

Busty Mom & the Bullies

Book One

Chapter 1

Elliott Cox would have liked nothing more than to quietly go home. Just go home, go to his room, and jerk off a load fantasizing about his mother. It was Friday afternoon, and he wanted to get started. He wanted to see how many loads he could pump out thinking about his mom before he had to go back to school Monday morning.

He knew he'd be making good use of his mother's bra and panties that he'd stolen from the laundry hamper the day before. He was already picturing running his tongue up the inside of those silky panties, drawing out as much of her sweet nectar as he could. This was Elliott's main fantasy, the one that drove him crazy—eating out his mother's perfect pussy for hours on end. He loved watching porn videos where sexy MILFs were lying back, their legs spread wide open, while a younger male was on his knees between those sexy legs, his face and tongue buried in that hot, mature cunt.

This is what Elliott dreamed of more than anything else, servicing his mother orally, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm. And as far as he was concerned, she didn't have to do a thing for him in return, other than let him pleasure her, and allow him to feed from her flowing juices. He was fine with that. And even though his mother was the sexiest woman he'd ever seen, a gorgeous woman who he knew any man would love to have his way with, he knew that slavishly servicing her ripe mature pussy would be enough for him—more than enough. He'd worship that hot wet cunt as long as

she'd let him, with nothing in return for him other than the perverse gratification he'd get from pleasing her.

He loved everything about his mother, from her honey-blond hair and pretty face to her massive 34E tits, from her waspish waist and sensually-flared hips, to her curvy bum and full creamy thighs, all the way down to her dimpled knees, toned calves, and slender ankles. Even her dainty little feet were sexy, but he knew it was that mysterious pussy hidden beneath her clothes that he'd spend all his time worshipping.

One of his favorite fantasies was coming home from school—on a day just like this—to find his mother in the kitchen waiting for him, dressed in a tight black turtleneck sweater. The sweater would be molded to those amazing tits of hers, the vertical ribs of the turtleneck flowing in and out sensually around the pronounced mounds of her huge breasts. That sweater would be accompanied by a gray, slim-fitting business skirt that ended at mid-thigh, giving him a teasing glimpse of those lush, full thighs of hers. When it came to those thighs, he just knew that the skin of the inside of them would be luxuriously soft, just like a baby's bottom. Her tanned legs would be bare all the way down, and he always pictured them with some kind of cream on them, which would give them a subtle oily sheen that made them look dead sexy. Her feet would be clad in 4" high-heeled pumps with wickedly-pointed toes—shoes that would make his cock hard just by looking at them.

"Oh, you're finally home from school," she'd say as he'd walk into the house, setting down his knapsack and joining her in the combination

kitchen, dining room, and family room. She'd sidle over to the dining room table as she talked, a lock of lustrous blonde hair falling provocatively over one eye. Her hand would come up and brush it back as she smiled at him coyly, the look in her eyes telling him she knew every lurid thought that went on in that perverted young mind of his.

"I...yes, Mom, I came home right away, just as you like," Elliott would reply, his eyes roaming hungrily up and down over his mother's stunning body, the tight sweater and skirt emphasizing her shapely hourglass figure. He could see the outline of her heavily-structured bra beneath the sweater, but even with a bra on, her big nipples were still casting teasing shadows on the tightly-stretched black fabric, sending a little jolt of arousal to his midsection. He'd never seen any woman with tits as perfect as his mother's.

"That's a good boy," she'd say, shifting around so her backside rested on the edge of the table, her straightened arms supporting her as she leaned back slightly. Facing directly at him, she'd place her sexy high heels a little more than shoulder width apart, causing the skirt to be drawn tightly across her full thighs, the hem provocatively rising up an inch or two. "Would you like your after school snack now?"

She'd accompany her question by giving Elliott a bewitchingly teasing look, which sent shivers tripping down his spine. He could feel his heart pounding with anticipation as he melted under her penetrating gaze, beads of sweat breaking out on his forehead. "Yes, please."

His mother would smile, a sinfully wicked look on her face. "All right then." She'd shift back on the table, perching her bum fully on the edge. Elliott stood perfectly still and watched, breathing now in ragged little gasps as she looked up at him and beckoned him with a crooked finger. "You know what to do."

Elliott would obediently nod and step forward, reaching for the arm of the dining room chair that she'd moved away from the end of the table. He pulled the chair closer, right in front of her. He carefully slid in between the front of the chair and her dangling legs, taking his seat. He looked up at her in anticipation, knowing what was coming next.

And his mother didn't disappoint him. With a beguiling smile on her face, she'd draw her legs up, placing the bottom of each sexy shoe on the arm of the chair. "That's my sweet boy, now it's time for your snack." As she finished speaking, she slowly let her knees roll open to each side.

Elliott's gaze would be drawn to the inviting darkness between her thighs as the tightly-stretched hem of her skirt rose higher. He caught a brief glimpse of her silky panties, and then more as her legs opened wider and her skirt rose higher.

In the dream, she was always wearing white panties. Elliott stared between her gorgeous legs as if mesmerized, his eyes feasting on her glorious womanhood. Her silky panties were stretched tightly over her prominent mound, cupping it provocatively. The front of her panties was always damp, soaked to the point where the whiteness

was almost translucent. He could clearly make out the fullness of her lips beneath, the seeping richness of her juices making them clearly visible through the sodden fabric. His eyes followed upwards, and he could have sworn he could even see the prominent bulge of her clit, causing a small teasing shadow to fall on the damp material.

But besides what he could see, what he loved even more was her luxuriously alluring scent. As she spread her legs, the subtleness of her warm womanly aroma had started to flow over him like a comforting cloak. It wasn't nasty or dirty-smelling, just the pure sensual fragrance of a beautiful woman—a beautiful woman whose dripping pussy was in need of servicing.

"C'mon, baby," his mother would say, shifting her hands further behind her as she leaned back, tilting her hips up slightly. "It's all yours."

Elliott would move closer, drawn like a bee to the hive, in search of that golden cunt-honey that he knew awaited him. Her seductive bouquet was stronger now, the titillating fragrance coursing through his veins like an intoxicating drug. He could see her juices glistening as they soaked right through her panties, as if inviting him to come even closer. He'd extend his tongue, pressing the broad flat surface right up against her panties, feeling the intense heat flow through them against his tongue. He'd slowly lick upwards, the taste of her seeping discharge seeming to caress his tongue teasingly as the flavor settled on his taste buds, sending a rocket of blood to his already-surgling cock.

He'd press his tongue deep into her panties, pushing the material right into her slit. He'd suck at the material, drawing those warm juices back into his mouth right through the soaking-wet fabric.

"Oh yeah, that's what Mommy likes," she'd say, letting her thighs roll open even further, giving him total access to her overheated cunt. He'd continued to lick the front of her panties, his lips and tongue working feverishly to get at the warm treasure lying beneath. She'd let him lick and suck at her panties until he'd start to make little whining noises of frustration. A knowing smile would come over her face as she finally relented, allowing him to realize his illicitly sinful fantasies.

"Okay, baby, now that you've had your appetizer, I think it's time for your main course," she'd say before reaching down and stripping off her panties. She'd carelessly toss them aside and then sit back, placing her high-heeled shoes back up on the arms of the chair, and then slowly, teasingly, draw her legs up and apart once more, this time showing him her cleanly-shaven pussy, her mound flushed and wet with desire.

"There you go, baby," she'd say, reaching down between her spread thighs and drawing one red-tipped fingernail along the glistening slit of her steaming cunt. "Mommy's nice and wet for you, just the way you like it." She'd draw that slender finger up over the fiery beacon of her clit and then turn her hand, crooking her finger in and out towards him, beckoning him to come closer. "C'mon, baby, show Mommy what you can do with that sweet mouth of yours."

Elliott would be so charged with excitement that he'd dive right in, pressing his face flush up against her smoldering box. His face would be covered with her wetness, her slippery lubricant feeling luxuriously warm and nasty on his skin. He'd extend his tongue, feathering it deftly between the wet, pink folds of her labia. He'd taste the juices inside her, his tongue pushing deeper as it ran over the oily folds of flesh lining her succulent canal, the very same canal that had given birth to him 18 years ago. Just knowing that would inspire him even more, his tongue searching deep as he wanted to give his mother as much pleasure as possible.

"Oh yeah, that's my perfect little boy," his mother would say, tipping her head back as she surrendered to the blissful sensations coursing through her. "Yeah, that's it, work that tongue nice and deep for Mommy." She'd roll her hips in unison with his efforts, his tongue moving in slow insistent circles all around the sides of her seeping coital walls.

Elliott knew he'd be in heaven, his tongue drawing mouthfuls of the intoxicating elixir back into his mouth, the warm, honey-like nectar sliding down his throat like liquid silk. He'd pull back, licking all around her hot, fleshy labia, licking every drop of discharge from those slippery petals. And then he'd dive deep again, sending his tongue further into her dripping gash, this time concentrating on the upper folds of flesh inside her, just beneath her throbbing clit.

"Oh yeah, that's it, baby, right there...just keep...just keep...OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKK," his mother would moan as a shattering climax tore through her as her legs clamped down around his head,

holding his mouth in place. He could feel the muscles on the insides of her full thighs quivering as waves of ecstasy tore through her, sending delightful impulses to every nerve ending of her body.

"OH MY GODDDD..." Her moans would continue as she held his head tightly in her hands, letting him know she wanted him to keep working that magic tongue deep inside her.

Elliott would, feeling the excess juices gathering on his tongue at the same time he could feel her spraying his face as she came, the blissful sensations of a deep vaginal climax sending her into near convulsions. He'd hang on for the ride, feeling her hips twisting and bucking as he kept licking, wishing her orgasm would go on forever, her sweet honey flowing endlessly onto his tongue.

But finally, the luxurious sensations would slowly start to abate, and she'd release her grip on his head, sitting back on her straightened arms, her legs slowly unclamping from around his head.

Elliott would know instinctively that she was overly sensitive right now, so he'd draw his face back, but keep his mouth pressed up against her throbbing mound. He'd slowly let his tongue explore downwards, licking up as much of the juices seeping from her drooling gash as he could. At this point, she'd always look down at him through half-closed eyes, her eyes glassy with contented bliss.

"That's it, baby, clean Mommy up. Get every drop of that cunt-honey you love so much." She'd tilt her hips up, giving him better access to

the shiny trail of fluid that had run down below the bottom of her slit. She'd smile as he let his tongue run along that glistening trickle of nectar, his tongue searching for the tiny pink ring of her bumhole.

"Maybe I'll let you lick my bum later, sweetheart, but Mommy needs that sweet mouth back up here right now."

Elliott would look up to see her extending her index finger downward, the red-tipped nail tracing over the fiery head of her clit. As if drawn by a powerful magnet, Elliott would move his face upwards, his lips and tongue seeking out that throbbing beacon of pleasure. His mother would smile devilishly as she slid her fingers around the back of his head, guiding him to that pulsing nodule of flesh.

Elliott would purse his lips in a loving kiss and place them right on the head of the protruding button. It would be so hot that he'd almost draw back, in fear that he'd burn his lips. But he'd stay, pushing a big wad of saliva to the front of his mouth, bathing her throbbing clit with his cooling spit. He'd roll his tongue all around it, tenderly nipping and sucking at it at the same time.

"Oh yeah, that's my good little boy. You really know what Mommy needs," she'd say as she'd settle further back on the table, resting on her elbows this time, looking down at him over the huge mounds of her massive tits. She'd flex her wide hips up against his face as he kept busy with his talented young mouth, stimulating her clit until she was on the verge of climbing the walls. He'd get her to that point and then slowly back off, extending her pleasure as he'd slowly start

again, and again, before eventually, he could sense her need for release. He'd then use all his skill to take her right over the edge, his tongue pressing and rolling over that sensitive nodule of flesh until her body thrashed around like a wildcat, shaking and bucking as he drove her to the heights of ecstasy.

"OH FUCK...YES...YES...YESSSSSSSSSS..." His mother would moan like a wounded animal as she climaxed, blasting his lower face with a shower of her creamy juices, her loins spasming and twitching with delight as the powerful sensations of a blisteringly hot orgasm tore through her. He'd keep licking and sucking on her pulsing clit as her lush, mature body was in near convulsions, every nerve ending tingling deliciously as she came.

Elliott would keep his lips and tongue working on her sensitive clit as the waves of pleasure washed over her, and then he'd slow down as her climax dwindled. As her body stopped jerking and shaking, she'd take his head in her hands and push him away. "Mmm, that was nice," she'd say as she drew in deep breaths of cool air as she sat up again. "Did you like your after school snack, sweetie?"

"Yes, Mom. I loved it," Elliott would respond, his eyes drifting down from her gorgeous face, stopping to stare at her voluminous tits, the huge orbs straining provocatively against her tight sweater, before moving down to her girlishly shaven mound, still wet with his saliva and her flowing juices. In the dream, he'd always look up at her at this point. "Mom, I'm still kind of hungry. Do you think I could have some more?"

His mother would get that wickedly sinful look in her eyes before her lips turned up in a nasty smile. "Sure, baby," she'd say. "I wouldn't want my sweet boy to go hungry. You can have as much as you want."

She'd lean back and let her thighs roll open again, presenting her glorious pussy to Elliott like his evening meal. And he'd dive right in, his mouth kissing that hot pink mound tenderly before he slipped his tongue back inside, causing her to start with those low moans of pleasure again. And this would go on for hours, his mother feeding him mouthfuls of succulent nectar with each climax. His jaw would be sore and his tongue numb by the time they were done, but he knew he'd be blissfully content, at least until the next time, and it would start all over again.

*

Yes, Elliott would have like nothing better than to go home, immerse himself in those fantasies and start jerking his cock as soon as possible. He wanted to see if he could break his standing weekend record of sixteen times. He'd had high hopes of getting to number seventeen when he'd left school. But things hadn't gone as planned. They'd been waiting for him.

Elliott was eighteen and his senior year of high school was just getting underway. He was small in stature. He always had been. An easy target. Jamal and his two buddies, Gunner and Zeke, had singled Elliott out as the object of their derision in his freshman year. The school district attendance lines had changed when Elliott

entered high school, bringing those guys in from a poor neighborhood on the other side of the river. He'd been bullied by them off and on for years now, but he was hoping—no—praying—that by the time this senior year rolled around that those jerks would have grown out of it. Either that, or he hoped they'd be thrown in jail over the summer for some crime they committed, which he was sure wouldn't have come as a surprise to anyone.

But no such luck. His senior year was underway and once again those fuckers were on his case. They'd been waiting for him near the variety store he had to walk past on his way home. He had the bruises on his arm to show for it. They rarely hurt him, but they cruelly berated him, taunted him, and threatened him day in and day out. Today, as Gunner and Zeke had held him, the group leader, Jamal, had stood in front of him. The young black man's six-foot two-inch frame had loomed over Elliott's tiny body menacingly, his long finger pointed right at Elliott's face.

"That English paper that we have due next week, I want at least a B+ on that," he'd said. "So you better get to work and do a good job over the weekend. You know you don't want to disappoint me. You got it, Smallcox?"

"Yes sir," Elliott had replied, knowing the answer Jamal expected.

"And don't forget our math homework either," Gunner added as he and Zeke squeezed Elliott's arms tightly before shoving him towards home.

Elliott put his head down and walked away, tears at the corners of his eyes. How was he going to make this stop? His three tormentors were always careful never to do any of their bullying on the school grounds, other than giving him threatening looks that he understood implicitly. The teachers were never witness to anything—so there was no help coming from them. With his head bowed and his arm aching, he walked home, defeated.

*

Tanya Cox was worried about her son. It had been a pretty good summer for Elliott, but once school had started a few days ago, he'd gone back to being morose and quiet, just like he had been before the previous school year had ended. He'd turned eighteen over the summer, and she had hoped her boy would have a great final year before moving on to college.

The two of them had been on their own for a few years now. In Elliott's last year of elementary school, Tanya had come home one afternoon to find her husband out by their swimming pool with someone she didn't know. It was a large black man, and her husband was on his knees in front of the man, the back of his head towards Tanya. She stood inside the sliding patio door, dumbfounded by what she was seeing. She saw her husband's head bobbing back and forth enthusiastically. It didn't take her long to figure out what was going on but, in shock, she stood there and watched as the big man took her husband's head in his hands and face-fucked him until he blew his load right down her husband's throat. The man had pulled

his cock out, and then slapped her husband across the face with it a few times. Despite the shocking scene she'd just witnessed, Tanya couldn't deny the tingling between her legs as she'd looked at the man's huge black cock. It was already starting to deflate as he pulled it back from her husband's sucking lips, but it was still enormous. She'd felt her own mouth watering as he'd drawn the oozing tip all over her husband's face, the snail-trail of his discharge glistening nastily even from where she was standing. The black man finally tucked his enormous prick back in his pants before zipping up and strolling casually out the gate. She saw her husband lick some stray cum off his hands before rising and turning back towards the house, his eyes meeting hers.

