Under Fire

By Rawly Rawls © 2022 - 2026

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read lots more stuff, vote on new stories, or support my writing, please visit: https://rawlyrawls.com

Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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.”

~~

“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.

~~

“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.

~~

“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.

“Oooohhhhhhh … thank you … thank you.” Gretta gripped the table, ready for the familiar onslaught. “You feel soooooooooo 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."

"Ooooohhhhhhhhh … yesssssssssss … it's yours … Benjie … my butt is … yoourrrsssssss." 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.

~~

"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 … eeeeeiiiiiiii.” 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. “Ooooohhhhhhh … 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 … ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh. Inside me … your spunk will be … inside me.”

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

“Meeeeeee tooooooooooooo.” Morgan came with her brother.

~~

“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.

~~

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 … uuuggghhhhhhh … 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 … aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” 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.”

“Uuuuummmmppphhhhhhh.” 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.”

“Qqqqquuuxxxxxx.” 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.

~~

“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.

~~

“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.

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

“Better … than your … husband?”

“Uuuuuggggghhhhhhhhh … 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.”

“Yesssssss,” Mia hissed.

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

“Eeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” 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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

“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.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh … 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 … aaaahhhhhhhhhh.” 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 … uuuuuhhhhhhh … huhhhhhhhhhh.” 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 meeeeeeeeeee … ooooooohhhhhhhhh.” 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 … eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” 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.

~~

"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.

~~

"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.

~~

"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 hhhhmmmm.” 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 … oooohhhhhhhh.” 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.

“Oooooooohhhhh … noooooooooooo.” 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 … bbbmmmmm.” She put the towel between her teeth and clenched down. “Nnnnnnnnnnn.” 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 … uuugghh …”

“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.*

~~

"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.

~~

"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. "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.

~~

"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.

~~

“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.

“Ooooohhhhh … 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.

Chapter 9

"Ready?" Karen stepped into the room wearing her most boring bra and panties. When she saw her son glance at her cleavage, she crossed her arms over her chest. *He's a grubby twenty-year-old man. It can't be helped.*

"Yeah, all set." Benjamin had been hoping she'd be nervous, but her cleavage didn't look anxious at all. He brought his gaze upwards, and found that her face showed no nerves either. There was a vertical furrow on her forehead that meant she was either angry or very intense about something. He saw that crease a lot through his life. "Just lie face down on the table."

"Treat me like you would any client." Karen didn't move toward the table. She stood, frowning at her son. The door was wide open behind her. She could hear Morgan in her room down the hall typing an essay.

"Of course, ma'am. It's a pleasure to meet you. If you feel more comfortable keeping your garments on, that's fine." Benjamin gave her a warm smile. "Please lie down, and we can begin."

"Right." Karen's eyes darted as she scrutinized her son. She had to admit, he had more confidence than she remembered. His smile would have been disarming if she'd been some silly housewife desperate for attention. "Let's get on with it then." She walked to the table and stiffly climbed on. She didn't like that her butt was on display for him, but that couldn't be helped. She thought of all the worse places she'd been, with mud and blood aplenty. *This is better than that.*

"Okay, I'm going to rub on some oil. It's a little tricky with your undies, but I'll make sure not to stain them, ma'am." Without oil, he rubbed his hands together to warm them up with friction. Once that was done, he brushed her hair off her shoulders and back, put a few drops of oil on his palms, and started working her shoulders. She had more muscle mass than any of his other clients, and she was tense, so he worked gently to start.

"Ow, Benjie. Be gentle." She didn't particularly like being touched, and feeling his hands on her shoulders was having an odd effect on her. It certainly didn't feel good. *But what was I expecting?*

"Of course, ma'am." He wanted to tell his mom to chill the fuck out and relax. But of course, he wouldn't have said that even if he wasn't pretending that she was a client. "I'm going to move to your lower back now."

"It doesn't feel very good, Benjie." Karen tightened up even more. Feeling him on her lower back was more intimate than her shoulders.

“I don’t think a real client would say that, Mom.” Patiently, he continued working on her tense muscles. She was being such a pain that he wasn’t even really enjoying how her butt flexed when she didn’t like something he was doing. He supposed under different circumstances, such a flex would have been spectacular. “I’m moving to your legs now.” He skipped over her ass, got some more oil, and worked on the back of her thighs.

“I’m giving you honest feedback.” Karen decided she didn’t like him touching her legs either. “I don’t see what the fuss is about. Maybe you should get a real job, Benjie.”

Benjamin bit his tongue. This was going about as poorly as possible without her actually kicking his ass. It was time to bring out the big guns. He let go of her legs, turned, and picked up his special stone. The thing was always warm, so he didn’t need to use friction on it. “This is my own special technique, ma’am. I’m going to do one leg, then the other.” Slowly, he rolled the stone up and down the back of her left thigh. He heard her sigh, and saw her ass relax out of its taut position.

“Ohhhhhhh … gosh …” Karen felt warmth spreading up and down her leg. This really was a special technique. She was impressed, despite herself. “Mmmmmm.”

“That’s good. You’re starting to relax, ma’am.” He worked his way down to her calf, loosening the slender, but strong muscle. He let the stone work its magic for a few minutes, and then moved down. Her foot wasn’t soft and pretty like many of the other women’s feet. It was a practical appendage, calloused and rough. He worked the arch with the stone, listening to his mother sigh and make a sound that was not quite a moan. After a time, he moved on to the other foot.

“No one … has ever touched … my feet … Benjie.” Pleasure surged through Karen. The moment was dreamlike. “I didn’t know … feet could feel so … good. Oh … what are you doing with my toes? Oh … it’s okay … don’t stop. I have to admit … you’re pretty … good.”

“I aim to please my clients.” Benjamin worked up her leg, taking his time with her calf and thigh. Finally, both legs were done. This is the point he’d normally start massaging ass cheeks. He had a feeling his mother’s glutes would be special. But she had her panties on. And even if she was more relaxed now, he knew she wasn’t ready. “Rome wasn’t built in a day.”

“What?” She was too tranquil to be cross with him mumbling gibberish.

“I’m going to work a little more on your back, okay?” He rolled the stone along the dip of her lower back. It was so tempting to take a detour back to her wonderful butt, but he resisted. Instead, he watched the mesmerizing circular jiggling of her ass cheeks, moving with his motion on her back.

“Okay … oooohhhh … gosh … it’s okay.” Karen was practically melting into the table. After a time, he came back to her shoulders. It was hard to remember how tense she’d been when he started. Now, her body was putty in his hands. She found herself wishing the massage would go on forever.

“Okay, our time’s up.” Benjamin removed his hands, and the stone from his mother’s body. He turned, packed up his oils, and tucked the stone away in its hiding place. “I have another appointment I have to get to.”

“Gosh … Benjie.” Karen sat up slowly. Her whole body thrummed. She had never before felt quite like it. “Congratulations. You found something you were good at.” She stood, her body moving like it was in silky water. She turned to face her son, who looked over at her and smiled.

Benjamin had such a big grin on his face because he could see that the front of her panties had a dark wet spot. “Thanks, Mom. I’m happy to give you a massage anytime.” He snapped his fingers. “I almost forgot.” He pulled a stack of cash out of his bag and handed it to her over the table.

“What’s this?” Karen thumbed through it. “There’s a thousand dollars here.”

“You asked me to pay rent, remember? That should cover this month.” He winked at her.

“Oh … okay.” She felt like she should be suspicious. But that suspicion couldn’t calcify. She was too relaxed and happy. “Thanks, Benjie.” She took the money, turned, and left the room. When she went into her bathroom for a shower, she was shocked to see that her panties were soaked. At first, she thought some of her son’s oil must have stained the cotton. But it wasn’t oil. She prayed her son hadn’t noticed. That would be mortifying. But either way, she found she was still too relaxed to worry much about it.

Karen stepped into the shower and luxuriated. To her surprise, she was feeling a little randy. She wished Daniel was home. But since her husband had gone to the office that day, she was left doing something she hadn’t done since she’d been a young woman.

At first, touching herself was awkward. There was guilt and judgement for doing something like that. But it felt good. Her whole body felt good. Soon, she was strumming her clit and stifling wails as she shuddered through several orgasms.

~~

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Carver.” Benjamin stood at his client’s front door, folded table and bag in hand. “Ready for our next session?”

“Yes … yes … I’m ready.” Emily practically squealed with delight at seeing the young man. She stepped out of the doorway and let him in. When he was inside, she closed and locked the front door. “Follow me.” She led him to the spare bedroom.

He followed her, looking around her gorgeous, spacious house as they moved from room to room. “Is your husband home? I’d love to say hi to him again.”

“Oh, that’s very sweet of you.” Emily found herself giggling like a nervous schoolgirl. This young man had an odd effect on her. “But he’s out with friends for the evening. He did leave you a check to pay for the session. I’ll get it for you before you leave.”

“Sure, that’s fine.” Benjamin was glad to be following her. He admired the way her hourglass figure swayed as she quickly traversed the house. Soon, they were in the room. He noticed that she closed and locked the door. He supposed she wasn’t totally confident that her husband would stay out of the house. “I’ll set up. Please undress.”

“Okay, but don’t look.” Butterflies flapped in Emily’s stomach as she removed her clothes, took one of the towels he offered, and wrapped herself. She was happy to see that he was indeed a gentleman and didn’t peek: even when she reached for the towel and her breasts dangled obscenely. She looked inward. Maybe she wasn’t happy that he’d been a gentleman. *Do I want this strong young man to peek at me?*

“Okay, please lie down on the table.” Benjamin helped her onto her belly, and unwound the towel to expose her backside. He then oiled his hands and went to work.

At first, Emily was a little disappointed with the massage. The last time, he’d put a delicious, smooth rock in her butt! And to get it out, he’d had to hit some sort of button in her vagina! Today’s massage was very tame by comparison.

Benjamin worked her legs, butt cheeks, and back with his hands. He wanted her to ask for the stone, and he could be patient. About fifteen minutes into the massage, he could feel her squirming, and she inhaled several times like she was about to say something, but nothing came out. He smiled. “Is there anything I can do to make your massage more pleasant, Mrs. Carver?”

“Oh … gosh … Benjamin. Are you going to put something in my butt again? That was so unexpected last time … I …” She paused. It almost sounded like he’d unzipped something. “Ooooohhhhhh … there’s the stone. It feels so good.” She felt him roll the stone with one hand on her ass cheek nearest him. With his other hand, he was working some sort of heavy bar on her thigh. It certainly didn’t feel like metal. Even if the bar itself was hard, the covering was soft and warm. It felt good, so she didn’t mention it. She relaxed, letting him work her leg, then her back with the stone and the bar.

“You have a wonderfully toned body, Mrs. Carver. Do you work out often?” Benjamin continued the massage, using his erection and the stone to knead her muscles.

“I … play tennis … and go on walks … with my husband.” Warm pleasure filled every part of her body. She felt like she was radiating sunshine. Even if he didn’t put the stone into her butt again, this bar and stone massage was wonderful.

“Why don’t you turn over? I’ll work on your front now.” He lifted his tools, waiting.

It took Emily almost thirty seconds of indecision before she rolled onto her back. Her eyes nearly bugged out of her head when she did. “What are you doing!?!” She pointed at the most enormous penis she’d ever seen.

“I do this for all my clients. In my line of work, it’s a gift having a cock like mine. There isn’t anything on the market that can match its perfect weight. Not to mention how stiff it is on the one hand, but pliable on the other.” He gave her a reassuring smile.

“But … but … it’s your penis?” She stared at it. The thing looked rapacious and scary. But she had to admit, it had felt good as part of the massage.

“Do you want me to stop?” He put the stone on her belly and made gentle little circles.

“No … no … keep going. I want you to keep going.” She thought that was probably the wrong answer. It was one thing to have a sanitary stone put in her butt. She could imagine that was something they did at celebrity spas. But to be massaged by a giant penis … she was sure that wasn’t a technique used by reputable places. “Please continue.” It didn’t matter. She was practically begging him to continue. She couldn’t wait to see what this strange young man had in store for her next.

Chapter 10

“Oh … my gosh … oh … my gosh!” Emily was on her back on the massage table. Her legs were spread and bent so that her feet were still on the edge of the table. Gravity pulled her breasts flat and out to the side. She was normally self-conscious about how her boobs looked in this position, but it didn’t seem to bother her now. She was up on her elbows, watching her naked masseuse slowly move that special stone between her legs. She watched it fixatedly until it disappeared under the horizon of her pubic hair. “You’re putting it back in, aren’t you?” Without the stone to look at, her gaze stuck to his giant penis. It looked so much more obscene than her husband’s.

