

The Advanced Fertility Program Ch. 06

by Miracle Milk

Ahmad leaned back in his computer chair, watching his laptop shut down. It had taken him half an hour to finish Bradley's homework, and not a minute passed without him worrying about what was going on downstairs.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. There were moments when he lost himself in calculus formulas, chemical structures, and historical factoids. The respite lasted long enough to let him forget about his bully, his mother, even Hazel. It had also distracted him long enough to allow his cock to soften in its cruel, hard chastity device.

Now the gravity of the situation came rushing back to him.

His mother, crawling around on all fours as she cleaned the house, dripping with sweat in her skimpy house clothes.

And Bradley, lounging nude in his living room, watching the propaganda-filled news, huge cock on display. Sitting there like he owned the place!

Ahmad squeezed his cock cage between his thighs. He hadn't heard them talking downstairs, and that gave him hope. The dumb asshole had probably got so wrapped up in watching the news that he forgot what he came here for. Bradley might be bigger and stronger and with the government on his side, but he had the attention span of a goldfish and the intellect of one too.

He jumped in his chair when he heard someone coming up the stairs. He could have recognized those footsteps in his sleep. Mom. His heart raced when he heard her humming through the thin wall between their bedrooms. She always hummed when she was changing. *Changing into what?*

He felt his cock stiffen in its prison.

No, this wasn't the time to get turned on! He had to think of a way to rescue his mother. Marrying her was still the best solution, but getting rid of Bradley was proving impossible, and the courthouse was already closed for the evening.

Not to mention, he hadn't even had the chance to explain the plan to his mother yet!

Yet he wasn't entirely out of options. He had finished the bastard's homework, hadn't he? That meant there were things the boy wanted beyond his base perversions. He might be big and dumb, but even a troll could be reasoned with. Or bargained with.

The time for heroics had come and gone. Ahmad understood that. But he still had his wits, his intellect. If there was one thing he learned from years of grinding MMORPGs, bartering for the best gear and the rarest items, it was that everything—and everyone—has a price.

He crept downstairs to the living room one step at a time, watching the back of Bradley's head. The news had finished, and now some brainless slapstick comedy show was on, complete with corny sound effects and colorful animations. Bradley laughed idiotically whenever one of the overly eager actors got bopped on the skull, complete with a *sproing* sound effect.

Bradley must have heard him, because he looked over his shoulder and said, "Done with my homework already? Good job, nerd. But those answers better be perfect."

Ahmad doubted Bradley had gotten a perfect score in his life. Not that it mattered these days. With all the educational initiatives put in place by the government, it was rare for anyone to fail at school. At least not until the university level, when it became notoriously difficult.

"Yes, Bradley. A perfect score, I'm sure of it."

Bradley snorted. "Man. It usually takes me a whole damn day to finish that shit. When I feel like doing it, that is!"

Ahmad forced himself to laugh along with his bully's stupid remark.

Bradley continued, "I can't wait to see the look on Miss Lopez's face. Maybe she'll be so surprised that she'll shake those knockers for me. She's got a hell of a pair, doesn't she?"

"I guess she does," said Ahmad. Miss Lopez was one of the teachers for advanced mathematics, an educated and respectable woman who wore tight-fitting business attire. She also supervised the chess club. In all honesty, the busty Puerto Rican MILF was the object of desire for every nerd that laid eyes on her. She caused hundreds of cocks to strain against their cages on a daily basis, Ahmad included!

"Maybe I'll pound her cunny after I get bored with your mom," Bradley said. "I heard a couple of the boys on the football team already got a turn with her, though."

Suddenly Ahmad could see it, the teacher he so respected, crawling on all fours, glasses crooked, curly hair disheveled, as a pair of huge white jocks pounded her ass and her throat. She grunted like an animal each time they filled her, and whenever they brutally slapped her fat brown ass, she screamed into the dick in her mouth. *He's just messing with me, that can't be true!*

"Aren't there any women you *don't* want to fuck?" he asked.

"Not really. Maybe the really ugly ones!" Bradley chuckled. "I guess that's one of the many perks of being, you know, a good genetic fit!"

Ahmad swallowed. If there was ever a time to butter Bradley up, it was now. "There must be something you want more than sex."

"Not really. Uncle Sam gives me everything I want or need."

"But you don't like doing homework."

"That's true."

Ahmad smiled politely. "I could do all your homework for you! Just cancel the fertility contract with my mom and you won't have to do homework for the rest of the year!"

Bradley rolled his eyes. "Pass. There ain't even half the school year left."

"You could bully me whenever you want," Ahmad blurted out, trying to sweeten the deal.

"Any time, anywhere!"

"I do that already."

Ahmad gritted his teeth. There was one thing Bradley definitely wanted. The question was: how much? "I could give you money. Everyone wants money! Think of all the stuff you could buy." *Maybe you could buy a pair o sneakers without holes in them*, he thought.

Bradley raised his hands, palms upturned, pretending to weigh two invisible objects.

"Money... or tight Arabian pussy milking my dick seven days a week." His right hand struggled with the invisible weight. "I don't know, dude. That's going to cost you a helluva lot."

"I could buy you a full entertainment set. Brand new virtual T.V. with surround sound. A Gamestation and a top-level GamePass subscription! And how about that latest zPhone? With the deployable microdrone and A.I. camera?"

Ahmad stared hopefully at his nude tormentor, hating that the bastard had so much power over him. With a mere whim, he could change the course of his and his mother's life. There was no shortage of injustices in the world, but this one had to be near the top of the list!

Barely hiding his amusement, Bradley pretended to struggle to lift his right hand. "Geez, that sounds nice and all, but it doesn't come close to the fun I'd have from dumping a thousand loads of cum into your mom's sweet hole. Besides, the government is going to pay me for knocking her up anyways! I could buy most of that stuff if I wanted."

"Fine!" Ahmad didn't want to go this far, but it was time to pull out the big guns. It would cost him a small fortune, but it was a small cost to save his mother from getting fucked and impregnated and carrying Bradley's subnormal I.Q. hellspawn. "I'll buy you a car. A real nice one too. Fully automated. Real leather interiors. And I'll cover all the electricity and maintenance costs."