Tanya got the house and full custody of Elliott in the divorce. Her husband had moved to a big city on the other side of the state, which was fine with her. She'd been raising Elliott on her own ever since, and doing her best to give them a good life. Her job as a free-lance graphic designer allowed her to work from home, which worked out well for looking after Elliott. Between her job and with the divorce settlement signed and sealed, she and her son were pretty well off. She wanted the design job more to break up the boredom of the daily routine than for the money, so she generally ended up taking jobs of her choice and working a few hours here and there, whenever she pleased. Financially, she didn't really need the job, but felt she should be doing something constructive, at least part of the time. Yes, the freedom she and Elliott had when it came to the money situation suited her perfectly.

And so, the school year had started and, once again, she was worried about her sweet, young boy. He'd always been small, and somewhat

delicate. Other kids had picked on him his whole life, and she'd hoped that would have stopped when he got to high school, but instead, it seemed to be worse. He'd told her bits and pieces about the three boys who seemed to be the ones bullying him, and she knew he was trying to be strong, but her heart went out to him just the same. She hoped Elliott had steered clear of them today and would make it home in a good mood.

Tanya looked forward to the two of them having a nice Friday night together and enjoy the weekend in peace and quiet. Their usual Friday night routine was to order a pizza and watch a movie. She'd put her work aside today when her younger sister had called and asked if she wanted to go golfing. Tanya had made sure they finished their round in time for her to be back when her boy arrived home from school. He'd be home soon so she took another look at herself in the full-length hallway mirror, wanting to make sure she looked presentable, even if it was just for her 18-year old son.

"Not bad for an old girl," she thought to herself as she looked at her reflection. Tanya had turned 40 a few months back, and thought she still looked pretty good, compared to most women she saw out in the world. She stood 5'-4" tall and packed a lot of curves on her 120-pound frame. She thought the sleeveless pink golf shirt and white golf skirt looked good on her, the light pastel colors showing off her tan. She'd even painted her fingernails a soft pink to match. Her delicate feet were clad in a pair of strappy white sandals which she had changed into after the round of golf. The pretty, flat sandals worked perfectly with her outfit. She pulled the pink scrunchie out of her hair, shaking out her long honey-blonde locks. Her hair was parted slightly to one side, and framed her pretty face appealingly.

Her blue eyes sparkled with life, and she thought the pink eyeshadow she'd chosen to go with her outfit looked pretty and feminine. The pink lip gloss she was wearing accentuated her wide full mouth, her pillowy heart-shaped lips one of her best features. She shook her head and ran her fingers through her hair, smoothing it out as it fell past her shoulders.

She smiled to herself as she'd raised her arms, the upward motion causing her breasts to jiggle beneath the pink top, the material stretched taut over her impressive chest. She didn't remember her top fitting that tight before, but she'd felt the same when she'd put her bra on earlier. The heavily reinforced 34E bra didn't fit her like it used to, the ample mounds of tit-flesh had seemed to swell over the top edge of the lacy reinforced cups as she'd slid her girls into it. She figured she must have gained a bit of weight up top lately and knew an F cup was likely necessary from now on. She gave herself a wry smile as she adjusted her boobs slightly, figuring that extra bit of weight gain up there was just one of those things that happened to women when they hit 40.

She turned sideways, looking at the way her curvy rump thrust out behind her. It looked like two round beach balls nestled side by side. Again, she figured that was another place she'd gained a few pounds. "But it doesn't look bad either, does it?" she asked herself as she turned a little more, looking at her backside from over her shoulder. She adjusted her feet slightly to each side, making the back of the short, white golf skirt stretch tightly across the curvy mounds. From this angle she could see her prominent breasts in profile at the same time, her upper body twisted around for her to see. Her gaze travelled down her body to below the hem of her skirt, taking in the

tanned skin of her full, creamy thighs. She was pleased that her legs still looked great at this age, her thighs and calves full and meaty, while her dimpled knees and trim ankles emphasized the sexy tone of her legs, just like her waist. Tanya had worked hard to keep her abs flat and her waist trim. Those stomach crunches and time she spent at the gym with her sister had definitely paid off. She had a shapely hourglass figure that most women would die for. "Yeah, not too bad at all," she thought to herself. "You're holding up pretty well, for an old girl."

She heard the door open and with a final satisfied look in the mirror, headed towards the front of the house. "Elliott, is that you, sweetie?" she called out, rounding the corner into the front hallway. She stopped dead in her tracks. Her son was holding his left arm. The area around the bicep below the sleeve of his T-shirt looked red and sore. His eyes were swimming with tears as he turned to her. "Honey, are you all right?" Tanya hurried over to him, taking his arm in her hands. The skin looked roughed up and almost glowed red. She had him move it and flex it, which he could do okay. There was no break or muscle tear of any kind. It was just sore. She was sure he'd have a bruise coming there. "What...what happened?"

Elliott sniffed and had to cough before he spoke. "It was...it was those guys again. Jamal and the other two."

"Those boys that've been bullying you?" Tanya asked, having heard her son speak about them before.

"Yeah. They were waiting for me by the store on the way home."

Tanya knew her son wouldn't have done anything to provoke this type of behavior. "Why, what did they want? What did they do?"

"The two other guys, Gunner and Zeke, they held me while Jamal threatened me."

Tanya felt her heart go out to her son. He'd always been teased ever since he started school, whether it was about his name, his small stature, or his meek personality. Knowing that he had to face that type of behavior from others, it made her love him even more. It was because people were always treating him like that that she would do whatever she could to make his life better, to protect him, to try to make him happier. "Threatened you? How? Did that Jamal boy do this to your arm?"

Elliott shook his head. "No, he never hit me. He never laid a finger on me. But the other two guys, Gunner and Zeke, they held me while Jamal stood in front of me. They were both squeezing my arms pretty hard."

"Why did they do this? What did they want?"

"Jamal's in my English class and we've got a paper due next week. He wants me to write it for him. He said if he doesn't get at least a B+ it'll be bad news for me. And Gunner and Zeke want me to do their math homework for them too." Elliott paused, sniffing again as he tried to compose himself. "Mom, I...I don't know what to do."

Tanya felt herself melting as she looked at her trembling son. She knew she had to help somehow, and she wanted to talk to these boys, to see what their problem with her son was all about. At the same time, she didn't want Elliott to feel like a little baby who went crying to his mother. The beginnings of a plan quickly came to mind. Maybe if they gave it a shot, things just might turn around. "Sweetie, these boys, you said they're from the neighborhood on the other side of the river, right?"

"Yeah, they are."

"Do you know anything about them? What their families are like? Do you think their home lives might not be the best?"

Elliott shrugged. "I've just heard bits and pieces. Apparently Jamal's dad just got out of prison a couple of months ago. Gunner's dad's a drunk and his parents fight all the time, and word has it that Zeke's mom is raising five kids on her own, and two of his brothers are drug dealers, and one of them's in jail too."

"Oh my, that sounds terrible." Tanya paused as she looked around at their home, the opulence of it making her feel guilty after what Elliott had just told her. She turned on her heel and reached for her purse, her mind made up. "Come on, we're going to go and have a talk with those boys."

"Mom, no!"

"It'll be all right," Tanya said, taking Elliott's hand and pulling him towards the door that led into the garage. "I just want to talk to them. I promise I won't embarrass you."

"But Mom, that won't help. They won't listen to you. Look, these are not nice guys."

"Elliott, you've heard the expression, 'You get more bees with honey than vinegar,' haven't you?"

"Yes. But I don't see —"

"Just trust me." Tanya stopped and turned to her son. She saw the worry in his eyes as she softened her voice. "Elliott, you want this to stop, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then you have to trust me. All right?"

"Okay, okay."

"All right then," Tanya said as they climbed into her SUV. "You don't need to say anything, but just follow my lead in what I say."

Uncertain, Elliott grudgingly nodded his head as his mother backed out of the driveway. Within minutes the variety store came into view, and he spotted the three boys standing near one corner, laughing and talking. "That's them," Elliott said, pointing.

"Which one is which?" Tanya said as she pulled over to the curb.

"The big black guy in the middle is Jamal. The blonde one is Gunner, and Zeke's the one in the black T-shirt."

Tanya could immediately see why her son would be intimidated by any of the three. Compared to his slight frame, all three were much bigger and stronger-looking. They looked more like men than high school boys, especially Jamal, the young black man. He was well over six feet tall, and Tanya couldn't help but notice his broad shoulders and muscular pecs that shone through the tight white T-shirt he was wearing. His torso was V-shaped—like a swimmers—before his hips fed into what looked to her like powerful legs, almost tree-trunk-like. He turned to speak to the blonde boy and she noticed his jeans showed off a curvy backside, which like the rest of him, looked firm and strong.

The other two boys were white, with each of them being around six feet tall. Gunner, the blonde, had a similar build to Jamal, but on a smaller scale. Dark-haired Zeke was slimmer, but had a scruffy growth of beard that made him look older. All three of them looked pretty tough. Tanya paused as she looked at each of them in turn,

and then spoke to her son. "These, these boys...they're in high school? They're in your classes?"

Elliott nodded. "I know. They look older, don't they? But they aren't. I asked around. I think Jamal's 19, but the other two are 18, the same as me."

Tanya nodded her head as she continued to watch the three boys talking. They were not quite what she had expected, but she plucked up her courage and decided to go through with what she had in mind. She slipped the car back into DRIVE. "Okay, here we go," she muttered under her breath as she drove into the store's parking lot and got out of the car. She nodded to Elliott, who got out of the passenger side and came around the car to join her.

Elliott saw the three boys stop talking and look over as his mother approached them. The look on their faces reminded him of a parched survivor lost on the dessert who just spots an oasis. They were almost drooling as they looked at his mother. Not that he could blame them. His mother was incredibly hot, and the way her huge tits and curvy bum were displayed in her colorful golf outfit didn't leave much to the imagination. The boys stood straighter as she approached, and Jamal reached down and adjusted his package. Whether that was intentional or just the result of seeing a gorgeous woman approaching them, Elliott had no idea.

Tanya could see the three boys flick their gaze quickly to Elliott, and then back to her, sussing out who she was. They seemed perplexed by her presence, but she could feel them eyeing her intently,

wondering what was going on. Elliott being there seemed temporarily forgotten and their attention was on her, just as she'd hoped. Taking advantage of their temporary confusion, she walked right up to Jamal and extended her hand. "You're Jamal, right?"

The young man instinctively reached forward, swallowing up her slender hand in his big paw. "That's right." He cocked his head slightly, and Tanya could see he'd regained his composure after being caught off guard. "And who might you be?"

"I'm Elliott's mother, Tanya Cox."

Jamal paused before responding, his gaze travelling slowly up and down over Tanya's curvy body. "Are you sure, you don't look old enough to be his mother?" Gunner and Zeke exchanged smiles after Jamal spoke.

"Oh yes, I'm his mother," Tanya continued, ignoring the grins on the boys' faces. "And that's why I'm here. There seems to be some kind of misunderstanding between you boys and my son."

"And what would that be?" Again, Jamal answered. It was obvious to Tanya that Jamal did the talking for all of them.

Tanya gestured over her shoulder to her son standing behind her. Elliott could see her big tits wobble beneath her tight shirt as she moved—something that the three bullies definitely noticed. Three

sets of hungry eyes were riveted to her chest. "Elliott was telling me you boys have asked him for some help with your school work, and I can understand that—but seriously—wouldn't you feel better if you were able to do that school work yourselves?"

"Cox here," Jamal said, and then paused. "Sorry, I mean Elliott. Well, he's a top notch student. He's even on the Academic Awards list. Isn't that right, Elliott?"

Elliott heard the exaggerated pronunciation of his first name. It was the first time he'd ever heard any of them use his real first name. It was often something like, "Hey Smelliott, suffering from smallcox again?" they'd say, before breaking up laughing. In answer to Jamal's question, he gave a shrug. "I guess."

"See Mrs. Cox," Jamal replied, holding his hand out towards Elliott, "we can never reach that level academically that your Elliott here is capable of." He paused and gestured to his two friends. "Guys like us, we just don't have the opportunities that your son has had over the years. That's why we sometimes go to him for help."

Tanya knew what she was hearing was partially a load of crap, but she also knew with the backgrounds these boys came from, Jamal was right about not having had the advantages that an upbringing like Elliott's would have given them. She thought about what her son had said about the boys, that some of their closest relatives were, or had been, in prison, or were involved in drugs. "I'm sorry to hear that. And that's kind of what I was thinking and why we've come

here today. I wonder if there's a better way to help you, a way that would make everybody happy."

Elliott watched Jamal and the other two look his mother up and down. From his vantage point to the side, he could see her nipples thrusting out against the front of her shirt. He'd seen what kind of shadows those big nubs were capable of casting on her shirt. He knew from straight on, his bullies were getting an eyeful. As their collective gaze seemed to centre on her chest, he thought they looked like raptors from that dinosaur movie, like they would move in on her in pack formation and eat her alive, given the chance.

Jamal finally drew his eyes away from Tanya's tits and stood tall. He cocked his head back as he crossed his big arms over his powerful chest, a devilish twinkle in his eye. "Come to think of it, there might be a way. That is, of course, if you agree, Mrs. Cox." He paused, waiting to see what Tanya would say.

Tanya felt a little thrill go through her as Jamal spoke. At least they were talking, and seemed to be making progress. And now, he had some kind of suggestion. Maybe things would work out for Elliott after all. "What...what are you thinking of?"

"Maybe Elliott can tutor us?"

Elliott's eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped. That was the last thing he'd expected.

Before either Tanya or Elliott could say anything, Jamal continued. "Yes, I think that could work out nicely for everybody. You guys don't live too far from the school, right?" He paused as he pointed down the street in the direction of their house.

"Uh, that's right," Tanya said, her head swimming as she thought of what Jamal's suggestion would entail.

"Yes, I think it just might work out fine. Elliott could tutor us at your house. We could do it after school, or on weekends. What do you think, guys?"

Gunner and Zeke were quick to nod in agreement, big smiles on their faces. Jamal turned back to Tanya and looked her in the eye, that devilish twinkle and sly grin sending a shiver right down her spine. There was something compelling about this young black man, and she found herself turning red and feeling flustered under his gaze. She shook her head to break herself out of it. She turned to her son. "Well, Elliott, what do you think?"

"Uh, I...I don't know, Mom."

Tanya thought this might be a way out for her son from this bullying. There was no way these boys would torment and bully him right under her nose in their own home, would they? "I think Jamal has a good idea there, Elliott? Maybe, maybe we should give it a chance. See how it goes."

"That's exactly what I was thinking," Jamal interjected before Elliott could even respond. "We could give it a try — let's say for a week — and if it doesn't work out, we can just stop there. No harm, no foul." Jamal held his hands up and shrugged his shoulders, giving Tanya a look of innocence she was surprised to see. "I'm sorry, but we can't really afford to pay him for his time, but if he was willing, that would really help us. All three of us want to graduate and hopefully go to college, if any of our parents can scrape together enough money."

"Oh no," Tanya said, shaking her head. She was genuinely a caring soul deep down, and once again, her heart went out to these misunderstood boys, wondering what kind of lives they had at home, and the hardships they must have faced over the years. "You don't have to worry about paying him at all. It would just be...it would just be nice if you could all get along." She paused as the three boys nodded. "What do you think, Elliott? Shall we try it for a week? Would you be willing to help tutor these boys?"

Elliott knew he couldn't win this one. He knew Jamal could be charismatic when he wanted to be. He'd seen him work it at school not only with girls, but with teachers and counsellors too. And this time, he'd turned on the charm with his mother, and it had worked. He didn't really trust the three of them, but at least if he gave it a try, he figured he'd have a week where they weren't using him as a punching bag. He figured they'd get bored with the tutoring and stop coming, but maybe they'd end up leaving him alone, which was what he was praying for in the end. "I uh...I guess we could give it a try."

"Well, that's great," Tanya said as she turned back to the three boys, another idea coming into her head. "And to celebrate, how would you boys like to join us today for some pizza?"

Elliott was shocked by his mother's invitation, and he stood there unable to even speak.

"That sounds perfect, doesn't it, guys?" Jamal replied, now grinning from ear to ear.

"That would be fantastic. I love pizza," Gunner said. Zeke chimed in his approval as well.

"Do you have to call your parents and make sure it's okay?" Tanya asked.

The three boys all looked at each other, sharing a quiet smile. "Uh yeah, we'll do that," Jamal said, pulling a cell phone out of his back pocket. "But I'm sure it'll be fine. Being Friday night and all, our parents won't mind."

"Well that's great. Like you said, it's not far. I think we can all fit in our SUV."

"That's okay, Mrs. Cox. My van is right over there." Jamal gestured to an older-looking panel van parked a few spots down from her car.

It had an elongated cab, the type that had two rows of seats before the storage area at the rear. "We'll follow you."

"Oh, okay," she said as she strode towards her car and got in. She started the car and then poked her head out the window as the three young men started towards the van. "Don't forget to call your parents."

