concerned frown passed over Joyce's face. "Don't worry, honey. I'm fine. Just a little sore." She kissed Joyce again and rubbed up against her. "Now let's get these bad ladies out of your dress." She squeezed Joyce's boobs. "We've got all day."

Joyce spent the whole morning over at Lakshmi's. Apparently, Sam wasn't the only person she had a hard time saying no too. She did keep her panties on the whole time, but that didn't keep her little, dark friend from rubbing her vagina through her panties and having all sorts of fun with her breasts.

When she walked home hours later, she tried to stroll like everything was normal. She'd made this walk a million times from the Singh house. But she worried that anyone that day who saw her would immediately notice her dishevelment. She walked faster. If she got close enough for anyone to smell her, they would certainly notice the aroma of fresh pussy.

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When Sam got home from school, he found his mom resting on the couch in the living room.

"Hey, Mom. Feeling okay?" Sam sat down on the arm of the couch, near her feet.

"Yes, sweetie." Joyce had her left arm draped over her eyes, her open palm facing up. The bottom of her platinum wedding band and ring looked rather drab, compared to all the diamonds on the top half. "I'm just resting."

"Well, is Mrs. Singh around?" Sam looked around the room. The place was pretty messy. Usually Joyce kept such a tidy house, but there were dishes on the coffee table, a blanket on the floor, and a forgotten wine glass on an end table.

"She's resting too, honey. She's sore after yesterday. She needs a break."

"Oh." Sam reached down and nudged one of her feet with his hand. "I got an A in pre-calc today."

"Good work. Your father and I are very proud of you." She didn't move from her supine position. Joyce was wearing a pretty, red shirt with little pink embroidered roses, a pair of jeans, and socks.

"I'd like to celebrate. And Mrs. Singh isn't here." He nudged her foot again.





"It's Wednesday." Joyce moved her arm from her face. "I promised to help you on the weekends." She looked down, past her breasts, to where Sam sat on the arm of the couch.

"I can't keep track, Mom." Sam stood and faced her. He unbuttoned his jeans and slid them down his legs. "First it was no weekends. Then not at all. Then only weekends. Can you please just help me when I need some relief?" He kicked his jeans onto the ottoman. He pulled down his briefs and his dick sprung free.

"Good heavens, Sammy. It looks even bigger than usual." Joyce sat up and pushed her brown hair behind her shoulders. "I guess I can clean later."

Before she could stand up, Sam stepped over to her in front of the couch. "Thanks, Mom." He put his hand behind her head and gently pulled her face toward his dick.

"Not here." She put her hand on his stomach to hold herself back. "The window to the backyard ... someone could see."

"Come on, Mom. No one's gonna see." He released the pressure on her head, but kept his hand on her hair.

"Fine." Joyce looked out the window and then towards the front door. Satisfied, she turned back to her son's waiting thing. "But just for a minute. And then we're going upstairs."

Ten minutes later, Joyce was still blowing her son in the living room.

"Oh, Mom. You're so great." Sam had both hands on her head, his fingers entwined in her hair.

"Uuuuhhhmmmmpppphhhh," Joyce said. Her head bobbed up and down. Drool trickled down her chin. She worked the tip of the penis with her mouth, while both her hands stroked its amazing length.

"I'm going to ..." Sam tightened his grip on her head. "Oh, Mom."

"Mmmmmhhhhh." Hot jets of cum covered the back of her throat. Joyce swallowed and



kept swallowing. Her mouth filled with salty, tangy sperm. She'd forgotten how hot his stuff was. Only a small amount escaped her lips.

Joyce waited for Sam to finish and then removed her mouth and gave the tip of his penis a soft, motherly kiss. "There now. I'm going to go get cleaned up." She stood and smoothed out her shirt. There was a small cum stain above her right breast. She sighed, she'd have to get to that quickly or the stain would set. "And put that thing away before somebody sees." She gave his penis a playful little nudge and it bounced, still perfectly hard. Joyce stood and walked toward the stairs.

"Wow, Mom." Sam watched her butt wiggle as she walked away. "You're so hot."

"Thank you, Sam—" Joyce stopped as she felt Sam's hands on her waist. "What are you —"

Sam guided his mom to the wall, right next to a family portrait they'd taken at Christmas last year. He lowered her jeans and dropped her panties. They fell around her ankles. He pulled her butt back toward him to bend her over and expose her pussy. It was leaking, just as he'd expected. He lowered her hips and Joyce bent her knees. He placed his dick at her entrance and slowly pushed in. "I promise I'll cum outside. Okay?"

"Oooohhhhh. Promise me, Sammy." Joyce placed her hands on the wall to brace herself. She let Sam take her.

