

THE DARK STONE

Chapter 9



DARK STONE STORIES

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

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Chapter 9

Sam knocked softly on Bex's door. It was late, but he knew from the light creeping out from under the door that she was up.

"That you Sam?" Bex's muffled voice filtered out into the hall.

"Yeah." Sam bunched his toes in the carpet.

"You ... alone?"

"Yeah," Sam said.

"Come in."

Sam opened the door and slid into the room. He closed and locked the door behind him. His eyes took a second to adjust to the light.

Pussy. His sister's room smelled like pussy. "Are you?" Sam blinked.

"Yeah." Bex sat at her desk.

Her pajama bottoms and panties around her ankles. Her right hand furiously moving between her legs. "I couldn't ... get ... the image of you with some girl ... or woman ..." Her eyes were wide and her pupils dilated. A thin sheen of sweat hung to her forehead. "Today ... when I heard you ... humping that chick." Her mouth hung slack as she looked over at Sam.

He wasn't expecting this. "You liked that?"

"Oh God, yeah. The slapping sound ... I could tell ... you were ... really ... uh ... uh ... giving it to her." With that, Bex's eyes rolled back. "Ooohhhh." She came in her chair, in front of Sam. Her slender shoulders trembled and her blonde hair tumbled back and forth.



"I thought you'd be mad at me." Sam stepped into the room. He waited for Bex to recover.

After a minute, she looked back over at Sam. Her small breasts rising and falling as she struggled to get her breathing under control. "The thought of my little brother dominating some ... girl. Or better yet, some woman. That's so hot." Bex's right hand had slowed between her legs, but it still rhythmically rubbed her pussy. "Who was she?"

"I ..." Sam squirmed, reached down, and shifted his dick under his waist band. It was so hard it hurt. His balls had already dumped loads on and in his mom earlier that day. And a load in Mrs. Stevens pretty mouth. But his balls felt full and swollen. "I came in to say sorry for bothering you with that girl." Sam looked at Bex's monitor and noticed for the first time what she was watching. A little woman with brown hair was getting ravaged doggystyle by a large man. He held her hair and even though the volume was off, it was obvious she was in ecstasy. "You're watching porn?"

"Yeah, well ..." Bex glanced at the monitor. "It's some married slut getting destroyed. Closest I could get." Bex reached for her mouse with her left hand and paused the video. "You came here to apologize? That's sweet, I guess." She looked back at Sam. "But you need to be more ... um ..." Bex stood up and kicked away her panties and bottoms. "... confident. I'll teach you." She pulled off her top and dropped it on the floor.

"Okay," Sam said.

Ten minutes later, Bex lay on her stomach, face down on her fluffy blanket. "Now, tell me ... uh ... uh ... I'm your slut, Sam."



"You're my ..." Sam plowed into her pussy, smashing her ass cheeks with every stroke. Her poor little pussy was stretched to its max, gripping tightly at his dick. "You're my slut."

"Yes." Bex gripped the blanket with white-knuckled fingers. "You own ... my pussy."

"I own your pussy." Sam slapped at her right butt cheek. It gave a quick little wobble. So different from Joyce's soft ass. "You're my bitch now."

"Uh ... uh ... uh ..." Bex looked over her shoulder back at him, her jaw in a tight grimace. "Whoa, no ... b-word ... dude." The small muscles in her back flexed each time Sam bottomed out.

"Sorry." Sam's face flushed with embracement, but he kept hammering his dick into his sister. He couldn't stop.

"Don't apologize ... dummy." She still looked back at him, her blue eyes twinkled. "You've got me. Now ... take me."

"Tell me ... ah ... ah ... ah." Sam held himself up with his hands just above her waist.

"What?" Bex dropped her face back down to the blanket and closed her eyes.

"Tell me ... you're my bitch." Sam pulled on her hips and moved her onto her hands and knees. She was so light and easy to move around. He pulled her knees together to get her pussy to the right height.



“Oooohhhhhh. I’m your bitch, Sam.”

“Bark like a bitch.” He pulled her hips back and slammed into her. “Bark for me.” Bex was right, this was fun. He’d probably known it all along, which is why he’d started the barking thing with Joyce. Or maybe the rock had known it.

“Yip, yip ... yip, yip,” Bex said. She was at his mercy. She’d never been this wet before.

“No ... ah ... ah ... ah ...” Sam sped up his pace. He was going to explode soon. “Like a real ... dog.”

“Oh my God. Oooohhhhhh. What are you ... doing to me?” Bex shook. She could feel her brother’s balls slapping at her clit. “Ruff, ruff ... rufffffff. Oooooohhhhhhhh. So, bigggggggg.” Her pussy spasmed and she came all over that amazing dick.

“Yes. Aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Sam couldn’t hold back, he emptied inside her, moving her hips in jerking motions to squeeze out all that cum. After he was done, he pulled her off and dropped her on the bed. She rolled onto her side.

“I want to see you do it to someone.” Bex still had her eyes closed. Her little nipples were dark on her alabaster skin.

“What?” Sam fell down next to her and lay on his back. His dick stood straight up and pulsed.

