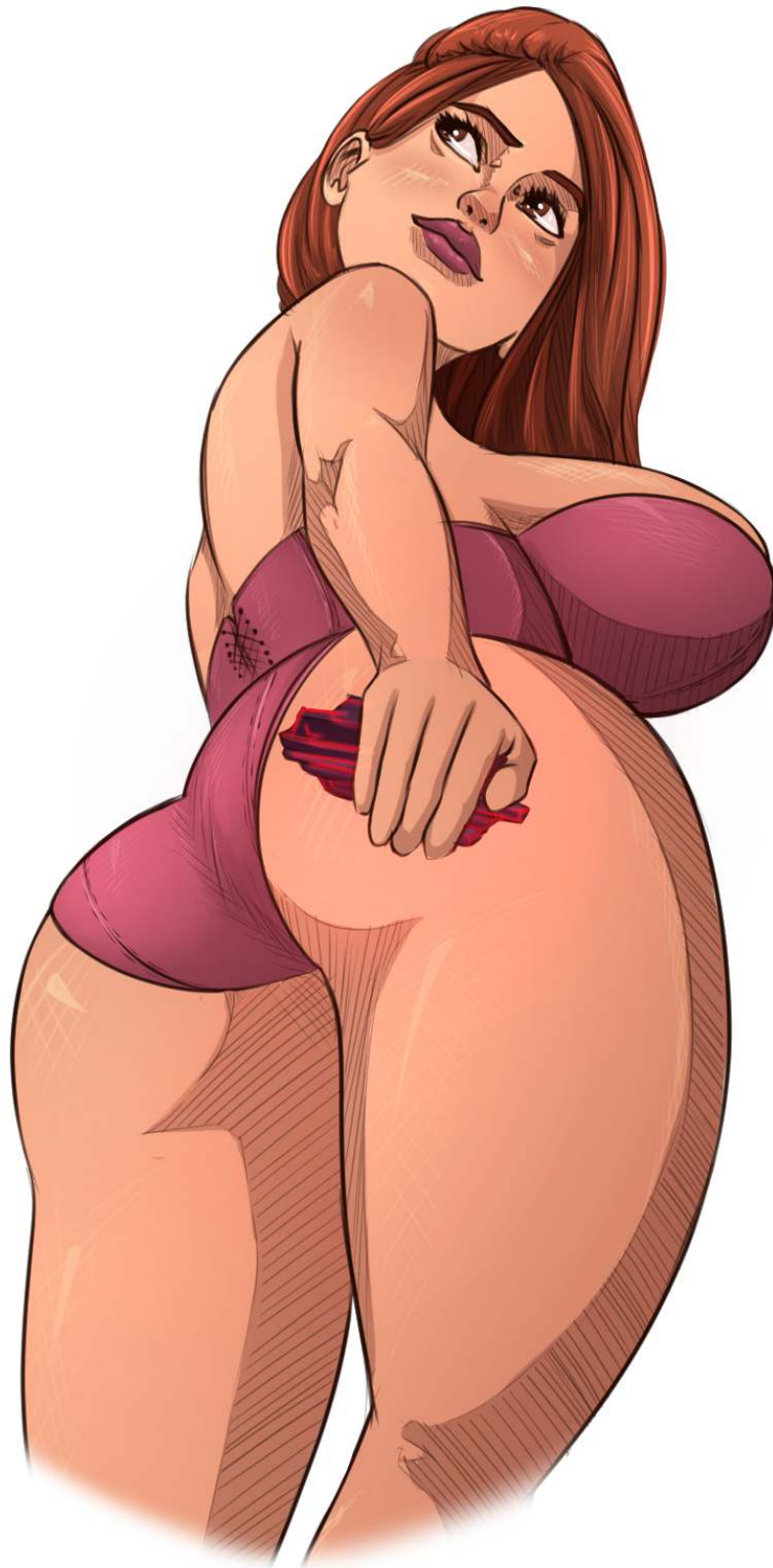


THE DARK STONE

Chapter 8



DARK STONE STORIES

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

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Chapter 8

Mallory Stevens sat by herself on the couch in the Higgins family living room. Her husband, Bob, had just left with Paul to go golfing. Mallory could hear Joyce in the kitchen, humming to herself as she got them each a cup of coffee.

The message in church that morning had been a sermon on extending onto others the good will embodied in the Holy Spirit. Mallory reflected on those ideas and twisted the blue fabric of her dress with her fingers. She had no reason to be nervous. Joyce was a fine woman. An excellent wife and mother. But something was off in this house. Was it the strange rock from last night? For some reason, that odd bit of mineral weighed on her mind and filled her dreams as she tossed and turned last night. Why did she care so much about



holding it again?

“You’re thinking about Sammy’s rock, aren’t you?”

Joyce reentered the living room. Her hips swaggered in her high-waisted pants. Her large breasts, which had been on display with a low-cut dress last night, were now mostly concealed in a loose blouse.