Surprised, Bradley furrowed his patchy eyebrows, like he was attempting to use his brain for the first time in years. His right hand raised a little. "Now you're getting somewhere. But I'm just not sure it's as good as pumping your mommy's dark pussy with my genetically-gifted seed. America needs kids in a bad way. My duty to this fine country comes with a high price tag."

"What the fuck do you want then!" said Ahmad, losing his cool. Surely the boy had a price. Everyone did, didn't they?

Bradley grabbed Ahmad's shirt collar. "First off, put some respect in your voice when you address the man of the house."

Ahmad almost spat in his face. He almost told him to go to hell. Instead he lowered his head and looked at the carpet. "Fine. Sorry, Bradley. I mean. Mr. Jones."

"That's more like it." Shoving Ahmad away, Bradley leaned his head back and stared at the ceiling. "This is a pretty nice house, you know. I always wanted to live in a place like this as a kid. The kind you see on all the shows. I bet my mom would love it here."

Ahmad's jaw dropped. "You can't be for real!"

"Totally real." Bradley propped his bare feet on the coffee table. "Sign over the property and I'll make sure your mommy's tight hole doesn't get stretched out forever. All your dreams can still come true, little guy. You can keep that precious womb of hers Bradley-free!"

Ahmad's vision flickered. He felt like his head might explode. This home was everything his

father had spent decades working toward. It was the only heirloom the man had left to his son and his wife when he passed away. Every inch of the luxurious smarthome represented countless hours of honest work, something the men of Bradley's low-quality genetic line knew nothing of.

His hands curled into fists. The thought of handing it over to Bradley Jones almost drove him to violence. "That offer's bullshit and you know it."

Bradley shrugged. "I guess you care about a house more than your own mother. I'm happy either way, though I don't know why you even care. You'll be making the big bucks after you get a job. Won't you, college boy?"

Ahmad was surprised to find himself agreeing with Bradley's reasoning. After finishing university and securing a high-paying government job, he should be able to afford an even nicer house than this one. But real estate prices were always rising, and who knew how long it would take to save up enough money?

In the meantime, his mother would be reduced to living in a tiny studio in a massive government-provided housing complex, surviving off U.B.I. and food stamps. Her neighbors would consist of the lowest members of society. He could imagine the bums, leering at his mother whenever she navigated the long narrow hallways of the housing complex, making vulgar comments... or worse.

Knowing her, she would probably resort to finding a low-paying job somewhere. Scrubbing the floors of some rich privileged assholes. She would be reduced to a working-class Arabian immigrant, the very fate she fought so desperately to escape.

Ahmad shuddered at the thought. "You know I can't give you my house."

"I guess you don't mind me spelunking your mommy's meat hole then." Bradley chuckled. "Just make sure she raises little Brad Jr right. I don't want him learning any of your goofy religious shit."

"It's not goofy!" whined Ahmad. He knew the bully was provoking him. According to the Advanced Fertility Program, male partners were strictly donors without parental rights. All of those privileges went to the mother who, unlike the lump sum male donors were paid, received a handsome monthly stipend until the child completed high school.

He was about to make to Bradley another offer when his mother appeared at the top of the living room staircase, wearing a plain black *hijab* and *abaya*.

"Mom!" he cried, relieved to see her without that skimpy cleaning attire.

This time, a long loose shawl draped off her shoulders, hiding some of her curves. The cloth dangled off the ends of her huge tits, however, emphasizing their size. He could even make out the shape of her thick nipples, just begging to be chewed on!

Ya Allah. Sometimes, he wasn't sure whether his mother's incredible body was a blessing or a curse. She seemed incapable of hiding her beauty no matter how conservatively she dressed.

Bradley's eye twitched. "I thought I told you to change into something sexy."

"This is all you'll be seeing of me for the rest of the evening, Mr. Jones," Sadiya said pointedly as she descended the staircase. Ahmad felt so proud of his mother. He wasn't alone in his battle against his school bully. They were still on the same team, and his mother made a formidable ally indeed.

All the more reason to make her my wife. He decided he would tell her the plan the moment Bradley left. Even if the bastard sprayed his filthy cum all over their living room again. No matter how awkward it was, he would spill his heart out to the woman he loved. She would surely understand his feelings, his intentions. She simply had to!

"Well now I feel underdressed," Bradley joked, patting his huge soft cock. "It's still kind of early. What do you people usually do before dinner?"

"Anything we wish," Sadiya said curtly, adjusting her hijab. "Perhaps we read a book or play a board game, or discuss what Ahmad learned at school."

Ahmad was a little embarrassed. She didn't have to tell him that.

Bradley rolled his eyes. "Boring!"

A little flustered, Sadiya added, "There are some nights where we watch television or a film together."

"Now that's what I'm talking about. None of that nerdy shit while I'm over. Nothing beats the good old-fashioned American pastime of watching television!" Bradley scooted to the side of the couch, resting against the armrest. He sat with his knees outstretched, as if to give his oversized manhood some air. The high schooler was so large and muscular that he still took up half the couch. "Take a seat, babe. Let's chill before dinner."

"What do you mean by chill?" Ahmad interjected.

"Don't throw a tantrum, dude. I'm not gonna steal your mommy and son T.V. time. You can

sit on the other side of her.” Bradley laughed. “See, Sadie? I’m nice to your son sometimes. I could send the dweeb to his room if I wanted to. Or if *you* want me to.”

Sadiya looked at Ahmad, as if expecting something from him. He wasn’t sure what to say. As painful as the situation was, he was more than willing to take the opportunity to sit close to his mom. The most he usually got was the quick hug before school in the morning. The thought of spending an evening cuddling up against his sexy fiancée made his balls quiver with anticipation.

When her son remained silent, Sadiya sighed. “Ahmad will be fine sitting with us.” She sat perched on the couch next to Bradley, knees together, shoulders tucked in, trying to minimize any physical contact with the teenager’s nude body. The proud Muslimah sat with her back straight and her hands folded in her lap, like his presence made no difference to her.

