

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 7



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

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

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Wednesday evening the Higgins family sat around the dining room table. Bex moved her hands with animation as she told a story about computer class. She'd pause, every once in a while, to smile at Sam or give him a wink. Her knowing, blue-eyes twinkled. Her smile radiated throughout the room. Sam smiled back. The rock had outdone itself. He hadn't thought his relationship with Bex would ever be this good.

Joyce narrowed her eyes and looked from one of her children to the other. When there was a pause in the story, she said, "You two are getting along well."

"Sam's *really* matured lately, Mom." Bex smiled at Joyce, carefree. "I sorta like hanging out with him."

Sam nodded, but didn't look at Joyce.

"Since you were little, the only time you two got along was when you were about to make trouble." Joyce took a dainty bite of Brussels sprout.

"Now, come on Joyce." Paul nudged his wife's arm with his elbow. "Let's not look a gift horse in the mouth."

Sam looked up at his mom. He watched her chew and swallow. If only his dad knew what she'd been doing with that pretty mouth earlier in the day.

How could she go from swallowing a flood of her son's cum, to sitting like she always did? There she was next to Paul, back straight in her chair, presiding over the family dinner. Sam wondered what it'd be like if he'd dumped a load inside her. How hot would it be to have her sitting there, queen of the family, slowly leaking cum into her panties? His face flushed at the idea, he looked down, and took another bite of meatloaf.

"No, you're right, honey." Joyce smiled at Paul. "I guess I'm just not used to all the harmony." She turned her warm smile to Bex. "I'm glad you two are getting along. Please, finish your story."

Bex glanced at Sam and kicked him

under the table. The message was clear, *don't be so weird or Mom will catch on to us*. Sam looked up and tried to act normal.





When Bex finished her story, Paul raised his hand. "Family, I have an announcement." He looked at each of them. "Mallory Stevens and her husband will be here for dinner on Saturday."

"Your new boss?" Sam had only seen Mallory Stevens once a couple months ago when he'd dropped by his dad's office with Joyce. She was new to the company. Sam's impression had been one of a woman that was tall, imposing, and quite pretty.

"She's my colleague, sport. Not my boss." Paul smiled helpfully at Sam.

"Sorry." Sam looked down at his plate and daydreamed. Mrs. Stevens had gorgeous copper-red hair, with freckles everywhere, and her skirt suit that day had hugged her slender hips. She had been kind to Sam, asking him questions about school. The more he thought about her, the more uncomfortable his pants became. Did those freckles really go everywhere? He adjusted in his seat.

Bex looked over at him, caught his discomfort, and rolled her eyes. Her expression was easy to read; *What is it this time, perv?*

"... that's why I'll need you all to help with this dinner." Paul had been talking for a while. "It's important we make a good impression."

"It's going to go great, Paul. What should I make?" Joyce took a sip of wine.

"How about steak?" Paul said.

"I can do that." Joyce nodded and took another drink from her wine glass. Her shoulders bunched themselves in tense knots. A dinner with the boss was not a fun proposition.

"Great." Paul placed a hand on her arm. "It'll be fun." He looked down at Joyce's sleeve under his fingers. "Hey, I thought you were going to wear that shirt you have with the little sewn-in flowers tonight."

"The one with the embroidered roses?" Joyce's smile was all lips and no eyes.

"Yeah, for our ..." Paul looked over at the children. "... special evening." He cleared his throat. "Because Wednesday's are always special in this house."

"Oh, brother." Bex dropped her face into her hands.

"Sorry, dear." Joyce glanced at Sam and then back to Paul. "I ... um ... got a stain on it today."

"Oh, well." Paul rubbed Joyce's arm. "No problem. This shirt looks just amazing on you anyway." He winked at Sam.

“Nice one, Dad,” Sam said.

“Do you think we should invite some friends over for the dinner with Mallory?” Joyce poured herself some more wine. “You know, to ease the social pressure a little.”

“Good idea. Invite the Singhs. I haven’t seen Raj in a little while.” Paul went back to work on his sprouts, happily munching away.

“Okay.” Joyce’s face blanched. Those weren’t the friends she’d had in mind. They would add all sorts of perverse complications to an already stressful evening. But Joyce didn’t know how to rescind the idea. She gulped some more wine.

“Great.” Paul stopped chewing and looked at Joyce. “And I didn’t really want to say anything, but I’ve noticed things around the house have been a little more messy than usual. Busy week?”

Joyce coughed and looked away from Paul. “Um, yes, dear. Busy.”

“No problem.” Paul smiled, blissfully ignorant. “I’ll come home early and help you clean on Friday. We’ll have this place looking slick by Saturday night.”

“I’ll help too, Dad,” Sam said.

“Meh.” Bex shrugged.

“Great!” Paul clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “We’re going to nail this Mallory dinner thing.”

“Your boss won’t know what hit her.” Sam smiled.

“Colleague,” Paul said. “She’s my colleague.”

“Right, Dad,” Sam said.

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After school on Thursday, Sam found Mrs. Singh and Joyce sitting at the kitchen table. He was hoping to find them all over each other with clothes strewn all about the room, but it wasn’t so.