“I need to see you dominate a woman, Sam. That would be so hot.”

“Maybe.” Sam reached over and grabbed her left tit. It was a solid handful. He gently squeezed.

“Please?” Bex rubbed her legs together. Cum leaked out of her pussy.

“We’ll see,” Sam said. “Probably.”

“Thanks, little brother.” Bex tucked her hand under her head and quickly fell asleep.

Sam lay there for a while, listening to her sweet little snores. Eventually, he got up, collected his clothes, and made his way to his own bed. He hoped they hadn’t been too loud.

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The next morning, the kitchen bustled before school. Paul sat at the table, happily eating his cereal. Sam and Bex sat next to each other, joking and giggling. Joyce tried to remember an expression. She got it; thick as thieves. Joyce watched them from her spot by the sink. Her hands firmly pressed into her hips. Paul was right, she should be happy they’d been getting along so well. But something about it made Joyce uneasy. Her motherly spidey-sense tingled.

“Did you hear me, Joyce?” Paul said.

“I’m sorry, what dear?” Joyce looked over and smiled at her husband.

“What time will you be at the company party on Friday?” Paul frowned at his wife. He was making real progress with Mallory and her husband Bob. He needed to keep the momentum going, and getting Joyce in Mallory’s ear on Friday would really help. That promotion was right around the corner. He could feel it.

“I’ll be there at five-thirty. And I’ll bring the children.” Joyce glanced at Sam and Bex, leaning together conspiratorially.

“It’s okay, Mom,” Bex smiled at her mother. Her eyes so full of earnest innocence. “I’ll just go directly from school.”

Joyce looked over at Sam.

"I'll need a ride." Sam shrugged.

Paul ruffled his son's hair. "Get her there on time, sport."

"Sure thing, Dad." Sam pushed his dad's hand away from his hair.

"Okay, everybody's late. Get moving." Joyce waved her hands to get them out of her kitchen.

When they were gone and out the door, Joyce cleaned up after them. Paul's cereal bowl still sat on the table. Why couldn't he clean up after himself? She moved over to the table, removed the bowl, and wiped up some spilled milk from the glossy wood top.



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A few hours later, Lakshmi pushed Joyce up onto her kitchen table in the same spot where Paul had been munching breakfast.

"No, Lakshmi. Not today..." Joyce tried to push her friend off and straighten her dress. "I've got to clean the—" Joyce was cut off as Lakshmi put her dark little hand over Joyce's mouth.

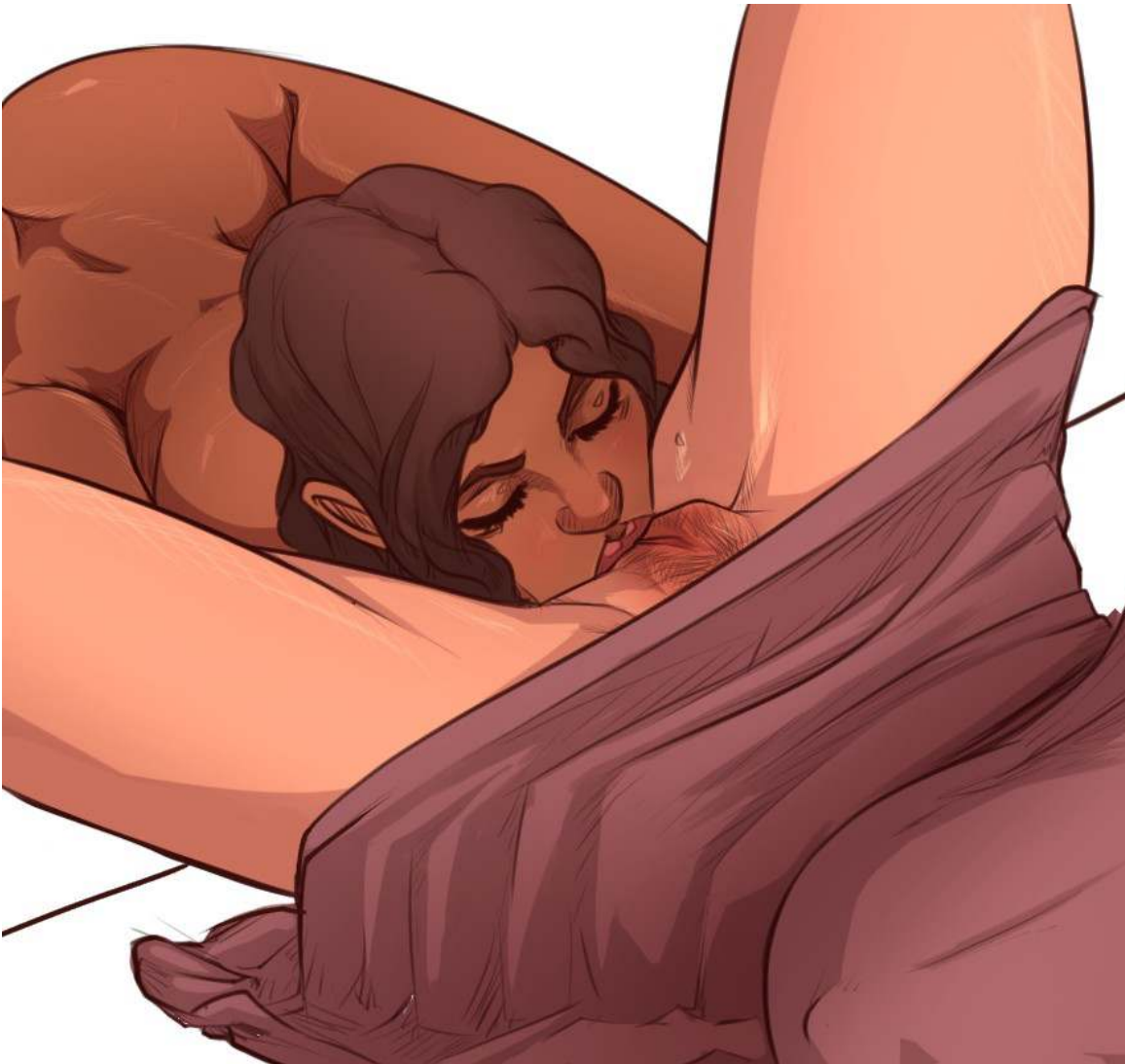
"Sssshhhhhh." Lakshmi stepped back and pulled off her own sweater. She wore a white bra underneath. She reached behind her, unclasped the bra, and with a wiggle of her shoulders dropped it to the linoleum floor. She still had on her jeans and socks. "We both need this." Lakshmi stepped back up to the table, spread Joyce's legs, and pressed herself against Joyce. Lakshmi reached up and brought her friend's face down to hers. They kissed.