“No.” Mallory wiped her palms on her dress and reached out for the coffee mug. When was the last time she’d had sweaty palms? All because of brunch with a housewife? “Thank you for the coffee.”

“Are you sure I can’t interest you in some mimosas?” Joyce smiled and sat on the loveseat, facing the couch. She was a pretty woman with a warm, soothing charm.

Something about Joyce made Mallory want to give her a big hug. Mallory resisted. “Coffee is fine, thank you.” Mallory crossed her legs and offered her own perfunctory smile. “Your children are very charming. What are they doing today?”

“Oh, Rebekah is off working on some sort of science project,” Joyce said. “That’s mostly what she does these days.”

“She’s at junior college?”

“Yes. She’ll be transferring to a four-year school soon,” Joyce held her head high, ever the proud parent. “She’s always been good in school.”

“And Sam?” For some reason, saying Sam’s name made Mallory feel discombobulated and more than a little fuzzy. What was wrong with her today?

“He’s had his struggles with school in the past. But he’s doing better now. He just needed some motivation.” Joyce set her mug down on the coffee table. “He’s upstairs right now, studying hard.”

“That’s excellent.” Mallory nodded. “And the rock?”

“Excuse me?” Joyce laughed, a light, airy sound, as if Mallory had just told a slightly vulgar joke.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know why I said that.” Mallory frowned and looked around the room. It was filled with tasteful, middle-class department store furnishings. “What I meant was. The stone? Or, I mean, can I ...? I’m sorry, I’m not feeling myself today.”

“It’s quite all right.” Joyce reached into the front of her blouse with her right hand and pulled out from between her breasts the black stone with red veins. “Joyce Higgins, always at the ready.” She reached the rock out to Mallory in the palm of her hand.

“I ...” Mallory’s mouth hung open. She was not used to seeing women retrieve things from their brassieres. Time to get a grip. Mallory should not have come to brunch this morning. She snapped her mouth shut, put her mug down on the coffee table, and readied herself to leave. Instead, her hand reached out and plucked the rock from Joyce’s hand. “It’s very pretty, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” Joyce clasped her hands in her lap. The rock was many things, none of them were pretty. “You can hold it for as long as you like.”



“Thank you.” Her gray-blue eyes reflected the pulsing red light as she stared. Her face, always so reserved, now even more still than usual. The small, silver cross around her neck also picked up a faint red hue from the rock.

Mallory lost track of time.

“You were Pre-Med, right?” Joyce broke the silence.

“What?” Mallory looked up. She’d forgotten about her host. “Yes.”

“That’s wonderful.” Joyce stood and stepped over next to the couch. “I could use your opinion on something.” She held out her hand to Mallory.

“I don’t think I’m up for tutoring Sam today.” Mallory reached out her left hand and felt Joyce’s warm fingers close around hers.

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing like that.” Joyce looked down at the trembling woman’s hand. “What a pretty wedding ring. Is it vintage?”

“Yes. 1930s.” Mallory felt herself being gently pulled to her feet.

“Well, Bob really outdid himself. It’s beautiful.” Joyce led Mallory out of the living room, toward the stairs.