“Do you feel that pressure?” Benjamin pressed the oiled stone against her asshole. Her sphincter put up some resistance. He wanted her to feel her body’s reluctance to letting the stone in, so his push was gentle.

“Oh … my … yes,” she hissed. “It feels so big … like it will never fit.”

“You’ll be surprised to find what you can fit back there.” Benjamin chuckled. “I say this as a professional.”

“A professional?” Emily was starting to wonder what his profession was. He might be something more of a gigolo than a masseur. Her mind rebelled at that thought. She was only getting a massage. She had said her vows to her husband so recently, and she had no intention of breaking them. Not ever. But getting spa treatments, like massage stones up the butt, had to be a gray area. That wasn’t clear infidelity. On the other hand, if she reached out and grabbed that mammoth penis like she wanted to … “Ohhhhhhh … it’s going in.” She felt her ass give way, and just like that, the warm, round rock was inside her again, radiating pleasure through her body. “Nnnnnnggggg.”

Benjamin had to work hard not to laugh. The poor woman’s eyes crossed, and her face scrunched in a way that made her look concussed. She was gritting her teeth, shoving her jaw forward to create a silly underbite. “I take it that it hits the spot, Mrs. Carver?”

“Yyynnnggggggg.” Emily nodded her head, but couldn’t find any words. Bright, new horizons of pleasure had been opened to her. She could see that she’d been living in a shadowland before she’d met her masseuse. “Wha … whaaaaaaaa …” Her eyes went wide when he deftly inserted two fingers into her vagina. She couldn’t believe how slick she was for him. She stared at his strong arm as he worked inside her. Finally, she found some words. “Are you … oohhhhhh … trying to get … the stone out?”

“No.” He smiled and shook his head. He felt his way along the ridges inside her pussy, happy to have such intimate access on only their second massage.

“Well … if you’re not …” Her eyes got even wider. “If you’re not … getting the stone out … you can’t do that. It’s like … foreplay. It’s wrong.” She tried to close her legs, but the effort was weak. He easily kept them open. She realized she was panting and sweating. A massive orgasmic wave was building inside of her. Reaching out, she clutched at the air, her fingers trembling. Her gaze caught the twinkling of diamonds on her finger. Guilt surged through her, but she didn’t try to close her legs again.

“This is all part of the service.” Benjamin wasn’t ready for her g-spot yet, so he pumped her, making sure to rub and spread her lips. Soon a wet, rhythmic sound filled the room along with the scent of her excitement. “My job is to manipulate your body for relaxation. I’m supposed to make you feel good. I’m very good at what I do. I assumed your girlfriends told you about what I offer.” He stopped pumping and reached his thumb up to her clit.

“I … I …” Emily convulsed, her body undulating off the table. She threw her head back, eyes rolling, and orgasmed. “Nnnnnnooooocckkkkk.” She tried not to scream, just in case her husband had returned early. What came out of her lips was a strange, croaking sound.

“Excellent. You’re doing great, Mrs. Carver. Let it out.” He withdrew his fingers and went back to massaging her legs, letting her own lubrication work as massage oil. When she had recovered enough to sit up, he turned her sideways on the table. He went back to using his cock as a bar to work her thigh muscles: first on one leg, then the other. Slowly, while she sat panting and staring at him, he worked farther and farther up her thigh.

“It really is a handy … tool for a … massage.” She studied his giant, angry-looking appendage. The ugliness of it brought her out of her reverie. “Maybe that’s … enough for today.” She tried to push the magnificent stone out of her ass, but failed. “Maybe … Maybe …” His penis had moved far enough up her thigh that the massive head of it was almost touching her sopping pubic hair. “That felt really good … but maybe we should … stop for the day. I don’t think my husband would approve of you …” She shivered when that strange, purplish helmet brushed against her vagina.

“If you think it’s the perfect tool for your thighs, just wait until you feel it inside. It’s a whole new type of massage. But you have to tell me when you’re ready.” He rubbed the head of his cock along her lips, making sloppy sounds.

“Your other clients … all took that thing … inside?” Here eyes were glued to the monster between her legs. Its veins seemed to bulge even more than before. Such a massive, ugly tool looked wrong nuzzling against her cute, neatly trimmed nethers. “I don’t see how …”

“Your body was made to accept something like this.” He lifted his cock and flopped it on her belly so she could see how deep it would go inside her. The head went well past her belly button. “See how perfect it fits?”

“Oh … my …” The weight of his balls on her vaginal lips made her shudder. They were so heavy. She stared in awe at his length. It didn’t look like she was made to accept a penis like that. She didn’t think any woman was. Maybe a mare could, but not …

“Give me the go-ahead, and we’ll start.” He moved his cockhead back to her pussy entrance.

Waves of pleasure still cascaded from her butthole. The warm stone was amazing back there. She meant to tell him that they’d gone far enough, but found herself saying, “If it doesn’t fit, you’ll stop?”

“Of course, I’m a professional.” He nodded and pressed forward a little, just enough to nestle the head between her lips.

“Okay … you can try to put it in. But I don’t think … uuuuggggghhhhhhh.” Suddenly, Emily was stretched in a way she’d never dreamed. The next hour or so was a blur of ecstatic peaks. All her misgivings fell away when his hips started moving. It was hard for her to remember anything but hunching herself onto him, screaming, and a feeling like she’d been possessed by an animal. When next she had a coherent thought, it was that she’d let him put his stuff inside. She sat panting on the table, watching him dress. With a hand between her legs, she felt his stuff running out of her. There was so much of it.

“So, shall we schedule another massage for next week?” Benjamin helped her off the table so he could fold it up.

“What? Oh … yes … please.” The guilt was back, but it wasn’t enough to quash her new appetite. She wrapped herself in a towel to reclaim a little modesty. “My husband left the check for you, let me go get it.” On shaky legs, she left the room.

Benjamin smiled at the trail of cum droplets she’d left on the floor behind her. He loved his job.

~~

Daniel was already in bed when his wife came into their bedroom. Uncharacteristically, she didn’t make eye contact with him. He rubbed his chin. “How was your day?”

“Hmm?” Karen had been hoping to avoid conversation as she quickly crossed their room toward the master bathroom. When he addressed her, she paused. She wasn’t sure why she had trouble meeting his eye. Maybe it was that he’d been right about Benjamin, and she didn’t want to admit defeat about their son. “Good.” She continued to the bathroom. Thankfully, he didn’t persist in conversation. She closed the door, stripped, and stepped into the shower. Her body was still undeniably relaxed from her son’s earlier work.

Opening the door, Daniel eased himself into the bathroom. It wasn’t that strange for him to be in there while she showered. But he had a new perspective on it now. As an excuse, he brushed his teeth while leaning on the sink. He carefully observed his wife’s curves through the foggy shower door, trying to see her as a young man would. He decided that her body was a powerhouse that any young man would have died for.

“That you, honey?” Karen had been so far into her own world that she hadn’t noticed the sound of her husband’s electric toothbrush at first.

“Mmm hmm,” he said, spitting into the sink and rinsing his toothbrush. “How was Benjie’s massage today? Does the kid have it?” He tried to ask the questions as casually as possible.

“I … well … I …” She put her head under the water, letting her blond hair plaster itself on her face. “I guess … he has some skill.”

“You don’t sound happy about it.” Daniel stepped closer to his wife. She was leaning against the outer wall of the shower now, her back and ass cheeks pressed to the glass. It was a lovely sight. He found that an erection was forming. *Would she let Benjie see her like this?*

“I … just …” She turned off the shower and stepped out, holding out her hand for a towel. She didn’t miss the hungry look in her husband’s eyes. She’d been horny all afternoon, and now they were together. When he handed her the towel, she ignored it and hugged her husband, rubbing her boobs on his chest. She didn’t care that she was soaking his pajamas. “Kiss me,” she whispered. They made out. She didn’t know how long it had been since they’d done that. Then she began undressing her husband. She was so randy, that she knelt before him and blew him. A very special treat.

“Yeah … that’s good … Karen.” Daniel hadn’t thought about the added benefit of Benjamin seducing his mother. The lad was putting her into heat. *I was an idiot to say no to Benjie at first. This is going to be awesome.* Soon, he was humping his wife from behind. She had her hands on the sink. Her eyes were closed, and her forehead was creased with passion. He stared at her face and her swinging tits in the mirror. “Maybe … you should get … ugh … ugh … another massage … from Benjie … tomorrow.”

“Let’s … not talk … about that now.” She opened her eyes and looked at him through the mirror. “You need to … focus on … pleasing your wife.”

“I … am … Karen.” Daniel grinned at her. “Benjie’s massages … seem to … please you.”

Karen’s forehead furrowed further. With anger this time. “You’re not … focusing. Take me like you … mean it.”

“Yes … ma’am.” Daniel sped up his hips. He was soon winded and running out of juice. “Get … ready.”

“Not inside.” Karen pushed him off. “I’m not safe right now.” She stood panting, watching her husband finish himself into the sink. She thought about how silly and perverted men looked when they touched themselves. When he was done, she went back into the shower. “I’ll see you in bed.”

“Yeah … okay.” He wiped himself clean and went to the closet for dry pajamas. On his way back to bed, he peeked into the bathroom. He smiled when he heard her grunting. Her blurry outline was clearly masturbating. He went back to bed grinning. Life was good.

Chapter 11

It was late morning, and Karen had the house to herself. She was luxuriating with some coffee, sitting in a trapezoid of sunlight that fell over a living room armchair. Loud 80s music filled the room as Karen daydreamed about the day before. She was still buzzing, but she wasn't sure if it was from the surprise sex with her husband or the massage from her son. *It was from my husband.*

The doorbell rang. Karen chose to enjoy her coffee and ignore it. It rang again. "Darn. I wish someone else was home." But like so many things, this was left entirely up to her to deal with. Grudgingly, she got up, still holding her steaming mug, straightened her blouse, and walked to the front door. She swung the door open and stared at the woman on her front step. Mia Sommar looked even more frazzled than the last time Karen had seen her. The woman clearly hadn't brushed her hair in days. A pencil stuck out of a matted tangle. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and her skin paler than before. She was wearing mismatched socks with flip-flops. Her jeans and t-shirt were both stained with what Karen guessed was red wine.

"Mrs. Katzenhund! I need to talk to Benjie. Is he here?" Mia fiddled with the pencil that was inexplicably tucked into her hair.

"No, he's not. Please, don't ever come to my home again." Karen started to close the door, but Mia's flip-flopped foot got in the way.

"You don't understand. I need to see him. His penis … his penis is special." Mia's crazed eyes went wider. "And that special –"

"I have a gun in the house. Several, actually." Karen's eyes narrowed. "I won't ask nicely this time. I won't ask at all. Get out of here and never come back. You should be ashamed of yourself, cheating on your family. And doing it with a twenty-year-old man. Get your head on right, woman. You've lost it. Benjie's out of your life. It's over."

"But … but …" Mia stammered.

"Leave." Karen pushed Mia's foot out of the doorway and slammed the door. She locked it for good measure. Karen sipped coffee on the way back to the living room. She was still feeling relaxed. She wondered how she would have handled the intrusion if she'd been stressed.

Only once she'd sat in her sun spot again, did it occur to her that she should have used the chance to interrogate Mia. That woman could answer a lot of questions. Karen put her mug down and raced back to the door. But when she looked out, there was no sign of Mia. Karen pressed her lips together and thought. If Mia ever showed up again, she'd use

the opportunity to find out what had happened between that strange housewife and Benjamin.

~~

When Benjamin got home, he really needed a shower. He'd had a session with Mrs. Bly, and that woman was always energetic. He hauled the folded table through the front door. He stopped in the hall by the living room. His mother was sitting in an armchair, looking unusually relaxed and contemplative. "Mom?"

Karen was staring into her empty coffee mug. She looked up at her son. Her body had an odd, involuntary reaction when she saw him. It felt like the rush of returning to base after a dangerous mission. The reaction was disquieting. This was her grubby son, he wasn't the safety of base. "I'd like another massage today." The words were out of her mouth before she even had the thought.

"Oh, sure, Mom." Benjamin grinned. "I had a session this morning, so I need to rest a little. It was vigorous. But give me an hour, okay? Then we can do it in my room?"

Karen nodded. Her belly was suddenly floating, and for some reason her nipples were tingling. She was sure they were hard as rocks. She tried her best to act cool, dismissing him with a wave of her hand.