To Ahmad’s dismay, his mother’s upright posture only added to her sex appeal. Her ass and hips flared out as she sank into the couch, and her abaya clung to her plump thighs. Shaking with nervousness, he sat down on the opposite side of her. Sadiya wasted no time in relaxing against her son, trying to get away from his bully.

Ahmad stifled a moan when her larger, softer body rested against his skinny frame. When she raised her arm to wrap it around his shoulder—if only to give her more room—her breast pressed against his bicep.

His cock inflated in its cage, begging to be set free. He tried his best not to move, worried that too much stimulation would bring him too close to a dreaded orgasm, forcing his chastity cage to deliver a jolt of electricity directly into his scrotum. But even the threat of having his genitals zapped didn’t stop him from savoring the closeness to the woman he loved. The touch of his mother was truly heaven on earth! *She chose me over you. Take that, Brad!*

“Let’s see what’s on,” Bradley said, not noticing Ahmad’s pleasure and suffering. He tossed the remote in Sadiya’s lap and relaxed on the couch, stretching his knees wide, forcing her even closer to her son to avoid his touch.

Bradley kept inching toward her, and soon Ahmad found himself crushed between the armrest and his mother’s steaming hot body. Through her abaya, he could feel the softness of her curves and the firm muscles underneath. He could smell her lilac perfume and the subtle notes of sweat and... *womanhood*.

He kept his hands folded neatly on his lap, as if to hide his erection. At least his cock cage was useful for situations like this. In truth, he wanted nothing more than to reach out and touch his mother. To bury his face against her armpit and suck and smell and taste her womanly sweat through her clothes. To lean close and devour those wonderful dark lips, to feel her hot breath

against his face, to slurp up her tongue and swallow her saliva. To slip his hand between her quivering thighs...where it belonged.

Sadiya switched the television to a popular afternoon talk show. The announcer was in the middle of saying, "...and that's how Jennifer found herself in the bed of a healthy young man!"

The banner at the bottom of the screen read: *ALIVE BEFORE THIRTY-FIVE*. Today's topic was about women getting pregnant before that universally dreaded age. Ahmad hated how everything on T.V. these days seemed to be focused on fixing the declining birthrate. Weren't there more important things going on in the world?

As they watched television, Ahmad watched Bradley out the corner of his eye. Slowly but surely, his goddess of a mother began to relax against the teenager's nude, muscular body. *You have to keep away from him, mom. Please.* But it was hopeless. There simply wasn't enough room for the three of them on the couch.

When Bradley yawned, he rested a large hand on Sadiya's thigh, squeezing possessively.

Get your hands off my wife, Ahmad wanted to scream. After his father died, he had made countless attempts to get physically intimate with his mother, stealing the occasional squeeze of her arm or leg. Embracing her with tight hugs to feel the squish of her pillowy tits, the hard nubs of her large nipples. But he was careful not to cross the line, treating his mother with the utmost dignity and respect.

If there was any man on Earth who had earned the right to touch her, it was him.

How the fuck had it taken Bradley mere hours to achieve what he had spent years working toward?

At least Ahmad would win in the end. Within twenty-four hours, he and his mother would be legally married, his chastity cage would be removed, and he would be able to touch her whenever he wished. To fuck her every night, and every day for that matter. His life would go from nightmare to paradise. Forget the *hoor-al-ayn*. Forget *Jannah*. Ahmad only needed one woman in his life to become heaven on Earth. But he wanted her, body, mind, and soul, and he wanted them all for himself.

"This is boring," Bradley said, jiggling Sadiya's big thigh. "Let's watch something funny or weird. You get those ethnic channels on here?"

She raised her chin, frowning. "Yes, we receive Levantine broadcasting in our household."

“I figured a stay at home mom like you would waste time watching that junk. I hear those channels cost a small fortune.”

Sadiya scrunched her nose. “It is well within our budget. And I will have you know that it is not junk—”

“Whatever! Let’s have a look then. Just put something interesting on, damn it.”

Ahmad watched his mother’s tits heaving, her breathing heavy. He wanted to tell Bradley off for addressing her in such a demeaning tone, but he knew she would only scold him for bringing more conflict into an already stressful situation. So he stewed in his anger, unable to express himself, wondering if his mother felt as outraged as he did.

This time, Sadiya flipped the channel to an Arabic talk show. It took only a few seconds for Bradley to start complaining.

“None of this boring shit. Gimme some action. Some fun. Next channel. Next. Come on. You should know what a man wants to see, woman. Wait, go back. Thatta girl. This one looks good.”

Ahmad adjusted himself in his seat, trying to enjoy the touch of his mother’s body without making her suspicious. A Levantine soap opera played on the screen, complete with dramatic music and zoomed-in camera shots of the surgically enhanced actors and actresses. Despite the strict Sharia law imposed by the Levantine Confederacy, all of their entertainers were unnaturally beautiful, though their acting left much to be desired. That such trashy television was still popular in the middle east made Ahmad fear for the state of the world.

His cock twitched when a petite young Hijabi walked on screen. Her lips were plump and her eyeshadow was strikingly dark. She was skinny with a pair of tits so perfectly perky that must have made her surgeon a fortune. She wore her hijab loose, more of a fashion accessory than a garment intended to keep her humble before the eyes of society and God.

“Damn that bitch is hot!” barked Bradley. “Look how her bangs stick out the front of her head towel. That’s called a hijab, ain’t that right?”

“That... is correct,” Sadiya said.

“See, I remembered! You’d look good with one like that, babe. It’s nice and colorful and you can see most of her hair. Her make-up is on point, too. You’d look great with some dark eyeshadow.”

Sadiya folded her arms across her tits. “I dress myself in accordance to the holy Quran and the

Hadiths of the holy prophet—peace be upon him.”

“So that girl is going to your version of hell or something?”

“I did not say that,” Sadiya said, a little self-consciously. “The way she chooses to express herself is between her and Allah.”

“Sounds like a bunch of cooked-up bullshit to me. You shouldn’t be afraid to show off a little. You’re one of the hottest women around, you know.”

