

# Under Fire

By Rawly Rawls © 2022 - 2025

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1

“Honey, I’m home.” Lieutenant Colonel Karen Katzenhund opened the front door, straightened her uniform, and smiled. She liked to surprise her family when she finished a deployment.

“Mom?” Benjamin stuck his head around the corner that led to the living room. “I didn’t know you’d be home today.”

“Well, it’s good to see you too, Benjie.” Karen put down her bag and walked down the hall. The surprise was on her, it seemed. She hadn’t expected to find her son home. He’d moved out the year before. His head disappeared back toward the living room. “Where’s your father?”

“Oh, he’s out right now,” Benjamin said.

“And your sister?” Karen rounded the turn just in time to see a slender, pale butt disappear out the back door. The running woman had blond hair and only wore a top. Karen scowled.

“She’s upstairs ... I think.” Benjamin wore only his pants. He leaned on a massage table with excessive casualness, his hips turned sideways.

“What’s going on here?” Karen put her hands on her hips, frown lines spreading across her face.

“Nothing to see here, Colonel Katzenhund.” He gave his mother a mock salute. “I got a new massage table and was trying it out.”

"Why are you home, Benjie?" She pointed at the open back door. "And who was that naked lady running from my house?"

"Oh ... you saw that." He stood up and turned his back to his mother, pretending to fiddle with the table. "Dad didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?" This wasn't the welcome home she'd been hoping for.

"I've moved back home, Mom. And I have a massage business now. That was one of my customers." He nodded toward the back door. "You startled her."

"Mom, you're home!" Morgan bounced down the stairs in shorts and a t-shirt. She hugged her mom tightly, pressing her glasses into Karen's starched uniform.

"There you are, Morgan." Karen hugged her daughter tightly, breathing in deeply. "Are you doing a workout or something? You're stinky."

Morgan exchanged a brief glance with her brother. "Yeah, I was working out in my room."

Karen looked over at her son. "Well, I'm not surprised you're back home. The band broke up?" Karen kissed her daughter's flaxen hair and pushed her away. "Really, honey, you need to take a shower."

"Yes, ma'am." Morgan straightened her glasses and headed back upstairs.

"And we need to talk about your new career." Karen waved her hand at the massage table in the middle of her living room.

"The band is over, but, Mom ..."

"I'd like to hear a, 'Yes, ma'am.'" Karen narrowed her eyes to let him know she meant business.

"Yes, ma'am," Benjamin said in a defeated voice. "Let's talk."

"And you're going to tell me who that hussy was running out the door." Karen looked around the room and spotted a pair of panties on the floor. "I don't know what sort of shenanigans your father has been putting up with. We need some discipline around here."

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"I told him he could only do massages in his room with the door open." Karen turned her back to her husband as she pulled on her pajama top. Her body was sore from her

travels. She stretched and groaned. "Does he have a girlfriend? Because I'm not buying that Little Miss Bare Butt is a client." She pulled on her bottoms and stretched her legs with a moan.

"I hope you weren't too hard on him." Daniel read the news on his phone. "Our children have grown up, Karen. Morgan's leaving for college soon. Benjie's stumbling through the beginning of adulthood. We have to cut them some slack."

"Sure, when they move out, they can live their lives however they like." Karen frowned at her husband.

"She's eighteen, and he's twenty. We can cut them some slack now." Daniel didn't look up from his phone.

"Not on my watch, mister." Karen climbed into bed and took his phone away from him. "And I have one more task to accomplish before I can put this tired body to bed." She kissed him on the lips, pulled back, and smiled at him.

"I'll help you accomplish your mission, dear." Daniel fondled one of his wife's tits. "I won't quit until I've covered you in *Mission Accomplished*."

"I love it when you talk dirty." Karen kissed him again and fell into his arms.

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"With my new rules in place, Benjamin stopped using our house to meet his clients." Karen spoke on the phone to her friend while she rode the stationary bike in the basement. "I watch him lug that heavy table to his car every day. He's so skinny he can barely move it."

"I don't know, he seems pretty strong to me." Gretta was happy to have her friend back in town. She held the phone to her ear, laying on her belly. Her body was totally relaxed.

Karen ignored her friend's odd comment. "He always seems stressed when he leaves the house and relaxed when he comes home. No ... it's more than relaxed. He has this look about him that only a mother knows. It reminds me of when he was a kid and he thought he was pulling a fast one on me. Which he never did, by the way. I always found him out."

"You're ... ooohhhhhhhh ... paranoid, Karen." Gretta was in heaven. The warm stone slid down the slope of her back and up onto her butt. She wiggled her behind a little.

"What are you doing, Gretta?"

“Just relaxing ... in the tub.” She looked over her shoulder at Benjamin and held a finger to her lips. He gave her a reassuring smile. She could feel the special stone moving between her butt cheeks. The warmth from it surged through her body. When it came to rest against her anus, she bit her lip and bucked her hips several times.

“Anyway, enough of my troubles. How are you and Bill doing? I’d love to see you.” Karen turned up the resistance on her bike, really feeling the burn. Sweat soaked through her top and yoga pants.

“The hubby is good ... he’s ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” The stone moved to her vagina, rubbing along her slick lips. A vortex of pleasure spiraled out from Gretta’s most secret place. “I actually ... have to go. Why don’t you come over ... for dinner tomorrow ... bring the ... uuuggghhhhh ... family?”

“Okay, sounds good. What time?” Karen waited. “Hello?” She looked at her phone. They had been disconnected. “You know the number ... use it.” She put her phone in the cup holder and pedaled harder. That sounded like quite the bath Gretta was having. She wondered if maybe she’d interrupted Gretta’s marital time. She laughed at the thought and finished her workout.

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“Put it in ... put it in ...” Gretta wiggled her alabaster ass at Benjamin.

“What did my mom say?” Benjamin slowly undressed. His long, heavy cock flopped into the open. He carefully held his special stone, feeling the heat radiate down his arm. He eyed the polished black mineral, with its glowing red veins. It seemed to be glowing extra brightly. He stowed it in his bag.

“Who ... cares? I need your penis ... baby. Please?” She shuddered when the cockhead slapped her butt with a solid thud. It was incredibly ... substantial.

“What’d she say?” Benjamin climbed up on the table and straddled her thighs. He pressed his dickhead against her pussy. He remembered a time, not that long ago, when she’d been tight. Now, his dick slid right in. He wondered if her dumb husband noticed the difference.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... thank you ... thank you.” Gretta gripped the table, ready for the familiar onslaught. “You feel sooooooo good.” She pushed back, eager to get his hips moving. His strong hands pushed onto her back. She knew he was bracing himself, but he also massaged her muscles while he did it. It relaxed her body and wound her up at the same time. She wondered why he hadn’t started humping her yet, and then

remembered he'd asked her a question. "She ... complained about you for a while. I think ... she thinks you're up to ... no good with ... your massage business."

Benjamin laughed.

When he laughed, she felt his penis spasm inside her. It set off a burst of fireworks in front of her eyes. "She said ... I don't know ... I can't remember. We're having dinner tomorrow." She looked back at his lithe torso and strong arms. "Can we just ... do it now? Please?"

"Sure, Mrs. Klein." He pulled out of her and slammed back in. He relished her squeals. "I'll give you ... the service ... you paid ... for." His hips got into a good rhythm. Watching her ass ripple and shake, he had a moment of introspection. He'd been lead singer in a band to get pussy. That was a colossal failure. He'd come home with his tail between his legs, thinking he'd never have sex again. Now, he was drowning in pussy. Wherever he looked, another woman opened her legs for him. His thoughts faded away and animal instinct took over. He pulled out of her pussy. His dick was already a frothy mess. He slammed into her ass. "Gonna ... make it ... so you can't even sit ... while having dinner ... tomorrow."

"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... yesssssssssss ... it's yours ... Benjie ... my butt is ... yooooorrrrrsssssssss." A majestic orgasm surged through her. She was in love with her masseuse, and if he didn't want her to sit, she would stand the whole night long.

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"Hey, dear?" Karen looked over at her husband where he was chopping lettuce at the other end of the kitchen counter.

"Yeah?" Daniel paused his task and smiled good-naturedly at his wife.

"Have Morgan and Benjie been that close for a while?" She nodded out the window where the siblings shared a hammock in the backyard. They were drinking lemonade, leaning against one another, and laughing almost nonstop.

Daniel looked out the window. "Last few months, yeah." He nodded and went back to chopping lettuce. "It's great. They're finally getting along."

"Yeah, that's peachy." Karen chewed her bottom lip.

"What do you want to bring over to Gretta and Bill's tomorrow?" Daniel put the lettuce into a strainer and moved over to the sink. "I was thinking a nice merlot. Were you thinking merlot?"

“Shouldn’t Morgan be doing her homework or something?” Karen continued to frown through the window as Morgan tickled her brother, and they both spilled their lemonade.

“You know Morgan. She always gets her work done on time. Just like her mother.” Daniel gave his wife a gentle pat on the butt. “So ... merlot?”

“Merlot sounds fine, dear. Just fine.” Karen gave her husband a peck on the cheek and went about finishing dinner. Her husband wasn’t her ally with the kids. He was always too lenient. She’d have to figure out what was going on by herself. Maybe she’d have another conversation with Benjamin after dinner.

## Chapter 2

“Are you ready for the big dinner at Gretta’s?” Benjamin walked into his eighteen-year-old sister’s room without knocking and flopped on her bed.