"Okay, see you in an hour." Benjamin lifted his table and hauled it upstairs, chuckling to himself. His mother's headlights were impossible to miss through her blouse. She was already getting conditioned to the stone. He wondered how far he'd be able to push things with her. When he was upstairs, he texted his dad to make sure he'd stay out of the house. His sister wouldn't be back from school for three hours. So, there was plenty of time.

~~

"I feel ridiculous standing here in my underwear." Karen was wearing a sports bra and boring cotton panties. She stood in the doorway to her son's room, trying to keep her spine straight.

"You might feel more comfortable being naked. That's what all my clients do. You can wrap yourself in a towel until you're on the table." He gestured to a stack of clean, white towels he had at the ready.

“I don’t …” Karen wasn’t used to waffling. “I … um …” But her mind kept going back and forth. “I …”

“You’re doing this to get an idea of what my clients’ experience is, right?” He rubbed his hands together to warm them up. “Well, they’re all naked. It’s very clinical, Mom.”

“Fine. But turn around.” She grabbed a towel and quickly took off her bra. When she slid off her panties, she was chagrined to find a wet spot. *What’s going on with my body? Mid-life hormones?* She had heard that a woman’s sex drive crested at this time in life, but she hadn’t believed it until now. *I must still be revved from sex with Daniel last night.* But that didn’t make sense for several reasons. She tried not to think about it as she wrapped herself in the towel and crawled onto the massage table. She got on her belly. “Are you going to use that stone again?”

“Which stone?” Benjamin liked to make his clients, and now his mother, ask for things. He felt it was much better if they participated.

“You know what I mean. The only massage stone you used last time. It was … really relaxing.” Karen was surprised to find she wasn’t frustrated by his fatuousness. “Can you please use the stone?”

“Sure.” Benjamin’s dick was at about half-mast in his pants. When he unwrapped the towel and saw the full glory of his mother’s ass and the curve of her back, he was instantly hard. He quickly lifted his dick under his waistband to hold it back. He wanted to compliment her backside, but she wasn’t ready yet. He was sure of that. Fetching the stone, he oiled it and his hands. He started on her upper back. “You’re more relaxed today.”

“I had a special time with your father last night. It was relaxing.” Karen’s muscles were loose, but she realized it wasn’t relaxation she was feeling. It was something else. She was pumped. The feeling was less like returning from battle and more like going in. The pleasure radiated from the stone through her back and into her breasts; it was strange and scary but also wonderful. Maybe she didn’t have any good analogies for her son’s massages.

“Sometimes clients like to tell me about their days, or about their husbands, or family, or whatever.” He worked lower down her back, enjoying how strong and feminine her body was. She wasn’t quite like any other woman he’d massaged.

“Uuuugghhhhhh,” Karen said. He was working the muscles around her spine, and it was fantastic. “I never.” Now that he was lower on her back, pleasure moved into her core, spreading up to her breasts and down to her vagina. *Why does he make me feel like this?*

“Your glutes are well developed, Mom. I’m going to work on those next.” Slowly, he worked down the delightful small of her back.

“Nnnnggggghhh.” Karen shook her head, but she stayed face down on the table. Having him look at her butt was embarrassing enough, but having him touch it was too much. She wouldn’t allow it. That’s why she was surprised that she didn’t stop him. She had fully expected to say something cutting that would put him in his place. But instead, she squeaked, “Just a little.” It didn’t feel clinical when he moved to her butt, rubbing the stone in little circles on one cheek, and groping her other cheek with his empty hand. “Uuuugghhhhh.” It was weird, but sublime. She didn’t put an end to it.

“That’s good, just relax.” Benjamin wasn’t sure she was aware that she was gyrating her hips a little in time with the rhythm of the massage. He worked on her ass for a while, because he was relishing the feel of it more than anything else. Then, he slowly continued south and went down one toned thigh, slowly making it to her robust calf. “How’s it feeling?”

“Mmmmmm,” Karen said. Her mind was wandering as she lay blissfully under her son’s hands. She found her thoughts returning again and again to her husband taking her from behind the night before. It had been a nice moment, but it had also left her wanting more. Like she had come close to scratching an itch, but just missed it. She thought of the feeling of having Daniel inside her, of his hips bouncing off her bottom, of his grunts of satisfaction. To her horror, it occurred to her that she was moving her hips on the table in the same way she did with her husband. She stopped her hips and lay still, her heart thumping as Benjamin worked her calf. *Had he noticed her moving like that?* Of course he had.

“You’ve really kept yourself in shape, Mom.” He moved over to her other calf, spending a good amount of time on it. Then, he moved up to her thigh. Her hips had gone from gyrating to jerking every so often. He thought the way her ass shook with each jerk was hot. She wasn’t quite as jiggly as he was used to, but her flesh still moved like Jello. “I’m going to work on your glutes again.”

“Maybe we … uuuuggghhhhhh.” Karen had never felt like this. It was wonderful. Even when he rubbed the oiled stone inside her butt crack, she didn’t want him to stop. It was severely weird, but not a place to draw a line. Her eyes shot open when the warm stone brushed against her butthole. If she hadn’t been so limp from the massage, she would have jumped right off the table. But as it was, all she did was stiffen a little and tighten her butt.

Benjamin chuckled as her ass cheeks flexed and captured the stone and his fingers, pressing them in a sandwich. With his free hand, he massaged her cheeks, loosening them back up. “It’s okay, Mom. This is what I do with all clients.” Although this *was* the

first time a client's ass had tried to capture him. He tried not to laugh loud enough for his mother to hear.

"Benjie … Benjie … Benjie … I think …" The grip her ass cheeks had on him loosened, allowing him to slide the stone up and down her crack again. *That's fine as long as he doesn't touch my butthole again. Oh, gosh, he can see my butthole! My son can see my –* Her mind went blank when the stone was back at that secret place, suddenly pushing on her sphincter. Before she knew what was happening, it was inside. Her whole body convulsed, and she flopped on the table. Ecstasy was upon her. It was at a level not reached the night before with her husband. She'd never had anything in her butt, maybe that's just how it always felt. She had heard Gretta say that anal sex was the best, but, of course, she had thought those were tall tales. "Benjie … you accidentally … pushed it inside." She wanted to push it out, but was afraid what might happen if she did. And anyway, did she really want to push it out? The longer it was in there, the better it felt. And it had started out feeling positively magical. "Benjie … it's … uuuuggggghhhhhh." She gripped the table, her knuckles turning white.

"It wasn't an accident. This is part of the massage. It's rejuvenating to have the stone back there. Just relax and let it do its thing. I'll take it out in a few minutes." Benjamin massaged her ass cheeks. He decided he wouldn't ever get tired of his mother's ass.

"Okay … okay … Benjie …" Uncharacteristically, Karen did as her son said. Yesterday's massage had been good, but today's was life-changing. She'd never felt anything like it.

Chapter 12

"Ummmm … Benjie … Benjie … Benjiiieeeeeee." Karen was finding it hard to grasp onto a thought. All the pleasure swirling through her was building to what felt like what was going to be a monumental orgasm. This was both exactly what she needed, and the last thing she wanted. "Maybe … maybe … you should leave the room … uuuggghhhhh … for a moment." Her legs were shaking uncontrollably.

"It's my job to continue the massage, I can't just leave." Benjamine continued to knead her marvelous glutes.

"We … need to stop … now." Karen gripped his massage table with all her might, her wedding ring sparkling as her fingers trembled. "Take it … out … oooohhhhh … take it … out."

"Lots of clients get nervous during this part of the massage, Mom. But after they ride it out, they feel so relaxed and revitalized. Just give it a try. The stone should stay in." He took a towel, and wiped the sweat accumulating on her wonderfully arched back. He could see the little muscles there spasming.

"Take it … out of me." Karen managed to put some bite into her words, even as she escalated toward a massive climax. She wanted to lift her head up and look back at him, to stare him down, but she didn't trust herself to move. Anything might push her over the edge.

"Okay. But the stone's not easy to get out until afterward. I'll try." Benjamin had no intention of removing the stone from his mother's ass. But he did have an idea. "Hold still, I'm going to reach for it."

"Wait … I don't think … eeeeeiiiiiiiiii." Karen screamed. Suddenly, her son's oiled finger was inside her ass, rooting around for the stone. The ecstasy was too much. She clenched her teeth, made an odd keening sound, and let the orgasm wash over her. She had never dreamed that an anal orgasm was actually possible. She had never dreamed many aspects of that moment. But none of that mattered now. The one thing dominating her whole existence was overwhelming pleasure.

In that moment, Benjamin's mother reminded him of a wounded animal hiding weakness. The sounds that came out of her were choked and stifled, but even so, he doubted she'd ever uttered noises like that before. *Maybe in basic training during some crazy difficult drill?* He noticed that her fingers held tightly to the table, her hips jerking spasmodically. Her ass cheeks clenched and released on his finger over and over. He committed it all to memory. He would have to tell his sister every detail later. Whether or not his mother was trying to hide it, the truth of her pleasure was obvious. She was

lost, and he'd guided her to this wilderness. When she started to come down from her high, he pulled his finger out, leaving the stone inside. "That's good, Mom. Let it all out."

"Nnnnnggggggg." Karen blinked her eyes. "This … this …" She tried to sit up, but her body didn't comply with her wishes. *That stupid stone is still inside me.* "This … uuuuggghhhh … is over." Finally, she sat up, not aware that she was exposing her breasts to him. She took a moment to collect herself, her legs hanging off the table. Another less powerful orgasm swept through her. She arched her back, rolled her eyes back, and shook. When she descended back to the mortal plain, she finally pushed off the table. Her son tried to steady her, so she shoved him away. "No … Benjie … no … this is bad … this is baaaaaaaddddd." She was afraid she'd have another climax, but thankfully the pleasure seemed to plateau.

"Mom, we're not done yet. I have to get the stone out and give you a cool-down rub." Benjamin could see disgust, lust, and anger all pulling her expression in different directions.

"I'm … confiscating … the stone." Karen had no choice but to confiscate it, since it was lodged up her butt. "You're in … big … big …" She waddled toward the door, her breasts swaying side to side dramatically. She reached the door and leaned on the jamb. "… trouble. Big … trouble," she muttered.

"Mom, I need to get the stone out." Benjamin had a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. He'd overplayed his hand.

"You're … grounded … for … forever." Her eyes crossed as a jolt of pleasure shot through her, but she managed to remain in control.

"You can't ground me. I'm twenty." Benjamin's forehead was slick with a cold sweat.

"We'll talk … about your punishment … later." Karen steadied herself and walked out of his room, stumbling her way down the hall. Once inside her room, she locked the door and made her way toward the bathroom. She was halfway across the bedroom when she fell to her knees and dropped to her shoulders to the carpet, ass in the air. Control left her, and she reached between her legs, rubbing her clit. She'd never masturbated in such a vulgar fashion before.

Outside his parents' bedroom, Benjamin listened to his mother wail and moan. He wasn't sure what to do, but he wasn't feeling so horny any more. He had fucked it up, and now there would be hell to pay. Silently, he trudged back to his room. Maybe his dad could get the stone back. He picked up his phone and texted his father to warn him things hadn't gone well.

~~

All that evening, Benjamin kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. He cleaned his room and put his table away. He told the story to his horrified, if not still horny, sister. When his father got home, he gave him a quick debrief. He helped his father and sister make dinner. But it wasn't until the food was served that his mother came downstairs. Benjamin eyed her with apprehension, but she didn't give him more than a tight, cold smile.

Karen was unusually reserved during dinner. Anger and confusion warred within her. For the first time in two decades, she didn't know how to handle her son. She would sleep on it, and see what she came up with. Before her husband had even finished eating, she excused herself and went up to bed. The rest of the family finished without her.

Morgan leaned on the counter next to her brother as he loaded dishes into the dishwasher. "Dad went to check on Mom."

"Okay." Benjamin wasn't quite sure what to say.

"Do you think she still had her stone up her butt during dinner?" Morgan wasn't smiling, it was an honest question.

"Well …" He scraped off a dish and studied his sister's pretty, serious face. "I don't know. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. If she strangles me in my sleep, know that I always loved you."

"Oh, so dramatic. If she didn't pounce on you yet, maybe she's just going to keep the stone and let the rest slide." She shrugged.

"She might as well strangle me if she's going to keep the stone." Benjamin pressed his lips into a tight line. "I thought she was ready for it. I really did."

"Well …" Morgan sighed and adjusted her glasses. "… you were wrong. It happens." When her brother bent down to put a plate in the dishwasher, she grabbed his ass. "I'm burning up thinking about Mom walking around, eating dinner, with that stone in her butt. If it's still in there, that's just super hot. I think I need you."