“I—well—thank you, I suppose,” Sadiya stuttered a little, surprised by the comment.

Ahmad couldn’t stand Bradley’s clumsy flirting. “You don’t have to look like her, Mom. I like how you dress. Not that it matters. After all, it’s what’s on the inside that counts.”

To his delight, his mother turned and kissed him on the cheek. “Thank you, my sweet boy. My lovely boy. I think you are absolutely right.”

Blushing from the compliment, Ahmad sat a little taller, puffing out his chest. *Take that, Brad.*

But Bradley didn’t even notice their little moment. “Damn, that dude flirting with her is jacked! Who’s he supposed to be?”

Sadiya hesitated before answering, “That man is the secret lover she has been trying to hide from her husband. They were almost caught in the last episode. Now he is insisting that she runs away with him.”

Ahmad was shocked. Had his mother been watching trashy soap operas while he was at school? They were the last kind of shows he expected an intelligent woman like her to be wasting time on.

“Hey, me and that guy almost have the same build,” said Bradley. “Maybe if I hit the weights for a couple more years. Ha!”

Sadiya nervously fondled the remote. “Would you like me to turn on the subtitles, Mr. Jones?”

“Nah. I’m not really into stories. I just want to check out the babes on the other side of the world!”

Sadiya seemed at a loss for words. “I see.”

“Well I think the storyline is important!” Ahmad butted in, trying to play the foil to Bradley’s

simpleton thinking. Neither Sadiya nor Bradley replied to his outburst. They just sat there, staring at the screen. Out the corner of his eye, Ahmad noticed the bastard's huge hand gently stroking his mother's inner thigh. The fucker's hands were dangerously close to her—to her—to the most sacred place of her body!

"Damn, now that broad is a real beauty!" said Bradley. "She's got to be one of the hottest MILFs I've ever seen!"

"That is Aliyah Noor," Sadiya informed him, "a famous actress from the Levant. She was considered the most beautiful woman on television when she was younger."

"No shit! She might still be."

Ahmad leaned forward a little, looking past his mother's tits to make sure Bradley Jones wasn't planning on sticking his fingers somewhere they didn't belong. To his shock, the bully's massive schlong had risen to full mast!

"Now that I think about it," Bradley said, "she looks a lot like you, babe."

Sadiya inhaled sharply. "You think I look like Aliyah Noor?"

Ahmad shook his head in disbelief. The actress and his mother were both beautiful, but aside from being Levantine women with curvy bodies, they had entirely different facial structures. But it wasn't like he could tell his mother she *didn't* look like the famously beautiful actress.

"Hey, she's flirting with Mr. Muscular now too," said Bradley. "It seems that some guys can't help but get all the attention, even in towelhead country! Ain't that right, Ahmad?"

"It's a fictional show," Ahmad said. "It's a fantasy invented by professional writers. Real-life isn't like that."

Bradley snorted. "Yeah, unlike real life they keep all the cock-locked dweebs off T.V."

"Perhaps I should change the channel," Sadiya said quickly. He knew his mother was trying to stop him from saying something he would regret. Still, being reminded of his impotent little cock while Bradley's meat tower stood tall and proud—it was enough to bring tears of frustration to his eyes!

"Hell no, this show is awesome," said Bradley. "God, look how that thick slut shakes her hips when she walks. I bet they all take turns fucking her once the cameras are off. Hey Ahmad! Which one would you rather fuck, the younger chick or the older one?"

“Neither,” Ahmad said proudly. “I—I believe in, um, having intimacy after marriage.”

“Having intimacy!” Bradley laughed. “That’s a funny way of putting it. You mean to tell me your shrunken little dick isn’t dying to blow a load in that fat-assed MILF right now?”

Ahmad cursed under his breath. his cock was bordering the edge of an orgasm, and his balls ached with fullness. He could never admit such a thing in front of his mother! “That’s right,” he lied. “Not that what goes on with my body is any of your business.”

“Not everyone dwells on impure thoughts,” Sadiya lectured Bradley, coming to her son’s defense. “There are many who dedicate themselves to higher and more meaningful causes. You still have a lot to learn about this world, young man.”

“Oh yeah?” Bradley turned sideways to slap his cock loudly against Sadiya’s garbed thigh. “Well I think this dick has a lot to teach you.”

“What the fuck are you doing!” Ahmad almost jumped over his mother to give Bradley the pummeling of a lifetime, but a string of precum landed on the back of his hand. Somehow, feeling the sticky discharge made him sink submissively into the couch. God forbid his mother saw that Bradley’s juices had touched his body! His lip twitched with disgust as the precum oozed down the back of his hand.

“Ahmad, please control yourself!” scolded his mother. “There is no need to make this more difficult than it already is.”

Ahmad was outraged. Bradley was flinging his filthy fluids all over the place and she was telling *him* off?

“Yeah, Ahmad!” Bradley cackled to himself, wiping the head of his cock on Sadiya’s robe. “I’m just giving your sheltered mommy some lessons about American men.”

Frowning, Sadiya pulled away from Bradley, burying her son even deeper in her softness and warmth. He could feel her body trembling under her conservative Islamic clothing.

I won’t let him touch you, Ahmad wished he could tell her. Soon I’ll send the bastard away for good, and we’ll fuck all night. God, I love you so much!

But the crude teenager’s presence was inescapable, and his cock remained propped against the older woman’s leg. “Feel how big and hard I am, Sadie? That’s what happens to a real man when he sees a woman he wants to fuck.”

“Please cease this behavior at once, Mr. Jones.” Sadiya lowered her voice. “I will fulfill my

duties as per the contract, but not in front of Ahmad.”

“Ha! You think your innocent little son is any different?”

Sadiya’s nostrils flared. Suddenly she regained her composure. Her hand wrapped around Bradley’s cock, forcing it away from her thigh. “My son is an honorable young man.” Squeezing tight, she shook his cock back and forth for emphasis. “And he could not be more different from the likes of you!”

Bradley rocked his hips up and down, thrusting gently into her waiting hand. “Prove it.”