“Do I look ready?” Morgan wore a matching set of lace underwear, her glasses, and nothing else. “How much time do we have?” She could see he wasn’t ready from his ratty t-shirt and too-tight shorts. He was hard, and his bulge was more than obvious. She adjusted her glasses, stared, and licked her lips.

“Mom said we had to be ready at 1715 sharp.” Benjamin saluted his sister. With his wrist before his eyes, he made a show of consulting his watch. “So that gives us more than an hour.” He let his eyes wander over his sister’s slim body. “Why are you wearing sexy underwear? Dinner at Gretta’s isn’t exactly a hot date.”

“I’m wearing them for you, dummy. In case we found a moment to ... be bad together.” She walked toward him, pointing her toes with each step and swaying her slender hips.

Benjamin looked around the pastel room like he’d just made an incredible discovery. “By Jove ... I think we just found a moment!”

“Nice try, dumbass.” She stopped by the bed, leaned forward, and kissed him on the nose. “Mom’s home. She would flat-out murder us if she found out. She’s not Dad.” She lingered with her face near his, giving him an eyeful of milky cleavage that her bra worked hard to accentuate.

“Men would burn cities to be with a woman as beautiful as you, Morgan. I think I can risk a little murder at the hands of Colonel Katzenhund.” He gave her a mischievous smile.

“I’m not worried about her murdering you. She can murder *you* all day. I’m worried about *me*. Why do you always ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” Morgan shrieked when he pulled her onto the bed on top of him. She laughed as he tickled her under the arms. She sucked in her breath when his hand dropped under her lacy panties. “I can’t believe ... we’re going to do this ... with Mom home.” She took off her glasses and carelessly tossed them onto her nightstand. “Oooohhhhhh ... I love those fingers ... Benjie ... how did you ... become ... such a lady-killer?” Her hand slipped under his shorts and took hold of his massive erection.

Ten minutes later, Morgan was riding her brother as quickly and as quietly as she could. They had moved to the floor since a bed banging against a wall was the kind of thing their mother would notice.

“You got me ... you got me ... Benjie ... it’s in my ... tummy.” Naked now, Morgan leaned back to show him her words weren’t a lie. His cock bulged and pushed from behind her belly button.

“Who else ... ugh ... ugh ... has a dick like this?” He dug his hands into her thighs.

“Only you ... oooohhhhhhhhh ... Benjie.” She stared lovingly into his eyes.

They both spoke in hushed voices. The sound of slapping skin surrounded them.

“What about ... your boyfriend? You had a boyfriend ... a couple months ago.”

“I can’t ... even remember ... his name.” Morgan’s consciousness shrunk into a tight ball of pleasure. Her hips switched into overdrive. “His ... name ...” The ball of ecstasy burst out in a supernova of raw bliss. She stiffened, shook, and came on her brother.

Five minutes later, they were scissoring on the floor, both covered in sweat. The room smelled like Morgan’s frothing pussy.

“We’re going to ... uh ... uh ... go out to ... dinner ... with our parents ... and you’ll have ... my cum ... inside you ... the whole time.” Benjamin was close.

“Oh ... God ... yes ... Benjie. It’ll be inside me ... trying to fertilize ... my eggs ... eh ... eh ... eh ... while I smile ... and laugh ... at Dad’s stupid jokes ... uuuggghhhhhh ... and nod at ... Mom’s ... opinions ... about ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Inside me ... your spunk will be ... inside me.”

“Cuuuummmmmiiiiinnnngggggg.” Benjamin bucked his hips and released inside his sister.

“Meeeeeee tooooooooooooooo.” Morgan came with her brother.

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“You look beautiful, dear.” Daniel gave his wife a pat on the rump. His children were already ringing the doorbell, so they wouldn’t be scandalized by the display of affection. He shook his head. They most likely wouldn’t care in the slightest if they saw. He had learned recently that young people were so much freer with their affection than in his day.

“Thank you.” Karen adjusted her dress and tugged at her bra. It was nice to be back in civilian clothes, but it took some getting used to. “You look nice, too.” She smiled at his stodgy sweater vest and collared shirt. “You have the wine?”

“Got it.” He held up the bottle of merlot. “You look nervous.”

“I’ve faced more frightening things than dinner at Gretta’s.” Karen pressed her lips into a thin line. “But you’re right, of course. It’s always strange coming home after months away. Things change when I’m gone.”

“Things change when you’re here, too.” Daniel shrugged and smiled. The front door opened and their conversation was cut short by greetings, hugs, and laughter.

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Dinner was over, and everyone sat around the table, drinking too much wine, and laughing. Even Morgan and Benjamin were allowed to imbibe.

Gretta’s husband, Todd, was telling the Katzenhund family a story about the time he and Gretta walked into their son’s college dorm to find he and his girlfriend going at it. He found the tawdry tale amusing, but Gretta’s cheeks turned red, and she excused herself. Todd didn’t seem to notice. Benjamin did.

“I have to use the bathroom.” Benjamin exchanged a knowing glance with his sister and got up. He looked at his parents. They were engrossed in the story. He left the dining room and found Gretta in the kitchen.

Gretta saw the look in his eyes. “Oh, no. Not tonight. You know I love ...” She looked around the empty room and whispered, “... our time together. But not with Todd in the house. And your parents ... I mean ... we can’t possibly ... oh ...”

Benjamin pushed his special stone into her cleavage. He had been staring at her low-cut dress all evening, thinking of this very moment. He took her hand. “Let’s get some privacy.” He pulled her into the bathroom and locked the door.

“Ohhhhh ... why does that feel so good?” Gretta felt warmth spread from her breasts into her core. Just having that strange black stone between her boobs was more relaxing than a full body massage. “I’ll probably regret this, but ...” She sat him down on the toilet lid, pulled out his massive dick, and lowered her dress.

“I couldn’t ask at dinner, but now that we’re alone ... how’s your ass doing today? I noticed you didn’t have a problem sitting at the table.” Benjamin unhooked her bra and moved the stone inside her panties. Her hips shuddered and gyrated.

“I’m sore today, but not as bad as before.” She gave him a wicked smile. “I think my butt is getting used to you, baby.” Gretta dropped to her knees and ran her fingernails lightly down his shaft. “But we can’t do anything like that tonight. I promise, you can do anything you want to me at the next massage. But for now, this will have to do.” She

spit on the waiting cockhead in the most unladylike way, lifted her boobs, and pumped his penis with them.

“A titjob will do ... Mrs. Klein. But ... ugh ... you’ll have to finish me ... in your mouth. We can’t send you out for dessert covered in ... uuuggghhhhhh ... cum.”

“Good point ... Benjie.” She lowered her mouth and let his dome pass her lips each time her tits hit his pelvis. She found a good pace and lost herself in the act. She was so into the warmth spreading from the stone between her legs and their rhythmic movements that she didn’t hear the knock on the door. When she heard Karen’s voice, she froze, staring with wide eyes at Benjamin’s unconcerned face.

“Benjie, you still in there? Is there a problem?” Even with the door in the way, Karen’s voice projected authority.

“No problem ... Mom.” He put a hand behind Gretta’s head and guided her mouth back onto his cock. Having his mom so close was going to push him over the edge. “Just dealing with ... normal ... bodily functions. I’ll be out ... in a little bit.”

“Well ... have you seen Gretta?” Karen’s words were slow and measured.

“I think ... she went out ... for ice cream. She was hungry ... for something ... sweet.” Benjamin held Gretta’s hair, helping her bob her head. She could take about half his cock down her throat. He hoped his mom couldn’t hear the gagging and gargling. He reached over and turned on the noisy bathroom fan.

“Okay.” Karen didn’t say anything else.

“Shit ... shit ... shit ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Benjamin released a torrent down Gretta’s throat. Like a champ, she gulped every drop. He had trained her well. When he was finished, he lifted her head off his dick and smiled. “I have the ... best ... clients.”

“I can’t ... believe ... I did that.” Gretta ran her tongue over her teeth, tasting his saltiness. A warmth spread in her stomach as his load arrived. Reluctantly, she fished the stone out of her panties and handed it back to him. She put her bra back on and lifted her dress back into position. “I’ll go out first ... and then you follow.”

“No.” Benjamin shook his head. “My mom might be waiting out there. You go out the window and come back through the front door. You went out for ice cream, remember?” A minute later, he was pushing her wide butt as she climbed through the small bathroom window. He tried not to laugh at how ridiculous she looked. When she was gone, he washed his face with cold water and opened the door. His mother was indeed waiting for him.

“I really hope I’m wrong about what you were doing in there.” Karen leaned against the hallway wall, her arms crossed. Her gaze flicked across his crotch and back up to his eyes. *Was her son really masturbating in the bathroom at a dinner party?*

“Just doing what God intended, Mom.” Benjamin shrugged. “When you gotta go, you gotta go.”

The front door opened and Gretta made a big show of coming home. “Just returning from a little walk,” she announced to the house. She walked into the hall where Benjamin and Karen were standing. “Who’s ready for dessert?” Her dress was wrinkled, and she had leaves in her messy hair.

“Did you get ice cream?” Karen eyed her friend warily. Something strange was going on, but she couldn’t put her finger on it.

“Oh, no. I walked halfway to the store and remembered we already have some.” She kept her distance from Karen, not wanting her friend to smell the cum on her breath. “Silly me.” She smiled and went to the kitchen. Benjamin went back to the table. Karen stood in the hall for a while rubbing her chin, before helping her friend serve ice cream.

