



The pleistocene Ring

FICTION

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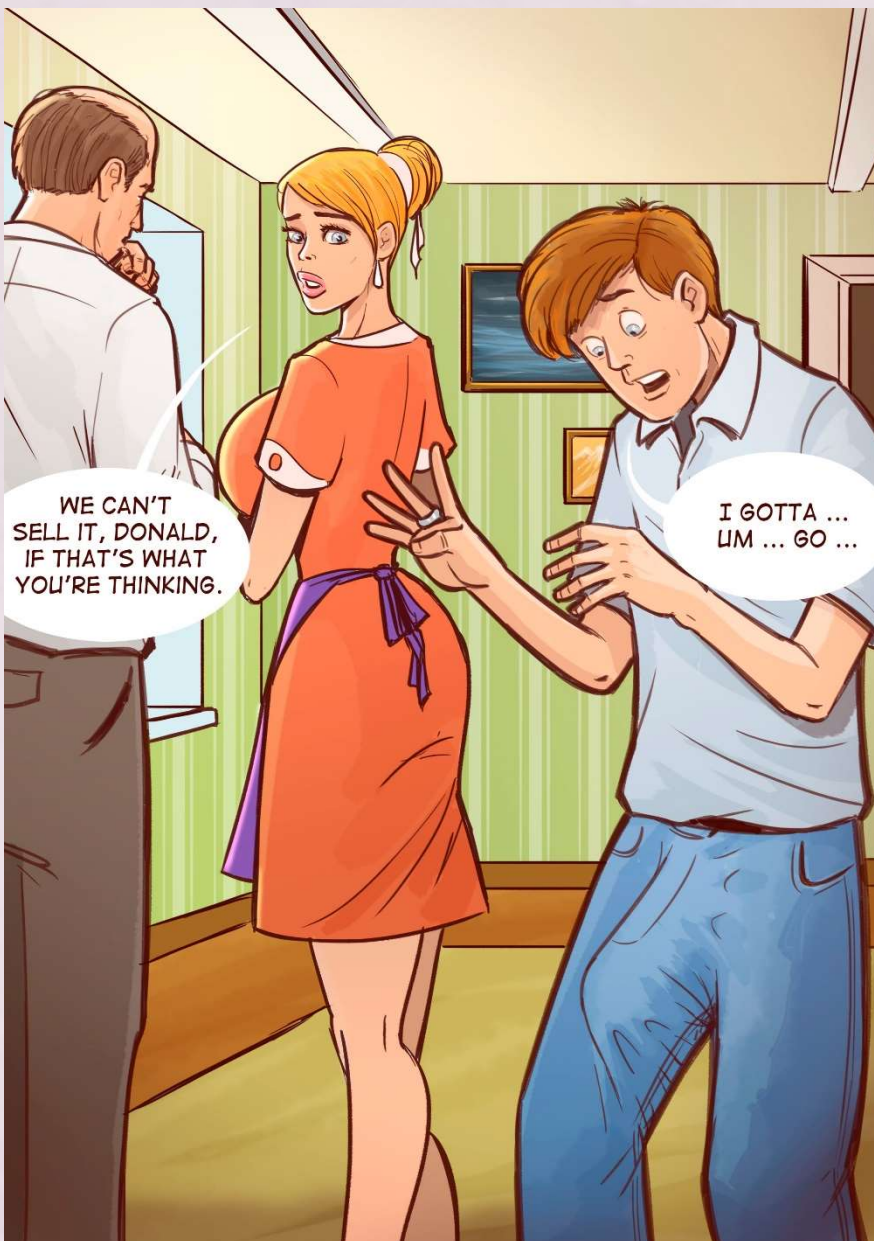
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In the beginning days of the Lizard Flu, not many who caught the bug were spared. Not even my Uncle Monty, the most celebrated philanthropist in Bayside. My immediate family was well off and safe, thank God. Mom and Dad had put a nice big roof over our heads. My sisters and I didn't really lack for anything. But Uncle Monty was Bruce Wayne level rich. Not saying he had a car that turned into a boat or anything. But he could have if he wanted to. Until the Lizard Flu, I saw him about twice a year. We weren't super close, but he was certainly avuncular. And then we got the news that he was gone.

I was surprised when a box arrived one day sent from a New York law firm. It was from my uncle's estate. There was a letter taped to the box. I read it. Apparently, he'd given everything to charity, but for the box's contents, which were for me.

"Mom, Dad, Sally, get in here." My two other sisters were stuck in isolation in their own homes with their husbands, or I would have called them into the room, too. "It's from Uncle Monty." My parents ran into the room. Sally moseyed in after them. Mom clutched the cross around her neck, her expression full of worry. Dad's smile was full of expectation aaaannnnndddd maybe a dash of greed. My eighteen-year-old sister looked bored.



"Open it, doofus." Sally rolled her eyes.

"Sally, be nice to your brother." Dad looked back down at the box. "Open it, Billy."

"Right." I tore the tape off the box, and carefully pried it open. Everyone in the room drew in their breath when they could see what lay on the cushion inside. In all my twenty years, I'd never seen anything like it. I picked up the iron ring and held it up to the light. It was engraved with the head of a lion protruding out, and then other animals along the sides. A shaggy rhino, a mammoth, a saber-toothed cat, and a sloth were all carefully etched into the iron.