That took some of the fight out of her. “What do you mean?”

“Isn’t it obvious? Grab a handful of the dweeb’s little cock and tell us how hard he is right now.”

Ahmad almost ran from the room. The bastard! Bradley was trapped in a chastity cage for almost as long as he was. Anything can arouse a guy when he’s been locked up for several months! Any young man knew that.

“Of course I’m not like that,” he stammered, trying to put some room between himself and his mother. But every little movement rubbed their hot bodies together. He felt a damp spot growing on the front of his school trousers. His caged cock was dribbling precum! “You don’t have to touch me or anything, mom!”

He couldn’t believe his words. Not in a thousand years did he think he would be begging his mom NOT to touch his cock.

“Go on, babe,” Bradley urged her. “Cop a feel. I know you’ve always wondered how small his shrimp dick is. You’ll probably be making the little dork’s dreams come true!”

“She will not!” Ahmad said without thinking. What was wrong with him? This was time to confess his feelings to his mother, not push her farther away. The last thing he wanted was her to think he found her unattractive! “I mean, nothing you say matters, Brad. My mom doesn’t have to do anything she doesn’t want to! I mean, other than the contract—”

“Please be silent, Ahmad!” Cheeks red, Sadiya lowered her head in shame. “You have gone too far with this game, Bradley. How dare you ask for me to touch my own son? You know I could never do such a thing. It is sinful in the eyes of God, in the eyes of society, and in the eyes of any decent man or woman.”

Ahmad wanted badly voice his support, but stopped himself. If Bradley got his way, his

mother's delicate hand would soon be wrapped around his throbbing cock. How long had he waited for this opportunity? He had stared at those beautiful hands of hers for years, picturing them around his eager boyhood as he milked himself every night while he listened to her chat on the phone through the thin wall between their bedrooms.

Bradley had been able to get a full handjob yesterday. The least Ahmad deserved was a quick little squeeze!

He nodded to himself. It made perfect sense. He would let his mother touch his cock. But just for a moment! Sure she would get upset, but they could patch things up afterward. What mattered was feeling that hand of hers on his manhood!

No, that's horny logic and you know it. You have to stop her, idiot!

"My son has done nothing to deserve this," Sadiya protested.

"Not true," said Bradley. "He's been such a good boy today, doing my homework like I told him to. I think he deserves a little reward. Ain't that right, Ahmad?"

"I—I don't know what you're talking about," Ahmad said.

"Man, you are so full of shit sometimes, dude." Bradley dug his fingers into Sadiya's thigh. "I'll make you a deal. If he isn't hard as a rock, I'll put my clothes on and leave. Then you two can have your mommy and son time without me."

Sadiya batted her dark eyelashes. "You promise you will leave right away?"

Don't fall for his tricks, Mom! A vintage movie quote came to mind: *It's a trap!*

"I'll be gone in five minutes," said Bradley. "Hell, I won't come over all weekend. How's that for a deal?"

Sadiya's eyes brightened. Her hand hovered above Ahmad's crotch. "Then all I must do is—"

"Whoa there!" Bradley grabbed her arm. "Slow down, you eager bimbo. Don't grab your son's dick just yet. I haven't told you what happens if you lose."

Ahmad watched his mother stare deep into Bradley's eyes.

"Tell me," she demanded.

Bradley smacked his lips, bringing them inches from Sadiya's face. "If he's popping a stiffy,

then you have to give me a kiss.”

Sadiya recoiled. “A kiss!”

“On the lips, too. None of that mommy and son bullshit. You have to kiss me the way a woman kisses her man.”

She turned away. “I would not kiss you in a million years!”

“A little kiss never hurt anyone.” Bradley leaned closer, nibbling at Sadiya’s ear through her hijab. “I’m sure your silly Moon Good will forgive you.”

This time, Sadiya moaned before shoving him away. “I told you I refuse!”

“Why, you afraid he’s got a boner after all?”

“My son is not like you. I thought I made that clear.”

“Not tall, and strong, with a huge irresistible cock?”

“Not a perverted uncivilized brute!” said Sadiya, raising her voice. “And you will not degrade my child in my presence! I am sure there is nothing in the contract that permits such behavior.”

Ahmad set his hands on his knees, fighting the urge to interrupt the two. Fighting the urge to touch himself and spurt in his little cage, punishment be damned. His relationship with his mother was so confusing. Of course, he wanted to be her special little boy, who she doted on and took care of. But he also wanted to be her husband, a big strong man who protected her, provided for her. Started a family with her.

Bradley wanted none of that. He just wanted to empty his balls into her cunt. To use her as a genetic dumping ground. To treat her like a toy for his pleasure before moving on with his life, leaving her and Ahmad to deal with the consequences.

“As I said, prove it if you’re so confident,” Bradley said, idly stroking his cock. “You always act so high and mighty. Put your money where your mouth is. Or your lips where your mouth is... wait, that doesn’t make any sense.”

“Mom,” Ahmad croaked. “You don’t have to—”

“I will prove it to you!” declared Sadiya, tits swaying back and forth. “And when your curiosity is sated, you will put on your clothes at once and remove yourself from our

presence!”

Grinning, Bradley removed his hand from his cock and offered a handshake. “Then we have a deal.”

Ahmad watched in horror as his mom shook his bully’s slick hand. The whole situation was like a fire spreading out of control!

But any flame could be extinguished.

All he had to do to get Bradley to leave was to win the bet.

Ahmad’s heart pounded. Within minutes, he could finally be alone with his mother, triumphant after defeating Bradley Jones. He could tell her the plan to get married. See the joy on her face. Embrace her in celebration of their bright future together as husband and wife!

All he had to do was get soft. Even a little bit of softness would count. The cage would hide most of his erection. But how could he manage to soften his trouser snake with his mother sitting so close to him?

He tried thinking of video games. Of sports.

His cock stayed harder than ever.

He tried thinking of math and geology and history. Of America’s unending history of racism and sexism and systemic oppression, and all the other problematic events they taught him in school.

Yes, yes, it was working!