"Mmmmmmm," Joyce said. She closed her eyes. Her breasts, still inside bra and dress, sat just on top of Lakshmi's bare ones. So much flesh nestled together. It was really somewhat cozy. Joyce let her tongue move freely. Paul was so stupid, to leave his wife unprotected at home like she was. Hours ago, he sat with his dumb smile at this very table, thinking his office meeting was the most important thing happening. Joyce moaned as Lakshmi reached

up and kneaded her breasts. The most important thing happening was the slow, steady fall of his wife from upstanding mother and wife, to ... this.

Lakshmi broke the kiss and looked up at Joyce. "All these years. I can't believe we never did this before." She roughly pulled down Joyce's dress and bra. Out flopped Joyce's big boobs. "And my God, look at these tits. So perfect." She lowered her brown lips to the milky expanse and kissed along those meandering blue veins. The way her little brown hands contrasted with Joyce's large white boobs caused Lakshmi's pussy to leak even more. "I don't care what you say, I have to. I just have to." She lowered herself further, lifted Joyce's dress, and stuck her head underneath. The smell of excited pussy filled her nostrils.

"That's too far. Not ..." Joyce watched her friend's head move under her dress. She felt her wet panties get pulled to the side. "Oooooohhhhhhhh." Lakshmi's soft warm tongue reached out and slid up Joyce's vaginal lips. Paul had never done this for her. "Not in the ... oooooohhhh ... kitchen. We should ..." Joyce looked down at her breasts as they heaved up and down. "... go upstairs."



Lakshmi licked up and down her friend's pussy. She wriggled her tongue inside. She couldn't see Joyce with the dress between them, but she could imagine what her sweet, innocent face looked like, contorted in ecstasy. "You ... uuuggghhhmmmmm ... taste ... mmmm ... good." She stuck a finger into Joyce's pussy and pistoned it in and out. She could feel slight ridges inside the vagina. Everything was so warm, and moist, and full of life. And so new to both of them.

"I'm going to have an ... oh my goodness." Joyce leaned her head back. On the table under her, right where Paul spilled his stupid milk that morning, her own juices

were splashing that glossy wood surface. "I'm ..." Joyce curled her toes. Her legs shook. "Oooooohhhhhhhh."

A gush of pussy juice rushed out of Joyce's pussy. Lakshmi did her best to lick it up.

"Awesome." Sam's voice filled the room.

Lakshmi couldn't see him from under Joyce's dress, but she knew that voice. How long had they been going? She started to pull off her friend's pussy, but Joyce's hands firmly pressed into the back of her head and pulled her lips back. Lakshmi licked and sucked on Joyce's cute little clit. She still couldn't see anything, but she didn't care.

"Sam, I didn't mean for you to find ... oooooohhhh ... find us," Joyce said.

"It's cool, Mom."

"You shouldn't ... we shouldn't ... uuuuggghhhhhh," Joyce said.

Lakshmi had to see what was happening. From under the dress, it seemed like Joyce was trying to speak, but all that came out were gurgling sounds. She leaned back, uncovered her head, and looked up. Her eyes went round as saucers. It was one thing for Joyce to watch her son fuck the neighbor. But this? Giving her own child a blowjob? "Joyce. He's your son."

Joyce leaned to her side, her breasts hanging ponderously to the left. She had her pretty red lips wrapped around the head of her son's enormous cock. "Uuuuuggghhhh ugghhh." Joyce said.