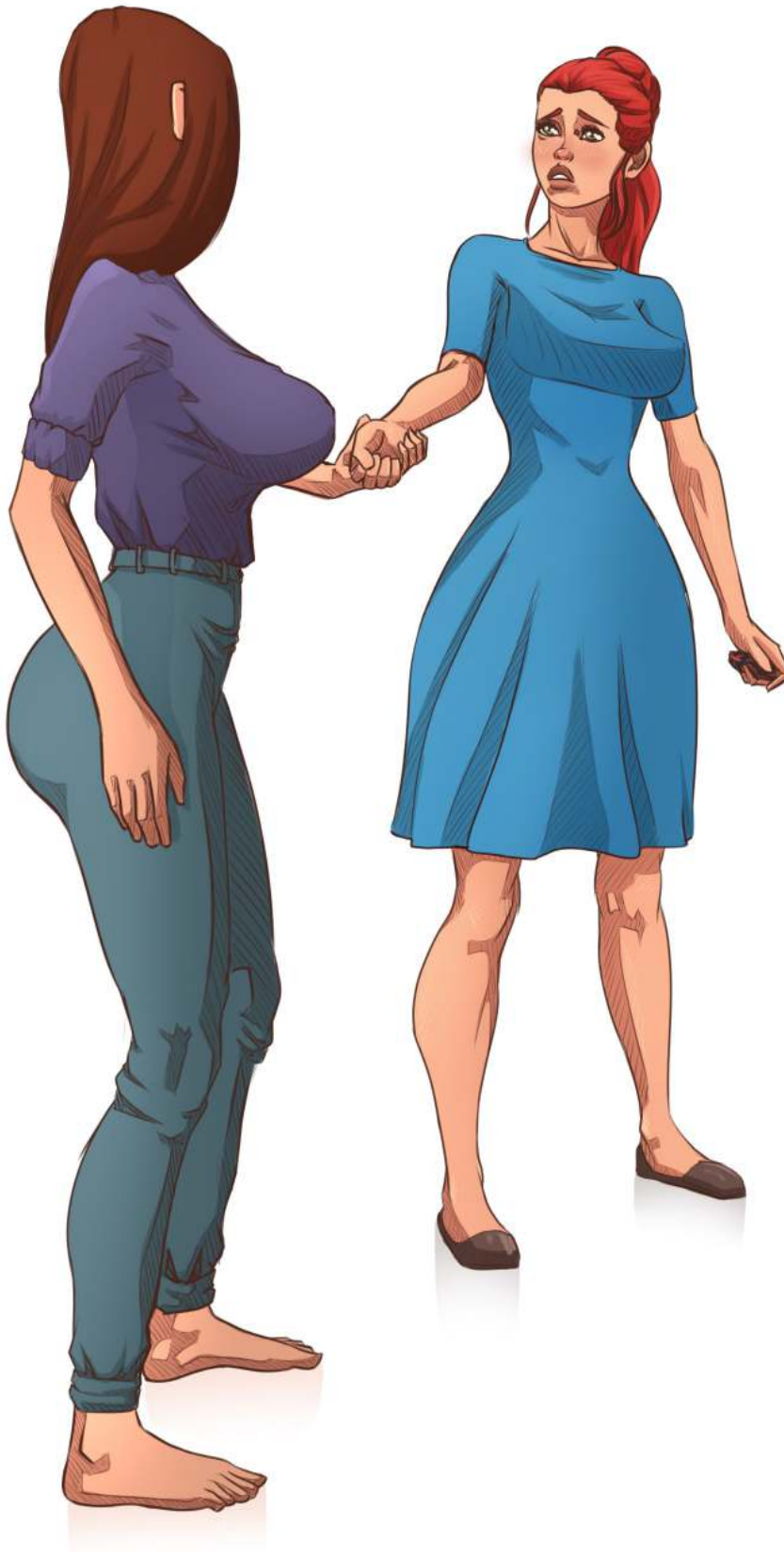
“I helped him.” Mallory still held tightly to the rock with her right hand.

“Of course you did, dear.” Joyce led them upstairs.

Mallory admired the housewife’s round butt, shown to full advantage in those high-waisted pants. She blushed and looked away. The walls of the stairway were decorated with framed family pictures. The kids got older as they ascended. Mallory even spotted a picture of Paul and Joyce from their wedding.

Joyce wore a gorgeous, white dress and a

brilliant smile. Her curly brown hair, longer than now, cascaded past her shoulders.



"In here." Joyce knocked on a door. "Sammy, sweetie. Can we come in?"

"Yeah," a muffled voice called through the door.

Joyce opened the door and ushered them into the room.

Sam sat at his desk, still hunched over whatever he was working on. Mallory's gaze moved about the room. There was no mistaking a teenager's room. At eighteen, many girls were busy trying to surround themselves with adult things. But boys? In Mallory's experience, boys tried their best to never grow up. There were several posters tacked to the wall with space themes, one wizard cat, and one featuring a scantily clad elf lady. There were rocks on the shelves, mixed in with the comic books. There was, inexplicably, a stack of towels near his nightstand. And there was a curious, pungent, earthy odor. Not a bad smell, but very odd. Mallory sighed. At least he'd made his bed.

"Sammy?" Joyce squeezed Mallory's left hand and pulled her close.

"One sec, Mom." Sam scribbled on the paper.

Mallory's grip tightened on the rock. A warmth had spread through her, without her realizing. Up her right arm and into her chest. The world still felt muddled, but she was more relaxed.

"Okay." Sam put down his pen and spun his chair to face them. He wore a t-shirt with a faded skull that said *Ordering Pizza with Skeletor* and some jeans. "Hi, Mrs. Stevens. How are you today?"

"I'm ..." Mallory searched for the word. "I'm good, Sam."

"Great." Sam gave them a goofy smile.

"What's up?"

"Well, Sammy," Joyce said. "Mallory has a medical background, so I thought we could have her look at your condition."

"Oh." Sam reached down and unbuttoned his jeans. "Okay." He pulled off the jeans and threw them to floor.

"What?" Mallory squeezed the rock in one hand and Joyce's fingers with her other.

"What are you doing?"





"It'll be easier to show you than to explain." Sam pulled off his briefs and his dick sprung free.

"I don't ..." Mallory stared. She'd never seen anything like it. Veins everywhere. Engorged and pulsing. Did it have the same beat as the rock in her hand? The purple head mushroomed out in a ridiculously wide way. The whole thing was wrong, especially attached to Sam's slight frame. Whatever was wrong with him, it was beyond her. Sam needed a doctor.

"We need your help, Mallory." Joyce pulled her toward her son.