It took the slightest movement of his mother’s breathing to send his cock rocketing back to full hardness, stuffing the tiny cage like a fresh falafel sandwich.

He wanted to curse the heavens. Why did God have to give his mother such an irresistible body?

He gasped when her palm caressed the top of his chastity cage. His balls tightened, his cock throbbed, and even his asshole twitched! Saliva pooled in his mouth, and he forced himself to swallow. His mother was finally touching him. *Alhamdulillah*, she was touching his cock!

How he’d dreamed of this moment! The only thing separating him and one of his lifelong fantasies were a couple thin layers of fabric and a tiny steel plate. He wanted to thrust his hips

and fuck her fingers. He wanted to be his mommy's horny little hand humper!

He couldn't hide it. He never had a chance. Maybe it was better if she knew who he truly was... a no-good pervert who wanted to fuck his mom!

"He is not hard," Sadiya declared proudly, keeping her hand balanced, her fingers outstretched. Like she couldn't bring herself to touch him fully. Looking up, Ahmad was shocked to see a look of disgust on his mother's gorgeous face!

Bradley snorted, leaning over to check. "You lying bitch. You're barely touching him. How the hell can you feel his cock through the top of a metal cage."

"I *am* touching him," Sadiya protested. "As you can clearly see, my hand is clearly on his—his genitals!"

"Didn't your husband teach you anything? You need to REALLY squeeze a man to get him off." Bradley's arm brushed Sadiya's nipples as he grabbed her wrist, forcing it around Ahmad's cock. She struggled a little, but the boy was far too strong. When he crushed her forearm in his grip, her hand clamped shut against her will.

Ahmad groaned as his mother's lime-green fingernails dug into the base of his scrotum. "Mom, please! You're—you're hurting me." *And it feels so fucking good.*

Sadiya began to blurt out, "He is not—my son is not—"

"Shh," Bradley said, nuzzling his nose against her bare cheek. "Don't answer yet. Here, stroke both of us at the same time."

Drool was dripping from the corners of Ahmad's mouth as Bradley wagged cock like the tail of an excited puppy. Body shivering, Sadiya reached over and wrapped her fingers around the excited meat rod. Ahmad couldn't stop himself from staring. It was disgusting, outrageous, insulting! Seeing the throbbing pink flesh contrast with his mother's dark skin made him want to die!

It was also like something out of a porn video, and his caged cock didn't know the difference!

"Are you happy now, you foul brute?" said Sadiya.

"You tell me." Bradley's cock twitched monstrously in her hand "Does it feel like I'm happy?"

"You are hard," Sadiya hissed. "Of course you are hard."

Ahmad watched her forearm flex as her grip tightened around Bradley's sweaty cockmeat, like she wanted to punish him for all the pain he had caused her son over the years.

The high school senior only moaned from her efforts. "How about your precious little son?" he gasped. "And don't you lie to me!"

"I—I don't know," Sadiya said. "It is difficult to feel him through the cage."

Ahmad felt blood rush to his face. Of course he was hard! Was his mother lying to protect him? To avoid having to kiss Bradley?

Or could she be telling the truth?

The bully laughed. "He's too small to even tell! That's rich! Maybe the loser can't even get it up after being caged for so long!"

Ahmad squirmed a little, suddenly wanting her to acknowledge how hard he was. This was the cock she would spend the rest of her life with. How dare she make light of its size?

"I did not say that!" said Sadiya.

"But that's what you meant." Bradley squeezed her cheeks between his fingers, bringing their faces close together. "Unless you're lying to me."

Ahmad had seen enough. "Bradley you can't just—"

"Hey, the MILF is back on TV !" howled Bradley. "Now the younger slut is chatting her up! Damn, look how close those two are standing. They look great together!"

Ahmad gritted his teeth. The buffoon was still paying attention to that stupid Arabic soap opera?

"Stroke me a little harder," Bradley said, rocking his hips into Sadiya's waiting hand. "Seeing these hijab-wearing cunts really turns me on. Good thing I have one of my own at home!"

Sadiya let out a sound of pure exasperation. Ahmad tried his best not to stare at his mother's hand gliding up and down his bully's meat stick.

"Hey Ahmad!" said Bradley. "You never told me. Which of these babes would you rather stick your miniature hot dog inside?"

“Neither,” Ahmad said. “You know I’m not interested in that stuff.”

“Enough lying! Young or old! If you don’t fucking pick, I’m going to tell everyone at school how the government assigned me to put babies inside your mother. I’ll even show them the contract to prove it!”

Ahmad gasped. “You wouldn’t!”

“You know I would. So you better choose, dweeb!”

“Fine. The older one—I—I guess!”

“Really? I figured you’d go for the younger since you’re always hanging out with that nerdy bitch at school. Helen, wasn’t it?”

Sadiya looked at her son, surprised.

Lowering his head, Ahmad said, “Her name is Hazel. And we’re just friends!”

Bradley snorted. “That’s what me and the boys figured. It’s not like you’d ever have a chance with a fat-titted chick like her, nerdy or not. It’s nice that she keeps you around as a friend, though.”

If looks could kill, Ahmad would have murdered Bradley where he sat. The bastard didn’t know how Hazel had proposed to him only a couple hours ago. He didn’t know how Ahmad had sacrificed a future with his childhood crush to save his mother from him!

All Bradley knew was how to destroy. How to ruin things. How to get hard and how to cum.

If his mother wasn’t around, he’d slap Bradley in the face with the truth. Hazel was, after all, one of the girls at school that the dumb jocks would never, ever have a chance with. “You’re just mad you could never get a girl like Hazel. She’s living proof that not all girls are into—into guys like you!”

Sadiya’s nostrils flared, and her hand tightened around his cage. “Ahmad! Please do not make him angry!”

“Did I say you could stop jerking me off?” growled Bradley.

Sadiya cowered when the white teenage raised his voice. “I—I apologize, Mr. Jones!”

Ahmad wanted to cry as his mother redoubled her efforts. Now her hand tugged at his caged

cock, syncing with the deep, fisting strokes she was giving his bully. She must have been so wrapped up in what was going on that she didn't realize what her left hand was doing!