Sam looked down at Lakshmi's adorable face. She had pussy juice dripping off her nose, mouth, and chin. "You look pretty surprised," he said. Sam had one hand cradled behind his mom's head, helping her bob on his dick. "Congrats on seducing my mom. But I beat you to it."

"You can't." To her shame, watching this taboo act, Lakshmi felt a new heat between her legs. "She's your mother."





“I know, isn’t it great?” Sam gripped Joyce’s curly hair and pulled her off his dick. “Let’s go upstairs, I’ll show you what else she can do.”

Joyce looked down at Lakshmi with pleading eyes. “I couldn’t help it. I tried to stop him.” Joyce looked so lost with her boobs hanging out and saliva dripping down her chin. She hopped down off the table. Sam gave her butt a firm smack and she hustled for the stairs, her right arm cradling her exposed boobs.

Sam and Lakshmi watched her disappear upstairs. He reached a hand down to her and helped her off her knees. “You can’t do this, Sam.” Lakshmi hung her head and looked down. Her round boobs hung in front of her, out in the open. Like Joyce, she covered them with her arm.

“I own your pussy now, Mrs. Singh. Same with Mom.” Sam’s dick stood out straight, defying gravity. It bounced with his pulse.

“She’s your mother.” Lakshmi stared at that monster. Her pussy was ablaze. Did she actually like the thought of Sam claiming his own mother?

“That’s the beauty of it. And she’s mine. You’re mine. Now, if you don’t mind, let’s move.” He slapped her on the butt and got her moving toward the stairs. It worked, she dutifully trotted off after Joyce. Bex was a genius with her confidence lessons.

Twenty minutes later, Sam had Joyce naked, legs spread, on his bed, while he slammed into her pussy. She moaned and squealed as her son gave it to her. Lakshmi sat on Sam’s chair, still topless, watching that monster tear Joyce up. How did that thing fit inside her? Lakshmi leaned forward, entranced. It was just so big. Joyce’s feet flopped up in the air. Her toes curled as she had orgasm after orgasm.

“I’m gonna cum, Mom.” Sam’s skinny body trembled.

“Not ... inside ... again.” Joyce was completely helpless. She spread her legs further for him.



“Again?” Did Lakshmi hear that right? Joyce had completely lost it if she was letting her son dump loads inside her. Then again, Lakshmi had done the same. Maybe they’d all lost it. She watched Sam’s impossibly long strokes. It was a remarkable sight. Such a mighty tool, for such a little brat.

“Take it,” Sam said. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhh.”

Lakshmi could actually see his balls contract as he unloaded in his mom’s vagina. Joyce’s pussy overflowed and cum immediately leaked out.

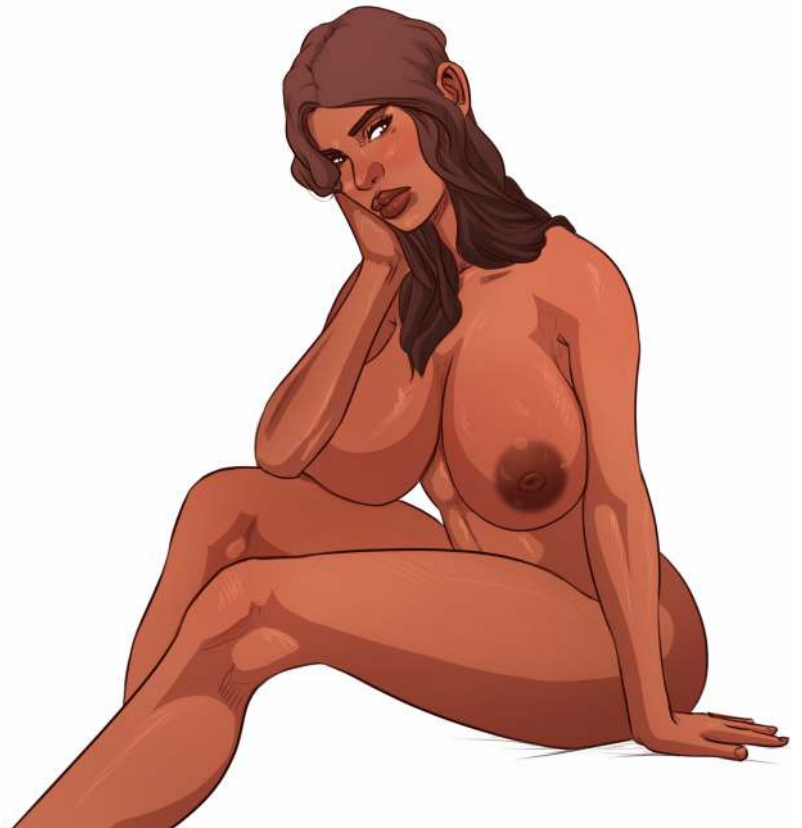
“Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ...

Saaaaammmmmmyyyyyyy.” Joyce dug her fingernails into his back.