## Chapter 3

“Can I come in?” Morgan stepped into her brother’s room without an invitation. She quietly closed the door behind her and smiled. Her brother was already under the covers.

“Would you leave if I said no?” Benjamin looked up from his phone.

“No.” Morgan adjusted her glasses and made a show of eyeing the slumbering bulge under his thin blanket. “How did it go with Mrs. Klein?”

“I don’t know what you mean.” He blinked his eyes innocently.

“Come on, Benjie.” Morgan laughed and skipped across the room to his bed. She sat next to him, and walked her fingers across his blanket. “You two disappear for a half hour. You come back with a smirk on your face. She comes back with a dazed smile and a wrinkled dress. Bitch had leaves in her hair the rest of the night. Did she give it up while the rest of us sat around the table? Did you fill her while I sat one room away with your cum still inside me? Did we both have pussies full of cum during dessert!?!” Morgan’s belly flipped thinking about it.

“Um ...” Benjamin squirmed.

“Ah ... ha.” Morgan giggled when the blanket began to rise. She walked her fingers onto the growing erection and had them do a little dance on top. “You humped her, didn’t you? You humped her right in her own bathroom.” She squeezed his massive girth through the covers.

“It was only a blowjob.” Benjamin sighed. “You’re amazing, Morgan. You know I love you. But I’m tired. Can we talk about it tomorrow?”

Morgan slowly pulled the blanket and sheet back until his cock stood straight in the air. “I love that you sleep naked.”

“Did you hear me, Morgan?”

“I heard you.” Morgan took hold of his dick with both hands and pumped. “It was only a blowjob. And then, what? Did she jump out her own window?”

“More like she awkwardly crawled out. But yeah.” Benjamin stared at her little hands on his veiny shaft. “Mom and Dad are home. We should do this tomorrow. Mom almost caught us when she came home the other day.”

“It’s cute how afraid you are of Mom.” She kissed his bloated cockhead with loving tenderness.

"I'm not afraid." His cheeks flushed. "And anyway, she's the fucking Terminator. You should have heard her grill me when I left the bathroom."

"Okay, I'll leave if you tell me one thing." She rubbed his dick on her cheek, feeling the cool trail of precum he left behind.

"What?"

"Who's better at blowing? Me ... or that silly bitch, Mrs. Klein?" She swallowed his cock and quickly began bobbing her head. Her glasses fogged up, but she didn't care. She didn't want to give him a chance to kick her out. She knew once his hormones took over, he'd let her do anything she wanted no matter who was home.

"You're both good ... in different ... ways." Benjamin's head fell back onto the pillow. He stared into space.

With a wet plop, Morgan pulled her mouth off him. "That's ... bullshit ... Benjie. Who's better?" She sucked him back in and went to work. She tried her best to relax as he entered her throat. She was getting better, but she still gagged when she shoved him too deep.

"Shit ... Morgan ... you're the best ... ever." Benjamin had spent enough time with women lately to know the correct answer. "You're the best ... sister ... uuuggghhhh ... and a ... blowjob ... artist. I love you ... so much."

"Uuuuummmppphhhhhh." She pumped him harder, her hands getting slick with dripping spit. In a minute, she would mount him and –

The door swung open. The siblings froze. Benjamin stared at the intruder. Morgan paused with half her brother's cock down her throat.

"Jesus, you two!" Daniel stepped into the room and quickly closed the door behind him. "I told you to knock this stuff off when your mom came home. I could hear what you were doing from the hall. What if your mother had been walking by instead of me?"

"Sorry, Dad." Benjamin's erection deflated. "I told Morgan to wait."

"Qqqquuuxxxxxx." Morgan made an odd sound as she removed her brother's dick from her throat. She wiped off her mouth and turned to her father. "Sorry, Dad." She gave him a sheepish frown. "It was just this one time."

Daniel pointed a finger at her. "That is a lie. I can see it on your face." He looked at Benjamin. "If your mother finds out, she'll murder you both, and murder me for letting you do it."

"We won't tell her, Dad." Morgan had tears in her eyes. She told herself it was from the blowjob and not from disappointing her father.

“She’ll figure it out!” Daniel’s eyes widened in fright and fury. “She always figures these things out. So, knock it off. Control your hormones. Take cold showers every day. I don’t care what it takes. But no more of this business.” He wagged a finger from one sibling to the other. “Not until she goes back on active duty. Got it?”

“Sure, Dad.” Morgan nodded.

“Got it.” Benjamin ventured a smile.

“Wipe that grin off your face.” Daniel shook his head. “And put that thing away. You’re lucky I’m so understanding.” He quickly left the room.

Both siblings nodded. They knew how lucky they were.

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“Push it, ladies! We’re almost there!” The Zumba instructor kicked her knees high with each step. The music’s rhythm picked up. A room full of women in yoga pants and athletic tops did their best to match the instructor’s moves.

Mia watched her lover’s mother from the back row. She had to admit that the woman had strength and stamina. They didn’t run in the same circles. Mia’s children were younger than Karen’s, so they hadn’t had an opportunity to connect at school. Morgan was eighteen and Benjamin was twenty. Mia’s oldest was still in junior high. But since she was so intimate with Benjamin, she thought maybe she should get to know Karen a little better. Without spilling the beans, of course. Mia’s husband was clueless, and she wanted to keep it that way.

After the class was over, Mia walked over to Karen. As she drew close, she was impressed by Karen’s height. Karen was much taller than Benjamin. “Hello, Karen.”

Karen turned and smiled at the woman. “Hi.” She rubbed the sweat off her face with a towel and draped it over her shoulder. “Have we met?”

“Sorry.” Mia smiled. “I’m Mia Sommar. We haven’t officially met. Your son is my masseur. I just wanted to congratulate you on raising such a sweet young man.” She twirled a curl of her copper hair absentmindedly.

“Oh ... thank you.” Karen assessed the woman. She wore a wedding ring, but her skittishness made it seem like she was Benjamin’s new girlfriend seeking his mother’s approval. She took in the woman’s face. She was definitely nervous. And the laugh lines around her eyes made it clear that she was too old for Benjamin anyway. “So, is Benjie any good?”

“Oh, yes!” Mia blurted out. “I mean ... um ... after a hard workout I feel like an old woman.” She stretched her stiff arms to demonstrate. “But he makes me feel young again.”

“I see.” Karen offered a cursory smile. “Well ... time to hit the showers.”

“You look really fit. You must work out a lot.” Mia knew she was blabbering. “Maybe he could give you a massage some time? If you were ever sore ... or anything.” Mia’s pussy suddenly gushed thinking of the soreness she still felt in her butt from her last massage.

“Yeah ... that might be weird. You know. Since I’m his mother.” Karen gave the odd woman one last look over. “Nice to meet you, Mia.” She turned and headed for the locker room. She made a mental note to look into Mia Sommar when she had a chance. Anything strange connected to Benjamin was worth looking into. And Mia certainly qualified.

“See you.” Mia waved at the woman’s round, disappearing backside. She was so embarrassed that she waited until Karen had left before she hit the showers herself.

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“I ran into your mom at the gym yesterday.” Mia felt Benjamin’s hands pause on the knotted muscle in her back. He hadn’t used his special, warm stone yet, but she was already wet, dripping with anticipation. In her experience, he usually started with about ten minutes of normal massage before getting down to business. “She seemed nice.”

“My mom?” Benjamin looked around at Mia’s living room, trying to collect his thoughts. She had a lovely, spacious house. “Did you two ... talk?”

Mia could hear the worry in his voice. It was confession time. “I knew she was in that Zumba class. I just wanted to meet her since you and I have become so ... close. We talked for a minute, tops. I just said ‘hi’ and that she’d raised a special guy and –”

“You didn’t tell her about us?” Benjamin removed his hands from her alabaster back.

“No, no. I’m not crazy. I just said I really enjoyed your massages.” Mia quickly sat up and covered her breasts with a towel. “She was nice.”

Benjamin reached into his bag and pulled out the black stone with red veins. He saw her eyes light up when it came into view. It was the delight of an addict about to get her fix. “She didn’t seem suspicious?”

“No.” Mia shook her head and took the stone from his palm. “Can I put this inside me?” When he nodded, she slipped the smooth, warm mineral into her vagina. She shivered with delight at the sensations coursing through her nerves. She turned around and presented her ass. “You can take my butt again, while it’s inside my ... um ...” She knew he liked *that* dirty word. “Inside my pussy.”

“Sounds good to me.” Benjamin slathered his dick with massage oil. He spread her ass and admired her dainty pink hole. It wasn’t going to be dainty for long. He entered her.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... goodness ... why do you feel ... ssoooooooooooooo ... good ... back ... there?” Mia reached behind and spread her ass cheeks for him.

“Better ... than your ... husband?”

“Uuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh ... I wouldn’t ... know ... I’ve never ... let him ... do that ... to my butt.” Mia’s eyes rolled back. She was already approaching a big climax. Whenever Benjamin talked about her husband, it sent her right over the edge. The image of Karen’s toned butt bouncing to Zumba music flew into her mind. “You ever ... think ... about giving ... your mom ... one of your amazing ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... massages?”

“My ... uh ... uh ... uh ... mom?” Benjamin found a nice rhythm with his hips. “Let’s not talk ... about her ... let’s talk about ... your dumb husband.”

“Okay,” she murmured.