Ahmad's eyes widened as his crotch flooded with heat.

It was wrong.

It was beyond embarrassing,

He knew he should tell her to stop.

To SCREAM at her to stop.

But it was the most amazing thing he had felt in his life!

"There you go, bitch," panted Bradley. "Do your job. Take care of your man's needs."

"You are not my man," she shot back, putting an angry twist to her strokes.

"I'm more of a man than your husband was," Bradley said. "And between me and your son, it's not even a question."

"There's more to being a real man than having—having a large appendage!"

"Maybe you're right. Maybe there are girls like Ahmad's nerdy friend. Who do you figure is bigger, me or the guy on television? He's a real man, ain't he? Look at him chatting up those two headtowel-wearing sluts. Feel my length while you stare at his crotch. Try to guess how many inches I am."

"How could I know such a thing?" said Sadiya, working both teenagers with her strong hands.

"I'd love to fuck that older bitch. I could probably pull it off if I got the chance to meet her. Women like her go crazy for white dick. But since she's all the way in AssFuckistan, I'll have to settle for you instead."

Ahmad could hardly believe his ears. Fucking famous television stars from other countries? He knew the boy was full of himself, but this was a new level of delusion. The worst part was, Bradley was so confident in his assertions that it was almost easy to believe him.

"Mm, yeah," grunted Bradley. "Pump me harder. Imagine this big fat rod stretching out your little brown cunt. You must get lonely without a real man around. Don't you fret. I'm going to make sure you aren't lonely anymore—at least until I knock you up!"

“I wish you would not say such things.” The wet *shlicking* sound of Sadiya’s hand running up and down Bradley’s precum-soaked shaft filled the gaps in their conversation. “I am performing my duty to society and nothing more.”

Ahmad wished the bastard would stop antagonizing his mother! Anger seemed to spur her efforts, causing her to pump and tug harder than he could take! Cock pinned against steel, it took all of his willpower not to cry out in pain. He was on the brink of cumming. If he didn’t get his mother to stop, the chastity cage would detect his orgasm, sending electricity coursing through his aching ballsack. That meant social demerit points, which would only delay his release date at the local Advanced Fertility Clinic.

The thought of missing an orgasm filled him with dread.

He couldn’t let that happen! Not with his release date mere weeks away!

Ahmad leaned against his mother’s shoulder, drooling all over her arm. She was crushing his little balls and didn’t even know it. One of her lime green fingernails was digging into the sensitive spot between his balls and asshole. He wanted to cum for his mommy. He wanted to scream out in pain. He wanted to fuck! To fuck his mom or the woman on T.V. or anyone!

Most of all, he wanted to be in Bradley’s place, getting his huge cock jerked off whenever he wanted. He wanted to be the man in charge. He wanted to be the man the government sent to the homes of horny middle-aged women to impregnate them. It should have been him! He did everything right, didn’t he?

It just...wasn’t...fair!

“Mom,” Ahmad cried out. “You’re hurting me! Please!”

Sadiya yelped in surprise, pulling her hand away from his cock. “Oh, my darling! I am so, so sorry!”

“Looks like the loser hit his limit,” Bradley said, chuckling.

Sadiya began to stand. “Wait here, sweetie. I’ll get something for your—”

“BOTH HANDS ON MY DICK, NOW,” roared Bradley. “I get your full fucking attention when I’m horny, is that clear? I don’t give a fuck if your son is lying in a pool of his own blood. This cock is your life now!”

“Yes, Mr. Jones!” Sadiya wrapped both hands around his girthy shaft, stroking and twisting.

Balls in pain, Ahmad watched in silence, mesmerized by the movements of Sadiya's hands, the way they expertly worked up and down the slippery shaft. How had his confident and proud mother become so subservient? So submissive? He rocked his hips involuntarily, every atom jealous of the pleasure Bradley so easily received. While his body tried to impregnate his underwear, his bully got to enjoy a handjob from the woman of his dreams!

Bradley brought his pale lips close to Sadiya. "Time to pay up, my little Arabian whore."

"I—I never said my son was hard!"

Bradley sneered at Ahmad. "Tell your mom the truth, dude."

It took Ahmad a second to realize he was being addressed. "I—I don't have anything to say!"

"I swear to fucking God, every student and teacher in our school will know that I'm going to impregnate your mom. I'll print out copies of the contract and have the boys on the team put a copy inside every locker. Do not test me right now!"

Ahmad whimpered against his will, like some sort of ancient survival instinct had kicked in. Bradley was terrifying when he was angry! "F—Fine! I'm hard! Is that what you want to hear?!"

Sadiya shot Ahmad a disappointed glance. Her cheeks were bright red, her lips trembling. "Ahmad, how could you say such a thing!"

When his mother turned back to Bradley, he almost broke down and sobbed.

What have I done?

Bradley snickered, his anger disappearing as quickly as it came. "You heard the boy."

"I am a woman of my word," Sadiya said, trying her best to avoid Bradley's eyes as her hands worked his insatiable manhood. "It shall be a quick kiss and nothing more."

"It'll be a kiss between a real man and his woman," Bradley said firmly.

Sadiya's thick lips stuck together as she parted them for her son's school bully. They were shining a little, wet from lip gloss and saliva.

"Open up a little more," said Bradley. "I know it's been a while for you, and I want to make sure you do it right. Stroke me a little slower, root to tip. Tickle and tug my balls with your

other hand. I want to really enjoy this moment. Now, bring your mouth over here.”

Grinning like a fool, Bradley stuck his tongue out as far as possible, wiggling the dripping tip in the hijabi’s face. “Ahhhh,” he said, like he was visiting the dentist.

Ahmad felt tears wetting his cheeks as his mother’s lips met the tip of Bradley’s tongue. He was surprisingly gentle. The bully ran his tongue in slow circles, tasting every centimeter of the large pillowy lips that Ahmad had long hungered for. Then Bradley slipped his tongue beneath her lower lip, tasting her gums, exploring her perfect teeth. Sadiya’s hands worked his cock all the while, pumping so hard that she pinned his huge nutsack against the couch, then worked up to the tip with a tight enough grip to send precum sputtering from his asshole.