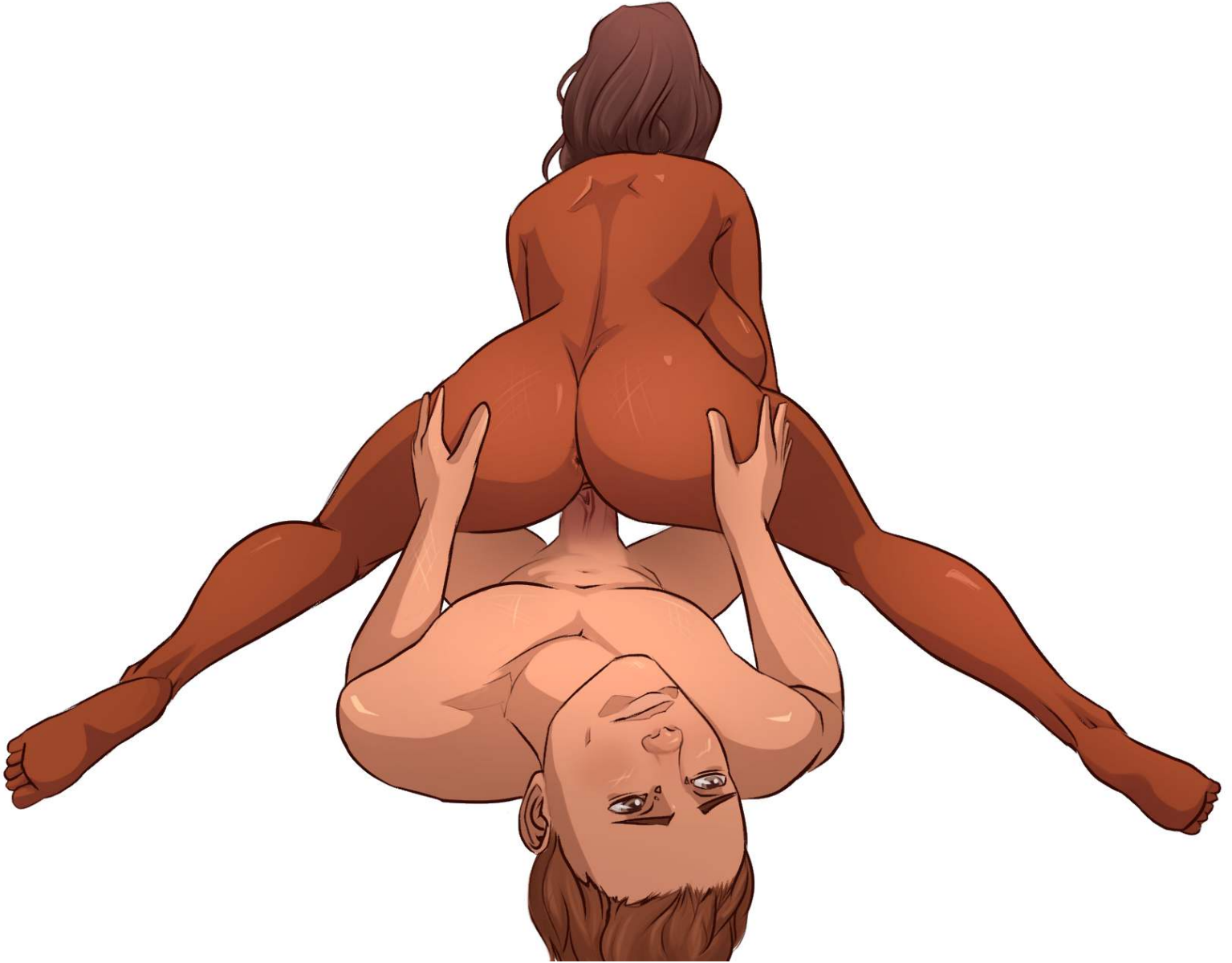
“Hi, Mom. Hi, Mrs. Singh.” Sam dropped his backpack on the linoleum floor.

“Hello, Sammy.” Joyce smiled at him. She wore a loose blue dress that almost matched the dress Lakshmi wore.

Lakshmi waved a hello to Sam. Her wedding ring sparkled as it moved through the warm afternoon sunlight. The sight of the ring and her pretty smile got Sam’s dick stirring in his pants.



Twenty minutes later, Lakshmi bounced on Sam's huge pole. They were in Sam's room, on his bed, with Joyce watching behind them from Sam's chair. As had been true all week, there was no condom on Sam's dick.



"Oh, Sam. You're so deep." Lakshmi leaned back, with her fingers resting behind her on Sam's skinny thighs. Below her triangle of black hair, Sam's dick stretched and pulled at her dark pussy lips and the pink just inside. "You're ... gonna ... oohhhhhh ... make me ... again." Lakshmi stopped her bouncing and ground her hips into his.

"Keep ... going." Sam lifted her hips and pulled them back down, forcing her to take his length.

"Oh, God ... Oh, God ... Oh, God." Lakshmi's boobs bounced and swayed in synchronicity. She grabbed them and held them to her chest.

"I'm gonna ... cum," Sam said. He bounced her up and down on his dick like a ragdoll.

"Not in her vagina, Sammy." Joyce leaned forward and watched her friend's butt ripple and shake.

"I'm gonna ..." Sam closed his eyes tight.

“Not inside her.” Joyce stood. She stepped over to the bed, climbed up on her knees, and put her hands under Lakshmi’s arms. She pulled, but Lakshmi just kept bouncing on her son’s thing.

“Yeeesssssss.” Lakshmi bucked and squeezed her boobs tighter. “Do it ...”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhh.” Sam pumped his cum into her pussy.

“No.” Joyce reached around Lakshmi for a better grip, and accidentally grabbed her breasts. Lakshmi turned her head, opened her mouth, and kissed Joyce on the lips. Without thinking, Joyce shut her eyes and kissed back. She was feeling up and making out with her best friend while her son emptied his balls inside her. This is not how she wanted to become a grandmother. But Joyce didn’t stop.

“Mmmmmppphhhhh.” Lakshmi’s small frame never stopped riding Sam, but she was now gyrating her hips and grinding into him. She slid her hands out from underneath Joyce’s and then placed them on top, holding Joyce in place, forcing Joyce’s fingers into Lakshmi’s soft flesh.



Sam opened his eyes. "Wow." He looked at their hands, their wedding rings pressed together. Sam didn't mind that Lakshmi hadn't given him a post-cum break, he wanted this to go on forever.

This was, of course, the second time that day Joyce made out with her neighbor. Their sessions before Sam got home were becoming a habit. But this was a new low for Joyce. She didn't know how she could sink any further. Joyce pulled her head back and their lips parted. "I'm sorry, Sammy." Her hands still massaged her friend's breasts. "I tried to stop it."

"It's ... okay ... Mom." Sam held Lakshmi's hips and slowed down her motions. "This is good ... for me. It really helps."

"You could get her pregnant." Joyce couldn't help herself. She snuck a quick kiss from Lakshmi's neck. Lakshmi sighed, and tilted her head sideways, offering up more neck for Joyce. She was now riding Sam slow and steady.

"Don't worry about it, Mom." Sam was acutely aware of the rock under his mattress. It pulsed warmth up into him. This was perhaps the strongest he'd ever felt it. "It's what I need right now. You want me to get As, right?"

"Yes, but ..." Joyce leaned in and kissed her friend's neck again. She licked up and down, tasting the salt of her sweat and smelling the faint floral notes of her perfume mixed with the earthy undertone of Sam's cum drifting up from her vagina. Her hands kneaded Lakshmi's breasts.

"Oh, Joyce. Yesssss." Lakshmi shivered.

"It's okay, Mom." Sam smiled up at her.

"I guess, if you need it." Joyce looked down at her handsome, lanky boy. He looked so happy. "If Lakshmi is okay with it, she's a grown woman. She can decide."

"Great." Sam pulled up on Lakshmi's hips and dislodged her. "Now could you put it in her butt, please?"