“Why don’t we ... talk about how ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... when he gets home from work ... he’ll kiss his wife primly ... on the cheek.”

“Yessssssss,” Mia hissed.

“While your ass ... will still be leaking ... my cum.” He slapped her butt for emphasis.

“Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Mia convulsed on the table. Her first orgasm of the day had finally arrived.

## Chapter 4

Sometimes motherhood calls for patience. Sometimes it calls for binoculars. Sometimes ... it calls for a stakeout outside a large suburban home. "What are you up to, Benjie?" Karen whispered to herself, sitting in a tree. She was watching the front entrance to Mia Sommar's home through her trusty binocs.

The door opened and out stepped Benjamin with his massage table. "Are you selling drugs? Was that why Mrs. Sommar seemed ... odd?" Karen muttered. When Mia had approached Karen the day before, Karen had sensed something was off. She'd snuck into her son's room that night and checked his schedule. It gave the time and place of his next appointment with Mia.

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Benjamin leaned the table on the side of the house and smiled at Mia. "Let me know how it goes with all that cum in your ass when your dumb husband gets home."

"Shh." Mia giggled. She looked around but didn't see anyone. "What have you done to me?" She kissed him on the lips and squealed when he gave her butt a slap. "I'm too sore for you to do that."

"Sorry." He gave her a roguish grin. He wasn't sorry.

"When can I see you again? I can't stop thinking about you when we're apart." She kissed him again, getting her tongue involved this time. They broke the kiss. "I feel like a smitten schoolgirl around you ..." Mia looked at her watch. "Oh ... gosh ... I'm late to pick the kids up from school." She turned away from him, about to run in and get her purse. She squealed again when he squeezed her backside.

"I'll text you to set up our next appointment." Benjamin said to the door as it closed in his face. He laughed, picked up his table, and walked to his car.

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Karen watched him closely until he drove off, then watched Mia speed her minivan out of the garage, down the driveway, and race off like a madwoman. Karen lowered the

binoculars and tapped them against her chin. "What a perverted ... little ... devil. Sleeping with a married woman? Oh ... no ... oh ... no ... no ... no."

She slowly climbed out of the tree, dusting herself off at the bottom. She had raised her children better than what she'd just witnessed. *A married woman?* How had she gone so wrong with Benjamin? He was twenty years old, had no direction in life, and was involved in infidelity. That would not stand. Karen took a deep breath and hiked through the woods back to her car. "Calm yourself, Karen. Don't be rash." She decided she would talk to her husband, think it over, and then act to put Benjamin's life back on track.

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"You're taking his side?" Karen stared at her husband with unbelieving eyes. "The woman is married, for goodness sake."

"He's sowing his wild oats, Karen. They're consenting adults. I'm happy for him." Daniel stood stiffly; his arms folded. He prayed that his eighteen-year-old daughter had listened to him and wouldn't fool around with her brother anymore. They were obviously playing with fire.

Karen narrowed her eyes. "You ... knew about this, didn't you?" She pointed a finger at him. "Are you ... are you living vicariously through your son?"

"I would never cheat on you, dear." Daniel spoke the truth, but it was also a misdirect. He *was* living vicariously through Benjamin. "Benjie's a good kid. He's just ... finding himself right now. And I'm sure Mrs. Sommar is having the time of her life."

"You're sure, huh?" Coals burned behind Karen's blue eyes. Her lips tightened until they could barely be seen. She walked over to her husband. "Our ... son ... is ... trouble." She punctuated each word by poking his chest with her finger.

~~

"You ... have ... the ... most ... juicy ... ass ... Mrs. Klein." Benjamin punctuated each word by tapping the black and red stone with his finger until it disappeared into Gretta's anus. He watched her kick her legs with joy at having the rock inside her again.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh ... that’s ... the stuff ... right there.” Gretta lay facedown on Benjamin’s table. All her muscles relaxed. A repeating buzz sounded in the room.  
“What’s ... that?”

“My mom’s calling me.” Benjamin undressed.

“Are you going ... to answer it?” Gretta didn’t lift her head. She felt like she was melting into the table. Spirals of heat and bliss swirled from her asshole to every part of her body.

“She’s just going to try to boss me around. I’m not a kid anymore.” He slapped his cock down on her ass cheek. The phone stopped buzzing.

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... you’ve certainly ... got a man’s thingamajig.” Gretta shivered. The weight of his penis crashing into her butt felt so wicked. She loved when he did that. Her phone started ringing with a Moonlight Sonata ringtone.

“I bet you anything it’s my mom calling.” Benjamin chuckled. He found it hilarious that he was sleeping with women old enough to have ringtones. He picked up the phone and put it in her hand. “Don’t let her know I’m here.”

“Okay.” Gretta mustered the strength to sit up and answer the call. She automatically held her towel over her breasts. *I just let him put a massage stone in my butt, but I’m covering my boobs.* She smiled, dropping the towel as she answered the call. “Hello? Oh ... yes, hi Karen. I ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Gretta was suddenly upside down in the air.  
“Oh ... gosh.”

“Gretta? Are you there?” Karen worked through her stretching routine, folded with her legs spread, touching her left foot.

“No ... I’m here.” Gretta was facing away from Benjamin, with her legs over his shoulders, and his penis knocking into her ear. “I’m just ... doing a workout.”

“Me too.” Karen rotated to the other foot, dragging her fingers along the carpet. Her headset hung towards the floor, the microphone dangling in front of her eyes. “Can I talk to Benjie?”

“Oh ... um ... he’s not here.” The words were no sooner out of Gretta’s mouth when Benjamin started noisily eating out her vagina.

“Really?” Karen exhaled, letting the tension flow out of her muscles. It felt wonderful to give her muscles a break. She was getting older and needed more time stretching before workouts to stay fit.

“Uh ... huh ... uuuuhhhhhhh ... huhhhhhhhhhhh.” Before Gretta had met Benjamin, no one had given her head. Certainly, no man had dangled her upside down while treating her vagina like an all-you-can-eat buffet.

“That’s odd, because I happen to know that Benjamin’s schedule has him at your place right now.” Karen straightened up and reached her hands toward the ceiling.

“Oh ... um ... well ... Karen ... what you have to ... understand ... is ...” Gretta put her hand on the microphone and looked upward. She couldn’t see Benjamin’s eyes, only his hair as he devoured her. If he didn’t stop, she was going to go insane right on the phone with his mother. “Benjie ... Benjie ...” He didn’t respond. Gretta put the phone back to the ear that wasn’t bouncing against a penis.

“Gretta? Are you there?” Karen was starting to lose her calm. *Is my friend lying to me? Is she trying to cover for Mia Sommar? Are they friends?* Karen would untangle this web of deceit.

“I’m here ... he ... um ... cancelled on meeeeeeee.” Gretta desperately needed to hang up on her friend. “That’s why I’m doing a ... ugh ... workout. I have to go ... I’ll call you back ... later.”

“Wait, Gretta. What do you know about Benjie and a woman named Mia Sommar? Gretta?” Karen realized her friend had disconnected. She shook her head and moved over to her stationary bike.

“You’re an animal ... Benjie! With your mother ... on the phone ... slurping meeeeeeeeeeee ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” Gretta dropped her phone to the floor, completely forgotten as her orgasm surged through her. When he flipped her over, she was barely aware of it. But soon, his magnificent penis was inside her as she flopped in his arms.

“Why doesn’t she ... ugh ... ugh ... leave me alone?” Benjamin held her ass cheeks and savagely bounced her in the air. He watched Gretta’s face twitch and twist, her eyelids fluttering, her eyes rolling back. “You’re her friend ... Mrs. Klein. Why can’t my mom ... mind her own ... business?”

“She ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... wants ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... what’s best ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... for you ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Another orgasm crippled her ability to think. Gretta floated off into overpowering ecstasy.

“Yeah ... yeah ... I guess ... you’re ... right.” Benjamin mulled that over until his focus was fractured by his own orgasm. He unloaded into the screaming woman’s pussy.

## Chapter 5

“We have to talk, Benjie.” Karen stood in her son’s doorway. With obvious hostility, she eyed the folded massage table in the corner.

“What’s up, Mom?” Benjamin put on his best innocent smile. Even with his new, relaxed attitude, seeing his mother like this was intimidating. She was tall, stern, and even without a uniform on, carried an air of absolute authority.

“I know what you’ve been doing.” She intentionally left what she knew wide open, hoping he might confess to something she hadn’t yet figured out. Stepping into the room with her hands behind her back, she paced slowly. “I know all of it.”

“Yeah?” Benjamin gulped. *She couldn’t know everything, or I wouldn’t be alive right now.* He took a deep breath. “What are we talking about?”

“Stand up, Benjie, and face me.” She stopped in front of the desk chair where he was sitting, standing close enough that when he stood he wouldn’t have much room. “I know that you’re a home wrecker. I know you’ve gotten people to cover for the infidelity you’ve sown in our community.” She watched him stand, looking down into his guilty eyes. She watched his expression tighten.

“I don’t know ...” He shrugged.

“For Pete’s sake. I know about Mrs. Sommar. I know you’ve somehow seduced her.” Karen removed her hands from behind her back and folded her arms over her ample chest. She had four inches of height on her son, and she used that advantage to loom over him. “What I want to know is ...” She let a long pause stretch out between them. She was hoping he’d crack. But instead, he stared at her with insouciance. Finally, she continued, “I want to know if you’re using your massage business to sell drugs. Is that how you seduced a nice, loyal wife into debauchery?”