Ahmad was furious with his mother. Why wasn’t she fighting back? Why did he have to honor some stupid bet anyways?

Then Bradley lunged forward, surprising them both. His huge extended tongue disappeared into Sadiya’s mouth. She squealed in protest, slapping at his chest helplessly, gasping into his lips, as he began to pillage the depths of her mouth.

“Mmph! Mmph!” Sadiya cried, eyes wide with bewilderment.

Ahmad saw Bradley’s tongue form a moving hump on the inside of his mother’s cheek. A large amount of saliva began to drip down both of their chins as their tongues mingled in the hot chamber formed by their mouths.

Bradley pulled back a little, speaking directly into Sadiya’s lips. “Swallow as much of my spit as you can. Enjoy the flavor. Taste the father of your future child.”

“You’re not—you can’t be—” Every time Sadiya attempted to complete a sentence, Bradley lunged forward again, sucking and slurping the hijabi’s thick lips, chewing on them cruelly, pulling back while sucking so that her tongue went stretching out.

“God you taste good,” he growled into her mouth.

Sadiya swatted at his chest, but Ahmad knew her resistance was dwindling. Maybe this was his mother’s nature. Maybe all she needed was a man to lead her. He should have taken control of the household a long time ago. Why had he waited for a brutish asshole like Bradley to come along to do it before he did?

Ahmad grabbed his mom’s robe, wishing he had the strength to pull her away.

Give me my mom back... please!

It wasn't fair.

Life just wasn't fair!

"Oh fuck... oh fuck! I'M CUMMING!" groaned Bradley into Sadiya's mouth.

Ahmad froze. He knew he ought to run from the room. To preserve what little dignity he had left.

Instead he leaned forward to watch in close detail how his bully's large drooling mouth formed a seal with his mother's precious lips. The same lips that used to kiss him goodnight. The same lips that kissed him goodbye before school.

Sadiya's hands clamped tight around Bradley's cock, giving the teenager the handjob of a lifetime. She had spent years strengthening her hands through daily housework. All of her hard work led to this moment, to pleasure her son's school bully. She shrieked when Bradley put huge hands at the back of her hand, grabbing her hijab. He tongued her mouth greedily now, making loud wet slapping sounds, drool spilling all over the both of them.

Ahmad had never seen anything like it. Could it even be called a kiss? It was like he was completely devouring her, tasting her very essence.

He had never even imagined doing such a thing with a woman.

Not with Hazel or his mother.

How had he been so naive?

This... was the way a real man kissed his woman.

Grinning, Bradley stared right into Ahmad's eyes as the first spurt of cum exploded from his huge cock

"FUCK, I'M COMING HARD. DON'T STOP. YEAH, SADIE, THAT'S IT. DEEP STROKES. BASE TO TIP. I'M YOUR SECRET LOVER YOUR HUSBAND CAN'T KNOW ABOUT. YEAH, SADIE. HARDER. SHOW YOUR LOVER HOW MUCH YOU WANT HIM. SHOW YOUR SON WHAT A REAL MAN LOOKS LIKE."

The first burst of splooge launched across the living room, a rope so long and heavy that it landed on the carpet, the coffee table, and even on the television screen! Ahmad couldn't believe his eyes. It was like something out of the Japanese hentai. Sadiya pumped even harder

causing the following spurts to splatter all over the place, painting her clothes, firing all over the living room that he and his mother had spent so much time cleaning!

Ahmad winced when a few steaming hot droplets landed on his trousers, his shirt, even his hair and face.

Then the flood of semen tapered off, pooling heavily on the couch between Bradley's legs before dripping onto the floor. Sadiya tore herself away from Bradley's mouth, coughing loudly. She wiped her lips on her sleeve, trying to remove the taste of Bradley Jones.

"That was more than a kiss!" she protested.

"Hey Ahmad, I think just took your mom's first real kiss! Try not to hate me too bad for it, haha!" Glowing in his victory, Bradley leaned back and relaxed every muscle in his body. On his face was the look of perfect bliss, the sort of joy people all over the world spent lifetimes trying to achieve. He looked proud of himself when he saw how much of a mess he had made. "Now that's a big ass load! This whole damn house is going to smell like me by the time I'm done here."

Slinging an arm around Sadiya's shoulders, he pulled the shivering hijabi away from her son. Like he was claiming the woman for himself. If the proud Muslim woman had any fight left, she didn't show it.

Ahmad sobbed as he watched her go. He wiped his tears, hoping his mother hadn't seen him cry.

"It's not fair," he whispered to himself.

"It's not fair," Bradley mocked him with a high-pitched voice. "Well, life isn't fair, bucko. You get to live in a big comfy house with all sorts of nice shit. And I get to cum all over it!"

Like his mother, Ahmad didn't have the energy to fight back. At least now Bradley would leave. He could tell his mother the plan to get married. It had cost his mother a disgusting, filthy kiss with his bully...but their nightmare was over.

He sighed, relieved. Within a few minutes, she would know everything.

Their life together as husband and wife could begin.

Yawning, Bradley slung his leg across Sadiya's thighs. The humbled mother and son both flinched in surprise. "Give me a massage, woman. Ahmad, you take care of the foot."

“But you just finished...discharging,” Sadiya said quietly, working his powerful quadricep with both hands. Like disobeying him wasn’t even a question anymore.

“Yeah, and now I want a massage,” Bradley said matter-of-factly, like he was speaking to a child. “You’re supposed to take care of my needs, remember?”

“Aren’t we done for the day?” said Ahmad, practically begging him to agree. He began to massage his bully’s huge ugly foot. Anything to get him to leave!

Makeup a mess, chin still dripping with Bradley’s saliva, and her clothes soaked with cum, Sadiya agreed. “It is time for you to go home, Mr. Jones.”

“Go home? We haven’t even had dinner yet!” Laughing heartily, Bradley folded his hands behind his head as Ahmad and his mother submissively massaged his huge leg. “The night is just getting started.”