Lakshmi could see the sparkle of Joyce’s wedding ring. How could they do this to their husbands? This was beyond crazy. She thought about poor Raj. Lakshmi was pretty sure he’d never even considered that she’d cheat on him, let alone that she’d give it up to a teenager.

Sam’s motions slowed in a series of jerks, and then stopped. He rolled off his mom onto his back. They lay side by side. Both covered in cum and sweat.

“Come here, Mrs. Singh.”



“Really?” Lakshmi stood and pulled down her jeans. She wiggled out of her panties. “You want me to ride it?” The veins on his dick looked even more engorged. The flared head was the deepest, darkest purple.

“Yeah.” Sam nodded and smiled his dopey grin.

“Your dick was just inside Joyce. Your mom.” She’d done this so many times with Sam, but everything felt foreign, foggy, and strange.



“Yep.” Sam nodded.

“Are you on the pill, Joyce?”

Without looking up, Joyce shook her head from side to side. She had her left arm draped across her face, hiding her eyes.

“Oh my God.” Lakshmi walked over to the bed. Shock. She was in shock from what she’d just witnessed. Right in front of her. “You’ll get pregnant.” Lakshmi’s pussy was soaking wet. Good Lord, they both might get pregnant. Lakshmi had been pretending that letting the boy cum in her wasn’t that big a deal since she’d timed her cycle. But who was she kidding? She climbed onto the bed and straddled Sam. With the ease of practice, she lowered herself onto his cock. Despite his size, it slipped right in.

“Uuuuhhhhhh ... So deep.”

“Don’t get any ideas about Arjun, Mrs. Singh.” Sam lightly slapped at her left boob and watched it shake. “Just because I’m doing my mom doesn’t mean he gets to.”

“I’d never ...” Lakshmi undulated her hips, grinding that cock deep inside. “... I’d never do it with my ... aaaahhhhhh ... son.” She spasmed, already cumming for Sam. Lights danced in front of her eyes and her hands flopped in the air, looking for purchase where there was none.

“You’re my girlfriend, not his.” Sam placed his hands on her brown hips and forced her into a bouncing motion.

Her orgasm over, Lakshmi got the hint. She planted her feet next to Sam’s hips, placed her hands on his chest, and bounced on his dick in earnest. “My ... husband?” Her voice pitched itself low, tortured with lust. She barely recognized her own words.

“Nah.” Sam loved this. She was asking him if she could still have sex with Mr. Singh. Awesome. “You can still ... do it with him. Is he as big as me?”

Lakshmi closed her eyes and shook her head. Strands of her black hair fell across her contorted face.

“He’s got a little dick?” Sam dug his fingers into her hips. Bex was right, this was fun. Even more fun than the barking.

“Just ... not as big as you.”

“Sammy, don’t torture her.” Joyce looked over at them. Her boobs slowly rocked on her chest from all the activity next her. She reached down to her vagina and felt a flood of sperm flowing out. She wanted more. Sam had broken her.



“She likes it, Mom.” Sam turned his head and nodded earnestly to Joyce. He then looked back up at Lakshmi. “You used to think he was big ... uh ... until you met me?”

“Oh, God.” Lakshmi nodded.

“But now you barely feel his little ... uh ... uh ... uh ... dick?” Sam was about to cum. “And now you’re my slut?”

“Yes.” Lakshmi bounced at a frantic pace. “Again ... oooooohhhhhh ... Sam, you’re going to make me cum again.” She came as he unloaded another huge load deep in her unprotected pussy.

Sam enjoyed the two women for another hour. After that they cleaned up and went about their normal weekday evening routine, pretending to their respective families that nothing was amiss.

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The week passed wonderfully for Sam. He banged his mom and Lakshmi after school every day. He got Lakshmi to eat Joyce out while taking it doggystyle. That was hot. But he couldn't get Joyce to do the same. She still had some limits.



How many potent loads had he dumped in their pussies? He lost count. Whatever it was, he was pretty sure they'd taken more cum that week than they had in their whole lives before the stone.

Sam hadn't forgotten about Mallory, but it seemed she'd done her best to forget about him. He didn't hear anything from her all week. He thought she'd at least want to hold the stone again. Sam couldn't very well just drop in at her house some week night and say hi. Bob would wonder what the hell was going on. So, he put her on the back burner. The next move with her would have to wait for the company party on Friday.

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Friday morning arrived and Sam slept past his alarm. At seven-thirty, Joyce walked into his room to wake him. She wore a nice blue dress and she was humming to herself. She had planned on a productive day. She'd gotten Lakshmi to promise she wouldn't come over until Monday. That meant Joyce could clean the house and see to some other chores she'd been putting off.

"Earth to Sammy, Earth to Sammy." Joyce left his door wide open, so he wouldn't get any evil thoughts in his head, and strode toward the window. She'd really need to air out the house later, she could still smell the robust aroma of Sam's cum lingering in the air. She pulled back his curtain and let in the bright, white morning sun. "Rise and shine."

“What time is it?” Sam rolled over onto his back.