"But … Mom's home. And she might look for me tonight to chew me out. If she caught us …" Benjamin enjoyed the hunger in his sister's grip, but he was sure this was a bad idea.

"Dad went up to Mom a while ago, maybe they're busy. Come on." She gave him a wink and ran upstairs.

When Benjamin caught up with his sister, she was listening with her ear pressed to their parents' door. She silently mouthed the word, *humping.* He put his ear up to the

door and could distinctly hear his mother grunting and moaning. Icy jealousy hit Benjamin in the gut. He tried to let go. There was no reason to be envious of his father. That was the man's wife in there after all. And anyway, if they were having sex, maybe that was a good sign that his mom was still horny.

Morgan grabbed his shoulder and pulled him to the bathroom in the hall. "Come on. They're busy. We can lock the door and keep quiet." True to her word, she locked the door when they entered the bathroom. She sat on the toilet lid, took off her glasses, and motioned for him to stand in front of her. When he did, she quickly pulled down his pants and underwear. Her eyes went wide at the sight of his erection. "Jeez, Mom doesn't know what she's missing. She's in there doing it with Dad when she could be in here with you … with this. Can you imagine?"

"I struck out, Morgan. I'm trying not to imagine." He sighed as the familiar warmth of her soft hands gripped his dick.

"Imagine it, Benjie. Imagine our stuck-up mom rubbing your dickhead on her face like this." Slowly, Morgan pressed his cockhead to her cheek, gliding it to her nose, up and over, and to the other cheek. She brought it down to her chin, laughing when some precum smeared just below her lip. "She's in there with Dad right now, and she probably still has the stone up her butt. Have you ever left the stone in a woman for longer than a massage?"

Benjamin shook his head slowly.

"It's going to drive her crazy. And when she sees this …" She squeezed his cock. "She'll go crazy for it. She'll want to put it up against her face to measure the size." Morgan rested his heavy balls on her chin and let the massive cock cover the center of her face, the head of it going above her hairline.

"Mom … would look really good with my dick on her face." Only one of Morgan's eyes was visible to Benjamin. Her gaze was crazed. "But how do I make it happen now?"

"I told you. She's got the stone inside her." She took a moment to suck one of his hairy balls into her mouth, rolling it with her tongue. She spit it out and stroked his shaft with both hands. "Let her come to you. She'll be a quivering mess in no time."

"I don't think so. She's the only woman to quit in the middle of a session." He watched his sister lovingly kiss his bloated cockhead. "This is Mom we're talking about. I was stupid to … aaaaahhhh … think that she … would …" He lost his train of thought as his sister started blowing him, enthusiastically bobbing her head and pumping with her hands.

"Mmmpphhh … mmppphhhh … mmmpphhh …" Even if she couldn't get the words out, she hoped her tone would give him confidence. The more she thought about her mother

walking around with that stone up her ass, the more desperate she became to see her mother give herself to her brother.

"Morgan … Morgan … aaaaahhhhhhh." Benjamin laced his fingers in her hair, pulling to force more of his cock down her throat. He knew that she enjoyed gagging a little during blowjobs. He wasn't sure why, but most women seemed to get excited when their gag reflex kicked in. Maybe it was a reminder of how big he was. He wondered if his mother liked it. Or if she didn't, would she like it in the future? That thought churned his balls. "Get ready … Morgan … I'm … uuuggghhhhhhh."

"Gggaaackkk … ggackk … gggaaacckkkk!" Morgan did her best to swallow, but it wasn't easy while gagging. She ended up with cum all over her chin and shirt. Thinking about how her mother would look with Benjamin's cum all over her, Morgan shuddered. She stood up, lowered her skirt and panties, and pushed her ass toward her brother. *Would Mom ever lock herself in the bathroom with my brother like this?* The idea was mental wildfire. She put her sperm-soaked shirt in her mouth to keep from crying out when he entered her. The next hour was a blur of ecstatic bliss.

Chapter 13

Benjamin and Morgan didn't get caught in the bathroom, despite making some noise. When he crept out to let his sister shower, his parents' door was still closed. He went back to his room, the high from sex slowly fading. It was replaced by cold, oozing dread that sat heavily in his stomach.

For the first time since he'd found the stone, he didn't have it in his possession. It was now in the care of someone who was surely bent on his destruction. Not ideal. Not at all. He slumped onto the bed and stared at the ceiling.

When there was a knock on the door, Benjamin looked at the clock. It was late. "Yeah?" Benjamin didn't bother to get up. If his mother was going to yell at him, it didn't matter if he was standing. But instead, his father entered wearing slippers and a terrycloth robe. Benjamin sat up. "So, what's going on with her?"

Daniel told his son what he knew. Which wasn't much. His wife hadn't confided in him about the stone. When he was done, he gave Benjamin a disapproving frown. "You're going to have to clean up your own mess, Benjie. Nothing I can do." He spread his hands palms up.

"Can you get the stone while she's sleeping and give it back?" Benjamin steepled his hands.

"What did I just say? Your mother doesn't know my part in this, and it's going to stay that way." He shook a finger at his son. "I'm not putting myself in the dog house with you."

"What's she going to do?" Benjamin sighed.

"You should ask her." Daniel shrugged. "Don't give up, Benjie. Figure out a way through this. If you can fix things, you have my support still."

"Thanks, Dad." Benjamin frowned and lay back on the bed. "Goodnight."

"Night." Daniel left the room.

Benjamin eventually got himself up to shower and brush his teeth. He had an appointment in the morning that he meant to keep, stone or no stone.

~~

“Oh, you’re here, baby! I’m so excited.” Gretta pulled Jacob into her house, which wasn’t easy to do with him lugging his folded table. She had to hold her silk robe with her free hand to keep it from falling open. “It feels like it’s been forever. I’m so tight.”

“I have to warn you, Mrs. Klein, this isn’t going to be my regular massage.” Benjamin’s muscles bunched in his shoulders. He readied himself for rejection, walking into the living room.

“Oh, how so?” Gretta’s smile faded. The young man was usually so outgoing and confident, but he was now hardly making eye contact. “Go on, tell me, Benjie. What’s going on?” She pursed her lips and folded her arms.

“I don’t have the special stone. My … um … well …” Benjamin took a deep, saturnine breath. If anyone would understand, Gretta would. She had known his mother forever. “I gave my mother two massages, and it didn’t go well.” He sat on his table and told her what happened, not leaving out any details.

When he was done with the story, Gretta opened her arms. “Oh, baby, come here. That’s horrible.” When he stood, she hugged him tightly, squeezing his hard, twenty-year-old body. His penis was a soft, a heavy, squishy lump pressing against her through his pants. She’d hardly ever felt him soft. “First of all, we don’t need that stone to have a good time. Did you have the stone when we were naughty in the bathroom during my party? No, you didn’t. You even got me to climb out the window like a schoolgirl.” The thought made her cream her panties.

“Yeah, you’re right.” He squeezed her, melting into the soft pliancy of her body. “We can still have fun.”

“You bet we can.” She grasped his penis through his pants. “Oh, it’s waking up!” She shivered. “That makes me happy. I can tell we’re going to have an excellent session. I won’t be tight very much longer.” It was time, so Gretta stepped back from him, pulled open her robe, and showed him that she was wearing nothing underneath. “Tell me I’m beautiful!”

“You’re stunning, Mrs. Klein.” That was easy for Benjamin to say. It was the truth. She was wonderfully short and curvy. Her pale tits hung ponderously, topped by perfect pink nipples. The red hair between her legs matched the color on her head. Her belly protruded just a little, matching the soft, curving essence of the rest of her. Benjamin was rock hard now, his problems with his mother completely forgotten.

“God, I love how you stare at my body. Todd hasn’t looked at me that way since Clinton was president.”

“Really? I wasn’t born yet.” Benjamin laughed and quickly undressed.

“I’m old, I know.” Gretta cackled and tossed her robe aside. “Every woman my age should have a young stud like you.” She sat on the table and spread her legs.

“Even my mom?” Benjamin stood between her legs and lined up his cock with her pussy.

“Especially your mother. Ooooohhhhhh.” Gretta shuddered as he entered her, reaching around him with her legs and pulling him in. “Talk about tight … Karen needs … to loosen up. I bet … she got the stone out of her butt … using the stick that was already up there.”

“Shit … Mrs. Klein.” He snorted a laugh. “No one talks about my mom … like that.” He finished his initial slide into her, his balls resting on the edge of the table. He pulled her forward a little to give himself more room.

“I’ve … uuuggghhh … earned it.” Gretta’s gaze went glassy. “Every time … I forget how big you are … and every time … you stretch me like you want to … ooohhhhhh … change me forever. I’ve … earned this … too.”

“I *have* … changed … you.” Benjamin pulled back and slammed forward. Quickly, his hips found a rhythm. “You think … I could change … my mom?”

“Yesssss … yesssssss.” She threw her arms around him, dug her nails into his back, and hunched up against him with each thrust. “It would be … good for her. I want … Karen to be … ugh … ugh … happy. I can’t believe … I’m saying this … but I want her to open her legs for her son.”

“I … don’t know … what to do. She has the stone … and won’t even … talk to me.” He tilted her head to the side and nibbled on her ear.

“First … ugh … ugh … ugh … don’t stop … humping me.” Gretta squealed when he grabbed her ass and lifted her into the air, bouncing her on his long pole. She loved when he did that. It made her feel like his woman. He wasn’t tall, but he was very strong. “Second … ugh … ugh … I know your mother … better than almost anyone. I’ll … guide you … through … through … eeeeeeiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and screamed. Planning her friend’s happiness would have to wait. The orgasm that surged through her was all that mattered now.

Eventually, Benjamin had to put her down. He turned her around, placed her hands on the massage table, and smashed her pussy from behind. Her ripe ass rippled beautifully with each impact it absorbed. They didn’t talk much as he took her from behind, their vocalizations mostly related to grunts, cries, and wails.

“Gonna … uuugghhh … cum.” Benjamin stared at the red hand print on her alabaster ass from where he’d been slapping her.

“God … ooohhhh … God … God … baby … outside … not … eeeehhhhh … safe … outside.” Gretta was happy she still had a little self-control.

“Aaaaahhhhhhh.” Benjamin pulled out of her and sprayed her ass, back, and hair.

After a few minutes, they cleaned up, and Gretta got on the table facedown. “I feel so good, Benjie. My whole body is buzzing.” She sighed when he went to work kneading her shoulders. “Who needs the stone, right?”

“Right.” Benjamin still needed the stone. But if Gretta was any barometer of his clientele, he could go a time without it.

“I know what you’re thinking.” Gretta wiggled her hips. “Massage my butt next.”

“What am I thinking?” Benjamin worked his hands down her back.

“That you need the stone. But if it’s been in her butt, she’s already had her perspective shifted.” She moaned when he started working on her glutes. “It’s like a psychedelic drug. Once your mind opens to new possibilities, there’s no going back. If you truly want to seduce your mother, you only have to give her what she wants and wait. You no longer need the stone.”

“What does she want?” He was genuinely curious.

“She wants discipline. She wants you to say sorry.” Gretta purred as he slipped an oily finger into her butthole while massaging her cheek with his other hand. “She wants to explore the magic the stone showed her. I bet she can’t keep her hands off your father.”

“That’s true,” Benjamin said.

“She wants order in her life. She wants her son to stop seducing married women around town and make something of himself.” Gretta giggled. “She doesn’t know it yet, but she wants you to spend less time horizontal with other ladies and more time horizontal with her.”

“I can’t give her what she wants.” Benjamin frowned.

“I think you can.” She explained, in detail, what she had in mind.

~~

That afternoon, when Benjamin got home, he put his stuff away and searched for his mother. His parents’ door was locked. He put his ear up to it and heard his mother moaning. His father was out, so she was taking care of herself, it seemed. Benjamin went to grab a book and waited in the living room.

Several hours passed. His sister got home from school, kissed him on the lips, and went to her room to study. The sun started to get low outside the large living room windows. Benjamin didn't want to wait until his dad got home. It would be impossible to have a conversation with his mother then. So, he went back upstairs and knocked on her door. "Mom? Can we talk?"

"Oh … Benjie … I was … napping. Maybe … later." Karen was on the bed, naked, with her legs spread. She removed the stone from her clit.

"We need to talk." Benjamin leaned on the hallway wall. "I'm not leaving."

"Okay." Karen rolled off the bed, hid the stone, and put on sweats. When she opened the door, her son was waiting for her. "Come in, we can talk. I'm just waking up from my nap." She went into the bathroom, washed her hands, and splashed water on her face. She came back to her room to see her son sitting on the bed where she'd just been diddling herself. Her cheeks turned crimson. "So?"