They gave each other another shared look before Jamal spoke as he held up his phone. "Absolutely, we'll do that right now."

"Good, I'll wait for you to follow me."

"Mom, I don't know about this?" Elliott said once Tanya backed out of the parking spot and Jamal had the van underway.

"It'll be fine, Elliott," Tanya replied as she reached over and patted her son on the leg. "You just worry too much. I bet these boys will be on their best behavior. You'll see."

Elliott just shook his head and looked out the window, wondering what he, and his mother, were in for.

It only took a few minutes before Tanya hit the button for the garage door and pulled right in. Jamal pulled the van into the driveway

behind them. They stepped out of the van, and Tanya noticed the envious look on their faces as they looked at the big house.

"Nice crib," Jamal said as they followed Tanya and Elliott to the front door.

"Thank you, Jamal. We like it." Tanya opened the door and the entourage followed her inside. Tanya decided to be safe and stashed her purse in the front hall closet before walking further into the house. "Well, this is it." She gestured to the open concept of the main floor, the large great room, kitchen, and dining area combined into one elegant space, with a portion of the family room soaring two storeys high. A fireplace in a stone wall rose impressively at one end of the room. A large bank of glass on the back wall looked out over a large pool that was surrounded by a board fence, which was barely visible behind mature landscaping that looked comfortably inviting, while at the same time providing a high degree of privacy. The houses in this well-to-do area were spaced well apart, and not one neighbor's house was visible beyond the lush landscaping and tall fencing.

The three boys looked around, Gunner and Zeke with their mouths gaping open as they looked at the tastefully decorated home and magnificent backyard. Jamal turned and faced Tanya. "Yes, this is a very nice house you have here." He paused for a second, his eyes blatantly drifting down to her heavy set of tits, wondrously displayed in her tight-fitting golf shirt. "There are so many things here that the three of us would never see at home." Tanya flushed under his gaze, but at the same time, she felt a tingling shiver go

down her spine. "Um, where's MISTER Cox?" Jamal asked, emphasizing the 'Mister'.

Tanya had a wry smile on her face as she shook her head. "There is no Mr. Cox. We divorced a number of years back. It's just me and Elliott now."

With this valuable tidbit of information, the boys looked at her differently now as they exchanged a knowing glance between the three of them. "Oh, that's too bad," Jamal said, his eyes boring into her curvy body. "I'm sorry to hear that. You two here on your own in this big house, with no male Cox to help you with everything you need."

"Well, there is Elliott, and he does what he can."

Jamal looked at Elliott, and then back to Tanya. "But we all have our strengths and weaknesses. We all know that Elliott's main strength is his brain, and that's why we're here for his tutoring help. I'm sure Elliott can do a number of things to help out, but when it comes to more strenuous physical things, well, I think you have to admit, Elliott is kind of a small Cox. For those things that Elliott is just not big enough to handle, that's what I mean when I say it would be nice to have some big male Cox around. I'm sure when Mr. Cox was here, he'd help to fill your needs that way."

Tanya felt herself flushing, both under the boys' ogling stares and Jamal's provocative use of her last name. "Umm...well, like I said, we do just fine."

"Oh, I'm sure you do," Jamal said, shrugging his shoulders as he gave her a charming smile, his teeth blazing white as he lightened the discussion. "I'm just saying that if you find you have a job that is too much for Elliott, me and the guys would be more than happy to lend a hand and provide you with all the male Cox that you're lacking." He paused as he let his gaze wonder longingly over her smoking-hot body, his eyes lingering on the prominent shelf of her tits. "Yes, we're quite willing to give you all the male Cox that—whether you realize it or not—that I'm sure you need."

Tanya was flushing beet red, but felt a nasty shiver run down her spine as she'd been listening to Jamal's suggestive words. She felt the dampness between her legs get worse, and a little trickle of emulsion seeped out of her pussy. She was glad she was wearing panties. Jamal had a controlled hypnotic tone to his voice, and Tanya felt listening to him was like watching a swinging watch. She felt mesmerized as he spoke, every word going right through to the pit of her soul, as if he could read her mind. Realizing Jamal's provocative words had almost lulled her into a trance, Tanya shook her head to snap herself out of it. She knew she had to change the subject to break things up a bit. "Would you boys like a cold drink?" She strode over to the fridge, three sets of eyes following her every movement.

"Got any beer?" Gunner asked. Zeke nodded next to his friend.

Gunner's question caught Tanya off guard. They were too young to legally drink, but they did come from a questionable neighborhood. She realized she shouldn't have been surprised. "Um, no. I'm sorry. I don't care for beer myself, and Elliott's too young. We have some soda, if you like."

Zeke looked disappointed. "What about Red Bull? You got any Red Bull?"

"No, sorry. Just soda, juice, or water."

"Just a Coke or a Pepsi will do. Whatever you have will be fine. Thank you very much. Right, guys?" Jamal replied, giving the other two a stern look. They caught his drift and nodded thankfully as Tanya passed Cokes all around. When she handed one to Jamal, he patted her on the back in thanks, his big black hand sliding down her back and off the curve of her bum. She looked at him, but he was already taking a swig of his drink, as if the movement of his hand had been purely accidental. Wondering if she was just imagining things, Tanya pulled out her cell phone and searched through the contacts list.

"We usually order pizza from Mario's. Is that okay with you guys?"

"Yep, Mario's makes the best," Jamal said as the other two nodded in agreement.

"Is there any special kind that you'd like? Elliott and I usually get a deluxe."

"What about Meat Lovers? Do you like a lot of meat, Tanya?"

Tanya found herself somewhat flummoxed by Jamal's suggestive question, but did her best to avert her eyes as she responded. "Uh, yes. Meat Lovers will be fine." She placed the order for two extra larges: one deluxe, one Meat Lovers.

As she'd been making the call, the three boys had wandered over to the bank of windows facing out over the backyard, taking in the view of their richly-landscaped yard and pool. "Wow, that's a gorgeous pool, Mrs. Cox," Jamal said once she'd finished her call. He pointed to the hot tub sitting to one side of the pool. "That hot tub looks fantastic too. And all those trees and bushes make it totally private. You'd never see anything like this in our 'hood."

"Well, thank you, Jamal. We like it." She paused as she thought about what he'd just said, and what she was hoping to accomplish by having the boys come over, and that maybe they could get to know Elliott better. "The pool. How would you boys like to come for a swim sometime?"

The three boys shared a look before Jamal replied. "That would be wonderful. That's so kind of you." He looked at his two buddies. "How about tomorrow? Does that work for you guys?"

"Works for me," Gunner said.

"I've got nothing on the go," Zeke piped in.

"And it's perfect for me too." Jamal turned back to face Tanya. "So, tomorrow then?"

Things were happening a little faster than Tanya expected, but if this was going to be part of her plan, she figured the sooner the boys got to know Elliott, the better. "Okay. Great. Tomorrow it is."

"That's fantastic." Jamal stepped back across the room and stopped at the big dark dining room table. "And maybe, if Elliott doesn't mind, we could start in with those tutoring sessions this weekend as well."

"Elliott?" Tanya turned and looked at her young son, uncertainty written all over his face.

Elliott gulped as he looked from his mother to the three toughs, and back again. "Uh...I...I guess it would be okay."

"I think this is going to work out just fine." Jamal ran his fingertips over the surface of the dining room table. "I guess we'd have those tutoring sessions right here. There's lots of room on this table." He

paused as he looked at Tanya's tanned legs before his eyes rose to hers. "Yeah, lots of room on here to spread out, if you know what I mean."

He had that licentious tone in his voice and Tanya felt herself tingling through every nerve as she saw him look her up and down. He finally diverted his eyes back to the table. "It's a beautiful table. What is it, walnut?"

"Uh, yes. Black walnut," Tanya said.

"Very nice. I love the color. It feels so nice under your fingertips. Do you like to feel the rich black color under your fingertips, Mrs. Cox?"

Tanya felt a lump in her throat as the young man traced his fingertips suggestively back and forth along the top of the heavy wood table, his fingers travelling about a foot in each direction over the lustrous black surface. "Yes, the color and feel of it was the main reason I picked it out."

"You have excellent taste, Mrs. Cox. The color is so rich and luxurious, and the surface is so hard and yet so smooth, I can see why you'd like to touch it."

Everything the young man was saying seemed to throw Tanya for a loop, but she couldn't deny the sexual undertones of his words, and she could feel her heart racing as she wondered what he was

thinking in his head. The pumping blood racing through her veins seemed to be settling between her legs, and she knew her sizable clit was engorged, like it always was when she was aroused. She clamped her legs closer together, trying to keep the seeping juices from soaking into her panties. She knew she had to do something, or she might end up having a little orgasm right there, just listening to Jamal's suggestive words as he spoke in that hypnotic lulling tone of his. "Umm, Elliott, why don't you show the boys your video games? You can play a bit before the pizza comes."

"Uh, okay," Elliott replied as he gestured towards the family room. Gunner and Zeke followed him over while Jamal lagged behind in the kitchen, his eyes feasting on Tanya. As Elliott turned on the big TV and got out his controllers, Jamal waited for the sound of the game to come on before speaking.

"Are you sure you're Elliott's mother? I swear you could pass for his older sister."

"That's sweet of you to say, Jamal, but I know you're just being polite."

"No, I mean it. When you came out of that car, there was no way I would have said you were his mother." Jamal made no attempt to hide his intentions as his dark eyes roamed blatantly over Tanya's curvy hourglass shape, his eyes lingering a long time on her breasts. "None of the mothers in our neighborhood look anywhere near as hot as you."

Tanya realized it had been a long time—a very long time—since anyone had complimented her and looked at her that way. She couldn't remember if anyone had ever called her "hot". She'd been called a "fox" when she was younger, but "hot" was the term the kids used nowadays. And even though Jamal was just a young man who was in the same grade as her son, it was still nice to hear. It made her feel good about the efforts she'd made to take care of herself. And this Jamal, with his impressive height and wide shoulders, powerful arms and toned body, he definitely didn't look like a schoolboy—no, he looked all man to her. Both Gunner and Zeke looked more like men too, both strong and well-built. As she looked at Jamal, her mind quickly jumped back to that day she'd witnessed her husband giving that black man a blow job out by their pool, and how big that man's cock had been. She wondered... she wondered if Jamal had a cock to rival the one she'd seen, the one that man had dragged across her husband's face, the oozing tip leaving a nasty trail of discharge that glistened wickedly. And there was something about Jamal's voice...something almost hypnotic in the way he spoke, something that had her mind wondering to things like the size of his cock. Just the tone of his rich low voice seemed to go right through to tickle at her slumbering libido, sending the blood rushing to her head and throughout her body until she was almost dizzy with the nasty thoughts she was having. She had to shake herself once more to break herself out of the trancelike state she seemed on the verge of slipping into. She fanned herself with her hand, feeling her face flushing under his gaze. "Um, well, thank you again. Every woman likes to be complimented, and I do appreciate it."

"A beautiful woman like you should be complimented every day. Take what you're wearing, for example. It looks fantastic on you." He gave her the one-hundred-watt smile as he gestured towards her golf outfit.

"This old thing," Tanya replied as she waved her hand, sloughing off his comment. She couldn't believe how school-girlish she was acting in this young man's presence, but she couldn't help it. "It's just something I threw on to go golfing with my sister."

"Not a twin sister that's single by any chance?" Jamal said, giving her a little wink as he let his gaze wander up and down over her curvy mature body, making no attempt to disguise where he was looking.

Tanya felt herself blushing again, but she admitted to herself that she was liking the attention, even if it was from a teenager. "No, my sister is single, but we're not twins. She's two years younger than me."

"Is she as beautiful as you?"

Tanya laughed out loud. "Now, Jamal, you stop that. You're just being a flirt."

The young black man put up his hands defensively. "Hey, what can I say, I call 'em as I see 'em."

"Thank you anyway. And my sister, we do look very similar, but she's a bit taller." Tanya stepped over to the counter and opened one of the upper cupboards. "Now, I better set the table."

As she stretched to reach for some plates, Jamal noticed the way her little golf skirt rode up the back of her full creamy thighs, the curve of her round bum seeming to call out to him. He closed the distance between the two of them quickly, reaching over her. "Here, let me help you with that." He reached past her, grabbing the plates in his big hand.

Caught unawares, Tanya was trapped between him and the counter. She felt his large body swallow hers up as if shrouded beneath a masculine cloak, his male essence hitting her senses at the same time his body pressed against her rear end. He rolled himself slightly against her as he reached into the cupboard, and she could have sworn she felt a thick pipe-like protrusion slip into the crevasse of her backside. She felt herself gasp at the unexpected feeling, but she didn't pull away, and her heart started to pound as he rolled his hips salaciously. The pipe-like protrusion seemed to stiffen, and then, he was gone. She turned, beads of sweat appearing on her brow as he stood in front of her, his hands holding five plates. He had an innocent look on his face as he gave her a quick smile before putting the plates on the table. But she saw a flash in his eyes before he stepped away, as if he could read her mind.

"Is there anything else you need help with?" Jamal said as he came back towards her, his hand sliding down across his hip. Her eyes

were drawn to the indelicate movement, and she found herself looking at his crotch.

"Oh my God," Tanya said to herself, looking at the bulge in his jeans. He was wearing somewhat loose-fitting low-slung jeans cinched tight at the hips with a wide leather belt. The worn denim now showed the outline of a huge cock, bigger than any she'd ever seen before. She found herself gulping as she looked at the sausage-like protrusion. Jamal absentmindedly scratched along the length of his dick as she watched, as if in a trance, unable to speak, unable to move.

"Excuse me...Mrs. Cox?"

Jamal's words broke her out of her reverie and she looked up at him, seeing that knowing look in his eyes again. "Uh...I'm sorry," she gulped out. "Wh...what was that?"

"I was asking if there's anything else you want me to reach down for you?"

She thought about how it had felt when he'd pressed himself against her. "Uh yes, of course. I guess we could use some glasses."

"Great. Where are they?"

"They're over here." Tanya stepped along the counter and opened another cupboard as she reached up, but looked over her shoulder at Jamal at the same time.

"No problem," Jamal said as he came up behind her and pressed his body against her backside as he reached up over her again, enveloping her with his broad muscular body.

Tanya reached down with both hands to the counter top to steady herself as she breathed deeply, her senses stirring under the earthy masculine fragrance of his young body. He rolled his hips against her as he stretched up, the log-like slab of meat between his legs fitting nicely between her curvy bum-cheeks. He rose up on his tip-toes as he retrieved a couple of glasses and then set them down on the counter before reaching for more, his actions causing his stiffening prick to slide up and down over the back of her skirt. She could feel his swollen cock clearly through his jeans and the material of her skirt, and the way it was rising up between their connected bodies, she knew there was no way he was wearing underwear beneath his jeans. It was just too prominent, too hard.

"Oh fuck," Tanya muttered under her breath, her mouth open as she gasped. Her mind was reeling at the thought of how big his cock must be. She could tell that it wasn't fully hard, but it seemed to be as big as her arm. He set down two more glasses, and then stopped as he spoke to her, his body still pressed against hers.

"Is that good? Do you want more?" He pointed to the four glasses he'd placed on the counter, and Tanya understood the meaning of

his provocative question. They both knew there were five of them that were going to be eating.

"Yes. One more, please?" Her response was almost a plea, her voice rising at the end as she looked over her shoulder at him, her eyes needy.

He gave her a knowing smile as he moved closer against her. "Sure, I can give you one more...er...I mean, I can get one more."

Jamal bent his knees slightly before reaching up into the cupboard, dragging the entire length of his semi-rigid dick from the bottom of her bum to the top, rolling his hips teasingly as he fit it right in between the beckoning orbs of her curvy backside. Tanya was overcome by what he was doing. It had all come on so surprising and yet it was literally touching nerves deep inside her that had been dormant for a long time. Instinctively, she found herself pressing back against him, wanting to feel his stiffness against her. He slowly slid backwards, dragging his cock down, and then up once more, nice and slow.

"Aaahh," Tanya let out a tiny gasp as a mini-orgasm overtook her. She felt herself quivering as the exquisite sensations coursed through her aroused mature body. Her pussy was tingling like crazy as the young man rolled his hips against her lush bum, her juices seeping into her panties.

Jamal slowly set the final glass down with the others, holding himself pressed against her as she rode out her little climax. "I think that's good for now, don't you?" he asked, finally stepping back from her.

"Uh, yes. Thank you. Thank you, Jamal," Tanya said as she turned and smoothed down the back of her skirt. She reached up and brushed a strand of honey-blond hair that had dropped across her face, wiping the sweat from her brow at the same time. The doorbell rang, which saved her from having to face him after what had just happened.

"Ah, saved by the bell," Jamal said as he gave her a knowing smile before stepping away. She watched him adjust the massive slab of cockmeat beneath his jeans as he stepped into the living room to join his friends.

"Do you want me to get it, Mom?" Elliott asked.