Through the covers, Joyce could see his enormous morning wood. She wondered if Paul had noticed the package his son carried around. Sam had so many erections, it was hard to miss. Heck, it was hard to miss even when soft. If Paul had noticed, he hadn't mentioned anything to Joyce. Not that he would. “It's half-past-seven, time to get up.” Her son's penis tempted her, as it tented his covers, but Joyce was sure she could resist. Today was going to be a productive day. Also, Paul and Bex were downstairs. Joyce felt her vagina moisten, nonetheless.

“Shit.” Sam opened his eyes and looked up at his lovely mother. Her modest dress couldn't hide the swelling roundness of her boobs, or the flare of her hips. “I overslept? Help me up.”

Joyce stepped toward the bed. She bent down to brush his matted, brown hair from his forehead. Sam pulled the covers aside. He'd slept naked, and his throbbing monster stood out in the open, leaking some clear liquid.

“No, Sammy. Absolutely not. Your father and sister are eating breakfast downstairs.” Even without touching the bed, Joyce could feel the heat of the rock rising up from under the mattress and flowing through her. “I'm taking a break from all that stuff today.”

“Come on, Mom. I'll be quick.” Sam reached up, gently captured her left hand and guided it to his dick.

“Sammy ...” Joyce watched her fingers try to encircle that veiny shaft. They couldn't quite get all the way around. She squeezed and felt her son's spongy flesh press back at her. She dropped to her knees, next to the bed.

“Aaaaahhhh. That feels good, Mom.” Sam leaned his head back on the pillow.

“The door ...” Joyce looked back at the open door behind her. Such optimism, leaving it open like that. So foolish in retrospect. “We can't —” Sam's left hand found the back of her head and guided her pretty mouth down onto his penis.

And there she was. Sucking her son's penis like it was part of her morning chores. While the rest of the family enjoyed her pancakes, Sam enjoyed her warm mouth. Joyce moved both hands



up and down his penis while she sucked and licked for all she was worth. She needed to get the sperm out of him before someone wandered upstairs.

“Oh, Mom.” Sam kept his hand behind her head, fingers entwined in her curly hair.

“Joyce?” Paul called up from downstairs. “Joyce? Do you know where my green tie is?” And then there was the sound of feet on the stairs.

Joyce pulled her mouth off Sam. Her eyes were wide and her cheeks white. She threw the blanket back over Sam, but that wouldn’t do because his penis was comically visible as a tent pole. “Turn sideways, Sammy,” she whispered. “Before he sees you.” Joyce stood, wiped her mouth with the back of her right hand, and smoothed out her dress.

“There you are.” Paul stopped in the hall outside Sam’s room. “What’re you doing?”

“Sam overslept. I’m just waking him up.” Joyce looked down at Sam. Mercifully, he’d rolled onto his side and hidden his monster erection.

“Oh.” Paul looked back and forth between Joyce and Sam. “Well, have you seen my green tie?”

“Yes, dear. I’ll show you.” Joyce walked toward her husband.

“Um.” Paul pointed to his chin. “You have a little toothpaste or something on your chin.”

“Thank you, Paul.” Joyce wiped her chin with the sleeve of her dress. Very unladylike. But then again, not as bad as what she’d been doing a minute before. “How silly of me.” Joyce stepped past Paul and headed for their room.

“Don’t forget to be at the party at five-thirty, sport.” Paul looked into the room where his son still lay in bed. “And don’t be late for school.”

“Right, Dad.” Sam made no effort to get up.

“Great.” Paul followed his wife toward the missing green tie.



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When Sam got home Friday afternoon, he was disappointed to find that Lakshmi wasn't there. Even worse, his mom was out too. She'd left a note that she was running errands and that she'd be home around four-thirty. That wouldn't give them much time before they had to leave for Paul's office party.

He went to his room and wasted some time on video games. He thought about fapping, but maybe it'd be better if he went to the office party with a full nutsack.

A little after four-thirty, he heard his mom coming up the stairs.

"Mom, can you come in here?" Sam reconsidered his earlier decision. Maybe he didn't need a full nutsack after all. He paused his game and caught a glimpse of his mom as she moved past his room down the hall.

"I can't right now, sweetie. I have to get dressed for the party," Joyce called back to him. He then heard the thump of her bedroom door.

"Oh, well," Sam said to himself. He started the game back up.

Thirty minutes later, Sam got bored. He turned off the game, got up, and walked out into the hall. He walked to his parents' room and slowly opened the door. Joyce was in front of the full-length mirror, turning from side to side. "What do you think of this dress, Sammy?" She wore a beautiful black, sparkly dress. The hem stopped at the knee and up above the cut was somewhat generous with her cleavage. She'd applied some makeup, the faintest hint of lipstick, and she'd straightened her hair.

"You look beautiful, Mom." Sam stepped into the room.

"Thank you, honey." Joyce turned to look at him and blushed. "You need to wear something other than that t-shirt. This is a fancy party."

Sam pulled off his shirt, showing off his skinny chest.

"What about my jeans?"

Joyce eyed him cautiously. "Yes, you'll need to put on some nicer pants."