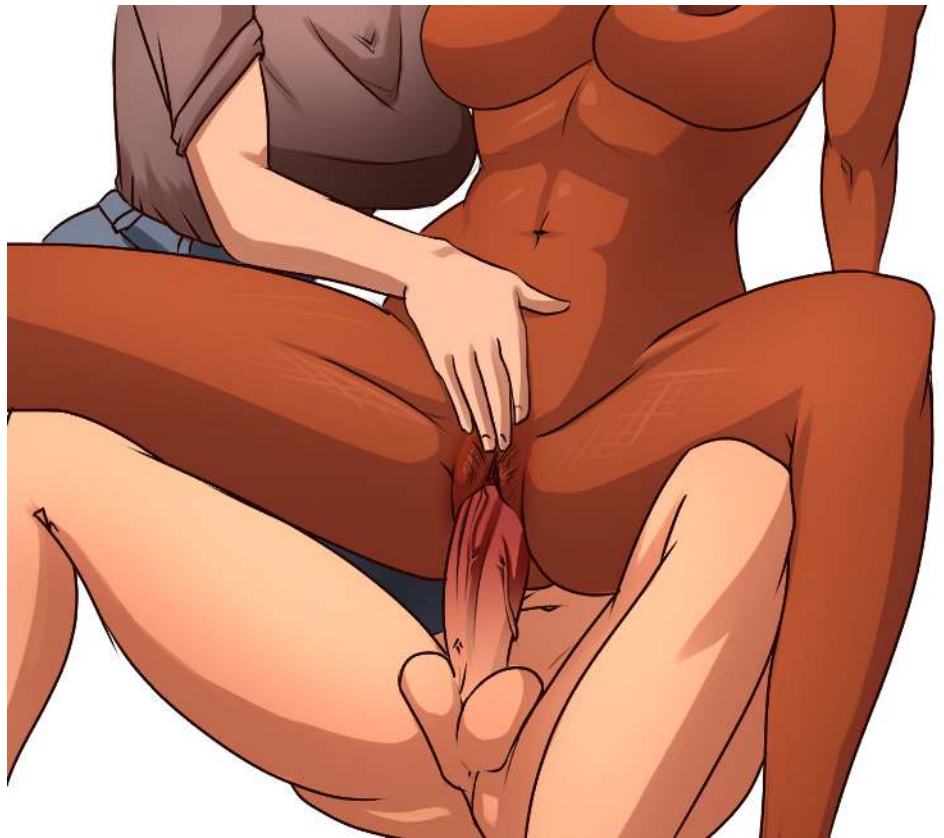
"Oh, Sammy, no." But Joyce's right hand left the boob it had been squeezing and moved between her friend's legs.

Lakshmi whimpered, her pussy hovering over Sam's dick. "Joyce, you're touching your son's cock."

"It's okay, Lakshmi." Joyce gently circled her fingers around his girth. It was so thick.

"But ... but, he's your son," Lakshmi said.

"It's okay." Joyce pointed the head up and nuzzled it between Lakshmi's butt cheeks. The penis came to rest and she felt Lakshmi's hole give as Lakshmi slid back down. Joyce moved her hand. "I can't –"



Lakshmi kissed her again and pulled her right hand down to Lakshmi's vagina. Joyce's fingers squished in and around the gaping hole, Lakshmi's juices and her son's cum poured out. "Never –" Joyce was cut off again by her friend's soft lips.



They broke their kiss. "Oh, my God. Joyce ..." Lakshmi started bouncing in earnest, sending that monster all the way up her backside over and over. "You're ... going to ..." She came all over Joyce's hand.

"Oh, sweetie." Joyce squeezed boob with her left hand and rubbed clit with her right. She licked up and down Lakshmi's graceful, brown neck. "He's opened you up so much down there." Her beautiful blue dress was pressed up against Lakshmi's back, butt, and side. More stains, Joyce thought. Sweat and other ... things.

"He ... haaaasssssss." Lakshmi convulsed and came again.

A little later, Sam came in her butt. That was the third time that day. The first, in her mouth as she struggled to swallow. The second, in her pussy. And the third, up her butt. The trifecta. He owned all her holes. It was a good day.

Joyce helped her to the shower. Lakshmi wasn't walking as gingerly as the last time he'd given her anal. This was all good. But Sam needed something more. He needed more from his mom. He needed more from his sister. Sam watched his dick slowly deflate as he lay on his back, head on the pillow. He needed another girlfriend. The rock pulsed under him. He needed to spread his seed.

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Sam couldn't get up to any of his normal afterschool shenanigans on Friday, because Paul was there to greet him when he got home. His dad put Sam to work cleaning the house. Joyce cleaned upstairs. Paul cleaned on the main level. And Sam's job was to clean the windows. He wasn't sure why his dad's boss would care about the windows.

Of course, Bex was nowhere to be seen.

About an hour of scrubbing windows and Sam was annoyed and tired. He walked into his parent's bedroom to do the windows in there. He could hear his mom in the master bathroom, humming as she worked. Sam had never done anything with her in her own room. It hadn't even really occurred to him.

"Hi, Mom." Sam put down the bottle and walked over to the bathroom.

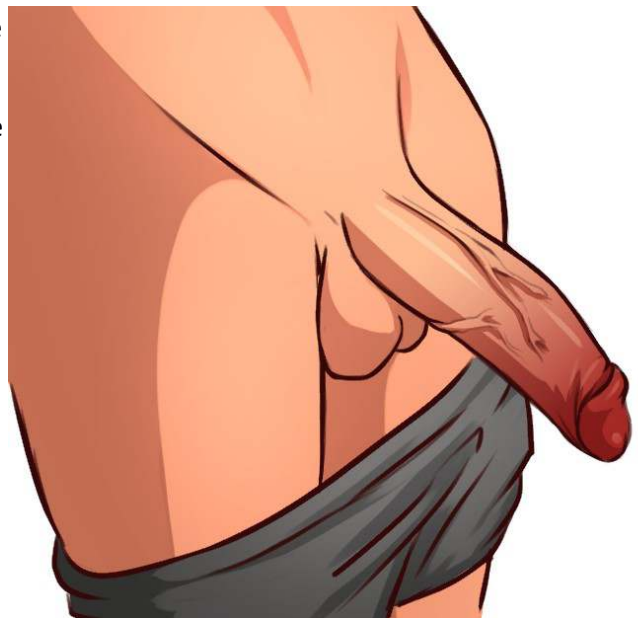
"Hello, sweetie. How are the windows coming along?" Joyce was on all fours, scrubbing the floor with a sponge.

"Good." Sam watched her butt gently shake in her jeans as she worked away. "But I think I need a break." Was his father's boss going care if the floor in their master bath was spotless? Probably not.