“Huh.” Benjamin was impressed. She’d come very close to hitting the truth. That special stone was a kind of drug, and he was using it to seduce prim women. But ... his mother hadn’t seemed to grasp the full breadth of his empire. “No drugs, Mom. I’m just very charming, and Mia’s husband is boring. And I have something he doesn’t.”

Karen slapped her son across the cheek. The sound of it reverberated around the room. She hadn’t meant to, but this was too much. There was anger in his eyes now. She watched him press his hand to his cheek. “Sex is for loving, fruitful relationships. Not for ... goofing around like a fart in the wind. I’m very disappointed in you. You are not to see Mrs. Sommar again. And I’m going to search your room for drugs. If you’re dealing, so help me.”

“When?” But Benjamin already knew the answer.

“It happens right now, mister. Stand at attention while I search. You know the drill.” She gave him a cold stare and was happy when he straightened his spine and lifted his shoulders. They hadn’t done one of these searches for a couple years, at least since he was in high school. Karen was happy that some of her parenting was still in there. Without another word, she went through his room methodically. She found nothing out of the ordinary for a twenty-year-old slob. Dirty laundry, forgotten musical instruments in the closet, a box of unsold t-shirts for his band, and other sundry items. There was nothing suspicious in his massage equipment. The expected oils, smooth stones, and rollers. One stone caught her eye, it was black with red veins running through it. When she lifted it to inspect it closer, she almost felt like a warmth was running up her arm, into her shoulder, and spreading down to her chest. She quickly put it down and continued her search.

Benjamin watched his mother ransack his room like she was an officer tossing a barracks. Not long ago, he’d been trying to keep his fear of her hidden. Now he was stuffing down resentment before it could show on his face. He smiled pleasantly, thinking about revenge. When she got on her hands and knees to examine under his bed, he stared at her wide butt. He had always thought of her as a hard-ass mom. But her ass looked just as soft as any woman’s. And it had a lovely shape when she was presenting it like this. Thoughts and plans filled his head. *Dad let me do Morgan, but he wouldn’t let me do Mom, would he? Forget Dad, she wouldn’t let me ... not even with the stone. But maybe –*

“Earth to Benjamin.” Karen stood, snapping her fingers. “I said you’ve passed inspection.”

“Well, I –” Benjamin began.

“But under no circumstances can you see Mrs. Sommar again. I’ll know if you try to get sneaky. Go date someone your own age instead. Someone single.” Karen frowned at him. She decided that her husband had really let her down where Benjamin was concerned. *What else is new?*

“Fine. I won’t see Mia again.” *Not until you head back to active duty. Then I’m going to bone that woman every day.* He didn’t say the last part, he wasn’t crazy. “I wouldn’t ever deal drugs, Mom. I promise.”

Karen scrutinized his face. “Strangely, I believe you. “If I catch wind that you’re seeing Mrs. Sommar, or are planning to seduce any other married ladies, you can consider yourself kicked out of this house. Understood, mister?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Benjamin sighed. He watched her walk out of the room, his eyes glued to her butt. *You might sing a different tune if you were a happy client.* He sat back down,

turned his chair toward his desk, and started up his computer. He had some planning to do.

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“No way. You can’t be serious.” Morgan stared at her brother with wide eyes.

“I mean, I have to. I have to make her a client, or she’ll ruin all of it.” Benjamin pulled his sister onto his lap. They were in his room, both wearing pajamas. It was late. Their parents were in bed.

“She would never ...” Morgan pushed him away and stood up. She didn’t want to let her dad down again, and she knew if she gave her brother an inch, he’d take a mile. Stepping out of his reach, she frowned at him. Glancing down at the tent in his pants, she silently cursed the temptation.

“You did it. Why not Mom?” He grinned.

“I’m not Mom.” She put her hands on her hips. “Take it out and show me what you want to put in her.” She eyed the door nervously. *We’re not making noise. We’ll be fine.*

“You’re worried it won’t fit. Mom’s way taller than you. She’s taller than all the women I’ve been seeing actually. I’m sure she’s very roomy where it counts.” Benjamin pulled down his pants and underwear and let his dick stand tall. He loved the blank stare that came over his sister’s ogling eyes. Slowly, he jacked it for his captivated audience. “It’ll fit.”

“It’s not the size, although I’m sure it would give any woman pause if they’ve never had one that big. It’s that ... she’s our mom. I mean ... she’s Mom. And add to that, she’d never cheat on Dad, and then add to that, she’s the most strict ... uptight ... mother in the whole world and ...” She held her hands out, palms up. “Even with your special massage ... she’d never go for it. Honestly, I think she’s sort of pissed at you for moving back home, too. There’s no way.”

“All that will make it all the sweeter when I convince her to become a client, don’t you think?” Benjamin tried not to laugh too loudly. “You want to see my huge cock burrow inside Mom?”

“Oh, my God, Benjie. You’re crazy.” Without thinking, Morgan dropped to her knees in front of him. The temptation was too great. Before she knew it, her mouth was bobbing on that gigantic, familiar dickhead. Her glasses quickly fogged. She tried not to gag and gurgle too loudly. Their mother wasn’t a client yet, and if she caught them, Morgan was sure she’d murder both her and Benjamin.

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“I don’t understand, did I do something wrong?” Mia’s heart fell. A cold pit in her stomach threatened to swallow her like a black hole. She held her phone in a trembling hand. “I can pay you more for each session. My husband likes that the massages have been relaxing me. He won’t mind the extra money.”

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Sommar, it’s not personal. I just can’t work with you right now,” Benjamin said over the phone.

“Is it ... your mother? Did she think I was weird when I talked to her at the gym? I didn’t mean to ...” She tried to blink away tears.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Sommar. I’ll call you if things change. Bye.” Benjamin disconnected the line.

“I understand,” Mia said to the dead line. *What do I do?* Her whole life had changed when she’d signed up for those massages. She didn’t think she could go back to the monochromatic existence she’d lived before that had happened. Taking a deep breath, she looked around the room, got up, and went to retrieve her laptop. *First things first, I’m going to buy the largest dildo I can find online. Well, maybe not the largest, but a massive one. Then ... I’m going to see if I can find a massage stone like the one Benjie has.* The dildo was doable. But she knew she wasn’t going to find a stone like that. They had to be rare. And without it, she didn’t know how she was going to cope.

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“Hello, Mrs. Carver. You have a lovely home.” Benjamin hauled his massage table into the large, brightly lit entryway. He gave the housewife a warm smile.

“I’m so happy you finally had an opening in your schedule. My girlfriends speak so highly of you.” Emily Carver flashed the young man an even, white smile. “My husband is in the living room. He’d like to meet you before we start. But first, you can put your stuff down in the spare room over here.”

“Sounds good.” Benjamin felt some nerves at the mention of her husband. He hadn’t known the man would be home. Most of the husbands he dealt with were out working or playing golf. But he supposed Mr. Carver was looking out for his wife, getting the measure of her new masseur. Benjamin could respect that. He followed Emily to the

spare room, keeping an eye on her shapely rolling ass under her yoga pants. He could also see a little side boob poorly hidden by her tight top. Match that to a gorgeous face, and this woman was a ten or very close to it. "Congratulations to your husband."

"Excuse me?" A little frown of doubt touched Emily's full lips.

"Congratulations, because he has such a lovely house. If I had a house like this, I'd never want to leave home." He followed her into the spare room, put down his stuff, and followed her back out.

Emily stifled a nervous giggle. "He is very proud of the life we've built together. But you can congratulate him yourself."

Mr. Carver was stern at their meeting in the living room. Benjamin was all smiles, even while the man glared at him and offered some veiled threats about touching his wife. Ten minutes later, Emily and Benjamin were alone in the spare room with the door closed.

"I think my husband likes you." Emily had a nervous lilt to her voice. She watched Benjamin get ready. He was lean, and not particularly tall, but he looked strong.

"I'm sure the feeling is mutual." Benjamin waved a non-committal hand. "Please get undressed."

"Oh, no. I couldn't possibly." Emily glanced at the door. "We'll have to do this with my clothes on."

"We can start that way, sure." He shrugged. "Lie face down on the table and we'll begin." When she was in position, he took his special stone and slipped it under her top. He maneuvered it up her spine through the tight fabric.

"Oooooohhhhhh ... that already ... feels really good ... Mr. Katzenhund." Emily practically melted into the table.

"Just you wait, Mrs. Carver." Benjamin grinned. He had never seduced a wife with her husband home before. This was going to be fun.

## Chapter 6

“What are you doing?” Emily knew she should be more alarmed. But the massage had been surprisingly relaxing. “My pants stay on.”

“I can’t work on your thighs, calves, or glutes through your pants.” Slowly, Benjamin tugged the waist of her yoga pants and panties down. He wanted to give her time to stop him if that was what she wanted. He had learned that the stone affected each woman differently, and it was best to go at the woman’s pace. There was no reason to upset anybody. “Don’t you feel good? Don’t you want me to do your lower body?”

A little while earlier, this young man had somehow convinced her to take her top off, but she was on her belly so he had only seen her bare back. A bare butt seemed worse. “Do you do this ... with all your clients?”

“Yes.” He kept slowly pulling down her pants and panties, more and more of her perfect round cheeks came into view. The tangy smell of her excitement wafted up to him.