"So, I'm sorry about the massage. I was just trying to give you the full experience." He looked down at his hands, his nostrils flaring. The scent of pussy was strong in the room. "I was wrong."

"The full experience? You certainly were wrong." Karen put her hands on her hips. Chastising her son was familiar territory, and she was starting to feel like herself again. "That massage was …" All sorts of words flew through her mind. She shied away from the more charged options. "… not normal. You shouldn't be doing that with clients, and certainly not your mother."

"The internet –" He started.

"Oh, you learned that from the internet?" Karen nodded. The pieces were starting to fall into place. "You can't trust anything on the internet, Benjie. I'm shocked one of the other women didn't tell you how abnormal this is."

"They all swear by it." He reminded himself not to be combative with her. "But I suppose you're right. It is wrong. I won't do it anymore. Just regular massages from here on out."

"You're going to keep going with the business?" She frowned and studied his face. *He does look contrite. Maybe this really was a misunderstanding.*

"Yeah." Benjamin nodded. "Okay, thanks for the talk. Sorry, again." He walked to the door.

"Wait, Benjie." Karen's heart was suddenly beating wildly. "You're not going to ask for the stone back?"

With a hand on the doorknob, he turned back to her. The whole room still smelled of pussy. It was so odd to have a serious talk with her while sniffing her excitement. “If I’m not going to do the special massage anymore, I don’t need it.”

“That’s good. I can see you really mean it.” Karen nodded. She had planned to keep the stone regardless, but now it was unquestionably hers. *It’s mine!* Her vagina spasmed. “Okay, get going. I’m … um … going to take another nap.”

“Sleep well.” Benjamin left the room and closed the door. A few minutes later, he heard his mother moaning. *I hope Gretta’s right about this.*

Chapter 14

It was stressful thinking about going down to dinner after she had diddled herself all day. She was sure her family was clueless about it, but she still felt like they'd judge her … like they'd see through her somehow. Karen pulled on fresh panties and jeans. *What do I care what they think?* She knew she had the discipline to stay composed and keep them in the dark. As she put on her bra, she thought about what her husband would say if he knew how she'd spent the day. He would probably think she was a pervert. And her children … their judgement was too much to think about.

As Karen pulled on a sweater, she could feel how tight her shoulders were. *Why am I so stressed?* She glanced at the nightstand where she'd hidden the stone. She walked over, pulled open the drawer, and retrieved the little black mineral. Warmth radiated down her fingers. She felt better.

There was a knock on the door. "Mom, dinner time," Morgan said through her parents' bedroom door.

"I'll be right there." Karen walked briskly to the bathroom, lowered her panties and jeans midway down her thighs, and put a dollop of massage oil on the stone. *It'll be relaxing. And I know how to get it out now.* She bent over, reached back, and pressed it against her anus. "Oh!" With a plop, it was inside her butt. Pleasure spread through her body. She really was more relaxed now. As she pulled up her panties and jeans, she saw the stoned expression on her face. With all her discipline, she made her expression go blank. She gave herself a tight smile in the mirror. "This is fine," she said to her reflection.

When she arrived downstairs, her family was already sitting at the table. Her children were so well-behaved that it reminded her of their younger years. Their backs were straight, their hands were in their laps, and they had polite smiles on their faces. This didn't seem like the twenty-year-old and eighteen-year-old versions she had come to know. Karen sat down at the table, making the stone move a little in her anus. Her eyelids fluttered, and she suppressed a yelp.

"You okay, Mom?" Morgan gave her mother a concerned look.

"Have some wine, dear." Daniel poured his wife a large glass of merlot.

"You look a little flushed, Mom." Benjamin studied his mother with a curious expression.

"I'm not feeling well today. I … uuugghhhh … took something to take the edge off." Karen gripped the table, her knuckles turning white. She realized she was closing her eyes. When she opened them, she noticed that Morgan was wearing a nice dress, and

Benjamin and her husband were wearing polo shirts. “I’m always … asking you all … to dress nicely for dinner.”

“We could tell you were having a hard day, Mom. So, we dressed up for you.” Morgan drained her water glass and pushed it toward her father. “Can I have some wine?”

“When you’re twenty-one.” Daniel refilled his wife’s wine glass.

“Oh … did I drink all that?” Karen had somehow drained her glass without noticing. “Please … let’s have a normal dinner.” They never had normal dinners, not anymore. So, she supposed she was asking for something out of the ordinary. But she sat there, pleasure radiating from her bum, listening to her family make polite small talk. Thankfully, she wasn’t included in the conversation. When her husband served dinner, she ate quickly. She was famished. She had seconds. And the only thing that prevented her from taking thirds was a slowly building orgasm. She glanced around the table. Her family had their napkins on their laps and were holding their utensils correctly. Why did an ordered family turn her on so much? She wasn’t attracted to her children.

“Are you coming down with something, Karen?” Daniel pressed his lips together in concern. “Because, if you are, I don’t think drinking that much wine is a good idea.”

“Oh.” Karen had just poured the last of the bottle into her glass and paused with the glass halfway to her lips. She stared at her husband. He was behaving too, but gazing at him didn’t have the same effect as watching her well-behaved children. Nevertheless, she knew she was supposed to be attracted to him. “I’m fine. I just …” That orgasm was moving closer. She knew her panties were soaked through. Pulsing pleasure coursed through her veins.

“Karen?” Daniel lifted his eyebrows. His wife was staring at him like a low-key lunatic. “Are you –?”

“Shut up.” Karen stood, took her husband’s hand, and pulled him upstairs. She spilled his wineglass on the table in the process, but didn’t care.

Benjamin watched his parents race toward the stairs. When they were gone, he rubbed the back of his neck and glanced at his sister. “So … she seems … different.”

“You haven’t ever left the stone with a woman before, Benjie. I guess Mom has sort of volunteered herself as an experiment.” Morgan shrugged.

“Did you …?” He thought things over. “Did you ever feel like taking the stone for yourself?”

“I mean … I’d rather have you than the stone. So … no.” A mischievous smile spread across her face. “Speaking of which, Mom and Dad are going to be busy for a while. How fun would it be to do something out in the open while they’re upstairs humping?” She

slowly slid out of her chair and under the table, her head disappearing from her brother's line of sight.

"I don't know if we …" He felt her hands on his thighs. He let her pull down his pants and underwear.

"I can't wait until she gets to see this. I'm glad we had Mrs. Klein to help us plan things." She squeezed his hardening dick with both hands. "It's going to work."

"I guess … it's just … uuggghhhhhh." Benjamin leaned back in his chair. His sister didn't have a lot of room to work under the table, so his dick was at a bit of an odd angle. He didn't care, her blowjob felt great. After a few minutes, a thumping sound came from upstairs. "Dad's really … uuuggghhhh … giving it to Mom."

"Mmmmpphhhhh … ggacckkkk … gaccckkkk," Morgan said.

"Listen … to them." Benjamin followed his own instructions. The thumping got faster and faster. After about three minutes, it ended with a few last, arhythmic thumps. "They're … done … we better finish up … too."

"Mmmppphhhh." Morgan knew massaging his balls always helped move things along. She took one in the palm of her hand and rolled it with her fingers, relishing both its weight and its hirsute qualities. When her brother erupted in her mouth, Morgan drank it down like she was her mother drinking wine.

~~

It was the late morning. Karen was alone in her bedroom, drifting between the waking world and sleep. She was exhausted and a little sore. Even with all her training, the marathon masturbation and sex session from the day before had taken it out of her.

There was a knock on the bedroom door. It dragged her fully out of sleep, but she ignored it. Rolling onto her side, she faced the nightstand and sighed. *I'm not going to use the stone today. I don't need to. It'll still be there later.*

"Mom?" Benjamin opened the door. He was naked, with water from his recent shower evaporating on his skin. He shivered and looked down at his flaccid cock. It hadn't shrunk too much, thank goodness. When Mrs. Klein had spelled out this plan, she hadn't accounted for the fact that he'd be freezing. "Mom? Are you awake? I need to borrow a towel." He wasn't quiet. This wouldn't work if she slept through it.

"Uh, Benjie. I'm trying to sleep." She sat up and looked his direction. "Just grab a towel and …" She was not prepared for how her body responded to the sight of her wet, naked

son. Her pulse took off at a gallop, thundering in her ears. A sheen of sweat broke out on her forehead. Her stomach tightened in knots. Her vagina lubricated like it thought he was Daniel. She put a hand to her mouth. *He's so lean. And his penis … even though it's soft, it's longer and thicker than any other man's. Is this really Benjie?*

"Mom, I'm freezing. Can I please borrow a towel?" Benjamin waited in the open doorway, his hips turned toward her to give her the best view possible. The plan seemed to be working, because she was speechless. She was never speechless. "Mom?"

"Why are you naked?" Karen realized she was staring at his penis and looked away. Before he could answer her, she decided talking to him wasn't a good idea. He would only stand there with his long thing on display for longer. "Just get the towel and get out of here."

"Sure." Benjamin's impulse was to rush to the warmth of the towel. He made himself walk slowly, giving his mother ample opportunities to check him out.

Before she realized it, her gaze had snapped back to her son. She watched the way his hips moved with each step, the slink to his shoulders, the wobble of his penis. When he passed her bed, she stared at his tight, muscled butt. Her eyes were big and round, and she found herself panting. "You've been … working out." She didn't mean to comment on his body, but the words were out of her mouth before she could hold them back.

"I have to be fit to work with clients, Mom." He looked over his shoulder as he went into her bathroom. He half-expected to see anger on her face. But the shock hadn't worn off. Or, if it had, it had been replaced by … He tried to identify her expression. He decided it was thirst. In the bathroom, he took the towel and started drying himself off, making sure to give her quite a show as he did.

"What are you … doing?" Karen was aghast. It was almost like he was putting on a strip show. When he dried between his legs, he pushed his soft penis and testicles forward in the most lurid way. They were so large and heavy-looking. Was there something wrong with his privates?

"Drying off." He was building some confidence as she continued to ogle him. He flashed her a grin. "My towels are in the wash. I took a shower and, I stupidly –"

"Why are you drying off here?" She pointed at him in the bathroom. The motion made her realize that she was topless, and since she was sitting up, the covers had fallen away from her breasts. Frantically, she pulled her covers up. Her mind swam, her cheeks flushed with heat. She didn't remember the last time she'd been embarrassed. "Take the towel and get out."

“Sure, Mom.” Benjamin didn’t wrap himself even though he wasn’t completely dry. He walked back across his parents’ bedroom holding the towel in one hand. He gave his mother a mock salute on the way out.

Karen watched his tight butt leave. The second the door was closed, she dove for the nightstand, pulled out the stone from its hiding place, and headed for the bathroom. She didn’t make it. She was too overwhelmed. Instead of hiding behind the privacy of the bathroom door, she leaned her back against her bedroom wall, spread her legs, and lubricated the stone by rubbing it between her vaginal lips. In no time at all, she was rubbing her clitoris with the little black stone. Her hips spasmed as her first orgasm of the day rocketed toward her. “Why … uuugghhhh … why … did seeing … Benjie … make me … uuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhh …?” She had to bite her lip to keep from crying out. The back of her head thumped against the wall, her eyes rolled back, and her orgasm was upon her.

Chapter 15

After the second day in a row of nearly continuous masturbation, Karen managed to pull her hands away from her vagina and her body away from her bed. She put the stone in the bathroom, under the sink, so she'd be less likely to use it. She hadn't eaten yet that day, and found she was thirsty. She turned on the sink, bent forward, and drank from the tap. When she turned off the sink, she felt a little better. In a daze, she looked around the bathroom. She realized she was standing in the same spot where Benjamin had dried himself that morning.

Did that really happen? I must have dreamed it. Thinking about that memory, or dream, made her want to pull the stone out from under the sink. But she steeled her nerve and stumbled out of the bathroom to get dressed. Her stomach grumbled on the way downstairs. She found her son playing a game on his phone in the kitchen. "Don't just sit around being lazy. Take the trash out, Benjie." She wagged a finger at him as she walked to the fridge to fix herself some lunch.

"Sure, Mom." Benjamin slipped his phone back in his pocket, tied up the trash bag, and carried it out the back door. He walked around the house and tossed the bag into the bin. He jumped when he heard a voice.

"Hi, Benjie. It's me … Mia Sommar." Mia tried to act natural, but that was difficult when she'd been hiding in the bushes for hours.

"Oh … hello … Mrs. Sommar." Benjamin looked her up and down. She had leaves in her messy, unbrushed hair. Her clothes were stained. She'd buttoned her blouse with the wrong buttonholes. Her skin was paler than usual. Her nail polish was flaking off. She wore mismatched shoes. "Are you okay?" Benjamin gave her a quizzical look.