"Uh, no. I'll take care of it," Tanya hurriedly replied, knowing she had to compose herself. She smoothed down her skirt again before striding towards the front of the house, stopping at the hall closet to retrieve the purse she'd stashed out of harm's way.

"Hi, Mrs. Cox," the delivery boy said when she opened the door. It was the usual boy who delivered to their neighborhood, a tall strapping young black kid named Derek. "Got some visitors?"

"Uh, what?" Tanya replied, still flustered after what had happened between her and Jamal in the kitchen. The delivery boy gestured to the elongated van in the driveway.

"You ordered more than your usual deluxe, and then I noticed the van in the driveway, so I figured you had company."

"Oh yes, of course, Derek. It...it's just some of Elliott's friends from school." Tanya looked down as she dug into her purse for some cash. She noticed her nipples were hard as pebbles, no doubt from the arousal she'd felt in the kitchen just moments before. When she looked up with the cash in her hand, she noticed the delivery boy looking right at her chest, his eyes wide open. "Uh, here you go. That should cover it." She handed over a number of bills, making sure she gave the youngster a generous tip.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Cox? You look a little flushed," Derek said as he took the cash and handed over the pizzas, his eyes flicking between his favorite customer's ample chest and her lovely face.

"Yes. I...I'm fine. I was just doing some work in the kitchen."

"Well, if you ever need help with anything around the house, I'd be more than willing to lend a hand. An attractive woman like you shouldn't have to worry about doing strenuous work," the young black man replied, his eyes flicking down to her thrusting nipples once more.

Tanya wondered what was going on today. It had been a long time since she'd had so many people pay attention to her, and the fact that it was from young men the same age as her son just seemed to make it all the more illicit and exciting. It wasn't lost on her that Derek was black, just like Jamal. And like Jamal had suggested earlier, Derek was now offering to help her with strenuous work around the house. For some reason, she found herself glancing down at his crotch. She noticed a little pulsing throb as she noticed him looking once more at her chest. She swallowed as she took in the impressive proportions of his noticeable package. From the suggestive tone in his statement about offering to help her, she wondered if he considered fucking to be strenuous work. From the looks of that bulge in his pants, he definitely looked ready for it. She wondered if she was going cock-crazy all of a sudden—teenage cock-crazy. Or was it teenage, black cock crazy? Tanya shook her head, snapping herself out of her dizzying thoughts. "Thanks, Derek. That's so sweet of you to offer. I'll keep that in mind. Now, I'd better get this inside to my guests."

"Great. Just remember, if you need help with something, just call the restaurant and they can get in touch with me."

As he stepped back, Tanya took a quick look at the definite swelling in his crotch. Once again, she wondered how big the boy's cock was. "Okay. I'll remember that. Call the restaurant to get you. Thanks again." She closed the door and leaned against it, taking a few deep breaths to right herself. "Oh my gosh, what's come over me? First, that thing with Jamal, and now Derek," she thought to herself. Shaking her head, she made her way back to the kitchen, pizza in hand.

Tanya called the boys to the table, making sure to avoid Jamal's eyes as much as she could. As they dug into the pizzas, Gunner and Zeke engaged Elliott in conversation about the video game they'd been playing, much to Tanya's relief. There was nothing confrontational in their tone, and Zeke gave Elliott a playful tap on the shoulder at one point. Tanya hoped her plan was starting to work out.

"I'm sorry, we don't have much for dessert, other than ice cream," Tanya said once the last slice of pizza had disappeared.

"Ice cream will be fine," Jamal said, once again answering for all three boys. When Tanya nodded and went to get up, he reached out and stopped her, his big mitt accidentally brushing across her breasts as he reached across her body. "Just stay seated, Mrs. Cox, you've done enough for us already. I'll take care of this."

"Oh well, thank you, Jamal. The ice cream's in the freezer." She pointed to the lower compartment on the big stainless steel fridge.

"Great, no problem. Do you have any cones, by any chance?"

"Uh, yes, we do. There's a box in the pantry. Elliott, can you get those, please? And grab the ice cream scoop too."

"Sure, Mom." Elliott retrieved the cones and scoop while Jamal carried two containers of ice cream to the table.

"Okay, it looks like we've got butterscotch swirl or chocolate here," Jamal said as he picked up the scoop and looked over at Tanya. "What'll it be?"

"Butterscotch swirl for me," Zeke blurted out.

"Hey!" Jamal said curtly, pointing the scoop at Zeke. "Mind your manners. Let our fine hostess go first."

He turned back to Tanya, that disarming smile on his face that had that same shiver running down her spine again.

"Um, chocolate, please."

"That's what I thought you'd say. Good choice." Jamal effortlessly carved off a couple of scoops before handing the cone to Tanya. He served Elliott next before his two pals. He made another chocolate cone for himself. The chatter around the table quieted as they all attacked their dessert.

"Mmm, this is good," Jamal said, his broad tongue sweeping across the glistening ice cream. "How's yours, Mrs. Cox?"

Tanya noticed his eyes flick to her mouth as she licked the cone, the provocative look in his dark eyes sending another jolt down between her legs. "It's good, thank you."

"It's a nice sensation, isn't it?"

"Uh, what's that?" she asked, his words and tone disarming her again.

"The sensation. Feeling your lips on the rich smooth chocolate surface as your tongue licks all over the part that's in your mouth. And then that delightful feeling as the melting part slides off the tip onto your tongue, that rich chocolate flavor making your taste buds tingle." He paused as Tanya flushed, her eyes gazing at her gleaming cone as she listened to his words. "And there's nothing like that silky smooth sensation as the cool chocolate cream slides right down your throat, deep into your belly. After you get that first taste, you know there's nothing that can stop you from wanting more." Jamal could see her mouth open as she drew in a shallow breath, her lips shiny from the surface of the cone. He stared boldly at her mouth, loving the fullness of her pouty lips, knowing exactly what he wanted to put between them. "That's the way I feel about chocolate. Do you feel that way too, Mrs. Cox?"

He finally averted his eyes as he went back to licking his own cone, letting Tanya compose herself. "Um, yes, I guess I do," Tanya replied, reluctantly going back to eating her cone, noticing all eyes were on her, including Elliott's. She knew she had to do something to break the sensual tension in the room. "So, what movie should we watch tonight? Any suggestions?"

Gunner and Zeke were about to answer before Jamal put up his hand, stopping them. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Cox, but we won't be able to stay. We really appreciate the pizza and ice cream, but we've kind of got dates tonight. Right, guys?"

Gunner and Zeke caught the stern look in Jamal's eye and quickly agreed. "Oh yeah. That's right. I almost forgot," Gunner said as Zeke nodded.

Tanya found herself feeling surprisingly defeated. She realized she'd been hoping the boys would actually stay, and she knew it wasn't just for Elliott's benefit, she was enjoying the attention as well. It was mostly Jamal, but the way Gunner and Zeke had looked at her through dinner made her feel excited as well. She figured it was the fact that she just wasn't used to getting this much attention, and she felt selfish and foolish when she thought about it. "Oh well, uh, that's too bad. Maybe another time?" She surprised herself again after listening to the tone in her voice, which sounded hopeful and almost needy.

"Sure, another time will be fine," Jamal replied, giving her a knowing smile as he finished his cone and got up from the table. "And of course, we'll see you tomorrow for that swim you invited us for. If that's still all right?"

"Oh yes, of course it's all right." Tanya answered quickly, again with a hopeful tone in her voice. She didn't know what was coming over her to act that way, almost like a school girl.

"Great. We'll see you tomorrow then." Jamal smiled and nodded as he stood up from the table. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his phone. "Before we go, it's probably a good idea if I put both of your phone numbers in my contact list, and have you two put mine in yours."

"Oh yes, of course," Tanya said as both she and Elliott gave the numbers of their individual cell phones to Jamal, and then entered his name and number in theirs. "Uh, Elliott, could you tidy up in here while I show the boys out?"

"Sure, Mom."

Tanya followed the three young men towards the front of the house, the foyer out of view from the kitchen. Jamal stopped just inside the front door and turned to his friends. "Now guys, remember your manners. Give Mrs. Cox a hug and a kiss to thank her."

Tanya was caught off guard and before she could say anything, Gunner swept her up in his arms and pulled her close. Her sizable breasts were being pressed against his chest, and she felt his hands slide down her back to her hips as he turned his face down to hers. He started out giving her a peck on the cheek but slid his lips sideways, finally alighting on her mouth. Before she knew what was happening, his lips pressed firmly on hers. She was shaken by what was happening, but felt herself unable to move or resist. She felt his

hands cup her backside as he pulled her even closer against him, her tits mashed against his chest.

"Okay, that's good," Jamal said as he touched Gunner on the shoulder. Tanya gasped as Gunner stepped back, giving her a devilish smile before turning and heading out the door that Jamal had opened. "Zeke, thank Mrs. Cox."

Before she could compose herself, Zeke stepped in and replaced Gunner, his long arms circling Tanya's curvy body and pulling her against him. She could feel that he was slimmer than both Jamal and Gunner, but his body was hard and strong as he held her close. He made no attempt to kiss her on the cheek but went straight to her mouth, pressing his mouth against her warm pillowy lips. His hands also went directly to her backside, pulling her midsection against his. He drew his tongue slowly along the crevice between her lips as his groin pressed against her front. She could feel a sizable slab of flesh beneath his jeans as he pulled her close, rolling his hips against her.

"All right, all right." Jamal put his hand on Zeke's arm and pulled him back. Tanya was almost breathless as Zeke strode out the door, leaving her alone with Jamal. He closed the door and turned to her, his big powerful body looming over her. "I want to say thank you too, Mrs. Cox. I think this is a good idea you have, with us getting to know Elliott better. We've had our problems with him in the past, and you know, some stuff makes us angry and we take it out on people we shouldn't. But if we get to know BOTH you and Elliott better, I think that's gonna be better for everyone, don't you? We can

watch out for Elliott, and you too. We can kind of take care of what each other wants, and needs. Don't you think so?"

Tanya was almost dizzy, and was breathing raggedly, her chest heaving beneath her tight golf shift. She noticed Jamal's eyes going to her chest, and he made no attempt to divert his hungry gaze. She was finally able to stammer out a response, "I...I think that...that would be good."

"Well, good then. Until tomorrow, and thank you again." Jamal stepped close and wrapped his long powerful arms around Tanya. She felt herself almost swoon as he drew her to him. She turned her face up, longingly, as he brought his mouth down. She felt his breath against her cheek, hot and scintillating, and then his full lips were meshing with hers. He pulled her close, her massive breasts pressed hotly against his broad powerful chest. His big hands were cupping her curvy bum, and he squeezed ever so gently, teasingly, as he pulled her lower body to his. At the same time, he slid his tongue forward, pressing against the line between her lips. She closed her eyes instinctively as she parted her lips, letting him in. Feeling her yield, he feathered his tongue deeper into her mouth, searching out her hot pink tongue with his own.

"Ohhnnn," Tanya moaned as he kissed her deep, his tongue pressed firmly against hers before the teasing tip explored the inside of her mouth. His big hands were holding her against him, and she felt that prodigious log beneath his jeans again, only this time against her front. He rolled his hips as he kissed her, letting her feel the full length of his stiffening prick as he pressed it against her mound. She

couldn't believe how big it was as she instinctively pushed herself against him. She felt his hand slide around to the front of her body. Continuing to kiss her, he reached up and cupped her breast through her shirt, squeezing and hefting it, as if testing its weight.

"Ahhhhnnn..." She moaned into his searching mouth as a huge jolt of arousal shot through her. She could feel her pussy itching and pulsing with need. She knew she was soaking her panties but she couldn't help the way her body was responding. And then, he was gone.

"Until tomorrow then." Jamal stepped back, giving her a little wink before turning on his heel and striding out the door, closing it firmly behind him.

Tanya staggered sideways until she was leaning against the wall, her heart pounding like crazy in her chest. She felt dizzy, breathless, and overwhelmed by what had just happened with the three boys. She thought she should be chastising herself for what had happened. She should have been the adult in the room and put a stop to their behavior. She felt guilty about what had happened, how she had let them all kiss and grope her. But that bit of guilt didn't alter the fact that she was now trembling with excitement — excitement and desire.

Taking a few deep breaths to steady herself, she pushed back a wispy lock of hair that had fallen over her face and returned to the kitchen.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Elliott said as he looked up from placing the last of the plates in the dishwasher. "You look all flushed and a little out of breath."

"Oh, I just had a bit of a dizzy spell there for a second. Nothing to worry about. I'm fine," Tanya said as she smoothed down her skirt, feeling her legs trembling beneath. "Now, did you decide what movie you'd like to watch?"

Tanya joined her young son in the family room, trying to calm her racing heart. As hard as she tried, she couldn't get rid of the images in her head, or of reliving the surprisingly pleasurable feelings that had swept over her when the boys had kissed and groped her. But more than anything else, she thought about those cocks that had pressed against her, and how incredibly big they were, especially the massive log in Jamal's pants. Her pussy felt tingly and itchy as she thought about it, thought about the young hardness of all three cocks pressing into her, and the delicious feelings of their mouths on hers as they'd kissed her. Although she knew she should feel guilty about what she was thinking, she couldn't wait for their visit to go swimming tomorrow.

Chapter 2

They were barely past a half hour into the movie Elliott had chosen before Tanya spoke. "Elliott, I just can't get into watching anything tonight. I think I'll just go up to my room and read. Do you mind, sweetheart?"

Elliott realized the visit from the three bullies was playing on his mother's mind just as much as his. "No, that's okay. I'm not into it either. I think I'll just go on my computer for a while."

"All right, good," Tanya said as she got up from the couch. "It'll be an early night for both of us."

Elliott turned the lights out and followed his mother upstairs. The double doors to the master bedroom were closed as he made his way to his own room further down the hall. He liked that his room was the furthest from his mother's. It allowed him the privacy he liked when he jacked off, the space between the rooms deadening any sounds that he didn't want her to hear. He loved using Vaseline when he whacked off, and the sticky slapping sound sometimes got loud when he was really pounding one off.

He booted up his computer and was just about to open the bottom drawer of his desk to retrieve his jar of lube when his phone pinged. He looked down at the screen, surprised to see that it was a text from Jamal:

Hey Smallcox, what size bra does your mother wear?

Elliott looked at the screen, shocked by Jamal's question. He quickly typed out his response:

I have no idea.

He stared at his screen after he sent it, noticing that Jamal was typing a response. After a considerable amount of time, a lengthy message appeared:

Don't give me no bullshit about you don't know. I saw the look in your eyes when you were scoping out her tits at dinner. I know you're a fucking little perv, and if I had a momma like yours, I'd be whacking off about her every day. So cut to the chase and just give me the bra size.

Elliott stared at the message as he started to flush, realizing Jamal had seen right through him. As he sat there wondering what to do, another message popped up:

You don't wanna make me mad, do ya?

Elliott sighed as he re-read the new message. He knew better than to fuck with Jamal. He'd tried that in the ninth grade one time, ratting

him out to a teacher for picking on him. He still remembered the sore arm he'd had when Jamal almost tore it out of the socket. Elliott's fingers went to his phone:

34E

He hit the send button and waited. Jamal's response didn't take long:

See, that wasn't so hard. You just keep helping me out like that, Smallcox, and we'll be good friends. You'd be surprised the ways that I can help YOU out. See ya tomorrow.

Elliott had seen the way Jamal and the other two had been eyeing up his mother, like jackals ready to sweep in for the kill. He couldn't blame them, and obviously Jamal had seen him looking at his mother the same way. He knew his mother was fucking hot. He didn't like the idea of those guys coming around like his mom had suggested, but if they left him alone, he figured he might as well give that tutoring shit a try. Nothing else he'd done had worked. Maybe if they came over, sat through a few tutoring lessons while they took the opportunity to ogle his stacked mom, well, that wouldn't be so bad, would it? They'd end up going home and jerking off thinking about his mom, just like he did. If his mom's presence was able to provide them with a little eye candy, Elliott knew that could only be good for him. But what did Jamal mean when he said Elliott would be surprised by the way Jamal could help HIM out? What could he do for Elliott besides teach him how to hotwire a car, or something like that. He couldn't figure it out. And then why did Jamal want to know

his mother's bra size? Just so he could think about that when he jacked off? What the fuck was that all about?

Thinking about her bra size had started to get Elliott excited, so he went to his closet and rifled around in an old gym bag he had stashed there. He pulled out one of her bras and the matching panties he'd taken from her laundry basket a couple of days ago. She usually did laundry on Sundays so he just had to sneak it back into the basket before then. The bra set was a royal blue one, with delicate lace trim around the bra cups. The built-in wire reinforcing showed the full shape of the substantial bra. He looked inside the big curving cups, seeing the whitish crusty stains from the four loads he'd already shot into it over the past two days while he'd been licking and sucking at the crotch of her panties. He'd add at least two more loads tonight.