"I know it's hard work, but your father and I—" Joyce looked up when she heard the bathroom door close and lock. "No, honey. We can't. Your father could come up here any minute. And we need to get ready for the big dinner tomorrow."

"Come on, Mom." Sam dropped his pants and underwear. "I need a break."

"Oh, my." Joyce pulled off her rubber gloves. "Well, maybe just for a minute."



A little more than fifteen minutes later, and Joyce was lovingly sucking on Sam's balls while stroking him with her right hand. Her son's penis was so large that when she let go, it covered her face and the tip went well beyond her forehead.



"Wow, Mom. That's really great." Sam tried to keep his voice down, just in case Joyce was right and Paul wandered upstairs looking for them.

"Uuuuuuaaagggghhhhh," Joyce said from around his nutsack.

"Use your... left hand." Sam wanted to see her wedding ring.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhh." Joyce switched hands and stroked the length of his thing with her left hand. She also moved her mouth from his right testicle to his left. They were so full and warm. She rolled her tongue.

"I've been thinking." Sam had his right hand entwined in Joyce's curly hair. "I ... ah ... need another girlfriend."

"Hhhhhmmmm?" Joyce popped the ball out of her mouth. "Ashley?"

"Put it back, Mom."

Dutifully, Joyce took his testicle back into her mouth.

"Maybe." Sam was getting close. "I was ... thinking I could use ... ahhhhh ... your help ... again. Maybe an older ... woman."

Joyce wanted to say no, but she didn't want to stop sucking. "Nnnnnnnhhhhhh."

"Anyway ... think about it."
Sam's grip tightened on her hair. "I'm gonna ..."

Joyce released the testicle and moved her mouth up to the purple head of his penis. She moved her right hand up and stroked with both hands while she bobbed her head. When did she get so good at this? What had her life been like before she'd learned to coax out Sam's scorching loads? Joyce barely remembered.

"Oh, Mom. Oh, Mom." Sam emptied his balls. He leaned back and put both hands on the edge of the double-sink behind him.

Joyce swallowed and swallowed. A cascade of fiery semen flowed down her throat. Just as she guzzled the final spurt, they were interrupted.

"Joyce? Sam?" It was Paul walking down the hall.
"Where are you guys?"

Wide-eyed, Joyce pulled her face away from Sam's penis and wiped her mouth. A trail of cum and spit dangled off her chin. She looked down to see a stain spreading on her t-shirt. "Um. I'm in here, honey." Was she really going to talk to her husband with the taste of Sam's cum still in her mouth? She put a finger up to her lips and looked up at Sam.

Sam nodded. He wasn't going to say a thing. His engorged dick bounced to his rapid pulse, hanging in the air between him and his mother.



“Everything okay?” Paul was now in their bedroom, standing on the other side of the door. “I thought I heard something.”

Still on her knees, Joyce looked around the room. The smell. She could ditch her shirt and hide Sam in the shower, but she couldn’t get rid of the incriminating smell. She’d have to get Paul to leave. There’s no way she could open the door without him figuring it out.

“I’m fine, dear. Just that time of the month.” Joyce couldn’t believe Sam was still hard through all this. His dick stood out straight, begging for attention. She ignored it.

“Oh, okay.” Paul moved back toward the hall. “You seen Sam? He left his bottle out here, but the windows don’t look done.”

“I ... uh ...” Joyce looked up at Sam with a quizzical look on her face.

Sam raised his eyebrows and shrugged.

“He ... um ... went out with some friends for a little while,” she said. “He said he’d finish when he gets back.” Joyce’s breasts heaved up and down as she struggled not to hyperventilate.

“Fine.” Paul’s voice faded as he called back from the hall. “Just make sure he finishes. We got a big night tomorrow.”

“Okay, honey.” Joyce’s shoulders slumped.

“Wow, Mom, that was close,” Sam whispered.

“We have to be more careful, Sammy.” Joyce reached down and pulled up his briefs and tucked his penis inside. She then pulled up his pants, buttoned them, and zipped him up.

“Yeah, I promise.” Sam said.

“Okay, now go disappear for a while.” Joyce patted the crotch of his pants. “You’re not supposed to be home.”

“Okay.”

“Your father will kill you if he catches us.” Joyce stood, stepped to the door, and opened it. She carefully looked around the room and then beckoned for Sam to leave. “Go.”

“Okay.” Sam stepped out of the bathroom. “Sorry, Mom.”

“Just go.” Joyce smacked his butt to get him moving.

Sam raced for his room and hid out there for a while.

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The big dinner arrived, and the Higgins dining room table was packed. Joyce sat to Sam’s left, at the head of the table. Paul sat at the other head. To Sam’s right sat Lakshmi and then Raj. Across from Sam, daintily eating her steak, sat Mallory. Next to her was her husband, Bob. Next to him sat Bex.

The group engaged in lively conversation. Paul told plenty of jokes, sharing uproarious laughter with Raj and Bob. Joyce and Mallory talked more quietly in their corner, covering topics like gardening and life out in the suburbs.

Apparently, Mallory and Bob had just moved out of the city and planned to start a family as soon as her career permitted. Sam didn't know when a career would let you have a baby. He guessed it'd take a while.

Sam honed in on Joyce and Mallory, ignoring the older men. Occasionally he'd ask a question, but he stayed mostly quiet. Mallory was quite the beauty; long and lean, with gently sloping curves and a flawless oval face. He tried not to stare. He'd noticed she was pretty when he met her in the office, but not like this. Was this the rock at work? Was she more beautiful, or did she seem more beautiful? Sam couldn't tell.

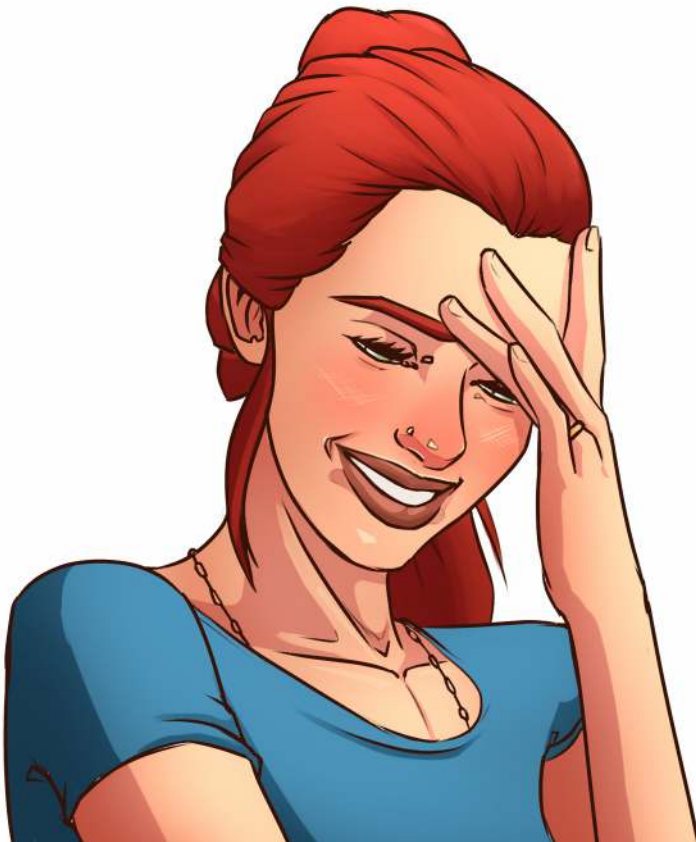
"And how is school going for you, Sam?" Mallory had turned her attention to him. She took a sip of her white wine and smiled pleasantly.