"Actually … I've … um … had some setbacks recently. But if I could get a massage from you, I'm sure I could turn things around." She gave him her most winning smile.

"Oh." Benjamin recoiled a little at the frenzy contained in her grin. "I told you. I can't give you massages any more. Sorry."

"Well, maybe I could just borrow your massage stone for a day or two?" She walked toward him seductively. "Maybe I could have my husband use it to … relax me."

"Sorry, I don't have the stone right now." Benjamin shrugged.

"No." Her face fell. She continued toward him, making him retreat. When his butt hit the trash bin, she had him cornered. She reached down and grabbed his penis through his pants. "Maybe you could give me this for a few minutes? Invite me inside, and I'll make it worth your while."

“My mom’s home. Sorry.” Benjamin shook his head. The once prim, but now creepy, housewife massaged his cock through his pants. His dick lurched at her touch.

“I guess we’ll have to do it outside then.” She squatted in front of him and quickly dropped his pants and underwear. Her maniacal grin widened when she saw his penis standing at half-mast. “I’ve missed this!” She pumped him with both hands. “I can’t believe you’re making me take care of this on the side of your house like some common hoe.”

“I didn’t … aaaaahhhhhhhhh …” Benjie gave in the second the woman’s lips enveloped his cockhead.

“Mmmpphhhhhhh …” She had only done this for him a few times before. She had liked it then, but she had been mainly interested in what he could do *to* her. Now, blowing this twenty-year-old in the alley next to his house was the most exciting thing imaginable. She could feel her vagina gushing. What made it even more thrilling was knowing that she was getting him ready to be inside her again. She trembled at the thought. “Gaacckk … ggacckkkk … gggaccckkkk.” She hadn’t ever tried to gag on a penis before. That’s how wonderful the moment was. He was fully hard in her mouth.

“Whoa … Mrs. Sommar … don’t hurt yourself.” It looked to Benjamin like the poor woman had been taken over by some sort of sex virus. He tried to run his hands through her hair, but his fingers got caught in tangles.

Mia pulled away from his penis with a sucking, plopping sound. “Inside me.” She stood, lifted her skirt, lowered her panties, and put her hands on the trash bin. She wiggled her butt at him. “Come on. Put it in. I’m ready for you,” she squealed.

Benjamin bit his bottom lip. He looked at her pale, inviting ass. He glanced around. They were well hidden in this spot, both from the street and from any windows in the house his mother might peer out of. He wondered if his mother would notice how long he’d been taking out the trash for. He made up his mind. “I thought you were a nice lady, Mrs. Sommar. But maybe you are a hoe. A trash hoe.” He moved behind her and slapped her ass with his heavy cock.

“Ooohhhhh … no one has ever said those things to me. I … aaaaaahhhhhhhh …” Mia’s eyes crossed, and her mouth gaped, when he entered her vagina. “It’s so … good. Soooooo … gooooooood … ugh … ugh … ugh. I’m … a … trash … hoe.” She braced herself against the trash can. He was already slamming into her hard. “Stretch out … your hoe … Benjie!”

“Not so … ugh … ugh … loud. You want to get … caught?” He reached around her and clasped a hand over her mouth. They rutted in relative quiet for a while. The noise of slapping skin, her muffled wails, and his soft grunts weren’t enough to alert his mother or the neighbors. “I missed … this pussy … I wish I didn’t have to give it … up.”

“Mmmppphhhhh,” she said into his hand.

“Maybe … ugh … ugh … you can be my … trash hoe … again sometime?” He thought from the way her body went rigid that those words might have sent her into an orgasm. His hips didn’t slow down. He wasn’t sure how long he kept humping her for, but he thought she had maybe three or four more orgasms.

Mia’s eyes rolled back again. The sex was even better than she remembered. Maybe absence had made her vagina grow fonder.

“I’m … going to pull out … now … ready to … cum.” His hips were losing rhythm.

Mia’s eyes shot wide. She pried a couple of his fingers off her mouth. “N … n … no … Benjie … I want to feel it … inside.”

“You never … let me …” But he was too far gone to continue that thought. He let nature take its course and exploded deep inside her.

“Nnnnnggggggggggg.” Mia bit his finger to keep from screaming. The heat of his stuff flooded her womb. The best orgasm of the session hit her full force. When she recovered, she was still leaning on the trash bin, but her pussy was empty. Wave after wave of post-orgasmic bliss washed over her. “Thank you … thank you … thank you.”

“Yeah … you’re welcome.” Benjamin tucked his cock away and zipped up his pants. “But maybe … don’t stalk me anymore. I’ll text you if we can meet up. But it has to be a secret.”

“I … understand.” She shivered as she felt his cum dribble down the inside of her thighs.

“Okay, I gotta go.” He turned and went back inside, leaving her with her hands on the trash bin, and her butt still out in the open air. When he got back into the kitchen, he couldn’t find his mother. She had left a mess of plates and condiments on the counter. He cleaned up after her, went upstairs, and pressed his ear to her bedroom door. She was clearly masturbating again. He pulled out his phone and went back to gaming, waiting for his sister to get home. He wanted to tell her all about his new trash hoe.

~~

“And she let you cum inside her?” Morgan adjusted her glasses, staring at her brother with wide eyes. The siblings were in her room. Their parents were having sex down the hall in their bedroom. It was late, and Morgan was supposed to be asleep. But with her parents busy, there was no one to enforce bedtime on the eighteen-year-old. “You called her a ‘trash hoe’? Like really? Mrs. Mia Sommar, the PTA mom with the sterling

reputation hardly seems the type." Morgan stretched out on the bed. She was wearing panties and a flannel shirt that had a smear of cum on the breast.

"She wasn't like this before. But since I had to stop massaging her, she's kind of gone crazy." Benjamin sat on the floor, leaning his back against the wall. He was still sweaty from sex, although his cock had gone to sleep. The heavy thing rested on his thigh, slowly leaking the last of his cum that hadn't been ejected into his sister's mouth.

Morgan rubbed her chin. "That's interesting. I wonder if she's going through withdrawal or something?"

"Seems like it." He nodded.

"Well, you better not disappear on me, big brother. I don't want to become a fiend like her." Morgan's laugh had a nervous edge to it. "Also, you should get dressed. We don't know how long they'll be busy."

"It's cool." He was too relaxed to get up and put on clothes.

"No seriously. I have to brush my teeth and get to bed. I have a test tomorrow." She frowned down at his penis. "Although I'm tempted to …" She shook her head. "No, you need to go, Benjie."

"Before I go, do you want to hear about my next move with Mom?" He hoped to delay the inevitable, but Benjamin could see his sister wanted him out. "Never mind." Slowly he rose to his feet and stretched. "I'll tell you about it tomorrow. It involves –"

"Your news about Mrs. Sommar gave me an idea." She held up a finger to silence him. "We should hide the stone from Mom. What if *she* goes through withdrawal?" Morgan's eyes lit up.

"Oh … shit." Benjamin smiled. "She's with the stone all the time though, how would we …?"

"She must hide it somewhere in her room or bathroom. We could sneak in there in the middle of the night … actually … I have an idea." Morgan laughed. "I guess I'm not going to be getting a good night's sleep after all." She told him her plan, they went about their normal bedtime, and set their alarms for the middle of the night.

~~

Benjamin stood in the dark hall at one in the morning. In his hand, was the towel he had borrowed from his mother earlier. He was naked and shivering. He saw the shadow of his sister slip out of her room and move toward him. Even in the gloom, he could see she

was wearing clothes. According to Morgan's plan, she would search areas far away from their parents' bed, while he searched around the bed. If she woke, he would distract her with his long, dangling cock and tell her that he was returning the towel. He wondered if he'd get away with it. Normally, he would say not a chance. But these weren't normal times. He hoped she wouldn't wake up.

"You look hot." Morgan stopped next to him and ran her fingers over his six-pack.

"You can't see me," he hissed.

"You feel hot, Benjie. Super sexy." She had a joking lilt to her voice. "Mom's going to think she's having a wet dream."

"You really boost my confidence." Benjamin couldn't help but smile. "Let's get this done."

"Roger that, captain." She gave him a salute, kissed his cheek, and patted his butt. As quietly as possible, she turned the knob on their parents' door. The siblings sneaked in, hoping it wouldn't take too long to find the stone.

Chapter 16

Karen had a strange dream that her son was in her room at night. Her head never left the pillow as she watched him return a towel to the bathroom, then prance around naked in the gloom. His long, heavy penis swayed between his legs. As soon as that dream ended, she dreamed of a forest made up of giant erections. They were all so girthy. In dream logic, she was worried she couldn't see the forest for the penises. She woke in the morning with a soaking vagina.

It was late, her husband was already up. She threw on a robe to see if he was maybe off to work already. She hustled downstairs to find her son eating cereal. She pulled her robe tighter. "Your father and sister?"

"Work and school." Benjamin smiled at her. "You look pretty." She had wild hair and was still blinking in the bright light. She reminded him of his favorite trash hoe.

"I look terrible. Don't lie." She was torn between getting coffee and rushing back upstairs to be with her stone. "Are you heading out?" She uttered the words as casually as possible.

"Yep, I have a massage in forty-five minutes." He nodded.

"You better get going." Karen grabbed a mug and poured herself some coffee. She could wait to have the house to herself. It was safer that way. With gritted teeth, she watched him slowly put himself together and leave the house with his massage table. When he was finally gone, she raced upstairs.

"Where is it?" She could have sworn she'd left the stone hidden in the bathroom. But she couldn't find it. She ended up tearing her bedroom and bathroom apart looking for it. With clothes, pillows, and blankets spread across the floor, she sat on her stripped mattress and panted. "Daniel!" Had her husband tossed the stone out? She shouldn't have included it in their sex the night before. Now he knew about it. She put her face in her hands.

"Benjie!" The dream from the night before flashed before her eyes. What if it wasn't a dream? If he'd been in her room in the dead of night, he had to have been stealing the stone. Still in her robe, she marched to his room and began her search. When she was finished, the place was a mess, but there was no stone. Next, just to be sure, she moved down the hall to her daughter's room and tossed the place. By lunch time, the top floor looked like a tornado had hit it. But Karen was without the strange black and red mineral.

Frustrated, she put on a sweater and jeans. Descending to the ground floor, she headed to the kitchen. She was going to get some lunch, but then thought that whoever had

taken it might not hide it in their room. A while later, the main floor looked just as deconstructed as the upper floor. But still no rock. She sat in the kitchen, trying to cool her boiling blood, and waited.

~~

When Benjamin got home, he lugged his table and massage bag with him. He stopped in the entryway, peering into the living room. It looked like they'd been burgled. "Mom … are you okay?"

Seething, Karen stepped out of the kitchen. "What did you do with it?"

Uh oh. Benjamin had expected her to be upset, but didn't anticipate her tossing the house. Well, the plan hinged on his innocence, so he smiled. "Do with what?"

Karen trembled with rage. "You stole my stone. And I want it back." She took a threatening step toward her son. "Where is it?"

"Um …" He froze. She hadn't spanked him, or otherwise been physical, in over a decade. He hadn't thought she would resort to violence. But she sure looked like she might. "I don't have it."

"Your bag," she growled. She rushed over, took his massage bag from him, and dumped the contents onto the floor. Dropping to her knees, she sifted through the oil bottles and towels. "Where is it? Where is it? It's not here. Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!"

"It's okay, Mom. Maybe I can help you look for it." Whatever Benjamin had been expecting, it hadn't been this.

"Liar!" Karen looked up at her son. Without thinking, she launched herself at him. Her training kicked in. She went for an arm bar, pinning him to the floor. "Your pockets … your pockets." She patted him down, but found only his wallet, keys, and phone.

"Mom … you're hurting me …" He was strong, but his mother had surprise and leverage working for her. He couldn't lift his face off the cool hardwood. "What are you doing?" He felt her rubbing the back of his thigh.

"I'm … I'm …" She was rubbing the crotch of her jeans on his leg. It felt wonderful, humiliating, and frustrating. She needed more. She needed her stone. "I'm … sorry." She released him and ran upstairs.

Bewildered, Benjamin looked up, watching his mother's round, jean-clad ass disappear around the corner. He heard her feet thump up the stairs, followed by her bedroom door slamming. Slowly, he stood and thought about what had happened. Morgan would

know what to do. Until then, he decided it was best to clean up the mess she'd made. He went room to room, putting things back in order after the whirlwind that had been his mother had taken apart most of the house.