"Okay." Sam unbuttoned and dropped his jeans around his ankles. He kicked them away. "I probably shouldn't wear briefs either. You think Dad would mind if I borrowed a pair of his boxers?" Sam pulled off his briefs and his dick sprung out before him, hard and straight. He stood only in his socks.



“Um, sweetie ...” Joyce’s gaze ran up and down her little man. “Go get ready. We need to leave in ten minutes.”

“What about the socks, Mom?” Sam walked toward her across the carpet, his dick swaying back and forth. “Can I wear these socks?”

“They’re fine.” Joyce could feel her vagina leaking. What was her eighteen-year-old son doing to her?

“You look so pretty like that, Mom.” Sam playfully smacked her right butt cheek. It jiggled a little, but the dress was tight enough to restrain it some.

“Now, Sammy.” Joyce’s breathing quickened.

“We’ve never done it in your bed.” Sam reached for her left hand, grabbed it, and pulled her toward the king-sized bed Joyce shared with Paul.

“You need to get ready.” She tried to put some steel in her voice, but they both knew she was defeated before it had even begun.



Sam led her to the bed and gave her a little push. Joyce fell onto her hands and knees. She hung her head. Sam lifted the hem of her dress up over her butt and rested it on her lower back. He pulled her panties down to her knees. She felt the bed move as he got up behind her.

“Don’t get anything on my dress.” Joyce bit her lip as she felt the head of his penis rub up against her vagina lips.

“I won’t.” Sam lined himself up and slid in. “You’re my girl, Mom.” His hips moved and he began to pound her.

“Uh ... uh ... uh ... yes ... sweetie.” Joyce felt the waves of her first orgasm start to wash over her. “I’m ... I’m ...” She shook all over.

“You’re my bitch, Mom.” Sam held her hips firmly and pulled her back onto his dick again and again.

Joyce shook her head, but said nothing.

“You’re my bitch.” Sam slapped at her ass with his right hand.

Joyce let out a little shriek of surprise.

“My bitch.” Sam slapped at her ass again. His hand left a red imprint on her white skin.

“Ruff, ruff, ruff,” Joyce said.

It wasn’t what Sam was going for, but he’d take it. “Nice.” He reached up with his right hand and took a handful of her brown hair and pulled her head up so that she was looking forward, toward the upholstered headboard. “I love you so much, Mom.”



Twenty minutes later, Sam still pounded Joyce from behind. He'd let go of her hair, and she'd hung her head, watching her boobs dance under her, tucked as they were inside her party dress. Joyce moaned and whined and squealed.

The phone rang on the bedside table.

Joyce's head snapped up. "My ... uh ... goodness. What ... time is it?"

"Almost ... there ... Mom." Sam kept pounding away at her pussy, watching her butt ripple and shake.

"It's ..." Joyce tried to focus on the clock by her bed. "It's five-forty-five. We're ... oooooohhhhhh ... late." Sam was hitting somewhere deep inside her and it was sending sparks through her nervous system.

The phone stopped ringing.

Sam kept pounding.

The phone rang again.

After a while, it stopped ringing.

"We're late ... uh ... uh ... uh ..." Joyce reached for her phone. She grabbed it and brought it in front of her. She propped herself on her elbows, while Sam plowed away behind her. She managed to open her messaging app.



“Dad’s wondering ... aaahhhh ... where we are? He doesn’t ... uh ... uh ... uh ... know I’m about ... to bust in your pussy. Text him that,” Sam said.

Joyce ignored Sam. She texted Paul, *traffic, we’re coming*, and sent it. She immediately regretted the double entendre and tossed the phone to the side. It beeped at her as Paul texted something back. Probably something worried, or thoughtful, as his son nailed her. She was such a bad wife. And he was such a dumb husband for leaving her alone with their animal of a son.

“Take ... my ... cum.” Sam mauled her pussy.

“Sammy ... you’re going to make me ... again ...” Joyce trembled and her vagina convulsed around her son’s penis. The bed shook and banged against the wall like never before.

Sam held her hips firmly and pulled her back for several final thrusts. “Take it ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Sam unloaded deep inside his mother.

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When all was said and done, Joyce and Sam were about an hour late for the company party. Sam did look smart in a nice button up shirt and slacks, but Joyce shuddered as she watched her son politely shake someone’s hand. Here she was playing the role of the faithful, dutiful wife at her husband’s party, while Sam’s little swimmers made their way deep inside her. Maybe they’d find her egg at that very moment. She shivered.

“Cold, honey?” Paul walked up behind her and put his sportscoat around her shoulders.

“Thank you, dear.” Joyce smiled at him. After her copulation with Sam, she’d had to touch up her makeup and fix her hair. Then they’d raced over here in the minivan. Thank goodness there wasn’t any traffic.

“Sounds like you hit pretty bad traffic.” Paul rubbed her back. “Well, I’m glad you’re here. Tonight’s a big night for me.” He waggled his eyebrows at her.

“Yes.” Joyce thought they might very well need the money from Paul’s would-be promotion if Sam managed to plant a new baby in her womb.

Sam watched his parents carefully. Everything was cool. “I’m going to go mingle.” Bex was somewhere in the party, but he wasn’t looking for her.