"Oh, shit. It's the ring." Mom put her hand to her mouth.

"Meredith, watch your language in front of the children," Dad scolded her. "This was your brother's ring?"

"We're not kids, Dad." Sally didn't seem to care much about the ring. She turned and walked out of the room.

"Yes. It's Monty's." Mom nodded at Dad, but didn't elaborate.

"Is it valuable?" Dad looked back at the ring.

"We can't sell it, Donald, if that's what you're thinking." Mom clearly had no fondness for the ring, but I thought it looked cool.

"I'm not selling it, Dad. Uncle Monty gave it to me." I slipped it on and heard Mom give a little gasp as it fit snugly on my middle finger. I suddenly sprung a painful boner. I was tenting right in front of my parents! My cheeks went hot. "I gotta ... um ... go ..." I turned and sprinted to my room, leaving Mom and Dad behind in the living room.

I felt woozy all afternoon and eventually fell asleep watching some Netflix. It was dark when I woke up with a start. Someone was in my room. A shadow moved over by the closet. "Mom?"

"Yes, it's me, sweetie." Mom stepped out of the shadows and sat next to my hip on the bed. She gently tugged at the sheets. Looking down at ... shit, my dick was still hard and tenting the sheet. I nearly died from embarrassment. "It's late, everyone's sleeping." She patted my thigh. "I want you to know, it's not your fault. It's Monty's ring." Her voice was sweet and filled with regret. She slowly pulled the sheet down.

"Mom, what are you doing?" All sorts of alarm bells went off inside my head. My own mother was about to get a look at my hard dick. This was not good.



"Shh. I have to tell you some things." She pulled the sheet completely off, and my dick stood up proud in the moonlight. "Is it bigger?"

Holy shit, it was bigger than it had ever been before. "Y-y-yes," I stuttered. Oh, God. She was touching it. My sweet mom ran her fingernails from the base of my balls up the tip and then back down again. Her warm fingers then wrapped around my sack.

"Are these bigger, too?" She looked down with apprehension.

I nodded in the semi-darkness. She sighed heavily in response. She pulled a little bottle from the pocket of her robe and squeezed the contents into her hand.

"What's that??" I nearly fainted from shock.

"Just some lube. You're so much bigger than your father." She put her palm on my dick and gently stroked me, rubbing the oily stuff all over the head and shaft. She then stood and dropped her robe.

"I ... I ... I ... um ... I ... um ... what's?" Goodness she was hot. Why did my naked mom have to be hot? I think she might have broken my brain in that moment. "What ... what ... what ... what ...?" I certainly couldn't put my thoughts together. "What were you ... um ... going to tell me?"

"That ring has been in our family since the last ice age." She climbed up onto the bed, her breasts rocking slowly side to side with her movements. "They say it was carved from a meteor, but I don't know if that's true."

"Um ... Mom ... what are you doing?" I watched her straddle my thighs. I shivered when her hand went back to my dick.

"I was hoping you wouldn't be the one. You have two cousins. They could have been chosen. Heck, Monty should have lived another forty years." Mom sighed again, lifted her hips, and positioned my dick right below her.

"Mom?" I suddenly felt like I was watching everything from down a long tunnel. She was going to put me inside her.

"Shh." She wiggled her hips and settled down. The head of my cock touched her pussy lips. "It's the right time of month. If we do this now, maybe we'll make the next candidate. And I won't have to help you with your sisters. Your older sisters are both married now, and they'd never understand. And Sally is, well, Sally. Aaaaaahhhhhh. Goodness, you're big." Mom grunted quite a bit as she lowered herself onto my pole.

"Shouldn't I ... ugh ... wear a condom?" I should have been telling her to get off, but her pussy squeezed me tight, and my hormones had full control.

"Haven't you been ... uh ... uh ... listening?" Her hips gyrated now, and I slid all the way in.

There was no denying, she was a sexy woman. Who would have known it? My mom was hot. "You feel ... really good."

"This may take a while." She quickened her pace, looking down into my eyes with mixture of pleasure and resignation.

"Oh ... ohhhhhh ... no one's hit that spot since your uncle."

I was too shocked by all of it to even respond. She rode me in silence for a long time. Eventually, I could feel myself reaching a boil.

"That's ... it. Let it out ... in Mommy. I'll take all ... of it." She was panting, and trembling. Her tits bounced up and down. I was afraid she'd give herself a black eye.



"Mom ... I'm ..." I came deep inside her. From what felt like miles away, I could hear her moaning out her own orgasm. Her hips slowed. And then stopped. After a few minutes, she lifted herself off me gingerly, got out of bed, and put on her robe.

"You did great, sweetie." She patted her belly. "With any luck this will take and we won't even see that horrible djinn."

"What?" I croaked. I was so tired, floating in the wake of the best orgasm in my life.

"Shh. You can sleep now." She pulled the blanket up to my chin and tenderly patted my hair. "If you have questions, I'll answer them tomorrow. After your dad goes to work in the basement." She kissed me on the forehead, turned, and quietly left my room. I was asleep before I could wonder what on Earth a djinn was.