“My husband wouldn’t want me ...” She sucked in her breath when that lovely stone slowly slid down her spine and came to rest in the valley at the small of her back. It radiated titillating warmth into her belly.

“*He’s* on the other side of the door. What do *you* want?” Benjamin grinned. It was a riot doing the initial massage with her husband home. He’d be living off this high for weeks. His hands continued moving downward, making the backs of her pale thighs appear. Soon, the waist of her pants and panties were almost to her knees.

“I want you to massage my legs, please.” She kicked her feet into the massage table with giddy pleasure. Soon, she was completely naked. The oil he rubbed into her thighs and butt was warm and luxurious. Even so, she began to grow restless, wondering if he would move that delicious stone, or leave it resting on the small of her back.

“You’re tensing up.” Benjamin worked the back of her left thigh with his hands, feeling her slender muscle. “You’re wondering if I forgot about the special stone?” He moved to her other thigh.

Emily bit her lip. She didn’t want to ask for it. “Mmmm hhhmmmm.” She nodded a little, keeping her face down on the table.

“Where would you like me to use my special stone?” He retrieved the stone, slowly sliding it up the hill of her left ass cheek. Somewhere on the second floor, a toilet flushed. Benjamin chuckled, thinking about what Mr. Carver would do if he finished up in the bathroom and headed over to the spare room to catch his wife naked.

“Just ... you know ... rub it around.” The tension ebbed out of Emily again. She was so relaxed, she felt like Jell-O. “Wait ... not there!” She squirmed when the stone slid between her cheeks. But she relaxed when he continued to move it south down her left thigh. “I’m a married woman. Don’t put it there again.” She tried to put some steel into her voice, but the pulsing warmth of the stone made it difficult.

“Whatever you want.” Benjamin massaged one thigh, then the other. “But you might change your mind.”

“I’m going to have to end this massage. I don’t like your behavior.” Emily knew her words had no bite. She didn’t make a move, instead she let him work down to her calves, and eventually her feet. She realized this was the first man who had touched her in such an intimate way since she first met her husband. In some ways, the young man’s touch was even more intimate than her husband’s. For example, she couldn’t remember when James had run his fingers between her toes like Benjamin was doing.

“You’re not going to end it, are you?” Benjamin worked back up her slender calves, cupping the stone in his palm and working it into her muscles.

It took Emily a few moments to respond. It was humiliating to have no follow through, but she didn’t want the massage to end. After a long pause, she shook her head without removing her face from the table.

“In fact, you’re wondering what it would be like to have me use this stone on other parts of your body.” Benjamin worked his way back up to her perky ass.

“I’m not going to turn over. It’s one thing to be naked with my backside to you. It’s another to ... oooohhhhhhh.” She realized he hadn’t meant her breasts as she’d assumed. The stone was back in her crack, and she wasn’t telling him to remove it. A sudden shudder wracked her body.

“What if ...?” Benjamin pulled the rock from between her butt cheeks and lathered it with more oil. “What if ... we did an internal massage? Every single one of my clients swears by this. Could we try it?” He slipped the slick stone back between her cheeks.

“I ... um ...” Emily was so confused. Her girlfriends had all sworn Benjamin was the best. They must have all done this, too. And it was only a stone massage. It was more like a doctor visit than anything else. “Inside ... where?” She was trembling with anticipation.

“With most of my clients, we start with the anus. It opens up a whole new world for them.” Carefully, Benjamin spread her cheeks, keeping the stone just north of her asshole. “I can see it looks very tight. You’ll really appreciate how much more relaxed your backside will feel. Shall I begin?”

Emily whimpered. *What am I doing?* But she didn’t tell him to remove the stone. Instead, she nodded, tensed, and waited.

He placed the stone at her hole and gently pushed. "Oh yeah, it's really tight. This will do wonders for you, Mrs. Carver." Her sphincter valiantly resisted. Applying a bit more pressure, he got the stone to slip in with a little plop.

"Oooooohhhhhh ... nooooooooooooo." Emily gripped the table with her hands. *I'm so ... full.* The stone radiated heat from her butt through her core and out to her limbs. After a few seconds, she grew used to the intruder and relaxed her grip. It helped that Benjamin was massaging her back now with both hands. "I see ... why this treatment ... is popular."

There was a quick knock on the door, and it swung open.

"I wanted to check on you dear, I ..." Mr. Carver's words were cut short when he saw that his wife was naked. "I thought we talked about keeping your clothes on." He addressed his wife, but stared daggers at her masseur.

Benjamin gave the man his most disarming smile.

"Oh ... dear ... this is what ... all my girlfriends do. I wanted the full experience." Emily turned her head to the side and met her husband's gaze. It was surreal to see her frowning husband while that strange stone was in her butt, and the young man's hands were on her back. "It's okay. You're home, nothing weird is ... uughhh ... happening." Her anus suddenly spasmed around the stone. She winced, hoping her husband would think her response was from the back massage. Pleasure was now surging through her. She had never had anal sex, but had heard from her girlfriends that an anal orgasm was possible. *Am I about to find out right in front of my husband!?!* "We'll be done ... soon ... James," she said through clenched teeth. "Just let him ... finish ... it feels ... wonderful." She put her face back down so her husband wouldn't see her eyes roll with pleasure.

"I'll break your neck if you touch her inappropriately." James pointed a warning finger at the young man.

"Don't worry, I'm very respectful of boundaries." Benjamin continued to smile at the man. "I won't have her turn over at all. I can do everything I need to from the back." He grabbed a towel and placed it on his client's ass. "Is that a little better?"

"Yes ... fine." James folded his arms and watched the massage for a little while.

Emily did her best to hold her moans inside. She bit her bottom lip hard, the feeling in her butt still building. She didn't know what she'd do when the impending orgasm finally spilled over.

"Fine." James left and closed the door behind him.

"Oh ... my gosh ... Mr. Katzenhund ... I ... I ..." She kicked her feet against the table.

“Here, bite on this so you don’t scream.” Benjie grabbed a clean towel and handed it to her. “Also, call me Benjie.”

“Benjie ... Benjie ... bbbmmmm.” She put the towel between her teeth and clenched down. “Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.” The climax in her ass was finally here. Her body went rigid, her back arching, pulling her breasts and head away from the table. Her eyes rolled back until they were all white. Her hips thumped against the table. Her mind floated off. When she sailed back out of the cloud of bliss, she found her breasts and face pressed to the table again, her butt making little, happy circling motions. She spit out the towel. “Did I ... scream?”

“You were pretty well muffled, Mrs. Carver.” Benjamin finished up massaging her back with a chopping motion. “You can release the stone now.”

Emily’s eyes went wide. She hadn’t thought about this part. How was she going to get the stone out? She had never taken anything up her butt before. “Um ... how?” An aftershock hit her, and she shuddered. She tried to push it out but nothing happened. “Oh, no. It’s stuck!”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got a trick for this.” Benjamin spread her legs, slipped two fingers into her sopping pussy, and searched for the special button inside.

“What ... uuugggh ... are you ...?” It was so sudden that Emily barely had time to quiet herself. She bit on the towel again as an even bigger climax hit her. The last thought that went through her mind was that she was peeing all over his table. But she was too ecstatic to be embarrassed.

Sure enough, she squirted and squeezed the stone out of her ass. He removed his fingers from her pussy, grabbed the stone, and let her enjoy her writhing orgasm. She made the cutest muffled grunts as her body jerked on the table. He cleaned off the stone and began packing up. “Mrs. Carver. Are you back yet?” He looked down at her perfect, arching back. She had stopped convulsing, but was still twitching with aftershocks.

“Yeah ... Benjie?” She turned her head and looked at the young man that had just turned her world upside down. “I’ve never felt ... uuuggghh ...”

“So, we’re on for next week then. Do you have my fee?” He helped her off the table, put down a towel, and had her sit on the spare bed. He folded up his table and finished packing.

“My husband ... will write you ... a check.” She didn’t know whether to hug and kiss him, shake his hand, or treat him like the help. Unsure, she simply sat and tried to regain her composure.

“Great, I’ll find him on the way out. Take your time in here. I know how intense the first massage can be.” He gave her a professional smile, took his stuff, and left the room.

James Carver glared at Benjamin while writing a check. With a frown on his face, he handed it to the boy. "Next time, her clothes stay on."

"I think you'll have a happy wife this week. My massages do wonders." Benjamin folded the check and put it in his pocket. "If you're not satisfied, we can scale back the massage next week. But if you are satisfied with her demeanor this week, I'll plan on giving her the same treatment." He gave James a courteous nod. "I can show myself out."

James watched the young man go. He didn't know what Benjamin was talking about. It's not like massages were life-changing.

## Chapter 7

“Mrs. Katzenhund? Mrs. Katzenhund?” The woman’s voice was loud in the gym locker room.

Karen was sweaty and naked, ready for a shower. She was stepping into her flip flops when she heard her name being called. She looked around to see Mia Sommar coming up to her. The woman looked terrible to Karen’s scrutinizing gaze. Mia had red-rimmed eyes, messy hair, and wore a wrinkled t-shirt and yoga pants, both with obvious stains. Karen pressed her lips into a thin line and put her hands on her bare hips. “Mrs. Sommar.”

“Hi ... yes ... I promise I’m not stalking you.” Mia held up her hand in a placating gesture. Her smile was more of a grimace. Her eyes fell to Karen’s boobs. They were large and heavy and contrasted with her otherwise tight body. Mia was so impressed, she was silent for a moment.