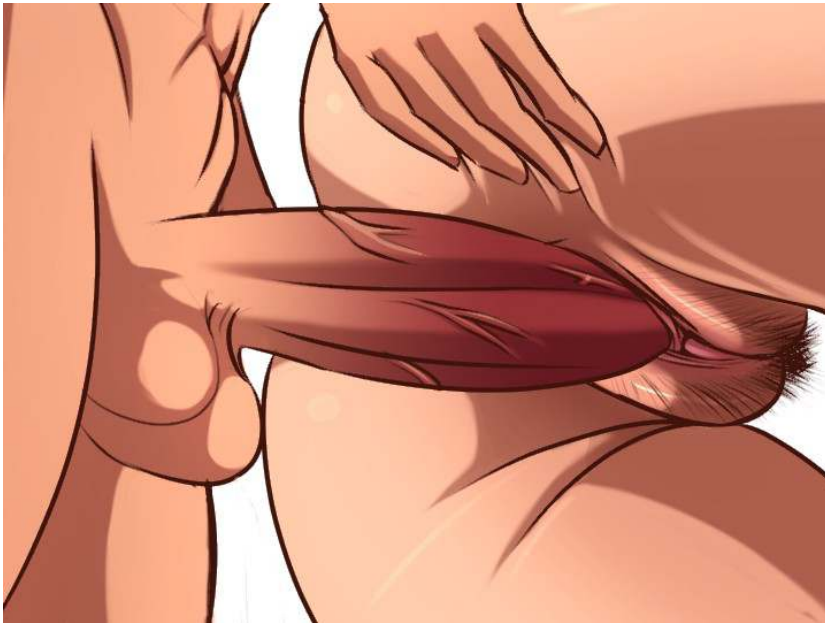
"Yeah, Mom." He got into a pretty good rhythm. After a minute, Sam reached up with his right hand and grabbed a fistful of hair. He pulled back, just enough to get her head tilted slightly back.

Feeling her son manhandle her like that, Joyce grunted and squealed. "Oh my, gosh. Oh my, gosh." No one had done that to her. This was not how she was supposed to be treated. But she didn't want it to stop. A wave of confusion swept over her.

"How's that feel?" Sam loved this. His mom was his. He could do what he wanted. Her ripe butt bounced and shook under his thrusts. "How is it, Mom?"



“Uuuuuuhhhhhhh,” was all Joyce could say. Something about him being back there opened her up completely. He hit places inside her she hadn’t known she had. She came several times in quick succession, moaning and grinding back at his thing.



“Someday ... ah ... someday, I’ll tell you ... how I learned this move,” Sam said. He slapped at her butt with his left hand and Joyce let out a loud squeal.

The phone rang in the kitchen. Joyce tensed. “Sammy, we ... ooohhhh ... need to stop. It could be ... your father.”

“It’s okay ... Mom. Uh ... uh ... uh ... you can call him back ... later.” Sam kept up his pounding. The framed family picture made a faint clinking sound as the vibrations from their hammering bounced it off the wall. Sam thought about his dad on the phone, wondering where his wife was. “Look at the picture, Mom. If someone told you ... last Christmas ... that we’d be ... ah

... doing it like this, you think you would have been ... surprised?”

The phone stopped ringing.

“Oh, Sammy. I never dreamed ...” Joyce lost her train of thought and reverted to grunting and moaning.

“You think Dad’s ... ah ... worried about you?”

“Your father ... uh ... uh ... your father ... uh ... uh ... oh, Sammy, I’m going to ...” Joyce exploded in another orgasm. She spasmed.

“Me too, Mom.” Sam dutifully pulled out. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” He sprayed all over her butt and back. When he was done, the back of her shirt was soaked.

Joyce leaned against the wall for a long time, breathing heavily. She could feel the heat of her son’s cum as it soaked her shirt from her shoulder blades on down. “Okay. That’s enough for today. I’m going to go take care of this shirt.” She straightened and pulled her shirt over her head. She didn’t want it dripping on the floor as she went upstairs. She bent down and pulled her panties and jeans back up her legs.

Sam watched her perfect butt, mesmerized. “Okay.”

“We really need to get out of this room.” Joyce walked to the stairs. “I’m going to take a shower.”

Sam watched her hips sway. She looked magnificent from the back, even with her jeans on. “Sure, Mom.”

“You need to take a shower too before the rest of the family gets home.” She stopped in the stairway and turned back to him, hugging her balled-up shirt to her chest. “And thank you for doing it outside. That was good, Sammy.” With that, she disappeared up the stairs.

“You’re welcome, Mom.” Sam looked around the room. She was right, he didn’t want to be caught down here with his dick out. What was he thinking? He picked up his clothes and headed up to his own bathroom to shower.