"Uh." Sam looked down at his plate. "Well ..." He was tongue tied.

Joyce nudged his thigh with her knee under the table and cleared her throat. Sam looked up at her. Joyce smiled, but there was a hard stare behind the veneer. *This is important*, her eyes said.

"Well, Mrs. Stevens." Sam grabbed his glass and took a shaky sip of water. "It's going well. I mean, my mom's been helping me a lot."

"I try," Joyce said, still smiling.



"That's wonderful." Mallory turned back to Joyce. "Do you have a background in education?"

"Sadly, no." Even when she was fake smiling, Joyce shone like a rare gem. She wore an emerald green dress that showed plenty of milky cleavage. A pearl necklace adorned her neck and a pair of tastefully understated diamond earrings swung from her ears as she looked from Sam to Mallory. "I rely solely on motherly instincts and determination." Joyce had put on makeup for the occasion, but it was modestly applied.

Mallory laughed, a soft tinkling sound. "Well, that is admirable." She wore an unadventurous blue dress. Her only jewelry, a pair of blue, glittering stud earrings and her diamond wedding ring. "I always liked school. Time lost in books. Solving puzzles. Science was my favorite." Her eyes moved back to Sam. "How are you at science, young man?"

Sam hesitated to answer. Was this an opportunity? He did well in science, but this might call for a different response. "Man." He sighed. "I struggle. I really do."

"I don't ..." Joyce raised an eyebrow. "Oh, never mind."

"Maybe if I had some questions about science ..." Sam smiled at Mallory, hopefully. "You might be able help me?"

"I didn't mean ..." Mallory's face reddened as she looked for an excuse. "I'd love to help you Sam, but I'm very busy. I'm sure your mother can help you. Or your father. Paul has a knack for picking up new concepts."

Sam looked over at his dad. He was lost in conversation at the other side of the table. Sam looked back to Mallory. "My parents do their best." Sam gave her his best puppy dog eyes. He was acutely aware of Mrs. Singh next to him, listening to their conversation. "But maybe if I needed help with something specific?"

"She did say she was busy, Sammy," Joyce said.

Lakshmi put her left hand on Sam's right sleeve. "Now Joyce, you do know that Sam needs some extra help. And Mallory has so kindly offered. Where else will we find a real live scientist?" She smiled at them. "A master's from Harvard, right?"

"Um, two," Mallory said.

"Even better, two master's degrees from Harvard." Lakshmi's smile was wide and friendly.

"I ... I ..." Mallory stuttered. She felt strange. A warmth spread up from the seat of the chair, down her legs, and up her spine. Too much wine? "I ... yes, I'd be happy to help if you need a little science tutoring. Just if you get stuck, of course. Swing by my office, anytime."

"That's awesome, thanks Mrs. Stevens."

"Excuse me." Joyce stood. "I have to check on desert in the kitchen." She dropped her napkin on the seat and strode off. Sam wasn't used to seeing her in high heels. Those shoes made her butt wiggle even more than usual.

"But maybe you could come by here sometime?" Sam's smile spread. Lakshmi's grip on his arm tightened. *Don't push it.*

"I ..." Mallory felt a bit foggy.

A loud roar of laughter erupted from the other end of the table as the men, and Bex, enjoyed another of Paul's jokes.

"I guess so." Mallory bit her lower lip. "If I have the time."

"Great." Sam removed Lakshmi's hand from his arm and stood. "I should probably help my mom." He followed Joyce around the corner and into the kitchen. Behind him, Lakshmi and Mallory began a conversation about the local school district.

"What are you doing, mister?" Joyce leaned her butt on the edge of the counter, with her hands folded over her chest. "Whatever you're doing, it has to stop. This is a big night for your father."

"I just scored a little extra tutoring." Sam walked over and leaned his hip on the counter next to her. "I thought you'd be thrilled. You're all about good grades."

"But you're doing well in science." Her brown eyes watched him closely.

Sam winked at her.

"No, no, no." Joyce shook her head. "You can't. No, no, no, no, no."

"It's too late, Mom." Sam shrugged. "I taped the rock under her chair while I was setting the table. It's already started. I told you I needed another girlfriend."

"This is crazy," Joyce whispered. "This is your father's job we're talking about. And she's happily married to Bob."

"Mrs. Singh is happily married," Sam whispered too.

"That's different, and you know it." Joyce clutched her arms tighter over her chest.

"This will help Dad at work," Sam said. "She'll be invested with the Higgins family. I just need you to have her hold the rock tonight. Okay?"

"Sammy." Joyce shook her head.

"Come on, Mom. I need your help."

Joyce's face softened. "I don't know, Sammy."

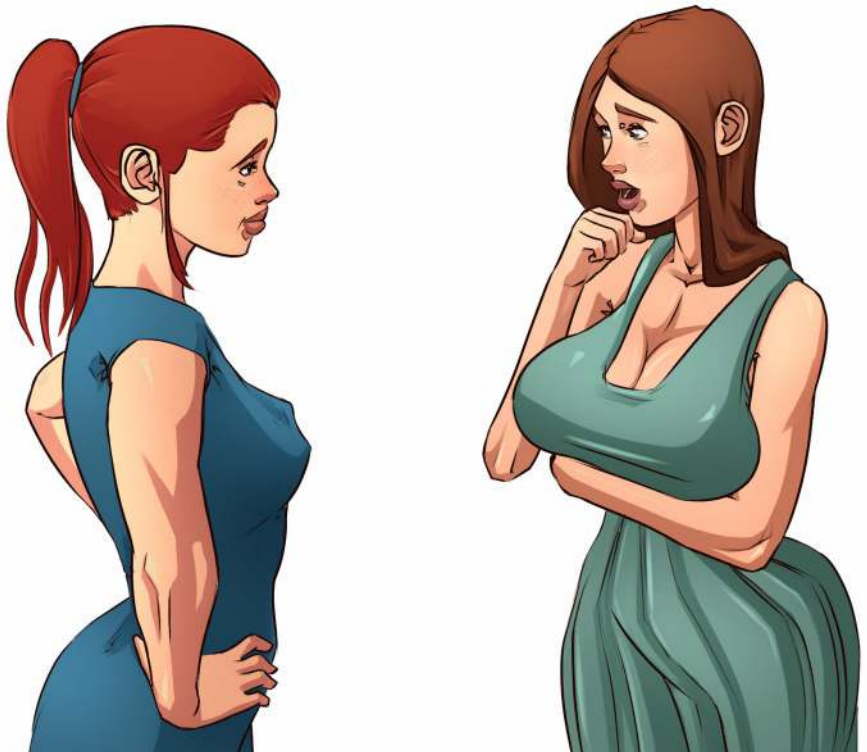
"Thanks, Mom." Sam smiled.