Karen put a towel over her breasts.

“Yes ... sorry ...” Mia met the other woman’s gaze. Women around them were watching, but Mia didn’t notice. “Look ... Mrs. Katzenhund, I’m really sorry if I gave you the wrong impression the other day. If you could just tell Benjie that everything’s cool, I’d really appreciate it. I need to get him scheduled for another massage.”

“‘Benjie’ ... ‘cool’ ... ‘massage’ ... I don’t know what you’re talking about, Mrs. Sommar.” Karen shook her head slowly. There was a frenzy in Mia’s eyes that made Karen’s skin crawl. “If you’ll excuse me, I’m going to go take a shower.”

“Wait!” Mia put a hand on Karen’s bare shoulder. She was oblivious to the scathing look this elicited from Karen. Mia couldn’t keep the pleading out of her voice. “Just talk to Benjie, please. I’ll pay double the rate he charged before.” Finally, she registered Karen’s icy look and took her hand off the woman’s toned shoulder. “I’ll pay triple. Just talk to him for me. He won’t take my calls.”

“Is it drugs? Did he hook you on something?” Karen wondered if she might have to resort to violence. If the woman grabbed her again, all bets were off.

Mia bit her tongue. She wanted to tell the woman that her son had hooked her on his giant dick and that stupid massage stone. But she could never say such a thing. “I just really want to get some more massages.”

“There are plenty of masseurs out there. Pick any that isn’t my son. I know what you did with him.” Karen dropped her voice to a low growl. “I won’t drag you through it in a public place, but I know. Ah, I see by your vapid, wide eyes that you know what I’m

talking about. Stay away from him.” Karen headed to the shower, but stopped and looked back. “And I don’t want to see you again. Leave my family alone. Mind your own family, Mrs. Sommar, before you lose it.” Karen turned and walked off. The last she heard from Mia Sommar was some sort of despondent wail, quickly choked off. *Thank God Benjie followed orders and broke it off with that crazy woman.*

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“Hey, Dad. Can we talk?” Benjamin walked into his father’s home office and leaned against the filing cabinet.

Morgan followed her brother into the room and sat on her father’s sideboard.

“Aren’t you supposed to be in school, Morgan?” Daniel leaned back in his chair, stretched, and took off his glasses. He turned away from his monitor and faced his children.

“I had a half-day, remember?” Morgan shrugged.

“Well, if you’re here to ask permission. You two can go at it for the next hour or so. Your mother is at the gym and then she’s going shopping.” Daniel gave them a wicked smile.

“Actually, Dad, we wanted to talk to you about Mom.” Benjamin still felt weird talking to him about this. “Um ...”

“Just hear us out, Dad.” Morgan gave her father a weak smile.

“You guys are freaking me out.” The color drained out of Daniel’s face. “Are you ... pregnant ... Morgan?”

“No, Dad. We’ve been safe.” Morgan gave her brother a sheepish glance. They hadn’t been as careful as they should, but at least they’d been lucky.

“Mom has been prying into my business, Dad. And I think she suspects something’s going on with Morgan.” Benjamin took a deep breath.

Daniel frowned, relieved that nobody was pregnant. He had been very clear with them that they had to be careful. Karen would surely divorce him if she found out that Benjamin had given Morgan a baby. *Probably worse than divorce.* “Well, I can’t get your mother off your back. You’ll just have to earn her trust.”

“Right, about that.” Benjamin nodded. “I’d like to seduce her. So, you know, she leaves me alone.”

A long silence stretched out between the three of them.

Finally, Daniel burst out laughing. But his cackle didn't last long. When he saw his children's stony faces, he abruptly went silent.

"I'm not joking," Benjamin said.

"Right ... I don't understand how you're not joking. You just said you wanted to sleep with your own mother." Daniel rubbed his chin. "I mean, it's not only the fact that she's your mother. You know I gave you my blessing with Morgan. But your mom is ... well ... she's Karen. It's impossible. It's worse than impossible. She'll put your balls in a vise. Then, she'll do the same to mine when she finds out I knew about this. Heck, she'll put your boobs in a vise, Morgan. Vises all around."

"I won't tell her about you or Morgan." Benjamin tried to give him a reassuring smile.

"Did you learn how to withstand torture?" Daniel's frown deepened. "Because ... you know ... vises." He looked back and forth, from his eighteen-year-old to his twenty-year-old. They were too young to die at the hands of their mother. "Not in a million years may you try to seduce her. It's crazy you'd even ask me. You know, your mother is my wife, right?"

"I mean ... I know you like what Morgan and I are doing." Benjamin exhaled. It was nice to get a rejection. At least he wasn't waiting to hear what his father would think about it now. "Wouldn't it be hot to know I was seducing her? My mother, your wife, spreading her legs -"

"That's enough of that, mister." Daniel tried to look stern. But his son was right. It was really hot to imagine Karen giving herself to ... well, anyone ... but especially their hung son. "End of discussion."

"But, Dad -" Morgan began.

"Enough of that. Both of you, go to one of your rooms and work out whatever horniness made you think this was a good idea." He pointed to the ceiling. "I want to hear the bed thumping, okay?"

"Yes, sir," Benjamin and Morgan said together. They held hands and left their father's office without another word.

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"Hey, baby." Gretta stood in the open front doorway. There was some chance that one of her neighbors might see her greeting her masseuse while wearing scanty lingerie. The

thought made her knees tremble and her belly cartwheel even faster than it already was. "Like what I'm wearing? I bought it for you, Benjie."

"You're a bad girl, Mrs. Klien." Benjamin took her hand and pulled her out onto the front step.

Gretta melted at being called a bad girl. Her cheeks turned rosy. "Someone might see me out here," she whispered.

"You're hot. You should show off a little." He spun her around like he was showing off her curves to an audience. He took a lock of her copper hair and twirled it in his fingers. "Anyway, don't you want to be a bad girl?"

"I'm a good girl. And I want my massage. I can't wait any longer. The anticipation is driving me crazy." Even though she was in lingerie, she picked up his folded massage table and lugged it inside. She had never wanted to please a man like she did Benjamin. *Or maybe that's wrong. I wanted to please Todd when we got married. But that was so long ago.* Awkwardly, she hauled the table to the living room and set it up. She had seen him do it enough times that it wasn't a problem for her.

Benjamin set up his oils and watched Gretta work with the table. He couldn't believe that her lovely, freckled ass was his. He didn't want to lose her like he had Mia. "You have to play it really cool with my mom."

"What's Karen done now?" Gretta and Karen were old friends. She could just imagine what sort of hassle she might cause her son. She finished setting up the table and looked over her shoulder. She saw his eyes feasting on her butt, and her stomach did more cartwheels. The way he wanted her was just too damn sexy. "You're too damn sexy, baby." She wiggled her ass for him.

"My mother found out that I was sleeping with a client. She searched my room for drugs and forbid me from seeing that client." Benjamin pulled Gretta into an embrace, kissed her, and took two large handfuls of ass cheek. They made out for a few minutes, and he pushed her away. "So, don't do anything suspicious around my mother."

"She nearly caught us in the bathroom and didn't suspect a thing." Gretta laughed, taking off her lingerie for the massage. She supposed it had been silly to buy such fancy undergarments when she was just going to be naked around Benjamin. "Karen knows me too well. I'd never do something like this. I mean ... she knows the old me. The good girl."

"But now you're a bad girl." Benjamin quickly undressed.

"I want to be good, but it's so hard." Gretta used her little girl voice. This made her laugh, because she was using it on someone that was thirty-two years her junior. *I'm sleeping with my best-friend's son, and I love it. Life is so strange.* "Is there anything you want

me to tell your mom when she inevitably interrogates me about you?" She stared at his enormous, hard penis. *Is that really going inside of me?* She blinked and answered her own question. *Yes!*

"What are you smiling about? You look goofy." Benjamin laughed and gave her now bare tits a few light pats to get them jiggling.

"I've known you most of your life. You used to sit on my lap at parties." She started to get on the table, but stopped when he grabbed her arm. "It's hilarious that we've ended up here." She looked at his hand on her arm. "What?"

"Rather than start with a massage. Let's finish up with one." He sat on the table and pulled her so that she was standing in front of him, facing away. "I used to sit on your lap. It's time for you to sit on mine."

"Oh ... my ..." Gretta was a quivering mess as he lifted her into the air and held her above his long penis. She reached under her, took hold of the beastly thing, and guided it into her vagina. She spread her legs, put her hands on his knees, and let nature guide her hips. It seemed nature wanted her to piston on that young penis like a madwoman. "If only ... your mother knew ... you were so good at this ... she wouldn't stop you. She'd be ... ugh ... ugh ... so proud."

"My thoughts ... exactly ... Mrs. Klein." He took a fistful of red hair and made Gretta arch her back as she bounced. "Maybe ... you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you could talk to my mother ... about something." But Benjamin would have to wait to broach the subject. Gretta screamed. She was already cumming on his cock.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiii!" Her mind sailed in bliss. Nothing was better than her massage appointments. Nothing. Gretta would do anything this boy asked.

## Chapter 8

“You should have seen her, Daniel. She looked like a junkie. A suburban mom junkie.” Karen frowned at her husband. They were standing in the kitchen. Daniel was getting ready to head to the office. Morgan was already at school. Benjamin was still sleeping in his room. “I’m torn. Either she came onto Benjie because she’s like that. In that case, it’s not really Benjie’s fault. He’s a twenty-year-old man. He’s not going to say no to a woman coming on to him. Or, the alternative, Benjie got her hooked on some drug. And she’s like that because of him.”