In her room, Karen tried masturbating. She was naked, on her back, lying on the bed. But she couldn't reach the highs she had before. It was beyond frustrating. She didn't even orgasm. Eventually, with tears in her eyes, she pulled herself out of bed to take a cold shower. She tried touching herself under the water, but didn't have any more luck.

~~

"She doesn't want to come down for dinner." Daniel found his children already sitting at a table set for four. "What did you do?" He looked right at Benjamin and sat down.

Morgan and Benjamin exchanged a look.

"Well, I –" Benjamin began.

"We." Morgan interrupted him. She lowered her voice and told their father what had happened.

"You shouldn't have done that without telling me." Daniel frowned. "She rubbed herself on you?"

Benjamin nodded.

"Okay, proceed as planned. But if she starts to direct her ire at me, you're giving her the stone back. Got it?" Daniel looked back and forth between the two of them. He glanced at the ceiling, but there was no movement above. The last he'd seen of his wife, she was lying in bed. He was sure she was napping now. "And call that trash hoe. I want to hear more about her."

"Yes, sir." Benjamin saluted.

Morgan squeezed her brother's penis under the table. She wanted to hear more about Mrs. Sommar, too.

~~

"I'm so happy that you wanted to meet." Mia stepped out of her minivan and closed the door. She looked around the convenience store parking lot. "What are we doing here?"

Benjamin smiled. It was about ten in the morning. He was leaning on the hood of his car, giving her an appraising once-over. She looked more put together than last time. She had brushed her hair and reapplied nail polish. She still looked frenzied about the eyes however.

“Well, what’s happening? I called in sick at work. Are we going someplace?” Mia gave her lips a nervous lick.

“I have a surprise for you.” Benjamin reached into his pocket and held up the stone for her to see.

“Oh … my …” Her body was wracked by shivers, her vagina clenching. She held onto her dress with both hands, twisting the fabric with her fingers. “We can’t go back to my house right now. A hotel?”

“Here, put it in your pussy.” He handed her the stone.

“What … here?” Her voice was a low hiss. The occasional car passed on the road, and she could see the teller and a customer through the glass inside the store.

“I’m sure you’re wet enough.” Benjamin laughed. This had been his sister’s idea. She was very naughty when she wanted to be. “If you slip it in now, no one will notice.”

The warmth spreading up her arm gave Mia confidence. With wide eyes, she made sure no one was looking at her. Then, she quickly lifted her dress, pulled her panties to the side, and shoved the oval thing inside her. “Uuuuuuggghhhhh.” Her eyes rolled. It felt so good that she almost forgot to lower her dress. “Now … can we go … to a hotel?” She reached out and put a hand on his shoulder to steady herself. Her left eyelid was fluttering.

“You’re my trash hoe, why would we go to a hotel?” He took her hand and pulled her toward the side of the convenience store.

“No one has ever talked to me like that before.” Mia’s coordination was hampered by pleasure. She wobbled in her heels. “Slow down … I don’t want to break an ankle.” She was happy when the pace slowed. She let him lead her around back. They found themselves in a private alley, abutting the backs of several stores. She wrinkled her nose at the smell from a nearby dumpster. “We aren’t going to –”

“Put your hands on the dumpster.” Benjamin pulled a bottle of oil out of his pocket. He lowered his pants and underwear, slathering his hard dick with the oil.

“Oh … no … we are.” The sight of his dick, and the spreading pleasure from her vagina, overcame her misgivings. She turned around, put her hands on the dirty metal of the dumpster, and lifted her dress past her waist. “Go easy, I haven’t had it back there in some time.” Before her massages, she had never given a man her butt. But since

Benjamin had been back there, she had tried it with her husband to disappointing results.

“Tell me you want it up the butt.” He stood behind her, pulled her panties to the side, and gazed at her cute, little butthole. It seemed unlikely that something the size of his cockhead could fit in there, but he knew from experience that it would.

“Oh … golly-gee … Benjie.” She tensed, getting ready for the invasion. Her vagina spasmed around the stone. “Your trash hoe wants your penis up her butt … please.” Her cheeks flushed with humiliation and arousal. “Ggggghhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes bulged and her mouth hung open as the twenty-year-old stretched her butthole. “Uuuuuuuggghhhh … I’ll be … your … trash hoe … Benjie. As long … as I get … this.” She remembered how shy and nervous she’d been during her first massage. It boggled her mind how quickly her life had changed.

“I might … need your help … ugh … ugh … with my mom.” Benjamin took hold of her hips, slamming into her. He watched her backside ripple and shake. “Would you … help me?”

“She … ugh … ugh … doesn’t like me … she doesn’t … ooohhhhhhh.” Mia’s eyes rolled back. The penis in her ass and the stone in her vagina rocketed her to new orgasmic heights. “Nnnnnnggggggggggg … nnnooonnnggggggg.”

Benjamin chuckled at the odd noises she made as she came on his dick. He looked around the alley. It was nicely secluded. He didn’t think they’d be interrupted unless someone needed to take the trash out. He was right. He fucked her for twenty more minutes without interruption. When he was ready, he unloaded deep in her ass. Satisfied, he withdrew with a loud slurping sound.

“Wow … wow … wow …” Shaking, Mia leaned on the dumpster, her cheek pressed to the cold metal.

“You can keep the stone for a day, but I want it back tomorrow.” Benjamin pulled up his pants.

“Thank you … thank you … thank you …” She felt him slide her panties back into place and slip her dress back down over her rump.

“Come on, let’s get you to your car.” He put his arm around her waist and helped her back to the parking lot. He left her sitting behind the wheel of her minivan, looking dazed, and no doubt dripping on the seat. Now, it was time to go home and face his mother.

Chapter 17

"You stink." Karen waved a hand in front of her nose. Wearing her yoga pants and sport top, she slung her gym bag over her shoulder. She eyed her son closely. "What have you been up to?"

"I went out for a jog." Benjamin supposed that would explain the smell.

"In those clothes?" Karen shook her head. "Don't answer that. I don't care. I need to burn off some energy at the gym. If the stone were to make its way back into my room when I was gone, that would be acceptable."

"I don't have it. And it's my stone anyway. You should apologize for losing it." He knew he was pushing it, but his mother was far enough off her game that he wasn't as frightened of her as he'd normally be.

"You forfeited it to me when you put it in my … in my …" Her cheeks heated, but she didn't know if it was from anger or shame. "I only want the stone to keep it safe. I'm going to the gym." In a huff, she turned on her heel and headed out to her car.

~~

Karen worked up a good sweat on the treadmill, keeping her eye out for Mia Sommar. She really wanted to grill that woman. As she scanned around her, she saw men checking her out. Normally, that pissed her off. But today, she found pleasure in getting their attention. That response unsettled her. *What's happening to me?*

As she jogged, she bounced a little more than she normally would, making her boobs hop in unison inside her sport top. *How many of these men have erections looking at me? Are any of them as big as Benjamin?* She shook her head, trying to dispel the intrusive thoughts.

At the end of her workout, Karen got off the treadmill. Knowing those roving male eyes would be on her butt, she rolled her hips as she headed back to the locker room. Until that moment, she had never once thought about violating her marital vows. But now, she wondered if she found a man with a large thing, would she take him somewhere clandestine and see if he could make her feel like she had the day before. *No … never.* She winced at her thoughts. *That stone is worse than a drug. I should never have taken it.*

After a shower in the locker room, she changed into a sweater and jeans. Karen left the gym. She didn't head home. She found herself pulling up outside Mia Sommar's house. Quickly, she was out of the car, up the walkway, and banging on the Sommars' door. "Mrs. Sommar! Mrs. Sommar! Open up!"

Mia was in her room masturbating, remembering the dirty, trash sodomy she'd performed with Benjamin not that long before. She'd taken a shower after getting home. Afterward, she'd moved the stone from her vagina to her ass. It was still nestled there. She heard someone banging on the door and planned to ignore it. But the person wouldn't stop. So, she quickly washed her face and hands, threw on a bathrobe, and walked downstairs. As she got closer, she could hear a woman shouting. She knew who it was and cringed. But the warm pleasure cascading from the stone gave her courage. She opened the door, her eyes wide. "Mrs. Katzenhund?"

"I … I …" Karen didn't know how to start the interrogation. "She straightened her sweater. "May I come in?"

Mia shook her head slowly.

"Oh … I see." Karen sniffed the air. *Do I smell sex?* "Is your husband home?"

"He's working in his home office," Mia lied. "I have to go."

"Not so fast." Karen put her hand on the door. "I know about the stone."

Mia's stomach dropped. She thought she might pass out. *Did this woman know the stone was in her ass right now? Did she know that her son's penis had been in the same place hours ago?* "I … um … I …"

"If you don't want me to march into your house and tell your husband what you've been up to, you better tell me what's going on with you and Benjie." Karen put her fists on her hips. "Did he seduce you, or did you seduce him?"

"I …" Mia tried to think. The pulsing stone in her ass wasn't helping. *What did Benjie want me to say to her?* "We … we had an affair."

"Yes, I know!" Karen pointed an accusing finger at the woman.

"Okay, okay. I seduced him. My marriage was stale." Mia was lying. She loved her husband, and had thought she was satisfied with their sex life right up until her first massage. "Your son is handsome, and well-equipped, and I've never known pleasure like that before. I couldn't help myself." Now she was telling the truth. It seemed to be pouring out of her. "I can't get enough of him. He's so big and … perfect."

Karen's eyebrows lifted in shock. She gathered her wits. "So … you're still sleeping with him? Did he take my stone?"

“I … he broke it off. I don’t know about your stone.” A wave of pleasure rushed through Mia. Her eyelids fluttered, and she had to lean on the door. “I’m … home sick today. I have to go.” Before Karen could ask any more questions, Mia closed and locked the door. She staggered back upstairs, shuffled out of the robe, and jumped onto her bed. She had more than an hour until she had to pick up the kids from practice. Her fingers were already in her vagina.

Karen stood looking at the front door for a while. Something was going on with that woman beyond the fact that she was clearly a slut. Confused and frustrated, Karen went back to her car and drove home. She tried very hard to get her son’s penis out of her mind. She played Mia’s words over and over in her mind. ‘Your son is handsome, and well-equipped, and I’ve never known pleasure like that before.’

~~

On the drive home, Karen became more certain that her son had disobeyed her and continued his affair with Mia Sommar. The next question was what was she going to do about it? She glanced at the clock. Morgan went to a friend’s house after school. Daniel wouldn’t be home for hours. She would have time to give her son a proper interrogation.

When she arrived home, she tossed her gym bag on the kitchen floor and went searching. She found her son sitting on his bed reading. Karen put her hands on her hips, glowering from the doorway. “You’re still seeing that slut, Mrs. Sommar, aren’t you?”

“What?” Benjamin put down his book. While she had been gone, he had showered and changed into shorts and a t-shirt. “I told you that was over.”

“Did you return the stone to my room?” Her frown deepened.

“I don’t have it.” He shrugged.

“I am so sick of your lies. I have half a mind to kick you out of this house.” She took a couple threatening steps into the room. Frustration welled inside her. She ground her teeth.

“Dad won’t let you.” Benjamin grimaced. That was such a childish thing to say.

“Stand up. Take off your clothes. I’m going to give you an inspection.” Karen pointed an angry finger at him. “Then, I’ll determine your punishment.” Her nerves buzzed with stifled energy.

“Take off my clothes?” If this had happened before her last deployment, Benjamin would have been outraged. But now he had to feign being offended. “A naked inspection?” He stood and stared her down.

“I need to see what you’re hiding. Take off your clothes now!” Karen stomped her foot.

“Yes, ma’am.” Benjamin pulled off his shirt, he stepped out of his shorts, and hesitated with his boxer-briefs.

“Everything.” Karen stared at the bulge in his underwear, her eyes greedy.

“Mom … I …” Slowly, he lowered his underwear.

“Your socks, too.” She slowly circled around him as he removed his socks, taking in his muscular body from all angles. Mia’s words reverberated in her mind: ‘Your son is handsome, and well-equipped, and I’ve never known pleasure like that before.’

“What are you looking for?” He stood with his hands by his sides, waiting.

“Evidence that you’re continuing the affair.” Karen stopped in front of him and bent at the waist to get a good look at his penis. “This is what she wants so badly?”

“I don’t know … I …” Benjamin’s voice trailed off. *Is this it? Am I going to have an awesome story to tell Morgan when she gets home?*

“Pull back your foreskin. I want to see it.” Karen watched him comply. “The head is red. It looks like you’ve been having sex.”