"Good Lord preserve me," Mallory said. The boy's testicles were comically large. How much stuff did he have in there?

"Have a look and tell us what you think." Joyce dropped Mallory's hand and stepped behind her.

Extend onto others the good will embodied in the Holy Spirit. She had to help. Mallory stood right in front of Sam's feet. The teenager had a wide grin on his face. She ignored him and leaned closer to his penis. It bounced with each beat of his heart. A drop of precum oozed out of the tip and meandered down the head. The rock in her hand sent out waves of warmth. "This is beyond me." Now bent at the waist, she reached out with her left hand toward his hideous manhood.

Sam watched the beautiful woman move toward him. She was clearly entranced. Now, inches away, he could see her soft, freckled skin as he moved his eyes down her slender neck, over her chest, and down her dress to catch just the first bit of cleavage. The cross around her neck hung in front of her and swayed with her slow movements. This was it.

"I can't." Mallory blinked her eyes. She looked down at her wedding ring and thought of Bob on one knee, offering it to her. And the ring this sweet man gave her was about to touch someone else's penis. "I really can't." Mallory straightened. "I want to help, but ..." The rock was now very hot in her hand. She tossed it toward the bed. "I have to go."

"Wait." Joyce tried to grasp her hand again.

Mallory stepped around her, opened the door, and raced down the stairs. She grabbed her purse in the kitchen. Everything was a blur; the front door, the walkway, her car door, the ignition. And she was gone, heading home.

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Once the shock had worn off, Joyce followed Mallory out into the hall and down the stairs. She was just quick enough to see Mallory disappear out the front door. Joyce wasn't going to follow her outside. There's no way she wanted to make a scene for the neighbors. "Oh, well. That didn't work," Joyce said to the empty living room.

On the end table by the couch, Mallory had forgotten her sunglasses. They were a large, tortoiseshell pair. Maybe trendy about a decade ago. She stepped over to the end table and picked them up. Great, now she had to figure out how to get them back to Mallory. Maybe she'd send them with Paul to work on Monday? That is if he still had a job.

"Mom? Is she gone?" Sam called down from his room.

"Don't yell across the house, sweetie." Joyce yelled back. "And yes, she's gone."

Joyce climbed the stairs and went back to Sam's room. She closed and locked the door behind her.

"That sucks." Sam still sat in his chair. He slowly massaged his swollen dick with his right hand. "I can't believe she just ran off."

"She left so fast that she forgot these." Joyce held up the sunglasses. "Now I have to figure out the least awkward way to return them."

"Put them on, Mom." Sam sped up his fapping.

Joyce raised her eyebrows and cocked her head. "What?"

"I want you to wear them while I cum on your face."

"My goodness, Sammy. I can't believe the way I let you talk to me these days." Joyce put the glasses on and unbuttoned her high-waisted pants. "I suppose we can wash the glasses afterward. But I'm not letting you ruin any more of my clothes." She pulled off the pants, folded them, and put them on the floor next to her. She unbuttoned her blouse.

Sam laughed. "Those glasses were in style when I was like eight-years-old."

"I do feel a bit silly." Joyce pulled off her blouse, folded it, and placed it on her pants. She wore a plain tan supportive bra and tan, cotton panties.

"Mrs. Stevens is a bit stuck up, isn't she?" Sam pulled off his shirt with his left hand, never missing a stroke with his right.