He went back to his computer and opened a picture folder he kept hidden deep in his files. He opened the folder called 'White'. It showed numerous thumbnails of his mother in a white bikini. She'd worn it last weekend and he'd taken the pictures from his bedroom window, using a zoom lens. The white bikini emphasized her huge tits spectacularly, and the tiny V-shaped bottom hugged her curvy bum teasingly. He set four of the pictures up side by side on his computer. Satisfied with his whacking material for this session, he pulled out his big jar of Vaseline, getting his hand all lubed up and ready to go. He looked over at her bra and panties he'd set down next to his computer, and then back at the pictures of his mother on the screen. Yes, that bra was going to get another nice pasting.

*

A short distance down the hall, Tanya was lying on her bed, eight inches of black rubber sliding back and forth in her steaming twat. She'd already had one orgasm and the second was on the verge of following right after that one. Propped up against the headboard on a stack of pillows, she reached down with her free hand and slid it over her shaven mound, her fingertips reaching the protruding nodule of her sizable clit. She was happy that she'd been blessed with such a big clit, and an overly-sensitive one at that. And her nipples were just as sensitive, if not more. She'd found out when she was much younger that she was able to climax just as easily by having her tits sucked on as having her pussy stimulated. From talking with her girlfriends when she was growing up, she realized how quickly she could have an orgasm compared to everyone else-she was extremely sensitive where it really counted. And that wasn't anything to complain about...not at all. Not only could she climax quickly, she found herself easily experiencing multiples orgasms, one right after the other. Her friends were envious of her, and it made her feel quietly special. One of her girlfriends back in high school, Jenny Monroe, had given her the nickname, "Trigger", and it had seemed so appropriate that she liked it.

It was that sensitivity that had allowed her to have what she referred to as a 'mini-climax' when Jamal had been rubbing himself against her backside in the kitchen. Her mind had been sent spinning by his illicit behavior, and she'd become excited. Her aroused brain had taken hold of her trigger-like libido and set it off as she'd felt the protrusion of his big cock pressing against her bum. That "mini-climax" had swept over her, sending those delicious tingling sensations shooting through her body.

When she came to her room, she'd stripped off her clothes, feeling her huge tits breathe a sigh of relief as they spilled forth from her overflowing bra, the heavy spheres settling down and out over the full breadth of her chest. Her nipples were hard, and she knew it was from the kisses and the groping the boys had given her on the way out. She pulled off her panties and held them before her. Soaked-absolutely soaked. Her rich womanly scent drifted into her senses, inflaming her aroused libido even more.

She'd pulled out her black dildo, her hands running over the eight-inch length, knowing from what she'd felt pressed against her that Jamal was much bigger. She'd thrown herself on the bed and plunged the cock-shaped slab of rubber deep into her slippery trench. She'd come quickly, and now a second one followed on the heels of the first as she touched her swollen clit. The muscles on the insides of her thighs were quivering like plucked guitar strings as wave after wave of ecstasy flowed through her. Tanya gushed all over her hand, and knew she'd have to wash the sheets. It was typical for her to spray a lot when she came, and she'd found that this was another difference of which her girlfriends were jealous. She hadn't realized it was considered sexy until they told her. She thought it was a dirty thing, but now she loved it. Every time she came, she looked at the wet sticky cunt-honey she sprayed as evidence of her pleasure.

With her fingers idly toying with her slippery pussy lips, she lay there wondering what Jamal had thought when she'd climaxed when he'd been pressed against her. He must have known. Her body was trembling and quivering beneath him as the little bolts of lightning

pulsed through every sensitive nerve ending. He'd acted like it was nothing, but he had to have known...hadn't he?

As the euphoria of her second consecutive orgasm subsided, she realized how silly she was being. These were just boys the same age as her son, for God's sake. They were just being friendly when they thanked her by kissing her and holding her close. Maybe that's just the way it was done nowadays. Elliott had so few friends around that she wasn't used to that kind of behavior. Maybe the other moms were. She had no idea, but figured that her active mind had just gotten the best of her. Yes, that was it. She was just imagining they'd had other intentions. In reality, there was likely nothing to it. But at least they'd been nice to Elliott, which is what her idea had been all about. If it took her being nice to them too for them to stop bullying her little boy, she could easily do that. She'd do whatever it took to make sure her son felt safe and happy.

With her mind settled down, she took a shower. She loved her big en-suite bathroom, with the huge glass-walled shower with multiple shower heads. It was something she'd insisted on when they'd had this house built, and she never regretted the extra cost involved. Her husband had made a ton of money as an investment banker, and after the divorce settlement, she had no worries whatsoever herself. She was careful with her money, even if she didn't need to be. She'd buy a few nice things for herself every now and then, but she never went overboard. Clothes, shoes, and lingerie were her weakness. Sometimes she thought she had more money than she knew what to do with, but it was nice to have that golden nest-egg in reserve.

Tanya stood under the shower, letting the hot stinging pellets rain down on her. She grabbed the big bar of soap and lathered her hands before washing her breasts, her foamy hands sliding all over the massive guns. Her nipples came alive under her fingertips. She made herself stop, knowing that with her level of sensitivity, she'd have herself overheated in no time. Reluctantly, she released them, sighing as her hands moved over the rest of her body.

When she was finished, she towel-dried her long blonde hair and tossed her head from side to side, the damp locks falling about her shoulders as she combed her fingers through it. She went to one of her dresser drawers where she kept her lingerie, wondering what to wear to bed tonight. She selected an emerald-green chemise, the hem and bra cups trimmed in delicate white lace. It was very feminine and she loved the feel of the cool green satin against her skin. She checked herself in the full-length mirror, adjusting her girls in the smooth satin cups. Yes, she'd definitely have to go up a bra size soon, even this short little nightie was too tight up top. The triangular-shaped pieces of satin that covered each breast were stretched tightly over the heavy mounds, emphasizing her protruding nipples.

"All right, you've got that out of your system, now just settle down and get your head back in the game, girl," Tanya said to herself as she puffed up some of the pillows she had stacked against the headboard. "This is for Elliott. It's going to work out okay with those boys for him. They just need some care and understanding. They seem to be nicer than I expected. It must be so hard for them, living where they do. It's not really their fault. Deep down, I'm sure they're quite nice. I'm sure they're good boys. They just need a chance. They just need a little understanding, considering what they have to go

through every day. I can do that. I can do that, and it'll help both them, and Elliott."

Having had a good talk with herself, she grabbed the latest bestseller she was reading and settled into bed, hoping the book would take her mind off of the things she'd been thinking. It worked and within a few minutes, she was totally engrossed in what she was reading. All that changed around 10:45, when her cell phone she'd placed on her bedside table pinged, indicating a text. "Who can that be at this time of night?" she thought to herself as she reached for her phone. She was surprised to see the name Jamal on her screen. She opened the message:

Mrs. Cox, I'm sorry to disturb you so late, but it's important. Can we talk to you for a minute? We're right outside in your driveway.

"What the heck?" Tanya thought as her eyes went to her bedroom window. She got out of bed and hurried over, peeking out between the blinds. She saw the shadowed shape of Jamal's van in the driveway, the moonlight glinting off the dark paint. She looked again at the message. He had said it was important. Perhaps one of them was hurt. Maybe they'd been in some kind of gang rumble and Gunner or Zeke was injured, and they were turning to her for help. She had no idea why they'd think of her, but she knew, if even for Elliott's sake, she had to do something. Her fingers flew over the keypad on her phone.

Okay, I'll be down in a minute.

She hit the SEND button and then reached for her heavy white terrycloth robe she'd thrown over the easy chair in the corner of her room. She cinched it tight, making sure her sexy nightie was well-covered. For some reason, she felt compelled to check herself in the mirror. She reached up and fluffed up her blonde hair until it looked nice, framing her pretty face handsomely.

Tanya went down the stairs as quietly as she could, not wanting to disturb Elliott. She turned the light on inside the front entryway and slowly opened the door. As soon as the sliver of light illuminated the porch, she saw the doors to the van open and the shape of three dark silhouettes move towards the house. She recognized the outline of Jamal's broad muscular torso leading the way, the other two boys right behind him.

"Jamal, what is it?" Tanya asked, standing in the doorway to block their way. "Is someone hurt?" She could see the faces of all three now, and none of them looked the worse for wear.

"Not really, no," Jamal replied, his eyes looking past her inside the house. "But it is important. We need your advice on something. I promise we'll only take a few minutes of your time, and then we'll be out of your hair. Please, like I said, it's important." He gestured over her shoulder to the interior of the house.

Tanya saw the look of concern on all of their faces and she felt sorry for them. Maybe one of their parents had gotten into a domestic

dispute, or one of their siblings had been picked up by the cops. She decided the least she could do was talk to them for a few minutes. "Okay," she said in a hushed whisper, opening the door wider and stepping to the side. "But you have to be quiet. I think Elliott's asleep."

Jamal gave the others a quick glance and Tanya thought she saw the flicker of something in his dark eyes. "Okay, we'll be quiet. Maybe if we could just sit at the kitchen table and talk, we'll be out of here in no time."

"All right." Tanya led the way and the three boys followed. She turned the light on over the table and sat down at the end, Jamal taking a seat to her left while Zeke sat immediately to her right, with Gunner in the seat next to him. The table sat six, with the chair next to Jamal and the one at the end opposite her vacant.

Tanya noticed the boys all looked at her chest as they sat down, causing her to glance that way herself. Her robe had gaped open a bit, revealing the uppers swells of her tits. She tried to make it look casual as she pulled the robe closed. "So what's wrong? What do you need to talk to me about?" Her voice was even and hushed as she looked at each of the boys in turn before settling on Jamal, who she knew would do the talking for all of them.

"Well, you know how we told you we had to leave because we had dates tonight?" Jamal paused as Tanya nodded. "It didn't go well, and that's what we wanted to talk to you about."

Tanya looked quickly at the other boys, who nodded solemnly in affirmation of what Jamal had said. "What do you mean, it didn't go well? And why would you want to talk to me about it?"

"You're not like any of the girls we know, Mrs. Cox. You're a sophisticated, beautiful woman who, although we haven't known you very long, we respect." Jamal paused, noticing that Tanya was somewhat surprised by his words, her face letting him know she appreciated what he was saying, even if it had caught her unawares. "The girls in our neighborhood are nothing like you, and we just can't figure out why they act the way they do. We wanted to talk to you, to see if you would have any idea why they act like that. Do you think you could help us?"

"What...what did they do?"

"Well, this is something we couldn't talk to our own mothers about, but we felt maybe we could talk to you." Jamal paused again before Tanya nodded for him to continue. "The girls...the girls we were with, they, uh, they kind of left us high and dry."

Tanya's eyebrows arched together. "High and dry? What do you mean?"

"You know, they kind of led us on, and then...well, they didn't follow through with anything." Jamal could see the light go on in Tanya's eyes as she understood what he was talking about. "Why, why do

girls act that way? Do mature women, like yourself, act that way, Mrs. Cox?"

"Well, I don't know what to say, Jamal. I don't know these girls and I don't know how they feel about you boys. I do know that a lot of young girls can act that way. Maybe they're a bit curious, but also nervous and shy at the same time. I know it mustn't seem very nice, but you have to realize that they're just young and unsure of themselves."

Jamal nodded, taking in Tanya's explanation. "Yeah, you might be right. But women who are older, like yourself, they don't act like that? They wouldn't do something like that?"

Tanya realized she may have gotten herself into a bit of a pickle with what she'd just said. "Well, that's not exactly what I'm saying. I think you have to look at each person individually. It's really hard to say what's going on in those young girls' minds."

"But it's so frustrating for us. When this kind of thing happens, it makes us angry, right, guys?" Jamal looked over at his two buddies, who had noticeable scowls on their faces.

"Fuckin' right," Zeke said, shaking his head angrily.

"Hey! Watch your language. We're talking to a lady here!"

Jamal's reprimand didn't go unnoticed by Tanya. "That's all right," she said, waving her hands in a calming motion.

"See how ticked off he is. When stuff like this happens, it's not good, and when we get angry, we kind of lash out, we end up taking out our anger on other people." Jamal sat back slightly in his chair and turned his eyes toward the stairs, letting Tanya know he was talking about 'people' like Elliott. "And I don't think any of us wants to see what might happen if we become even more angry, right?"

Tanya met Jamal's eyes, seeing both the frustration and the anger lurking inside, and yet, she could see the caring in them at the same time. "No...uh...we, we don't want to see that happen. I can see how upset all of you are. But it'll be okay."

"How's it going to be okay, Mrs. Cox. That girl Zeke was out with, she was a total tease. And now Zeke's in a bad way." Jamal gestured across the table to his friend. "Show her, Zeke."

Tanya could only watch, totally aghast, as Zeke stood up beside her and quickly undid his pants. Unbuttoned and unzipped, he reached into his underwear and pulled out his cock, pointing it right at her. It was rock hard, and big. Bigger than her husband's, and bigger than any she could ever remember seeing. The broad mushroom head looked engorged with blood, and angry. Tanya sat there, her eyes wide in amazement as the young man took a leisurely stroke along the substantial length of his steely dick, causing the wet red eye at the tip to glisten as a surge of precum pulsed to the surface.

"Oh my God," Tanya said to herself, wondering what was happening right in front of her. She finally was able to pull her eyes away from the lewd spectacle and turned to Jamal, as if seeking his help. "What? What's going on?"

"We just wanted you to see what those girls have done. We thought, we thought maybe you could just give Zeke...you know...a hand. Help him out a little bit, so he doesn't feel frustrated. And especially so he doesn't get angry." Jamal flicked his head toward the stairs once more, his intent obvious.

Tanya gulped, but found herself drawn to the spellbinding teenage cock mere inches away from her. Her eyes turned back as Zeke took a step closer, his hand still slowly stroking back and forth. The dewy drop of precum was growing, and it started to distend downwards, dangling from the tip of his throbbing prick.

"Just help him out a little, Mrs. Cox," Jamal said, that soft lulling tone in his voice again. "You can see what a bad way he's in. I'm sure if you just, you know, use your hand, it'll only take a minute or two."

Tanya was torn. She knew in her heart she should tell the boys to leave immediately, to get the hell out of her house. But part of her was fearful of how they might respond-what they might do to Elliott. Maybe not today...maybe not tomorrow... The thought of what these boys might do to her young son made her shudder. But another part of her was, well...sinfully aroused. She couldn't deny that itchy

tingling between her legs as she stared at Zeke's cock, the young powerful slab of meat throbbing just inches away. She could smell it. It wasn't the dirty smell of a sweaty boy-it was the alluring earthy fragrance of a grown man-a grown man's big powerful cock. She hadn't expected it, but it had been so long since she'd been with a man that she found the scent intoxicating. It was reaching into her senses and setting her afire. With every breath it sent a pulsing rush of blood right to her needy cunt.

She finally turned her gaze back to Jamal, and she knew behind her warm blue eyes he could see the dilemma she was having, the angels and devils battling within her. She reached a decision. "Okay, but just this one time, all right?"

"Of course," Jamal quickly replied as he slowly shook his head from side to side. "Like I said, we hate to bother you, Mrs. Cox, and we wouldn't expect anything more. Right, guys?"

Gunner nodded in agreement while Zeke looked down at Tanya, his eyes pleading with her. "Please, Mrs. Cox, would you help me? I...I really need to get off. I feel so backed up that my balls are just killing me."

Too dumbstruck by what she was going to do to even speak, Tanya reached forward tentatively, her slender fingers reaching towards the pulsating column of flesh, her pink nails looking teasingly sinful as they got closer to the throbbing shaft. Zeke had stopped stroking it and removed his hand totally, but the thrusting shaft lifted skyward at a sharp angle, bobbing enticingly with each beat of his

young heart. Tanya could feel the heat of it as her fingers got close, and then she slid them around the centre of the shaft, closing her hand over the stiff throbbing cock. Like always when her fingers closed around a hard cock, she was amazed at how something could feel so intensely hard and yet so velvety soft at the same time. She squeezed, and felt his dick throb back against her, the warmth transferring from his engorged prick into her tiny hand. Her fingers didn't come anywhere near to closing against the heel of her hand, his dick was just too big around. But to Tanya, it felt wonderful. So big, so hard, so powerful. She slowly pumped upwards, watching the wet hole at the tip gape open as another slimy gob of precum oozed forth.

"Oh God, that's it. That's so good," Zeke moaned, and Tanya flicked her eyes up as the young man closed his eyes and tilted his head back, surrendering himself to the luxurious sensations of her stroking hand.

"Don't make a mess, Zeke. Stand closer to the table and shoot it on there," Tanya heard Jamal say, his voice seeming to come through an illicit fog before reaching her ears.

Zeke shuffled forward slightly, his thighs close to the edge of the dark walnut table. Tanya's hand stayed on his cock as he moved, never missing a beat as she really started to stroke, the young man's surging prick feeling like an iron bar beneath her hand. Precum was flowing steadily out of him now, drooling down and making a greasy puddle that glistened on the table. Tanya stared at the shiny cock-sap, feeling her breathing becoming short and raspy as she got

more excited. Her hand pumped more vigorously, the leading edge of her hand going back and forth over the pronounced ridge of his corona with each delicious stroke.