“It’s always like that.” Benjamin shuddered with pleasure, his fingers gently rubbing the sensitive skin under his foreskin.

“Gosh!” She jumped back away from the penis. “It’s getting larger.”

“I can’t help it.” Benjamin removed his hand from his dick and stood before her. His cock slowly rose like it was having a groggy morning.

Karen cleared her throat. *He really does have a magnificent tool. I can see why Mrs. Sommar likes it.* A wave of heat hit her. She fanned her face with her hands. “If you’re getting an erection with your mother around, something is very wrong.” A sudden thought occurred to her. She remembered how good the stone had felt in her bum. “Are you hiding it in …?” She shook her head. “Stay right where you are, I’ll be right back.”

“Mom?” He watched her storm out of the room. He had been expecting her to try something, but nothing this weird. He only hoped it wouldn’t get weirder. He stood patiently in the middle of his room, hands by his sides, erection pointing at the open door. When his mother returned, things got weirder. She was carrying a bottle of avocado oil. “You can’t possibly.”

“You stuck it in my hole, it makes sense you would hide it in yours.” Karen pulled up the sleeve of her sweater, opened the bottle of oil, and dribbled some in her hand. “Turn around.”

“Mom … no …” Benjamin slowly turned. Morgan had said to go along with anything his mother wanted if it had a perverted edge to it. This certainly applied. “It’s not in my … uuuugghhhh …” One of the women he massaged liked to put a finger in his butt while blowing him. Other than that, he hadn’t ever had a woman put her finger back there. He tried not to tense up as his mother explored his asshole.

“Remember doing this to me?” Karen whispered. “I remember. I remember how it felt.” She wiggled her finger in his butt. Without thinking, she reached around him and grasped his penis. “It’s so big,” she hissed.

“Mom …” He didn’t know what else to say. *At least she isn’t spanking me. Or maybe that’s coming later.* Pleasure surged through his nerves as she tentatively stroked up and down his shaft.

“You don’t have the stone in there.” She pulled her finger out of his butt. “But maybe … maybe …” She strokes faster, feeling the solid weight of his penis, paying attention to the shape of its head and the ridges of his veins. “No!” Violently, she pushed him away. “What am I doing?”

“I don’t know.” That was the truth. Benjamin turned to face his mother.

“Something’s wrong … something’s really wrong. I just need the stone back.” She steepled her hands. “You don’t have it, do you?”

“No.” He shook his head.

“Damn you!” Karen slapped her son on the cheek. Shocked by her own sudden violence, she looked at her hand like it had betrayed her. It was still shiny with oil. “I … I … I have to go.” She turned and raced from his room.

“Huh.” Benjamin walked over to his door, closed it, and went to his desk. *I should wait for Morgan.* But he wasn’t going to. She had really worked him up, and he needed to cum. In no time at all, he was fapping, thinking about the strange reach-around he’d just experienced.

Chapter 18

Karen straightened her sweater and wiped her clammy palms on her jeans. She hesitated in the hall outside her son's room, gathered her courage like she had on countless other difficult situations in life, and opened his door. "Benjie, I want to talk to you about what happened earlier. Your father can't know that …" Her eyes grew round, and her hand went to her mouth. She'd never seen a man masturbating before. "What are you …?"

"You need to knock, Mom." Benjamin let go of his dick and swiveled away from the silent porn on his monitor.

"Stand up and get ready to be punished." Karen stepped into his room and tried to ground herself. She couldn't remember why she'd come to her son's room in the first place. She closed the door behind her.

"I'm not allowed to fap now?" He stood up. His shorts and underwear were around his ankles, so he stepped out of them. He pulled off his t-shirt and hung his arms by his sides.

"Fap?" Karen blinked, staring at the massive erection. She could see it nodding ever so slightly with his pulse. A shiver ran down her spine.

"That's another word for masturbating." Benjamin shrugged. "What's my punishment going to be?"

"Um …" Karen saw the bottle of avocado oil she'd left on the floor when she'd used it to fish around in her son's butt. She shivered again. *Did I really do that?* An idea came to her. "You need to see if I accidentally left the stone inside me. That's your punishment." In a series of frenetic movements, she pulled off her jeans and panties, tossing them carelessly behind her.

"Okay." He was working hard not to smirk. "Where did you leave it last?"

"I didn't … I mean …" She stood before her son. She was aware of his eyes on her bare legs. She pulled the hem of her sweater down to help cover her pubic hair. "I didn't put it anywhere … bad."

"Then where am I supposed to look?" Benjamin put a hand over his mouth so she wouldn't see his grin. *Morgan's not going to believe this.*

"Just in case it accidentally ended up in my … *vagina."* Karen lowered her voice to a whisper on the last word. Feeling like an insane person, she walked over to his bed, sat down, and spread her legs. "Look for it in there."

“Yes, ma’am.” Benjamin saluted, went to his knees on the floor in front of her, and ran a finger up and down her slit. “You must have known I was going to do a search because you already lubricated down here.”

“Yes … I did.” She pressed her lips together, not wanting to feel pleasure at his touch while still burning for it. “I thought ahead.” *Does he know that he’s touching my wetness? Is he playing with me?* The answer didn’t matter to her. She wanted him to explore her vagina, and she was willing to bear humiliation to get there. “Just do it.”

“Little stone. Are you in there?” Benjamin slid two fingers into her pussy, moving them in different directions, getting a feel for where he’d come from. He ran his fingertips along the ridges on her vaginal walls, making her tremble. “Little stone, I’m looking for you.” He wiggled his fingers. “Come here, little stone.”

“Stop being ridiculous. You can’t … uuuggghhhh … what are you …?” Her eyes went wide when he started playing with a spot on the roof of her vagina. “What is …?” Karen’s left eyelid fluttered as her face twisted. She arched her back. Ecstasy surged through her. She didn’t know how he was doing it without the stone. “Benjie … I’m going to … eeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her scream reverberated around the room.

Benjamin removed his fingers and let her squirt. The hot liquid launched out of his mother’s pussy, splashing him on the chest, the shoulder, and then spraying past him onto the floor. He laughed at the beauty of it. Her long, high-pitched scream continued. This was better than fapping. *Speaking of which.* He massaged his dick with his left hand, while he reinserted two fingers from his other hand into her pussy. She hunched up her hips against the intrusion. With the orgasm depleted, her scream died down.

“Benjie … Benjie … I needed … that …” Slowly, she opened her eyes and saw her son’s intense gaze. “I mean … I didn’t … did you find the stone?”

“Not yet.” He massaged the floor of her pussy.

“Um … why are you … so wet?” Karen was confused. She felt like maybe she should close her legs, but she left them wide open for his access.

“You squirted, Mom.” He was feeling bold, so he leaned over and gave the inside of her thigh a quick kiss.

“I … what?” Her brain felt broken. Pleasure continued to move from his fingers through her body. Her gaze fell, and she was in for another shock. “Oh … gosh … are you … masturbating?”

“Yep.” He continued to stroke his dick. “Do you mind?”

“Yesssss.” Karen nodded. “But you don’t have to … stop. This is what men … do with it?”

“I mean, most men don’t have dicks like this, but roughly … yeah.” Benjamin lifted his thumb up to her button and rubbed.

“Ooooohhhhhhhh. What are we … uuuggghhhh … doing?” Karen fruitlessly tried to keep her hips from rotating with his touch.

“I’m looking for that stone.” He moved his thumb on her clit faster. He thought she was probably far enough gone to have sex with him. But he knew there would be hell to pay after, so he focused on pleasuring her with his hands. And maybe he’d add his tongue to the mix in a few minutes.

“I don’t … think that … you …?” Karen’s eyes rolled back. Her mind floated away in a fog of pure bliss. “Ooooohhhhhhhhh.” She was confused and humiliated. But more than that, she was ecstatic. She would let her son search for the stone all afternoon if he wanted to. When her mind finally returned to her, she was horrified to look down and see that her son’s mouth was on her vagina: a place it should never be. “Wait … don’t … ooooohhhhhhhhhh.”

“Mmmmm?” He looked up at her, removed his mouth for a moment, and gave her a glistening smile. “Just relax, Mom. Even if I can’t find the stone, you don’t need it, do you? You can feel good without it.”

“I … don’t need …” She tried to gather herself, but lost her mooring when he sucked her clitoris into his mouth. “Benjie … we shouldn’t …” Despite her words, she cupped the back of his head and pressed his mouth to her vagina. “Benjie … Benjie … Benjie … I’m going to …” She climaxed. From that moment on, Karen was hazy on the details. She remembered having a series of orgasms on her son’s tongue. Finally, she pushed him away and staggered out of his room, leaving her panties and jeans behind. Shock and a post-orgasmic buzz slowed her mind to a halt. She showered and tried to understand what had happened. It was too much, so without even drying her hair, she dropped onto the bed and fell asleep.

~~

“Well, she’s up there all right. She’s naked, lying on her belly, passed out on top of the covers.” Daniel had just checked in on his wife and was now back in the kitchen with his son and daughter. “She really let you … do that to her?” He raised his eyebrows at his son.

“Yeah, our terrifying mother spread her legs for you without the stone or anything?” Morgan adjusted her glasses and carefully studied her brother’s face.

“I mean, she did say ‘we shouldn’t do this’ and that sort of thing, all while pulling my head practically into her pussy.” Benjamin laughed. He laughed harder at his family’s wide eyes. “She actually asked me to look for the stone inside her. Here’s how it went down.” He told them everything.

“It’s working.” Morgan stared at her brother in awe.

“I’m going to go spend some time with your mother.” Daniel turned and practically ran upstairs.

The siblings giggled when they heard thumping from their parents’ bedroom a few minutes later.

“When are you going to have sex with her?” Morgan licked her lips.

“We’ll see.” Benjamin smiled. “When am I going to have sex with you?” He quickly undressed.

“After you eat me out. I want the tongue that was on Mom’s pussy on mine.” Morgan removed her dress and lowered her panties. With only her bra on, she sat on the kitchen counter and spread her legs.

“Yes, ma’am.” Benjamin saluted her, dropped to his knees, and lapped at his sister’s pussy.

“Oooohhhh … do I taste … just like Mom?” She crossed her feet behind her brother’s back. Her focus was on Benjamin, but she was also listening to the humping upstairs increase in pace.

“Mmmmm.” Benjamin removed his mouth from her pussy and winked. “You’re both tangy and salty. Maybe you’re saltier than her.”

“Oh, I love it!” Morgan shivered. “Just hearing that … I’m already … about to cum.” She placed her hand on the back of her brother’s head, just like her mother had done, and pressed his lips to her pussy. “Eeeeeiiiiiii.” She put a hand to her mouth to stifle her scream, leaned her head back, and imagined she was her mother. The orgasm ripped through her.

By the time his sister was coherent again, the thumping upstairs had stopped. Benjamin left his sister’s vagina, washed his face in the sink, and handed her the dress she’d dropped on the floor.

“Thanks for that. I’ll return the favor after they go to sleep tonight.” Morgan pulled on her dress and pointed at the ceiling so he’d know which “they” she was talking about. When their mom had returned from deployment, they had promised not to do anything while she was in the house. That promise was now violated almost daily. “I’ve got

homework to do." With her panties in her hand, Morgan grabbed her backpack and climbed the stairs to her room.

Benjamin, hoping to run into either of his parents, grabbed a book and spread out on the sofa in the living room. When the ceiling started thumping again, he figured it would be a while until anyone joined him downstairs. "I'm impressed, Dad." He said to the sounds of the banging headboard from above. "Twice in one day." Benjamin got up and put together dinner for the family. Somebody had to.

~~

At dinner, Karen didn't say more than two words. She ate in a daze. But she did smile and blush at all the affection her husband showed her. That they had done *it* twice, and the love that was pouring out of him, made her feel like a newlywed. Which was strange because she'd cheated on him for the first time that afternoon. She couldn't bring herself to look at her son, even if her mind kept returning to the soaring pleasure she'd experienced on his tongue.

After dinner, her husband took her up to their bedroom. She thought they were going to do it for a third time, but he couldn't get it up. Instead, he put his mouth on her vagina. She almost stopped him, not wanting her poor husband to get a second-hand taste of the box that was supposed to be only his. But she didn't stop him. Sadly, she couldn't help comparing Daniel to their son. He wasn't nearly as skilled as Benjamin. Karen had to fake an orgasm, just so she wouldn't embarrass him.

Afterward, she snuck into the bathroom and masturbated in the shower. But she wasn't able to replicate the highs she'd visited with her son that afternoon. As she shut off the shower and dried off, one thing was clear. She would either need to find the stone, find her old willpower, or she would find herself in Benjamin's arms again.