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After dinner, Sam and Bex were excused. Bex quickly left to head over to Sarah's house. Sam said his goodbyes and went out for a date with Ashley.

The remaining men moved down to the billiard table in the basement. The women retired to the living room with their glasses of wine refreshed.

Joyce followed Lakshmi and Mallory as they merrily talked about how much their husbands loved golf and how little they could stand it. Joyce stopped in the dining room and quickly bent down by Mallory's dinner chair. Sure, enough, the rock was affixed to the underside with some duct tape. Joyce peeled it off, removed the tape, and carried it in her left hand. She walked into the living room and sat on the loveseat, facing Lakshmi and Mallory on the couch. The familiar warmth spread through her fingers and up her arm.



Joyce waited for a lull in the conversation. "Do you like geology, Mallory?"

"That's more Bob's thing than mine." Mallory sat with her back straight, holding her glass by the stem in her lap. "Why?"

"Well, Sammy found this unusual rock the other day." Joyce extended her hand and held out the stone to Mallory.

Lakshmi watched the rock intently, but stayed silent. Suddenly, her pussy was very, very wet. She thought of poor Raj, happily spending time in the house where Sam defiled his wife on most weekdays. Her lips turned to a frown.

“That is unusual, isn’t it?” Mallory looked at the rock without taking it. The black stone had the most curious red veining. It almost seemed to pulse and glow if you stared hard enough.

“Here, have a closer look.” Lakshmi reached out, took the rock from Joyce, and placed it next to the glass in Mallory’s lap. If this is what Sam wanted, Lakshmi wanted it too.

“Oh.” Mallory reached down with her left hand and picked it up. A warmth spread through her fingers. “It is pretty. What kind of rock is it?”

Joyce leaned back in her seat and clasped her hands together around the stem of her own wine glass. “We don’t know.”

“It’s very, very pretty.” The warmth spread through Mallory’s hand and on down her arm.

Joyce shook her head. Would this woman really succumb to Sam? It was hard to believe. Lakshmi was one thing. But Mallory had an education, a career, plans for a new family, and a handsome young husband. She sat quietly.

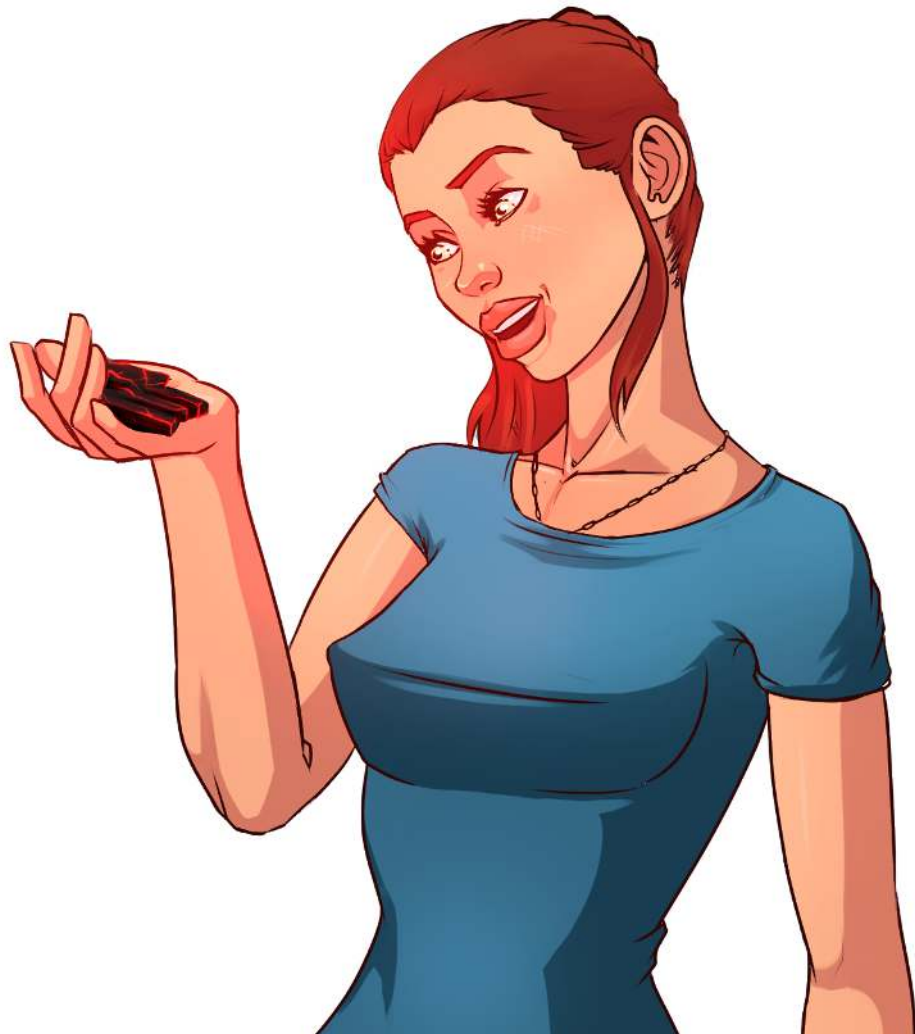
“Can I ...” Mallory’s pupils dilated. The red glow reflected in her eyes. “Can I ... have it?”

Laughter echoed up the basement stairway as the men celebrated someone’s conquest on the billiard table.

“Sorry, dear,” Joyce said. “It’s Sam’s. But you can hold it again when you come to tutor him.”

“This is a busy week.” Mallory looked over at Joyce and her eyes trailed down to Joyce’s cleavage. Her gaze lingered there with some jealousy. She shook her head to clear it. Paul was lucky to have such a comely and devoted wife. “I didn’t mean to ... I don’t think I’ll have time,” Mallory said.