"Oh my God, I'm getting close. Mrs. Cox, your hand is so fucking good." Zeke looked down, his eyes going to Tanya's chest, where her arm movements had caused her robe to gape open, giving him a perfect view right down into her deep dark cleavage. "I...I...oh FUCCCKKKKKK..." Zeke groaned loudly as he started to shoot. From the side, Tanya saw the hole at the tip yawn open as it filled with a milky gob for second before a long white rope spewed forth, reaching almost to the other side of the table. She kept pumping, and a second milky ribbon rifled across the table, landing next to the first one in a glistening streak. Awestruck by the lewd display, she could only watch open-mouthed as her hand continued to jack away at the young man's spewing prick, ropes and wads of thick teenage cum raining down on her table. She was shocked by how much cum he was ejaculating, his pulsating cock shooting again and again, her table spackled from side to side with glistening wads of baby batter. But she never stopped pumping, her sliding hand coaxing out as much of his teenage spunk as she could.

"Oh my God, that was amazing," Zeke said as he finally finished, the last few drops of oozing dogwater dripping down onto the near edge of the table.

The young man's words seemed to break Tanya out of the spellbinding trance she'd been under while jacking the boy off. She

drew her hand back from his spent dick, her eyes glued to the gleaming mess of milky cum on her table.

"Watching that's got me all fired up now," Gunner said as he pulled Zeke back and stepped right next to Tanya. Before she had a chance to realize what was happening, Gunner had his pants undone and whipped out his cock.

"Aahh!" Tanya gave a sharp intake of breath as she looked at the throbbing member before her. It was rock-hard, and the big mushroom cap was so enflamed that it looked like it was going to blow right off the long veiny stalk. And like Zeke, it was big. Big and thick and so vigorously hard that Tanya could almost feel the youthful power coming right off his throbbing weapon.

"Come on, Mrs. Cox, could you help me out too?" Gunner asked, presenting his big dick to her like a prize at the state fair. "I think it's only gonna take a few strokes to get me off too."

Tanya looked up into the boy's pleading eyes and then, for some reason she didn't understand, she looked over at Jamal, as if needing his permission to go ahead. The young black man gave her a soft smile as he looked her in the eye while at the same time nodding towards his friend's needy prick. "It's all right. Go ahead."

Tanya slowly turned her head back towards the massive dick that was right at eye level. She could see that, like Zeke, Gunner's pubic hair had all been shaved off. To Tanya, there was something

wickedly sinful about seeing that shaven groin. Not only did it seem more risqué and exciting for some reason, it also made their dicks look bigger-not that either of them needed any help in that regard. Both pricks were bigger than any she'd had in her whole life. She'd had a number of cocks buried inside her while she was in college, but none of those were as big as either of these two boys-and they were both definitely much longer and thicker than her husband. Looking at the big hard cock before her, the veiny shaft throbbing and pulsing magnetically, Tanya found her mouth watering, her saliva glands starting to work overtime. At the same time, she felt that telltale itchiness between her legs, and she knew her pussy was dripping-wet already.

As if of its own accord, her hand reached forward, her slender fingers circling around the meaty shaft. She drew in a sharp breath, feeling the hardness beneath her palm as her fingers closed. It was even thicker around than Zeke's, and it looked longer, maybe an inch or so longer and so fucking hard. She felt a pulsing in her itchy twat as her hand squeezed lovingly, feeling the power pulsing through his rigid prick as it tried to pull itself upward from her clutching grasp. Once she had a good fist-full of cock, Gunner let go, his hands going to his hips as he flexed them forward, his thrusting erection pointing out over the table.

"Mmm..." Tanya was surprised that a warm purr emanated from her throat as her hand moved rhythmically back and forth. But the sound was not lost on the boys, and as Jamal looked at each of his pals, a quiet grin appeared on all of their faces.

"That's it, Mrs. Cox," Jamal said in that low hypnotic voice of his. "Give Gunner what he needs."

Tanya's eyes were fixated on the throbbing slab of muscle beneath her fingers as she continued to pump her hand, her rhythmic strokes quickly bringing Gunner to the delirious brink of ecstasy. The methodic movements of her arm had caused her cinched robe to loosen even more, with the swells of her breasts now almost totally on display, the cups of the satin chemise shining sensuously from the light over the dining room table.

Gunner looked down at her huge tits, the cups of the emerald-green chemise overflowing with mounds of warm-looking tit-flesh. He could see the protrusion of her sizable nipples against the front of the shiny fabric, the buds of stiff flesh causing teasing shadows to fall on the garment. That was all it took to send him over the edge.

"Oh fuck! Here it comesssss!" Gunner gasped under his breath as he started to shoot. A long milky strand rocketed almost to the other side of the table, the gooey ribbon landing with an audible splat.

"Mmm..." Tanya heard herself unconsciously give off another little moan as she kept stroking, the powerful cock bucking beneath her grasp. A second, and then a third white rope spewed forth, adding to the mess that was already littering her table. She kept pumping, and Gunner kept shooting, wads and strands of thick teenage cum flying everywhere. She watched as the yawning eye at the tip seemed to flex time and again, launching milky ropes of semen one after the other onto the table. Finally, the last pearly gobs oozed forth, and

Tanya found herself flicking the drooling tip towards the table, the final vestiges of his ejaculation joining the rest as the shiny web connecting his potent seed to the end of his prick got thinner and thinner before breaking, the heavy distended gob falling onto the table.

"Oh shit, that was fantastic, Mrs. Cox," Gunner said as he pulled his spent dick out of her hand and stuffed it back into his pants.

Tanya's hand felt surprisingly empty, and she looked at her curled fingers curiously, feeling that there was now something missing.

"Wow, I'm really sorry about your table, Mrs. Cox." Jamal's voice broke Tanya out of her reverie and she followed his gaze to the table, the dark walnut surface a mess of glistening milky-white teenage cum that spread from one side to the other, gobs and strands of thick cloudy semen laid out in a bizarre mosaic. "It looks like the boys really made a mess. But at least it didn't get on the floor."

In a daze, Tanya found herself responding, "No...that...that's good."

"Well, thank you for taking care of them," Jamal said as he shifted slightly in his chair, turning so his crotch was visible to her. "I guess we better go. I think we've already overstayed our welcome."

He didn't move right away, and Tanya found her gaze automatically going to his package, that noticeable bulge she'd felt against her

backside earlier once more clearly on display. "Fuck, that looks so fucking big," she thought to herself. Her hand felt itchy with need, as if she'd expected him to want the same as the other boys. She saw a throbbing beneath his jeans, and found her hand flexing open and closed automatically, trying to picture what she knew must be a tremendous cock that could fill her tiny hand. Her mouth was watering and her heart was fluttering as she slowly looked up into his mesmerizing dark eyes.

Jamal could see the look of wanton lust in Tanya's blue eyes, and he saw more than that. There was a pleading look in them as well that made him smile inside. Not just that she secretly loved what she was doing, but that she wanted more-and that meant more from him-right now.

Yes, things were going just as he'd hoped with this little plan he'd come up with tonight. It had been quite a surprise, a sexy surprise indeed, to meet Mrs. Tanya Cox. The little nerd, Elliott, lived so close to the school that he walked every day. Most other kids occasionally got dropped off at one time or another, but not Elliott. So Jamal had never seen his mother until she and Elliott approached the three of them in the parking lot of the store today. He had no idea the nerd's mother was so fucking hot. The fact that she was divorced and her husband was out of the picture made it so much easier too. If she had been married, that wouldn't have stopped him, it just would have made things, well, a little more complicated. He'd fucked many married women in his young lifetime, and some husbands had even gotten off watching a well-hung black stud fuck their wives right in front of them, over and over.

But Mrs. Tanya Cox was different. She was in a whole different league than any of the women he'd come across, both literally and figuratively. She had a gorgeous face any movie star would envy, and a body that any man, of any age, and any woman, would die for. Her perfect hourglass figure emphasized every flowing curve and enticing valley. She was definitely curvy in all the right places, with a trim waist, flared hips, and round bum cheeks that looked like they could bounce on a bed all night long. And then those tits, those huge fucking tits that stretched her top almost to the tearing point. Big, round, and perfectly shaped. It made Jamal's fingers itch at the thought of getting his hands on them. They looked nice and heavy, just the way he liked. Jamal knew they'd look fantastic in sexy lingerie, like he preferred, or totally naked. Even with what he could see of her clothed breasts, he could tell they were a spectacular set that any man would drool over. And they looked great with the rest of her lush mature body. The icing on the cake, so to speak, with what he guessed were two cherry-red nipples on top.

Jamal loved women of any age and any color, but give him a sexy white MILF, and he was sold. He could see that desire for black cock in most white women's eyes, and he'd seen it in Tanya Cox's when she'd looked at him. He'd sensed a slightly submissive side to her as well, lurking beneath the façade she'd originally put forward of a woman who had it all together and under control. No, both he and she knew that was just a front, that deep down she needed someone to take control, to fulfill all those nasty submissive fantasies she kept hidden deep in her psyche, fantasies that would eventually come to the surface and need to be satisfied. From his personal experience, Jamal knew it was something these older white women couldn't deny, and their curiosity eventually got the better of them. And he planned on being there when Mrs. Tanya Cox came to that

realization, even if he had to help her come to that decision by leading her to it.

Yes, this Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Tanya Cox, was a perfect white MILF. That honey-blonde hair and sexy blue eyes made her the sublime conquest for a young black man like himself. And he was more than willing to share her with his two friends. With a woman built like her, there was definitely enough to go around. And now, she had that look in her eye that he'd seen before, a hungry craving for black cock. His buddies had given her the appetizer, and now it was up to Jamal to give her the main course.

With that begging look in her gorgeous blue eyes, he decided to save her any potential embarrassment by waiting for her to make a move, by waiting for her to ask for what they both knew she wanted. He stood up and watched as her eyes followed his protruding crotch as he moved around to where Gunner had just been standing. Jamal slowly slid his hand down the front of his body, his palm rubbing teasingly over the prominent bulge before he searched out his swollen dick beneath his jeans, his fingers circling around the long tube of flesh through the denim fabric. He kept his eyes on her face, seeing it flush as he squeezed his massive dick, letting her see how thick it was. "Do you think you could help me out too, Mrs. Cox?"

Mesmerized by the closeness of his gigantic prick, Tanya could only nod. Jamal smiled to himself as he saw her pink tongue unconsciously slip out and circle her mouth, making her soft full lips shine wetly. He reached down and pulled up his tight T-shirt, showing off the defined muscles of his abs. He undid the button of

his low-slung jeans and then slowly, teasingly slowly, drew down his zipper. Jamal could see the tiny beads of perspiration on Tanya's brow as she waited in anticipation, lustfully eager to see the huge cock she knew he had for her.

He turned slightly towards her as he drew the flaps of his jeans open, letting her see the thick tree-trunk like root of his cock. She was watching intently as he slid his hand into the opening and wrapped his big hand around the burgeoning shaft. She watched, as if in a trance, as he slowly drew it upwards, the big mushroom head finally clearing the opening as he presented it to her.

"Oh my God!" Tanya uttered under her breath as her eyes opened wide. Zeke and Gunner exchanged a knowing glance. They'd seen this reaction from women to their black friend's gigantic cock many times before. And it never got old.

Tanya felt dizzy as she looked at Jamal's enormous member. It wasn't fully hard, and yet it was already bigger than the other two boys, who each had been bigger than any cock she'd had inside her previously. She could see the intricate trace-work of veins winding their way up the smooth ebony shaft, sending white-hot blood to the swollen purple crown. She watched as the broad flared helmet grew right before her eyes as the impressive shaft expanded and lifted, the pink eye starting to point upwards. It bobbed hypnotically with each powerful beat of his heart, the long black column of flesh extending further away from his body at the same time the glorious contoured helmet swelled up even bigger. Unlike the other boys, he'd released his huge cock from his grasp as soon as he'd taken it out of his pants,

and left it free as it continued to rise on its own, the sinfully arousing sight making her mouth water as her eyes remained locked on the enticing spectacle.

Tanya could only gasp as she watched it grow until it reached full erection, slanting upwards from his shaven groin at a forty-five degree angle, the enormous cock able to rise no further due to the force of gravity acting on something so big and heavy. She could see that it was easily over 11" long, and as big around as her forearm. To Tanya, the huge slab of meat looked more like a truncheon or some form of deadly weapon, rather than a simple body part used in the act of procreation, or making love. No, this was no simple penis, she thought to herself-this was a BIG POWERFUL COCK, made for fucking-hard, deep, cunt-stretching fucking.

"Go ahead, Mrs. Cox," Jamal said. "It's all yours."

Jamal's words broke Tanya out of her trance and she tentatively reached forward, her tiny hand extending towards the young black man's majestic member. 'Majestic', that was the word that came to her mind when she took in the spellbinding view of his horse-like cock-'Majestic'.

As her hand got closer, she could feel the intense heat coming off the smooth black skin, waves of warmth feeding the air in the room. She could even smell his huge prick, the pure animal-like scent of maleness setting fire to her senses. Her slender fingers touched the surface of the shaft, and a jolt of excitement shot through every tingling nerve in her body as her hand came in contact with his

powerful cock. She instinctively closed her fingers as far around the column of flesh as she could, her fingertips coming nowhere close to touching the heel of her hand once more. She'd thought the other two boys were big, and it made her gasp to see how much bigger Jamal was than either of them. Once her hand had closed down, Jamal flexed the muscles in his midsection, and it made her heart flutter as she felt the power beneath her grasp flow up through his towering erection.

"Fuck me," Tanya mumbled under her breath, but the boys heard her.

And that was exactly what Jamal, and the others, planned on doing. "But all in good time," Jamal thought to himself. He was quite content to enjoy watching her work on his cock with her hand right now. They'd all enjoy what other pleasures that tremendous body of hers had to offer...later.

In a haze of desire, Tanya started sliding her hand back and forth, loving the feel of the throbbing hardness lying beneath the velvety-soft outer sheath. She drew in a sharp intake of breath as her hand slid over the pronounced cord of his corona, instinctively picturing what that thick rope-like ridge would feel like driving deep into her pussy, knowing it would feel blissfully luxurious being stretched by something so beautiful. Within seconds of her hand starting to pump, gooey precum started to ooze forth from the wet opening at the tip, the drooling cock-sap dripping down onto the table in shiny gobs. She wanted more, she wanted to see his full load shoot from his magnificent cock, knowing it was her hand that was going to cause him to climax. She stroked more vigorously, feeling the huge

prick buck and flex beneath her tiny stroking hand, the heat from his cock flowing right up her arm. Tanya thought her pale white hand looked wickedly exciting against the smooth black column of hardness, and a tingling jolt of arousal pulsed through her, causing her steamy little box to weep into her panties.

Jamal looked down at the sexy blonde MILF jacking his cock. The rhythmic movements of her hand had continued to loosen her robe, and she was oblivious to it. The front of her robe gaped wide open down to where she had it cinched with the belt at her waist. Her big tits were clearly in view, spectacularly displayed in her delicate chemise. The cups of the green satin garment seemed to be straining to hold the big guns, and her nipples were clearly pronounced through the shiny fabric. Her line of cleavage between the swells of tit-flesh was more pronounced than any Jamal had ever seen before, and he'd seen a lot of tits in his young life. This woman's cleavage was deep, dark, and seemed to go on for miles. He pictured having his cock sliding back and forth in that inviting valley someday, and he knew if things went as planned, that day wouldn't be far off. But looking at her huge tits, and the look of wanton lust on her face, that was all he needed to set him off right now, and the start of those telltale contractions in his midsection let him know his orgasm was seconds away. "That's the way, Mrs. Cox. I'm almost there. Just a little more...just a little...OH FUCK...YEAAHHHHHH..."

The glistening eye at the tip got cloudy as the boiling semen sped up the long hard shaft, and then a massive rope of white cum shot forth. Fortunately, at the second he came, Tanya had been pointing his prick slightly downwards, otherwise the first spewing ribbon would have rifled right over past the other side of the table. He ejaculated

so powerfully that it hit the middle of the table and ricocheted forward, the milky ribbon stretching all the way to the far side.

"Oh my God," Tanya heard herself moan again as the massive club in her hand kept bucking and shooting as she continued to vigorously pump back and forth. A second thick strand spewed forth, followed by a third and fourth that rifled out in long thick ribbons. She couldn't believe it as he just kept coming and coming, gobs and strands of semen raining down on the gleaming surface of the table. She lost count of the number of pulses that went through his throbbing cock, each one accompanied by a gout of milky cum spewing from the yawning tip. She looked down at the growing mess before her and couldn't believe how brilliantly white his cum was. It was thick and looked deliciously rich. She realized it must be chock-full of sperm to be so white. She found herself salivating, wondering what his cum tasted like. That thought made her sensitive pussy spasm as a small climax shot through her. She kept pumping, and Jamal kept shooting, spewing wad after wad and rope after rope of potent teenage cum onto the table. Her jacking hand continued to pump back and forth as he totally unloaded, flooding her table with a deluge of glistening seed. Finally, a tingling shiver ran down his spine. Tanya instinctively knew to slow her stroking hand, taking one slow final stroke from the base all the way to the tip, forcing out the last of his slimy discharge. She flicked her hand downward, causing that final gob to drop onto the near edge of the table, hitting the surface and gleaming provocatively.