“You searched our son’s room. It was clean.” Daniel shrugged. “Poor Mrs. Sommar is probably the former. All of Benjie’s other clients seem above board. Heck, even Gretta’s a client. Do you think she’d do anything strange with Benjie? She’s known him his whole life.” He sipped his coffee and regarded his wife’s martial stance. She looked ready to fight. He wasn’t going to calm her down before work, but maybe he could steer her in another direction.

“Gretta seemed weird when we went over there for dinner. She went out for ice cream and came back with leaves in her hair.” Karen crossed her arms. “And Benjie locked himself in the bathroom for a long time.”

“When you gotta go, you gotta go?” Daniel looked his wife up and down. He had been lucky to marry this woman. His first advances could have just as easily ended with his neck broken. Should he really help his son try an even more difficult conquest? “If you’re so concerned about his business, you should ask him to give you a massage.” He held up a finger before she could talk. “I don’t mean a shoulder rub. Ask him to treat you like a client. If he’s good at it, that means that’s probably why he’s got all those clients. You won’t have to worry about drugs or anything else. If he sucks, then the plot thickens, I suppose.”

Karen narrowed her eyes but didn’t respond. “I don’t know ... I ... um ...” She shook her head. “Have a good day at work.” She walked over, kissed him on the cheek, and shepherded him out the door. When he was gone, she called Gretta. That seemed the next logical step.

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“You’ve got such a big smile on your face. Life that good?” Karen was wearing her jogging outfit. She eyed Gretta, who was dressed in a similar fashion. The woman looked like she was glowing.

“I booked your son for yesterday and earlier today. Back-to-back massages do wonders.” Gretta’s butt ached in the most delightful way, but she was doing her best to walk normally. She wouldn’t want to waddle in front of Karen.

“You look like you’re radiating sunshine because my son ... rubbed your muscles?” Karen scrutinized her friend’s grinning face. Gretta looked happy and relaxed, but also alert and present. If she was on drugs, it was something Karen wasn’t aware of. Maybe Mia Sommar really was just a loose cannon.

“Radiating sunshine?” Gretta laughed. They walked in silence along the dappled suburban street. “Thank you for that. And quite a bit more poetical than I’d expect from you.”

“You know what I mean. What else is going on with you?” Karen surveyed the houses around them. She wasn’t looking for threats per se. But she wasn’t not looking for threats either. “Did you change your diet or something? My son’s hands can’t be the only reason you ... look so ... happy.”

“His hands aren’t the only reason.” Gretta laughed again. “You know what? You should try getting a massage from him. You’d be so proud of him, Karen. Honestly, I can’t believe our little Benjie has grown into such an amazing man. His massages really are life-changing.”

“I see.” Karen thought things over. Why did everyone want her to allow her sweaty, barely post-teenage son to rub his grubby hands all over her? There was something that Karen was missing, but she wasn’t sure what. She sighed. It was best to change the subject while she thought things over. “How are your tennis classes going?” While Gretta babbled about her backhand, Karen turned the conundrum of her son’s business over and over in her head.

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“You sure about this?” Morgan undressed. “You want her to find us?”

“Yes. Dad says she’ll be home in a few minutes.” Benjamin finished setting up his massage table in the center of his room. He wore shorts and a tank top. He turned toward his sister, admiring her wobbling tits. “Keep your panties on. And maybe put your bra back on. We don’t want to completely scandalize her.”

“Sure, I guess. The whole thing seems loco to me.” Morgan adjusted her glasses, smiled at her brother, and put her bra back on. “I do like the way you stare at them when they’re out in the open, by the way.”

“Of course you do.” He laughed and gestured toward the table. “Lie on your belly.”

“Why don’t you think Mom will walk in here and kill both of us?” Morgan took off her glasses, put them on his desk, and got on the table, settling onto her belly. She let her body relax as her brother started the familiar kneading of her back.

“We’re not doing anything wrong. I’m giving you a massage.” He continued his work in silence for a while, listening to her soft grunts and moans as he worked out her kinks. Normally, he would move down to her butt and thighs, but he thought maybe it would be better for him to be working on her back when they were interrupted. And he didn’t have to wait long. The door opened and Karen entered with an expression that said she was expecting mischief.

“I talked to Gretta today and ...” Karen’s voice trailed away when her mind comprehended what was going on. She stopped in the doorway. Her mostly naked daughter was under her son’s grubby hands. “What do you think you’re doing?” Her voice was sharp and stern. Her forehead was furrowed. “Morgan! Get some clothes on!”

“I’m giving Morgan a massage. She was one of my first clients, Mom.” Benjamin continued to work his sister’s back. “We do this all the time.”

“I haven’t paid you, Benjie.” Morgan’s voice was low and relaxed. “So ... not really a client.”

“Get your hands off her!” Karen took a step into the room.

“Yeah, not technically a client. But you get all the benefits of my work.” Benjamin held up his hands and put them in the air like he was surrendering. “It’s only a massage, Mom.”

“It helps me study, Mom. You’ve seen my grades.” Morgan lifted herself onto her elbows and looked over at her mother. Without her glasses on, Morgan was having trouble reading her mother’s expression. She could guess how mad she looked. “Benjie has a gift. Let him go back to work. I have a big test tomorrow.”

“But ... you’re in your underwear,” Karen said.

“Most of my clients are naked. She keeps her underwear on because she’s my sister.” Tentatively, he put his hands on his sister’s back and pressed her down to the table again. “Don’t give me that look, Mom. It’s not like I ogle my clients. It’s all very professional. And I make sure they’re always comfortable.”

Karen stood in silence watching the massage, a deep frown etched on her face. “Do you have any male clients, Benjie?”

Benjamin had thought about this question. It wasn’t smart to lie to her about it. If she did some digging, she’d uncover the lie easily enough. And then he’d be in a world of

trouble. "I don't have any men as clients. But ... you know ... I think men are often not as into massages. And I've built the business on word of mouth. Clients telling their girlfriends about me. That sort of thing."

Karen's face soured further as she stood and watched her eighteen-year-old daughter melt at the hands of her older brother. "How much money are you making?"

Benjamin told her honestly what he was earning in a month.

"Well, you can pay your father and I some rent then. Either that, or you can move out." Karen walked over to his closet and rummaged around. She didn't expect to find anything incriminating, but it was worth a look.

"I'll pay rent. No problem." Benjamin stared at his mother's ass while she was bending over to inspect something on the floor. "It's great that I can contribute."

"These ... massages are really helping you, Morgan?" Karen finished her inspection and walked over to the massage table, standing on the opposite side from her son.

"Yeah, Mom. They're the best. You should let Benjie give you one." Morgan didn't look up from the table. She didn't really know how this was going, but it sounded like they were going to get through it unscathed.

"I don't think so." Karen pressed her lips together. Morgan was the third person that day that had suggested she try Benjamin's skills out for herself. And she respected all three people. "But you can keep getting massages from your brother ... as long as you leave the door open and your underwear on."

"I wouldn't mind giving you a massage, Mom. At least you could see what it's all about and why I have so many happy clients." Benjamin offered his winning smile.

"I ..." Karen looked at her daughter. She really did seem to be getting a benefit from this. "Fine. I'll try it. But I'm keeping my underwear on." She tapped her foot. *My bra and panties aren't any different than a bathing suit.* "You can finish up with Morgan. Shall we plan for later today?"

"Yeah, we could do it in an hour." Benjamin watched his mother give him a curt nod, turn, and leave the room. She didn't close the door after her.

"Is she gone?" Morgan was still face down on the table. Her whole body vibrated as suddenly that magic stone was rolling on her back.

"Yeah." He slid the stone under her panties into the crack of her ass.

"Oooooohhhhh ... put it in my ass. How crazy would it be if it went from my ass to Mom's?" Morgan gave a little yelp of joy as the well-lubed stone slipped past her sphincter. Pleasure radiated through her body. She reached blindly with her hand and

found her brother's crotch. He was hard. She squeezed his cock through his shorts.  
"Want me to take care of this?"

"Mom could walk in any minute." It took willpower, but he pushed her hand away. "Just enjoy the massage."

"Yeah ... okay ... okay ..." She kicked her feet into the table. "Give me a towel ... I ... uuuggghhh ... need something ... ooohhhhhh ... to bite on."

Benjamin handed her a clean towel. He massaged her ass cheeks through her panties as she let out muffled wails and came for him. It was a little risky to have her orgasm with the door open, but he thought she was keeping the volume down pretty well. It wasn't obvious she was cumming other than the soaked towel under her pussy, and the sopping front of her panties, he supposed. They finished the massage after one more orgasm, and then Morgan returned the stone and headed for a shower.

It took a little time to clean the table and get everything ready for his mother. He thought maybe it smelled like sex in his room now, so he opened the window. After that, he changed into his tightest tighty-whities. He wanted to contain his hardon as much as possible so his mother wouldn't notice. To that effect, he also put on some baggy pants and a loose shirt. Soon the room was ready for his mother's session.

Benjamin grabbed his phone and sent his dad a text to let him know that he was going to massage his mother. Even after what had happened with his dad earlier, he didn't expect any complaints. And he was right. A minute after sending the text he received a thumbs-up emoji in reply.

Now all that was left was for Benjamin to fetch his mother and begin.