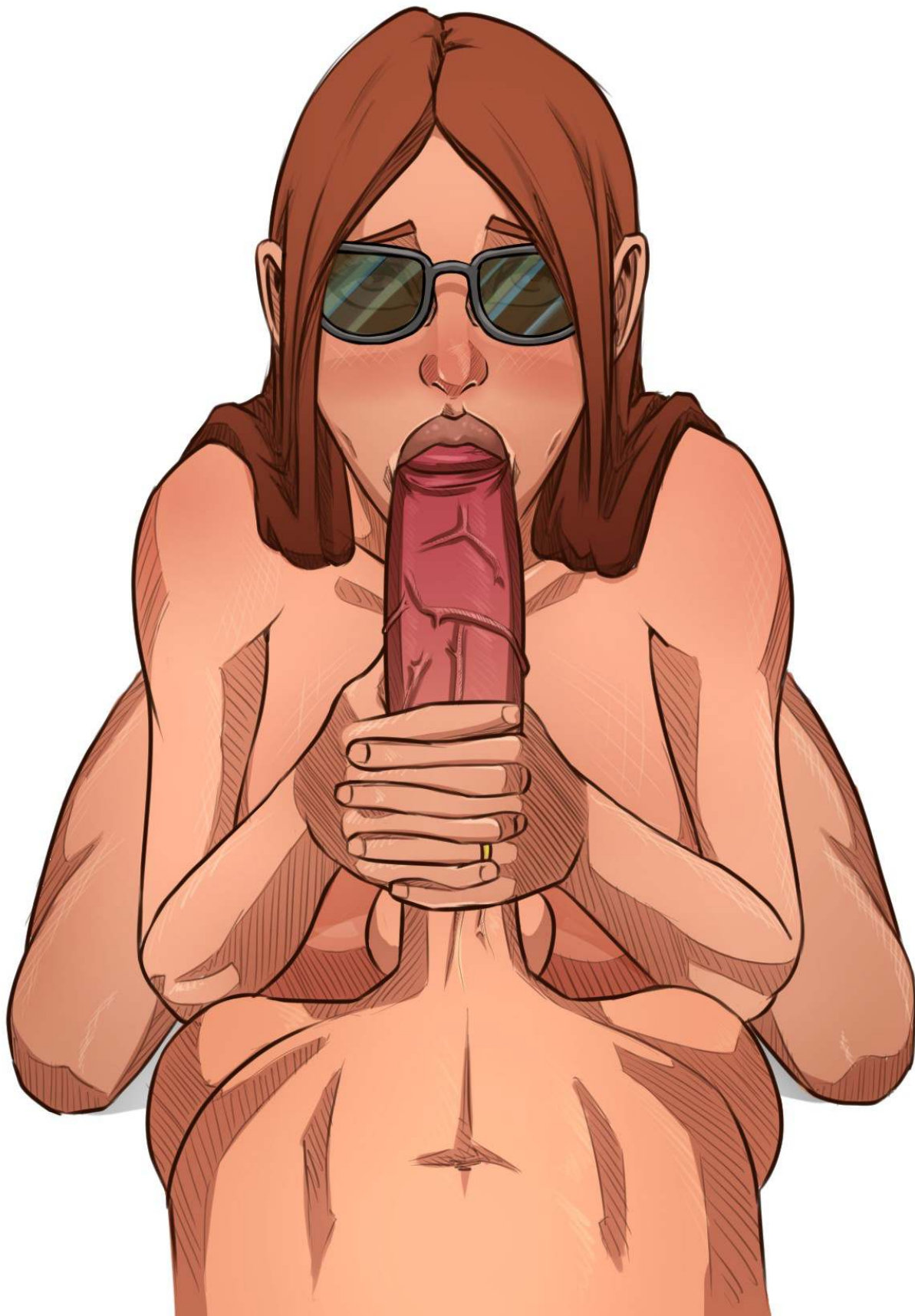


"I suppose so."
Joyce reached behind her and unclasped her bra. Her breasts wobbled as they bounced free. "But don't forget, she's in charge of your father at work." She dropped her bra on the floor and wiggled out of her panties. She dropped them too.

"I remember," Sam said. "Now come on over, Mom. Mrs. Stevens left me really frustrated."

"Okay, Sammy."
Joyce walked over to her son. Her wide hips swayed and her boobs jiggled with every step. Sam couldn't wait to do all sorts of things to her. She knelt down in front of her son and started sucking.

Fifteen minutes later, Joyce bounced herself on Sam's monster. She pulled herself almost off it and then thrust all the way back down. Sam was so much longer than his dad. She cradled a





boob in each hand. Cum dripped over Mallory's sunglasses, causing some blurring. Joyce didn't care. She licked her lips, tasting the salty vibrance of her son's sperm and closed her eyes and rode that huge penis for all she was worth.

"Mom ... oh, Mom ... oooooohhhhhh." Sam grabbed the soft flesh of her upper butt, pressed in his fingers, and held her down. His dick pushed all the way inside her. He wanted to plant his cum as deep as possible.

"Uuuuuuggggghhhhhh." Joyce came again as her son dumped his load in her unprotected vagina. The heat spread through her. Both from his seed and the damn rock under his mattress. Why did she let him do this? They were courting disaster, but she couldn't stop.

Joyce let the ecstasy wash over her. After she caught her breath, she gave her breasts one last squeeze and dropped her hands to the bed on either side of Sam's sweaty face. She leaned forward and let her breasts smooch into his thin upper chest. She tucked her cheek into his soft brown hair and sighed. Her vagina contracted around his thing several times, milking out the remaining sperm. She shivered at the thought of those little swimmers rushing up inside her. Heck, Sam had planted his stuff so deep they wouldn't have far to go. Would she keep having

unprotected sex with Paul? As her husband, his sperm deserved a chance to claim an egg. But he'd likely start asking all sorts of well-deserved family planning questions. Joyce sighed again.

"I wanna try something new." Sam lifted her by the hips and dislodged her pussy with a soft sucking sound.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Joyce said. She flopped down on the bed next to Sam.

"You are so beautiful." Sam slapped her left butt cheek and watched it ripple.

"Ouch." Joyce thought about rebuking him, but let him have his fun.

"Move over here." Sam lifted her up onto her knees and guided her into the center of the bed. Sam bent her over and slapped her ass again. The smacking sound reverberated around the room. "Wow, Mom."