"That was great, Mrs. Cox. Thank you so much," Jamal said evenly. He stepped back and had to pull his tumescent prick out of her hand. He smiled to himself, knowing she was reluctant to let it go. He

stuffed his dick back into his pants and carefully zipped up. He could see that Tanya was in a daze, looking down at her dark walnut table, the surface a shimmering mess of teenage cum. "So, we'll see you tomorrow for that swim you invited us for?"

It registered in Tanya's brain that she'd been asked a question and a response was expected of her. What had he just asked? Oh yes...she'd invited them for a swim...tomorrow...that was it. "Uh yes, tomorrow. Swimming...yes, okay."

Jamal could see that she was thoroughly rattled, and yet had been tremendously excited by what had happened to her. Even in the middle of his own climax, he'd seen her tense up and shiver when that little orgasm shot through her. "All right then, boys. Thank Mrs. Cox and then we'll be on our way. We've taken up far too much of her time as it is."

Jamal moved back as Zeke stepped forward. Like they'd done when they'd said goodbye at the front door earlier, he leaned down and gave her a kiss, but this time, it was full on the lips. She was completely bewildered, and instinctively turned her face up to his, letting him press his lips to hers. For some reason, she found herself kissing him back. Zeke kissed her harder, sending his tongue forward between her lips. She closed her eyes and found her lips parting to accept the invader, her own tongue pressing against his. As his tongue rolled over hers, she felt his hand slip inside the opening of her robe to cup her breast. As he kissed her deeper, he gave her tit a gentle squeeze. And then he was gone. Surprised, she

looked up and saw Jamal's hand on Zeke's shoulder, pulling him back.

Gunner quickly stepped forward and leaned down, bringing his face to hers. She felt his warm breath against her cheek and then his mouth was on hers, his teeth nipping delicately at her full bottom lip. She gasped slightly in surprise, and he slipped his tongue into her mouth, pressing his lips fully against hers. Again, she found herself kissing him back, and his hand cupped her breast through the cool satin fabric, his thumb rubbing against her stiff nipple. His tongue ran over hers for a few seconds as he felt her up, and then he was pulled back as well.

"That's enough," Jamal said, hustling Gunner out of the way as he leaned over her, his broad frame making her feel small and helpless. She turned her face up to his, and Jamal saw the desire in those sexy blue eyes. As he lowered his face to hers, he saw her close her eyes in anticipation as she turned her mouth up towards his, her lips parted and waiting. He swept in, pressing his full lips to hers, her mouth welcoming him. Her lips were hot and soft as a velvet rose. He caressed her lips with his, and then gently feathered his tongue into her mouth, where her own tongue was waiting. She pressed it against his, their tongues rolling together in an intimate dance. He felt her arms come up and circle his neck, holding him close. He placed the flat of his big hand on her midriff, feeling the cool satin beneath his fingertips. He slid his hand upwards, cupping one breast and giving it a testing squeeze, loving the way the fleshy mound swelled in his hand.

"Mmm..." She purred like a kitten as he continued to kiss and fondle her. With his hand still cupping her breast, he hefted it, amazed at the substantial weight. She nibbled at his bottom lip and he slid his hand higher on her chest, and then slid it down, right down inside the cups of her chemise. He cupped her tit again, only this time, he sought out her nipple with his thumb and forefinger. It was wickedly stiff and hot. He rolled the rubbery bud teasingly between his fingertips.

"Unhhh," Tanya groaned against his mouth, feeling her pleasure level rising as he groped her. She could feel her pussy dripping, soaking the panties she was wearing. And knowing how sensitive her breasts were, she knew she was close to coming again. Just a few more squeezes combined with those sizzling hot kisses and she knew she'd be exploding. And then, he was gone too. She looked up, her wet mouth open and gasping, wondering why he'd stopped.

Jamal saw the hungry look in her eyes and knew this was the perfect place to stop, the perfect place to allow the anticipation of what could be to occupy her thoughts for the rest of the night. "Okay, until tomorrow then," he said, and gestured to his friends. As they started to walk toward the front door, he stopped and turned, nodding to the table. "Again, sorry about the mess." He gave her a teasing little smile and then turned on his heel and followed the other two out.

Tanya sat motionless as she heard the front door close. "What just happened?" she asked herself as she sat there trembling, wondering what had come over her. She turned to the table Jamal had been commenting on. "Oh my God," she uttered, looking at the glistening

mess covering the dark wood surface. There was cum everywhere, from one side to the other. Long white ribbons and big clumpy pools of the milky semen littered the smooth table top. She remembered how much the first two boys had shot-each one far more than her husband, for sure, and far more than any man she remembered being with. And then Jamal had shot his load-his huge fucking load of sizzling teenage cum. And he had come like a race horse, rope after rope and gob after gob of thick creamy semen spurting from the gaping red eye at the tip of his huge cock until she thought he'd never stop. He'd flooded her already messy table, his own load at least as much as the other two boys combined. She couldn't believe how long he'd kept ejaculating. She'd remembered stroking his throbbing shaft, each forward stroke causing a volley of ropey seed to spew forth, splashing down on the pools of cloudy cum already covering the table. She remembered wondering wickedly how someone could shoot so much cum at one time. And it was so white it made her heart flutter to think about how potent it must be.

"So much cum," Tanya said quietly to herself as she found herself sitting forward, taking in the lewd spectacle. She found herself getting aroused again just looking at the shiny mess of ball juice. Her hand came forward and she tentatively touched her fingers into one pearly clump near the table's edge. Just touching the slimy goo sent a tingling jolt through her. Her fingers moved through the milky goodness and she lifted her hand, her eyes sparking as she watched the sticky semen cling to her fingers, the wad of warm discharge dangling lewdly from her fingertips. She was mesmerized by the sight of the thick rich teenage cum swaying teasingly from side to side as she brought her fingers closer. The intensely male scent drifted into her senses, setting her afire. She found herself breathing raggedly as she looked intently at the dangling wad of cum, her

tongue unconsciously slipping out of her mouth to wet her lips. She breathed deeply again, the raw male fragrance hitting her like an intoxicating drug. With her senses overwhelmed, she didn't even notice as her other hand slid between the folds of her robe and under the leg opening of her panties.

"Oh fuck..." Surrendering to her desires, Tanya brought her hand to her mouth, her tongue gathering up the dangling wad of semen as her lips slipped over her gooey fingers. "Ohhnnnn..." She moaned as she closed her eyes and savored the intense male flavor, her taste buds coming to life under the luxurious assault as the warm cum flowed over her tongue. She swallowed, purring as the silky clump of teenage semen slid smoothly down her throat. Jamal's kisses and the way he'd toyed with her nipple had gotten her revved up and ready to come, and now, as soon as the warm gob of cream found a welcoming home in her belly, it hit that trigger inside her, and with her other hand busy rubbing her pussy, she came, her body quivering as waves of ecstasy radiated from the base of her clit throughout her whole body. Her eyes closed in pleasure as the exquisite sensations flowed through her quivering and trembling body time and again, her body jerking as she kept her hand busy between her legs.

As the blissful sensations started to dwindle, she dipped her fingers back into another milky puddle of jizz. She sucked at her fingers sluttishly, eagerly slurping it down, but wanting more. When she'd cleaned every savory morsel from her hand, she turned back to the table, reaching forward and gathering up another big wad. She eagerly lapped up that one, and then still, that wasn't enough. Like a possessed addict, she leaned over the table and extended her tongue

into the edge of a shiny milky puddle near the side of the table. She pressed the broad paddle of her tongue down and slid it forwards, sucking up at the same time. A noticeable slurp filled the air.

"That tastes so fucking good," she thought to herself as she drew the heavy wad into her mouth, enjoying the sensation as it gathered on her tongue before she finally swallowed it. She smacked her lips in pleasure and then went back for more, leaning over the table to get to the next warm pool of sperm-laden seed. As her tongue and lips sucked up the next batch of cum, her hand got busy under her robe again. She pushed her soaked panties well to the side and went to work on her dripping cunt, her fingers finding her pronounced clit hot and throbbing. As the next wad of cum settled on her taste buds, her slick fingertips tweaked that sensitive nodule between her legs and she came again, spasming and shaking like a wild thing. Her eyes closed as she swallowed, loving the feel of the creamy semen slipping like melted butter down her throat.

"Yesssss..." Tanya hissed as her climax shot through her, every nerve ending jangling deliciously. But it still wasn't enough. She leaned further over the table, her huge breasts pressed against the surface now as she reached forward to get more. Her hand kept rubbing between her legs, and she came again before she'd licked up every last drop. She slumped back in her chair, her fingers still toying with her tingling pussy, her hands and face glistening with both male and female cum. She sat there in a daze, wondering what had happened to her, but feeling blissfully euphoric at the same time.

Tanya's display of wanton lewdness wasn't lost on the three sets of eyes watching her from behind some bushes in the back yard. The three bullies had slipped through the gate at the side of the house and snuck around the back. As Tanya finished licking up the last of their cum and sat back to ponder what she'd done, the three boys shared a fist bump with each other, and then disappeared into the night.

Her shamelessly sluttish behavior wasn't missed by another set of eyes either, the ones watching from the darkness at the top of the stairs.

Chapter 3

Elliott had whacked off two loads while looking at the pictures of his mother he had on his computer. The panties he'd pilfered from her laundry hamper were soaked where he'd been sucking on them. He'd pumped a creamy mess into each cup of the bra that he'd stolen, the pearly fluid looking obscene as it sat in the big curved cup, the clumpy gobs of boy-juice slowly soaking into the fabric. His lube-coated hand had been busy, the second load coming surprisingly quickly after the first one as he brought up other pictures of her on his screen. These were ones he'd created himself, using the Photoshop program he'd purchased. Although his top-heavy mother had a better body than most busty lingerie models he saw on the internet, he always had a hankering to see her in some of those sexy outfits he fantasized about her wearing when he surfed those sites. It was one thing to see his mother in a bikini in the backyard, it was another thing altogether to get a chance to see her in some gorgeous lingerie. There was no way he could see that ever happening in real life, so he did the best he could by creating his own shots.

He had a number of pictures of her attractive face that he'd edited, cropping off the rest of her body other than her head down to her neck. He'd finished that off by adding a chunky or wide necklace to the shots, giving the headshot of her a bold distinctive edge. This allowed him to transfer that headshot of his mother onto pictures he'd downloaded into his files from various internet sites, the wide necklace creating a natural border between his mother's face and the original model's body, making for a better color match. He'd cut and paste layers from those originals until the model's face was covered, while leaving the rest of her body intact. He'd then add his mother's

face into the shot. A little manipulation of the colors and scaling the new part to fit was often necessary, but the results were usually extremely realistic, and Elliott loved his collection. And that collection now numbered in the thousands of edited photographs, with his mother not only being part of lingerie shots, but miniskirts, sexy business wear, bikinis, whatever tickled Elliott's fancy that day.

For his second load, he'd switched from the white bikini pics to some of her in corsets and stockings, knowing that if he ever had a chance to see her in something like that, she'd look just as good in real life, or better, than those models in the pictures. The slappy sticky sounds of his pumping hand had filled the room before he'd sent the second load straight into the waiting bra cups, thoughts of spraying his cum over his mother's real tits filling his head.

With that second load out of the way, he'd washed the greasy lube off his hand and set to work on editing some new pictures that he'd downloaded, these ones of his mother in sexy glamorous gowns with slits that ran right from the floor to the models' hips. There was something dead sexy about those dresses, with the models' legs looking gorgeous through the slits in the fabric, their long legs looking fantastic in the obligatory sky-high heels. He already had some of his mother in this look, but he wanted more. And so he was just working on the second of the new pics he'd downloaded when he heard his mother come out of her room. He didn't think much of it at first but then her footsteps seemed to be hurrying down the stairs, which he thought was strange. He checked the time: 10:47. When he'd first heard his mother come out of her room, he figured she might be heading downstairs to get something to eat. But then she'd gone down the stairs in a rush, which was very strange indeed.

With his curiosity now piqued, he went to his door and quietly opened it. He listened closely, and then heard the murmur of voices coming from the area of the front door. He could make out the tone of his mother's voice, but the other was a low, masculine rumble, which sounded vaguely familiar, but he couldn't place it. Wanting to know what was going on, he strode back into his room and pulled on a pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt. The voices seemed closer now as he made his way out of his room, stealthily making his way down the darkened hallway. He came to the corner near the start of the wide curving stairway and peered around the edge.

"What the fuck?" Elliott said to himself as he saw his three bullies sitting at the kitchen table with his mother. Jamal was talking to her quietly. Wondering what they were doing there, he hunkered down in the shadows and watched, and listened. After settling down on his haunches, he was able to make out most of their words, even though they were keeping their voices low. He figured his mother must have told them he was upstairs, and probably sleeping.

So Elliott had stayed hidden in the darkness and taken in everything that had happened, right down to his mother licking up every milky gob of the bullies' cum while she got herself off with her fingers. He'd watched her hand work vigorously between her legs as she'd leaned over the table, licking up the warm semen ravenously. When she'd sat back in the chair to compose herself, Elliott had taken a last look at her gleaming spunk-covered face and retreated to his room, his brain swirling to the point he was almost staggering, his heart racing.

Now he sat at his desk in front of his computer, trying to comprehend everything that he'd just seen. He had to admit, he wasn't surprised at the scam the bullies had pulled, preying on his mother's kind-heartedness in order to satisfy their own perverted pleasure. But he had been surprised by the look of wanton desire on his mother's face as she'd jerked them off. It was clear as anything that she was enjoying it, even as she tried to keep her feelings somewhat subdued on the outside. When she eagerly made a meal of the puddles of semen on the table, it put any thoughts of her possible reluctance to rest.

What was really troubling Elliott more than anything were his own thoughts of what he'd seen, and how he'd reacted. He knew he should have been angry with the boys for the way they conned his mother into jerking them off. Any 'proper' son would have been incensed by what they'd done, but Elliott had reacted differently. He was somewhat embarrassed and guilt-ridden to admit that watching what had happened had aroused him tremendously. His breath had started to come in rapid gasps when Zeke first whipped out his cock and his mother started to stroke it, and it became quickly clear how much she was enjoying it. It didn't take long before Elliott felt his own pecker tenting out the front of his baggy sweatpants, wishing it was his cock his mother was stroking.

Elliott wanted badly to reach down and jerk it off as he watched his mother, the rapturous look on her face turning him on even more. But for some reason-maybe because he knew what the boys were like-he knew there'd likely be more coming than just Zeke getting jerked off. So he'd used all his willpower to keep his hands off his

throbbing prick, and just remained hidden and watched, his wide eyes taking in every lurid detail.

He was right about there being more, and he wasn't surprised when Gunner replaced Zeke, presenting his erect phallus to his mother, as if he knew that she was waiting for it once she'd finished with Zeke. He noticed that Gunner was really well-hung too, even bigger than Zeke, and he could see the lustful wanton look in his mother's eyes as she sized up the blonde-haired boy's rigid prick. Elliott was envious of the boys and their big cocks, knowing his wasn't anywhere close to that size, and he could see how his mother looked at them hungrily. He even saw her tongue instinctively slip out of her mouth and circle wetly around her pouty red lips once or twice. He wasn't surprised as his mother didn't seem to hesitate very long before she started stroking Gunner's cock. Although his prick felt like an iron bar in his pants, and he could feel precum oozing from the tip, he still managed to keep his hands off it, knowing that watching his mother's lewd slutty behavior would have him going off in a second if he touched it. That was all fine and good, until Jamal brought out his monster.

With two loads of cum splashed across the table, Elliott watched as Jamal eventually stood next to his mother, and then slowly undid his pants. When he reached into the opening and pulled out his long, thick member, Elliott thought he was almost going to pass out. Jamal's cock was HUGE! FUCKING HUGE! To Elliott, his bully's big, black cock was nothing short of 'Mandingo-esque'. Elliott had seen a lot of interracial porn, with well-hung black guys making it with white women, and there were few that had a weapon as big and thick as Jamal's.

He watched as Jamal's enormous prick stiffened and extended until it reached full erection, the broad, flared head as big as an apple, the thick shaft looking like the handle of a deadly club. Elliott saw the same look in his mother's eyes, her blue orbs sparking with desire as she eventually took hold of the massive prick, her hand looking so small and dainty against Jamal's thrusting erection. Elliott so wished he had a cock like that, and that it was his huge erection that his mother's hand was wrapped around.

With those envious thoughts running rampant in his brain, when she started stroking it, Elliott couldn't contain himself any longer. He felt dizzy with excitement as he reached into his sweatpants and wrapped his fingers around his cock. He'd barely stroked it two or three times before he felt himself going off, spraying his load all over the inside of his pants. His eyes were riveted to his mother's stroking hand and the look of pure rapture on her face as she pumped Jamal's huge cock, Elliott's own hand stroking rapidly back and forth within the confines of his sweats.