“Behave yourself, sport,” Paul said.

“I always do, Dad.” Sam gave him a thumbs up and wandered off.

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Mallory hid in her office like a little girl. She knew Sam would be there tonight, and she couldn’t face him. Especially while Bob was there. She kept telling herself these things happen. But it was hard to put it behind her. So, she’d told Bob she had a little work to do, and that he should go have fun. He was out there, somewhere, shaking hands and telling jokes. While she hid in her office.

One of her coworkers popped his head in her door. "You coming to the party?"

"A few more minutes." Mallory smiled at the man from her desk. She typed on her keyboard, trying to look busy. "I just have to get this proposal out."

"Okay, see you out there." The man left.

Mallory stared at her monitor and let her mind wander. She reached up and fiddled with the little silver cross hanging around her neck, praying that it would give her the strength she'd need. That teenager had such a way about him. And such a monstrous penis. What would she do when she saw him again?

The sound of her office door closing and locking brought her out of her reverie. She looked up expecting to see Bob.

"Hello." Sam stood just inside the door. A goofy grin on his face.

"I ... I ... I ..." Mallory tried to compose herself. The room suddenly felt hot.

"Don't get up." Sam walked toward her desk. "You look so cute working away. And I like being taller than you. If only for a minute."

"You can't be in here." Mallory looked around the room but found nothing to save her.

"I'm sure it's okay." Sam stepped around the desk. "Oh, pretty dress. You look really nice, Mrs. Stevens."

"Don't call me that." Mallory leaned back in her chair, instinctively moving away from his approach.

"Mallory?" Sam cocked his head.

"Don't call me that either." Mallory's eyes widened. "Just don't talk to me."

"Okay." Sam's fingers undid the button on his pants. He lowered them, along with the borrowed pair of boxers he had on. "No talking is fine."

The penis was only inches from Mallory's face. A rich, bountiful smell wafted over to her. She recognized it from the time he'd visited her house and covered her in cum. "Oh, no." Her knees trembled. She leaned forward in her seat and gave the purple cockhead a quick lick. She didn't have the strength after all.

Ten minutes later, her head bobbed slowly on his cock. Sam had a hand behind her red hair, keeping up her pace. Her office was filled with slurping and gurgling sounds. She never thought she'd see the day.

"I'm gonna ... cum, Mrs. Stevens." Sam looked down at her smooth skin, covered in pretty little freckles.



Mallory pulled off of him with a gasp. “No, I can’t possibly swallow it.” She tried to catch her breath. “It’ll get everywhere. Everyone will know.”

“I hadn’t thought of that.” He really hadn’t. Sam didn’t want them found out. But he was so close. “Okay. I have an idea.” With some effort, he lifted her out of the chair and sat her on the edge of her desk. He roughly spread her legs, riding her dress up to her hips. He pulled her panties to the side. “It’s the only way,” he said. “No one will know if I cum in your pussy.”

“You can’t.” Mallory was jelly in his arms. She could have overpowered him. She should have overpowered him. But instead she watched dumbly as he shoved his huge penis inside her pussy. “Oh,” was all she said as he entered her.

“Almost ... ah ... there.” Sam slammed into her with long strokes. He placed his hands under her thighs and lifted her legs slightly for better access.

Even though she was wet, her pussy strained mightily against the invading monster. There was a brief flash of pain and then pleasure surged through her. “You’re ... stretching ... me ... out.” This was a new feeling. Sex with Bob was good, but this was something else. “Please ... don’t ... do ... this ... oooooohhhhhhh.” And out of the blue an orgasm flooded through her. Who was she kidding? She needed this teenager’s cum. Why had she been avoiding him? Nothing she had ever felt compared to that first orgasm on his young cock. She flung her arms around his scrawny shoulders.

Watching her spasm on his dick was too much for Sam. He let out spurt after spurt deep inside her. He hadn’t saved all the day’s cum for Mallory, but the second load was usually pretty close to the first.

Afterwards, Sam pulled out with a plop and pulled up his pants. “Wow, thanks Mrs. Stevens. I needed that.”

Mallory watched him tuck that grotesque, amazing penis away. She shakily scooted herself off the desk and onto her feet. She pulled her panties into position and wiggled her dress back into place. “Not a word of this to anyone.” She needed to go to bathroom and get something to line her panties. She remembered how much



cum this teenager had. Then she needed to find her husband and do something nice for him. This was a freak thing and she was still a good wife. She counted days back to her last period. She was good. She was safe. She fingered the cross around her neck and thanked God for the timing.

“I won’t say anything.” Except to Bex. And his mom. And he’d probably brag to Lakshmi too. Sam smacked her butt firmly, like he’d seen Bob do at their house.

Mallory squeaked when she felt his hand on her butt. This kid was treating her like his girlfriend. “I’ll leave first. You wait five minutes before you leave. Got it?”

Sam smiled up at her. “Got it, boss.”

She turned and without so much as looking back, snuck out of the office and down the hall to the bathroom.

Sam sat down at her desk and looked at her monitor. Maybe she had minesweeper or something.