Joyce found herself on all fours with her head hanging down. She still had on those sperm-covered sunglasses. Her boobs dangled and swung, almost touching the blanket below. “Oh, no. Sammy, this is too —”



“Hold on, Mom.” Sam spread Joyce’s legs a little to lower her pussy down to his level. Without further preamble, he shoved it in. With all the cum he’d stuffed in there, and all her own juices, his dick slipped right in. “Oh my God. So ... beautiful.” He grabbed her hips and pulled her back onto his dick again and again. The way her butt shook with each impact was mesmerizing. Her wide hips tapered perfectly into her curved, delicate back. Her spine arched as she absorbed his thrusts. “Bark ... bark for me, Mom.”

“Wh ... wh ... what?” Joyce lifted her head as he smacked her butt again. She felt his fingers grasp her hair and pull her head further back. She was totally under his control.

“You ... uh ... said that this is how animals ... uh ... uh ... do it.” Sam still had his left hand on her hip, guiding their pace. His right hand was entwined in her brown hair. “So ... bark.”

“Uh ... uh ... uh.” Joyce knew she was his. She couldn’t deny her son his wishes. Not anymore. She closed her eyes. Several minutes passed while her son mounted her like she was a bitch. Eventually, she said, “Ruff ... ruff ... ruff.”

“Nice, Mom.” He increased his pace. “That’s awesome. Again.”

“Ruff ... ruff ... ruff.”

He banged her for a while longer in relative silence, with only the squeak of his bed, the slap of their skin, and Joyce’s squeals and moans.

A loud knock on the door interrupted them. Sam froze, his dick all the way in his mom’s vagina. He let go of her hair. They both turned their heads toward the door.

“Sam.” It was Bex’s voice from out in the hall. “I can hear you in there with some slut. Keep it quiet. I need to study.”

“Okay,” Sam said. Joyce looked back at her son over her shoulder, worry etched all over her face. Sam’s cum slowly dripped down her forehead and off her nose. Sam nodded to her. *Bex won’t find out.* “We’ll keep it quiet, sorry.”

“Mom’s gonna kill you if she finds out you have a girl in there.” Bex’s voice faded down the hall as she went to her room.

“Okay.” Sam dug his fingers into his mom’s hips and started his pounding again. “That was close, Mom.”

“We have to stop.” Joyce hung her head and watched her boobs sway under her.

“Almost ... time ... to uh ... uh ... stop.” Sam smashed her ass into his hips. “Aaaaaahhhhhhhh ... take ... it.” He flooded her pussy again.

“Oooooohhhhhh.” Joyce took it. All she could do was take Sam again and again.



Joyce wiped up with a towel, got dressed, and listened by the door in case Bex was out there.

“Leave the glasses, Mom,” Sam called from the bed. “I have an idea.”

“Okay,” she whispered. She took them off and put them on a shelf by the door. They were covered in cum. Which means she was covered in cum. Joyce would need to hurry to her room and clean up. She opened the door and checked both ways. The coast was clear. She snuck out and hurried down the hall to the protection of her bathroom.

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Bob Stevens opened his front door to find Paul Higgins’s scrawny kid there. “Oh, hey. What’s up kid?”



"Sam," Sam said.

"Oh, hey." Bob looked him up and down. Sam looked like a nerd.

"What's up, Sam?"

"Mrs. Stevens forgot her sunglasses." Sam fidgeted with the glasses in his hands. "So, I brought them by for her. Is she here?"

"Mal, babe? There's a kid here to see you," Bob yelled back into the house.

"I'm eighteen." Sam tried to look into the house, but Bob was a big guy and blocked a good amount of space. "I'm going to college next year."

"Good for you kid." Bob looked back at Sam, eyebrow raised.

"So, I'm not a kid." Sam said.

"Whatever you say, kid." Bob looked back in the house. "Mal, the kid's still here."

"Can I come in?" Sam was hoping for a warmer reception.

"Sure." Bob stood out of the way and waved him in. "Can I get you something? Water?"

"Thanks, I'm a little thirsty." Sam wiped his hand across his brow. "I rode my bike over."

"Of course you did." Bob led Sam into the kitchen. The room was warm and bright and quite tastefully done. He grabbed a glass from the cupboard and filled it at the sink. "Here you go." He handed it to Sam.

The water was good. A little hospitality grounded you in a place. It'd be harder for them to kick Sam to the curb while he was holding one of their glasses. "Thanks."

"Bob, what's going on? I was just about to ..." Mallory Stevens walked into the kitchen wearing a tight-fitting spandex top and yoga pants. She looked like she was about to go out for a jog. When she saw Sam, she stopped in her tracks and her cheeks turned several shades of red.

"Okay, you got this." Bob didn't notice his wife's discomfort. "I gotta get back to work. I'll be in my office." He headed for the kitchen door and gave Mallory's butt a firm pat as he passed her. "Later." As he disappeared from view, he called back. "Later, kid."