“That’s fine.” Joyce nodded. She followed Mallory’s gaze down to her own breasts and she blushed. Her husband’s boss was a beautiful woman, in a delicate, wispy sort of way. Maybe it was nice to have the admiring attention of a woman like that. “Sammy will be just fine with my help. But you really should come over again soon. Just us girls.”



“Maybe.” Mallory looked over to her right at Lakshmi, who was staring at the rock. Mallory looked back at her hand. Those strange veins really were glowing and throbbing. She did want to see it again ... them again, she wanted to see the Higgins family again. She’d need to get to know them better since she was leading Paul’s department. “Yes.”

“Great.” Joyce smiled, so full of warmth and grace. “How about brunch tomorrow?” Joyce rubbed her legs together. “I’ll have Paul take Bob out golfing and it’ll be just us girls. Lakshmi, would you like to come?”

“I’d love to.” Lakshmi reached out and placed her hand on Mallory’s thigh. She lightly brushed her dress with her index finger in a lazy, meandering line. “But I have a family day planned.” She sounded genuinely disappointed.

“Um ...” Mallory scooted her butt on the couch, getting away from Lakshmi’s finger. “I have church in the morning.”

Lakshmi put her hand back in her lap.

“Great, it’s settled then.” Joyce took a gulp of wine. “Brunch after church. I’ll have mimosas ready.”

A cheer rose up from the basement. Then the sound of feet on the stairs.

“Sam will want this back in his room.” Joyce reached out and plucked the rock from Mallory’s hand. “But you can see it again tomorrow.” She tucked it into her cleavage.

Mallory looked crestfallen at having to give it up.

The men walked into the living room, laughing again.

“Paul, honey.” Joyce looked up at her husband. “You’ve got a golf date tomorrow with Bob in the late morning. Mallory and I will have a little brunch while you two are off playing.” The warmth now spread through Joyce’s breasts. The euphoric feeling almost carried her off.

“Great.” Paul gave Bob a high five. He had a crafty wife. He’d work on charming Bob some more, and Joyce would charm Mallory. Paul might get a promotion out of all this. “Looking forward to it.”

His wife beamed right back at him.

“More beers?”

“That’s why we’re here,” Raj said.

“Great, let me get them for you.” Joyce strode into the kitchen.

Every set of eyes watched her butt as it disappeared from the living room. Most of them thought Paul was a very lucky man.

They were right. And wrong.



~

Sam got in late from his date. Judging by the number of empty wine and beer bottles on the kitchen counter, he'd missed quite the party.

First things first, Sam needed to make sure the rock was okay. He crept upstairs and moved into his room. A quick peek under the mattress, and the rock's red glow met his eyes. It was safe. Joyce had put it back.

Next, he needed to see how it went with Mrs. Stevens. Sam walked back out into the hall and padded down the hallway to his parent's room. He opened their door and the hinges let out a faint creak. It was dark in there. He waited for his eyes to adjust.

Paul snored with a soft rumble. He was on the far side of their king bed. Joyce slept on the near side, tucked up snuggly on her hip. Sam stepped over to the bed.

"Mom," Sam whispered. He reached down and shook her shoulder. "Hey, Mom."

"Honey?" Joyce opened her eyes to see Sam standing over her. "What's wrong?" Things were a bit off-kilter. She was a little drunk and could still feel the lingering warmth from the rock tingling in her breasts.

Paul snored on.

"What happened tonight with Mrs. Stevens?"

Joyce closed her eyes. "I'll tell you in the morning, sweetie. Go to bed before you wake up your father."

"I won't be able to sleep until you tell me." Sam stood still.

"Uh, fine." Joyce opened her eyes again and slipped out from under the sheets. She was wearing an old t-shirt and a pair of blue cotton panties. She stumbled and took Sam's hand in hers. "Come on, I'll tell you about it and then we can get back to sleep." She took one look over her shoulder at her sleeping husband, and guided Sam out of her room, down the hall, and into Sam's room. She closed and locked the door behind them.

"So?" Sam's brown eyes sparkled in expectation. "How'd it go?"

"Well, I'm not sure, exactly. She was not eager like Lakshmi was when she ... when she first held the rock." Joyce dropped Sam's hand and motioned for him to go sit down. Sam didn't move.

"And?" Sam reached out and squeezed her right boob with his hand. He hefted it, feeling the solid weight.

Joyce did nothing to stop him. "And ... I don't know about this Mallory thing Sam. The more I think about it the worse it feels. It may not seem like it, but she has a lot of pull at your father's company. If things go wrong —"

"They won't go wrong." Sam moved his hand under her shirt and kneaded her boob. "You've got great tits, Mom."

Joyce's mouth opened in shock. "Language, young man."

"Sorry, Mom. I love your breasts."

"Thank you, sweetie." Joyce relaxed and smiled at him.

Sam reached his other hand under her shirt and massaged her left boob, too. "So, when is she coming back?"

"I got her to come back tomorrow for brunch." Without thinking, Joyce reached down, grabbed her shirt, and pulled it off.

"With her husband?" Sam bent down and kissed her right nipple.

"No, your dad is taking Bob golfing while we brunch." She shivered as her son's mouth brushed over her nipple.

"Wow, nice work, Mom." Sam lifted his head. Using his grip on her boobs, Sam gently maneuvered Joyce over to his bed.

Joyce let herself be led by her breasts. "I just want you to be happy, Sammy." She sat down on the bed and Sam let go of her boobs. She reached out and unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans. "How did it go with Ashley?"

"It was good. She rubbed me through my pants tonight," Sam said. "But she seemed a little nervous."

Joyce pulled down his pants and then dropped his briefs. "Oh, my." She stared down at the monster. "Was it hard to have a girl's hands on you with no relief?"

"It was hard."

"My, my, my." Joyce reached out with her finger and wiped a drop of precum off the head. "It looks so angry tonight, sweetie. Let me help you." She lowered her mouth and sucked him in.

"Thanks, Mom."

Five minutes later, Sam pulled her mouth off his dick. "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, sweetie." Joyce wiped saliva off her chin. She scooted back on the bed and pulled off her panties. Her legs spread almost by themselves. It was so easy for her son to get her in this position. She was slipping. "You need a condom."

"I don't want to wear a condom." Sam climbed up on the bed between her legs. His dick swayed back and forth with his movements. It looked like it was seeking out Joyce's pussy in the dark.