"So," Sam held the water glass in his right hand and her sunglasses in her left hand. "You left this morning in an awful hurry."

“Um ... yeah.” Mallory collected herself. She was quite tall and slender. Her outfit showed off her modest curves. As the top she wore revealed, she had nice boobs. But nothing like Joyce, or Lakshmi possessed. “Let’s just put that all behind us. Okay?”

Sam put the water glass down on the counter. He tried not to stare at her body. This was a precarious moment, and she obviously startled easily. “I’m not here for tutoring. Or a medical exam. Don’t worry. I’ve got your sunglasses.” Sam placed the sunglasses on the counter. “But I’m not here for that.”

“Why are you here?” Mallory’s blue eyes were wide, her gaze darting around the room. She looked like a trapped animal.

“To bring you this.” Sam reached into his pocket with his right hand and pulled out the stone. He took a step toward her. “You left so suddenly, I thought you’d want to hold it a little while longer today.”

“I ...” Mallory looked over her shoulder in the direction her husband had disappeared.

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll leave it right here.” He reached down and placed the stone on the tile floor next to him. “You can check it out for a couple hours. I’ll go for a bike ride and pick it up later in the afternoon. Good?” Sam straightened and walked toward the door. He gave her a wide berth. He didn’t want to spook her. “Maybe meet me outside at four? I don’t think your husband likes me very much.”

Mallory nodded.

“Okay, I’ll show myself out.” Sam was taking a big risk. But he trusted that dark little stone to do its thing. He left her in the kitchen and let himself out the front door.

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Mallory stared at the rock for what felt like a long time. Her lovely little kitchen was filled with the sound of her rapid breathing. Finally, her feet moved and she walked over to the rock, scooped it up, and headed for the stairs. Warmth spread through her fingers as she clutched the mineral. Her feet carried her even before she had a plan. Up the stairs, into her and Bob’s bedroom, and into her bathroom. What was she doing here?

Yoga pants and panties went flying. Why had she pulled those off? Mallory was sitting on the edge of the tub, legs spread, looking down at her copper

bush. "Oh my, God." She was so wet. Her left hand clutched the rock and her right suddenly rubbed at her clit. "Ooooooohhhhhh."

Bob. She needed to think about Bob while she did this. But instead, images of Sam's alarming penis filled her brain. That strange mushroomed head. So, purple and turgid. Those veins snaking their way around the shaft. The pulse of his heartbeat, bouncing that monstrosity ever so slightly. "Ooooooohhhhhh nnnnoooooooooo." She came all over her hand, but didn't stop. Her hand went right on rubbing. Mallory had never done anything like this before. She couldn't stop.

An hour passed, and then another. She lost track of the orgasms. Eventually, she stopped, took a shower, and went outside to wait for Sam. She clutched at the rock through all of this. Eager to give it back to him, to get it away from her. But, at the same time, loath to part company with it. What was happening to her?



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The whirring of Sam's bicycle wheels followed him down the quiet, suburban street. The air hung still and warm, perfect for an afternoon bike ride. And great for contemplating possible next steps with Mallory.



There she was, sitting out on her front step. She'd changed since Sam last saw her a few hours ago. She'd thrown on an old, ratty sweat shirt and some jeans. She pushed her red hair out of her face to watch him cycle up to the house.

"How'd it go?" Sam stopped his bike in the driveway. He hopped off and wheeled it over to where Mallory sat.

"What is this thing?" Mallory sat cross-legged and still clutched the black rock, her hands resting in her lap.

"You wanna talk?" Sam looked down at her. Her hair was damp and her skin looked a little blotchy. She'd recently stepped out of the shower. Her little silver cross hung outside her shirt and shone in the afternoon light. The rock wasn't a vampire, her little religious symbol wasn't going to help her.

"Bob ..." Mallory looked over her shoulder. "Bob is in his office in the basement."

"Cool." Sam nodded. It was better if Bob was home.

"Okay." Mallory stood and looked back at Sam. "Come in, but be quiet. It'd be weird if Bob knew you came over again."

"No problemo." Sam pushed his bike behind a bush and left it there, mostly hidden. He followed Mallory back into her home. They walked through the front hall, past the living room, down another hall, and into a bright, sunny room at the back of the main floor. There was a desk with a computer and monitor in one corner. There was a couch on the other side of the room.

"My home office." Mallory closed the door behind them.

"Nice." Sam watch her closely. Maybe the problem with Mallory so far was that he'd been too coy. Less coy might work better.

"So, tell me." She walked over to him and held out the rock in her hand. "What is this?" She was several inches taller than him and probably outweighed him by twenty pounds. Sam was nothing like Bob. But, somehow, she felt electricity in the air. Her palms sweat. Her heartbeat upped its pace. She looked down at him and tried to slow her breathing. The image of this teenager's penis had seared itself into her mind. She couldn't get it out.