"Okay. That's okay, sweetie. If it makes you ... uhhhhh ..." Joyce groaned as he entered her. She reached behind her knees and pulled her legs further apart, giving Sam complete access to her vagina. "It's ... so ... biiiiiggggggg." Joyce looked down, between her



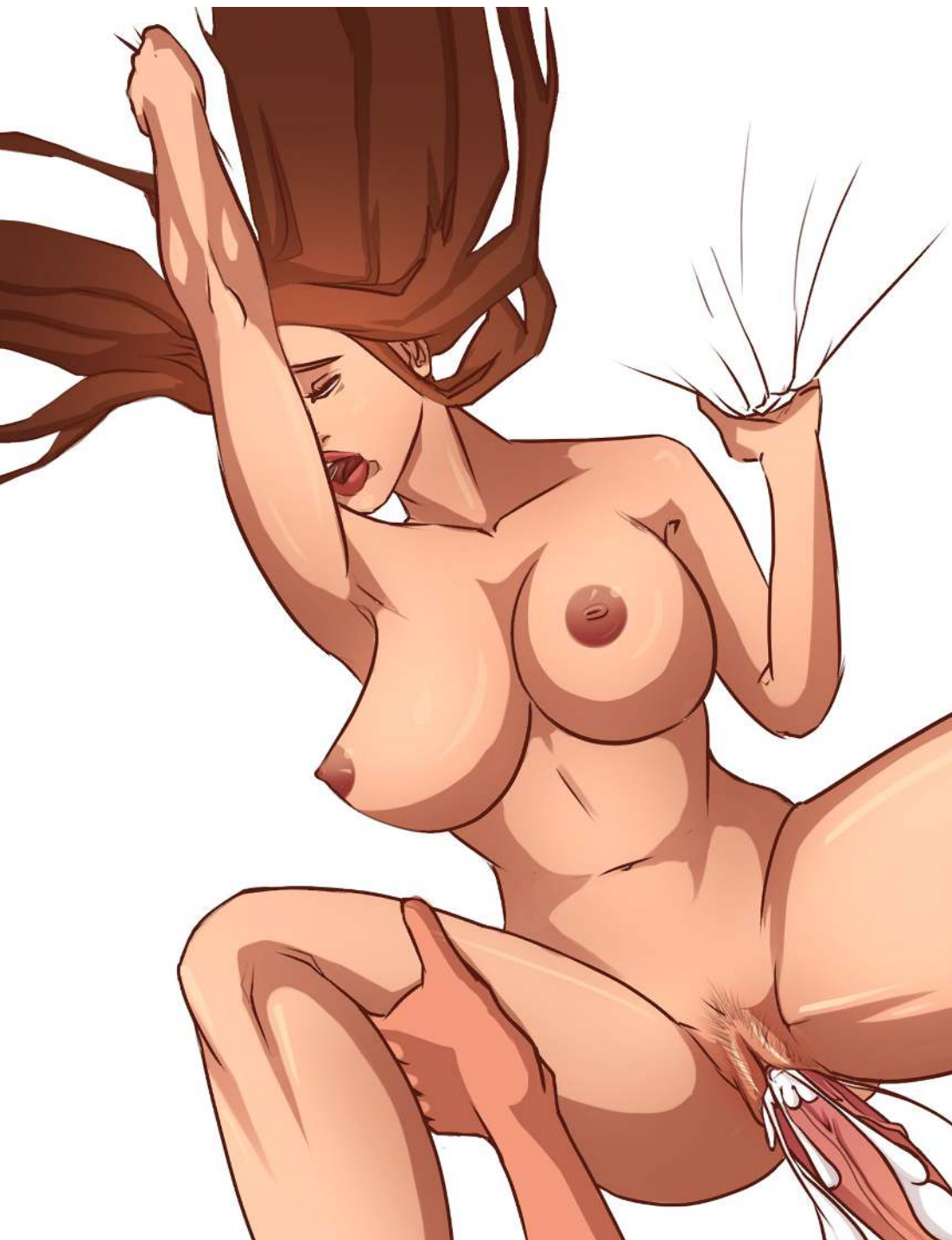
breasts, down at her stomach. She could see the outline of his thing as it pushed against her insides. The view was totally obscene.

“Your pussy is the best.” Sam pounded away at her.

“Language ... uh ... uh ... uh ... Sammy.”

“Not so loud, Mom.”

Joyce tried to quiet her squeals and grunts.



“I want to ... uh ... do it inside.”

Sam reached up and put his hands on her boobs, feeling them sway up and down as he pistoned in and out of her.

“No, Sammy. You ... oooohhhhhh ... can’t.” Joyce leaned her head back on the blanket and let set Sam do as he pleased.

“Ask me for it, Mom.”

Joyce shook her head and closed her eyes.

“Do you ... uh ... uh ... want it?” Sam was close.

She couldn’t bring herself to say it. She nodded and pulled her legs a little bit wider.

“Oh, Mom. Oh, Mom. Oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Sam unloaded in her pussy.

“Saaaaammmyyyyyy,” Joyce hissed with pleasure. Stars flashed before her eyes as hot sperm splashed her insides. She didn’t care. She wanted more. More of this feeling. More of Sam. Her vagina contracted around his penis again and again as Sam’s motions slowed.

Sam lowered his cheek to her right boob and rested it there. “You take such good care me.”

"Oh, Sammy." Joyce let go of her legs and lowered her feet to the bed. She cradled Sam's head with her right hand, her fingers caressing his hair.

After a while, Sam pulled out of her with an audible plop and stood up next to the bed. His penis had yet to deflate.

"Hand me a towel, sweetie," Joyce said.

Sam reached down and grabbed a clean towel from the pile. He tossed it to her.

Joyce put the towel between her legs and sighed. "I'm going to have to let your father do it in me now. Just in case." She pulled herself up and stood. The possibility of becoming a grandmother via Lakshmi's fertile womb was bad enough. Joyce shuddered, thinking what it might be like to carry her own grandchild inside her. She bent down and retrieved her shirt and panties. She looked back at her son's smiling face. "I can't believe I let you do that. I must be crazy." She pulled on the shirt. "The whole world has gone crazy." She pulled on her panties and stepped to the door. Her pale legs looked so inviting in the moonlight. "Goodnight, Sammy."

"Goodnight, Mom." Sam climbed into bed. "Thank you."

Joyce opened the door and looked back at him. "You're welcome, Sammy." She left and closed the door behind her.

Sam waited about five minutes, snuck out into the hall, and moved down to his parent's room. He put his ear to the door.

"Oh, Joyce," Paul said inside the room. "What's come over you? You're so wet ... uh ... I can barely feel you. Not ... that ... I'm ... complaining."

Sam could hear the bed softly creaking. His dad was getting Sam's sloppy seconds. Awesome.

Sam crept back to bed and went to sleep with a smile on his face.