"Here. I'll show you." Sam closed the distance between them and reached out and put both hands on her hips. He pulled her in and

pressed their bodies together. Her boobs crushed into his chest, just below his clavicle. "The secret is ..."

“Stop.” Mallory put her hands on his shoulders but couldn’t find the will to push him away. In her left hand, the rock’s pulsing quickened and surged warmth up her arm and into her body.

Sam craned his neck up and kissed her on the lips. Gently at first. He’d exchanged bodily fluids with women quite a bunch lately, but outside of his make-out sessions with Ashley, not a lot of kissing.

Mallory was non-responsive at first, but after a minute, her lips started to move. She let Sam nibble at her lower lip and then, without thinking, darted her tongue into his mouth. She bent down a little and let her arms encircle his shoulders. They kissed for several minutes.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhh.” Mallory broke the kiss, but stayed in Sam’s arms. “I can’t. I made a promise to Bob. My family. In front of God. I can’t do —” Sam pulled her into another kiss.

The faint sound of a door closing somewhere in the house carried into their little room. Mallory pulled away. “Bob. I have to go see if he needs anything. And I have work to do tonight. I’ve got a meeting tomorrow morning.” She felt the pressure of Sam’s hands pushing on her hips and she slowly sunk to her knees. “You have to leave, Sam.”

“I’ll go in just a minute.” Sam unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. “But first, it’s time for you to help me out a little.” He dropped his pants and kicked them away.

“Please.” Mallory looked up at Sam, her eyes pleading. “My husband.” She felt the rock fall from her left hand as she reached up to pull down his briefs. He was right, she needed to help him. Her fingernails dug into the white fabric and she pulled his underwear down his skinny, pale legs. “My, God.”

That purple head sprung into view as the cock obscenely dropped and swung in front of her. She’d never been with a man even close to this size. It now pointed right at her nose. Clear fluid leaked from the tip. Both her hands gingerly touched him, caressing her fingertips along the shaft.

“Wow, Mrs. Stevens.” Sam looked down at his father’s married boss, bewitched by his dick.

Mallory’s mouth hung open. Her eyes were wide. She moved her head slightly from side to side to get different sightlines on this goliath of a penis. “I can see why your mom is concerned about this. You must be one in a million. One in ten million. I just have to ... I need to ... taste ...” She bent her head forward and stuck out her tongue. The precum was very salty, warm, and something else. Something she couldn’t pin down. She wanted more.





“Keep going,” Sam said.

Ten minutes later, she was sucking with abandon.

“Taste good?” Sam looked down at her pretty, freckled skin.

“Uuuuggggghhhhh,” Mallory said with the head in her mouth. How long had Mallory’s head been bobbing on this teenager’s penis? Why had she tossed out her vows to Bob so suddenly, and dangerously? Her loving husband was down in the basement, just yards away, while she did this vile act.

“I’m almost there ... Mrs. Stevens.” Sam had his right hand behind her head, guiding her movements. He hadn’t done a lot of kissing, but he had gotten plenty of blowjobs recently. He knew what he was doing. “Where do you want me to ... uh ... cum?”

“Mmmmmmmmm oooooogggghhhhh.” Spit dripped down Mallory’s chin. Her mouth barely fit around the bulbous head. She needed to finish Sam off to end this.

“Okay.” Sam pushed her head to speed up her movements. “Your mouth ... it ... is ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” He unloaded.

Blast after blast of hot, salty fluid poured down her throat. When Mallory was doing this for Bob, she swallowed without a problem. But with Sam, she was overwhelmed. She pulled off him and took more shots of cum on her face and hair. "I never ..." She should have been grossed out. Every aspect of this infidelity was disgusting. But, somehow, she loved it. She wanted to bathe in the stuff. Pure ecstasy flowed through her body. Eventually, the orgasm stopped and she sat back on her butt. "Sam, I ... I ..."

"You look so beautiful covered in cum, Mrs. Stevens." Sam picked up his briefs and pulled them on. "Thank you so much, I really needed that."

"Oh, my God. What have I done?" Mallory scrambled to her feet. "Bob." She looked around the room. "Bob can never know."

"Sure." Sam picked up his pants and pulled them on. He then picked up the rock and put it in his pocket.

"You have to go." She grabbed Sam's shoulder and pulled him to the door. She opened it and led him through the house at a half-jog. "No one can know," she whispered. Her head was on a swivel, looking for any signs that her husband had left his office downstairs.

It was so hot having this cum-covered older lady fret over her husband. Sam smiled. But it was somewhat of a buzz-kill getting shoved out the front door without much chance to enjoy the afterglow. "Don't worry, I won't—" Sam stopped when the door slammed in his face. Oh well. Sam found his bike, and walked it out to the sidewalk. He was still too hard to ride the thing home.

Maybe he'd cultivate some afterglow with Bex later. Or his neighbor. Or his mom. He mused about the women in his life as he slowly walked his bike home.