Elliott slumped against the wall as he finished, but he still kept looking at his mother's hand on Jamal's cock, the black boy's rod dripping gooey cock-sap all over the table at this point. He looked back at his mother's face, noticing the hungry look in her blue eyes as she gazed over the huge mess of cum on her table, her tongue once more circling her lips provocatively. Elliott was shocked to notice that his own prick hadn't gone down one little bit. He was still rock-hard! He'd already come three times tonight, and yet his pecker was as rigid as it had ever been. He looked back at the lurid spectacle taking place in the dining room below him, and he couldn't help it as

his eyes went right to Jamal's throbbing horse-cock, eagerly watching his mother as she jerked it off.

Elliott was awash with shame but couldn't stop himself from watching his mother enthusiastically stroke the thick ebony wand back and forth. Elliott could see that her eyes were glazed over with desire, her face glowing with a fine sheen of perspiration. He slid his hand back into his sweatpants and started stroking his rigid dick, eagerly watching the lewd scene below. When Jamal started to shoot, Elliott watched the long white ropes launched out over the table, his bully's massive load overwhelming the mess already left by his two friends.

As soon as Jamal started shooting, Elliott looked at his mother's face, seeing her eyes open wide and her mouth gape open as she watched the young black man paste her table with a massive load of milky teenage cum. That look of pure rapture on his mother's face hit Elliott right in the groin. He felt the semen speed up the shaft of his own throbbing prick. He leaned against the wall as he started to go off in his pants again, his eyes watching the tip of Jamal's magnificent cock yawn open as the black boy continued to ejaculate, absolutely flooding the table with glistening cum, his mother looking at her spunk-covered table hungrily.

Totally spent, Elliott had sat there as he slowly regained his breath, watching the boys kiss and grope his mother before they left. He was then shocked to see her lurid display as she'd sucked and lapped up every drop of their cum, getting herself off at the same time. When

she'd finished and sat back, Elliott returned to his room, ridden with guilt and trying to make sense of everything he'd seen.

Quietly closing the door behind him, he pulled off his sweatpants. "Oh fuck," he said to himself as he looked at the mess on the inside of his pants, the two loads clinging lewdly to the black material. He had his own en-suite bathroom in his room and cleaned himself up, and then donned a pair of old boxers that he wore to sleep in. Sitting in front of his computer, he replayed everything he'd seen in the encounter between his busty mother and his bullies, especially remembering the looks of blissful rapture on his mother's face. He'd seen how excited she'd gotten, how she'd not even noticed as her robe slipped further and further open, her perfect breasts looking amazing in her sexy green nighty.

Elliott subconsciously started to move his computer mouse, pulling up Photoshopped pics he had of his mother in sexy sleepwear like that. It wasn't long until he pumped out another load, dropping this one into the cups of her bra as well. He cleaned himself up once more and got into bed, hoping that sleep would take his mind off the things that had happened.

He slept restlessly all night, his brain working overtime with illicit thoughts of his mother, what the bullies had done to her-and more than that-what they might do to her next. He woke out of his fitful sleep twice during the night with a hard-on, his teenage cock in need of relief. He jerked off each time, and then again with his usual morning boner, the soft morning light filtering in dreamily around his curtains as he pumped a load high into the air, thinking about

shooting HIS load onto the dining room table for his mother to lick up.

*

Elliott showered and dressed in jeans and a T-shirt before going downstairs, wondering how his mother would be this morning. As he came down the stairs, the distinctive scent of frying bacon drifted his way, making him realize how hungry he was. His mother came out from behind the fridge door with a carton of eggs in one hand and a bottle of orange juice in the other.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," his mother said, setting her handfuls of stuff on the counter. "How are you doing today, sweetie?"

Elliott had wondered if his mother would be showing signs of guilt and remorse over what she'd done, but the way she looked right now, it was clear that there were no thoughts like that going on inside that pretty head of hers. She looked lively and vivacious as she faced him across the granite-topped island in the kitchen. He could see that she'd already showered and dressed for the day, her blonde hair pulled back in a loose bun, with a few stray tendrils licking teasingly at her neck. And she was already wearing makeup, which was unusual for this early in the morning, especially a Saturday morning.

But it was her mode of attire that immediately caught Elliott's eye. She was wearing something new that he'd never seen before. It was a sundress in brilliant yellow, the color of which seemed to bring out

the honey-blonde highlights in her hair. It fit snugly on the upper part of her body, before flaring out playfully over her wide hips, the ruffled hem ending quite high on her thighs. Her legs were bare, showing off her nice tan. On her feet she wore strappy yellow sandals, with a flat sole. The shoes looked perfect with the summery dress-somewhat fancy, but suitable for a casual day in the sun.

As usual with his mother, Elliott found his eyes focussing on the bodice of the dress. The material up top was made of some kind of stretchy fabric, which hugged her torso, and her giant tits, alluringly. Two straps went over her shoulders, leaving her arms and shoulders bare, her skin nicely tanned like her legs. The front had a deeply-scooped rounded neckline. Elliott almost licked his lips as he took in the impressive upper swells of his mother's breasts and the dark teasing line of cleavage that disappeared down between her massive guns. Through the bright yellow fabric, he could make out the lines of her bra. He knew from some of his past jacking sessions that the bra was yellow as well, a gorgeous soft corn-silk yellow with intricate lace covering nearly the entire surface of each big cup. Like all of her bras, it was heavily reinforced with wire, which was necessary to carry the heavy load that was required by the sexy garment. He would have bet anything that she was wearing the matching pair of silky yellow panties that he knew she'd bought as a set with the bra. He'd painted the pronounced cups of that bra with his semen a number of times previously, usually while he'd had the matching panties in his mouth, his lips and tongue working to draw out his mother's precious juices.

Elliott looked closely at his mother's tits in the supportive bra. It looked to him like more of her soft tit flesh was being pushed up than

before. Had his mother gained a little weight up top? It could be. He didn't seem to remember that much flesh being squeezed into that sexy bra before. Whatever it was, it looked damn good.

"Elliott? Are you all right, dear? I asked how you are and you just seem to be standing there daydreaming?"

His mother's words broke Elliott out of his stupor. "Sorry, Mom," he said as he came around the counter and poured himself a glass of juice. "I'm okay. Just a little slow waking up, I guess."

"Well, I'm making scrambled eggs and bacon, and I just poured you a cup of coffee. That should wake you up. Now, you're in charge of toast. The rest of the stuff is almost ready, so you better hop to it, buddy-boy." She gave him a big smile and ruffled his hair playfully before turning back to the stove.

Elliott couldn't believe how bright and carefree his mother was acting. Her voice was as cheery as her yellow dress. Had last night really happened, or had he just been dreaming? He gave his head a shake to try and clear his thoughts. He slid some bread into the toaster and then looked over at his mother from the side, noticing the way the skirt part of her dress flared out over her curvy bum. He pictured flipping the back of the dress up and slipping his cock into her from behind, right there as she stood at the stove. He knew THAT image he was picturing was definitely a dream.

"So why are you all dressed up this early on a Saturday morning?" Elliott asked as he started buttering the toast while his mother divvied up the food onto their plates.

"Oh, I guess you've never seen this dress before, have you?" Tanya replied as she set the plates down on the table. She looked down at what she was wearing, her slender fingers running down over her trim waist and then out over her wide hips. "It is fairly new, and I don't think I've worn it before. Do you like it?" She did a twirl, the flounced skirt flying up playfully, showing more of her full creamy thighs.

Elliott gulped as he brought the plate with the toast to the table, his eyes feasting on his mother's lush sexy body. He took in as much as he could, his gaze relishing every pronounced mound and inviting valley of her voluptuous form. "Uh...it...it looks great," he stammered out. "I'm just not used to you being dressed up this early in the morning."

"Well," his mother replied, checking her watch. "I know the boys said they were coming over for a swim sometime today, and I just wanted to be ready in case they came over early. I didn't think it would be appropriate if they showed up and I was still in my bathrobe."

"Like you were last night when they came over and you jerked them all off? And then acted like a slut and licked up every drop of their cum?" Elliott thought to himself, guiltily knowing he'd love to see a repeat performance of that lurid event. But instead of saying what he

was really thinking, he simply asked, "And you think that dress is appropriate for when those bullies show up?"

"Now Elliott, if this idea of the boys coming over here for some tutoring is going to work, I think you need to stop thinking of them as bullies. They just need a little understanding is all. Do you think you can do that for me?"

As his mother looked at him with those caring blue eyes, Elliott couldn't help but give in to her wishes. He nodded in agreement.

"Good boy. Now, why wouldn't this be appropriate?" Tanya asked, all doe-eyed innocence as she looked down at her pretty yellow dress.

"I don't know, it's just...just kind of...revealing," Elliott stammered out, feeling embarrassed as his gaze ran up and down over his mother's curvy body, his recently-jerked prick giving a little twitch.

"Nonsense. It's a beautiful sunny day and this dress just seemed like the right thing to wear. I'm sure those boys won't even notice."

"Fat chance," Elliott thought to himself, looking at the way the stretchy material of the bodice seemed to mold itself to her big tits. He knew those three guys would be eating up that same view, especially after what she'd done for them last night.

"Now, let's eat our breakfast before it gets cold," Tanya said as she gestured to Elliott's spot at the table.

They engaged in idle chit chat over breakfast. Elliott helped clean up and once they were done, he went into the family room and started playing video games. After a few minutes, he noticed his mother go to the front window and look out through the sheer drapes, her eyes looking down the street in the direction that the boys would come from. She sat down across the room from him and flipped through a magazine, but he could see that she didn't even seem to notice what she was looking at. She seemed somewhat anxious, and distracted. She tossed the magazine aside and stepped over to the window once more. She made a bit of a face and then made her way back to the kitchen, where she started making some noise with some pots and pans.

"What are you doing, Mom?" Elliott asked as he looked over his shoulder from his spot on the couch.

"Well, I'm not sure what time the boys will be here to go swimming, so I just thought I'd make up some pasta salad in case they got here early and hadn't had lunch."

"You're going to feed them?"

"It's just pasta salad, Elliott. And you know yourself what their home life is probably like. It's probably pretty hard for their parents to take care of them, and their other children. And it's not like a little pasta

salad is going to break us." Tanya gestured to the opulence of their home, which shut down any more objections from Elliott.

Elliott quietly turned back to the TV, becoming absorbed in his game as his mother busied herself in the kitchen behind him. A couple of times while she was cooking, she ventured over to the window, her eyes turned down the street.

"There, all done," she finally said, coming back into the living room as she dried her hands on a tea towel. "It's in the fridge and should be ready for lunchtime."

"What if they don't even turn up?" Elliott asked as he put his game on pause.

"You think they might not come?" his mother replied. He could see the look of near despair on her face as the idea registered.

"These guys aren't the most reliable, Mom. They skip school all the time. They might just skip out on this." Elliott was torn. Half of him wanted the three lugs to blow off the whole thing, while the other half of him wanted them there, just to see how they'd treat his mother after she'd jerked them all off last night.

"Oh well, hmm, maybe you're right. There's nothing to say they actually have to come over."

Elliott could see that his mother actually looked quite sad at the prospect of the boys not turning up. She looked down at her dress, and the look on her face was as if she was wondering if she'd put it on for nothing. Like he'd thought earlier, he knew now from that look on her face that she'd put it on for their benefit. He figured maybe he'd played his hand a little too hard with his comments. "But then again, maybe it's just too early for them. It is the weekend and I bet those guys like to sleep in. Maybe those dates they had last night went late and they're just tired." After making that suggestion, he could see the smile returning to his mother's eyes, and he knew she was thinking about how those 'dates' had ended up, with her jerking off all three boys and getting a bellyful of cum for her trouble.

"You know, that might be it. Maybe whatever they did last night took a lot out of them." As his mother paused in her words, Elliott thought about what she'd said and almost smiled, knowing she'd been the one who'd taken a lot out of them, a lot of thick milky boy-cum. "Well, if they come, they come. If they don't, they don't." Once again, Elliott was shocked at his mother's words, 'if they come'. They came all right, in buckets, all over the table.

His mother got up and strolled over to the window once more. He thought she looked fantastic in the pretty yellow dress, the flouncy playful skirt giving him a nice view of her full thighs. He loved those thighs, often wishing he could spend hours on his knees between them, worshipping that pussy of hers with his mouth. He'd often fantasize about orally servicing her for hours on end, bringing her to one staggering climax after another, his tongue and lips numb from overuse. Those thoughts went through his head as she stood at the

window, her eyes looking out as his roamed hungrily over those lush thighs and the rest of her curvy figure, his cock starting to stiffen.

"Oh! They're coming up the street!" His mother turned to him, a big smile on her face before she looked back out the window, her hands smoothing down over the front of her dress. Seeing the somewhat surprised look on his face, Elliott's mother composed herself as she gave a little cough, purposely taking the smile off her face. "I mean, I think that's Jamal's van. Oh yes, they're pulling into the driveway, so I guess that's them."

Elliott stayed where he was on the couch, but he noticed his mother stop in front of the mirror on her way to the front door. Her hands came up and she brushed back a stray lock of hair, and then he saw her quickly adjust her boobs, pushing them up and together. Apparently satisfied, in the reflection, he spotted that innocent smile come back over her face before she turned and made her way to the door just as the bell rang.

They were out of his sightline now, but he heard the rumble of their voices as his mother let them in. Elliott paused his game, expecting them to walk right in. It took longer for them to come into the room than he thought, but when his mother led them in, he noticed she was pushing back another feathery strand of hair, and then she wiped the back of her hand across her mouth, which looked wet. Her face looked a little flushed too. He wondered if they'd kissed her when they came in, just like they did before they left last night. If only they knew how she'd sluttishly lapped up their cum after they'd gone.

"The boys are here, Elliott," Tanya said as the three big youths filed in behind her. Elliott noticed each one had what looked like bunched-up swim trunks and a beach towel in their hand, while Jamal carried what looked like a shopping bag of some kind in his other hand. Elliott noticed the boys eyeing up his mother in her form-fitting dress, their eyes checking out her massive tits.

"How's it goin', Elliott?" Zeke asked as he reached down to the couch and playfully tapped Elliott lightly on the arm.

When Elliott saw the boy's hand start to come out towards him, he'd instinctively shrunk back, expecting the usual punch. He was shocked by the surprising tenderness of Zeke's gesture. "Uh, it's goin' okay," he replied, eyeing each of the boys suspiciously.

"I see you've brought your trunks," Tanya said, nodding to the wads of clothing in the boys' hands.

"Yes, it's a beautiful day," Jamal replied as his two pals nodded, "and that pool is looking might good." He nodded towards the bank of windows as he spoke, but his eyes never left the MILF's gorgeous body.

Elliott watched as his mother flushed under Jamal's leering gaze, a demure little smile turning up the corners of her mouth. "I should have mentioned," she said, "you didn't need to bring towels. We have plenty."

"Okay then. Next time we won't," Jamal said, emphasizing his words to make it clear that there would be a 'next time'.

Tanya smiled as she replied. "Yes, next time." She paused as Jamal nodded in agreement. "After your swim, did you want to start your tutoring sessions with Elliott?"

The three boys all looked at each other, Gunner and Zeke raising their eyebrows before Jamal turned back to Tanya. "You know Mrs. Cox, it's Saturday, and really, nobody wants to do school work on Saturday, right?"

Tanya looked quickly at Elliott, who gave her a small nod. "Oh, okay."

Jamal gestured to his two friends. "We were thinking maybe we could pop by sometime tomorrow and get started on the tutoring then, on Sunday. How does that sound? If it's okay with you and Elliott, of course."

"That sounds all right to me. Elliott?"

Elliott wasn't looking forward to any of it, but he'd told his mother he'd give it a shot. "I guess that would be okay."

"Great," Jamal said, finalizing things. "With that in mind, we've brought along a couple of things for the two of you." He held up the bag he'd been carrying. He reached inside and pulled out a box wrapped with a red ribbon, and another package, about the size of a book.

"What do you mean? What's that?" Tanya asked.

"As we mentioned yesterday, we can't really afford to pay Elliott for his tutoring, and we feel pretty bad about that. But me and the boys here chipped in and bought a gift for each of you. You know, as a sign of our appreciation for what you're doing for us." Little did Mrs. Cox know that they'd made a 'delivery' last night for Zeke's brother, which had netted them some decent cash.

"Oh, that's so sweet," Tanya said as Jamal handed her the box with the ribbon on it. "You didn't have to do that."

"It's fine. It's our pleasure. We really appreciate what you did for us last night." Elliott saw the look of shock on his mother's face as her gaze flicked to him, knowing she was thinking about jerking off the boys late last night. Jamal spoke, breaking the tension hanging in the air, "You know, last night, having us over for pizza and ice cream. That was very nice of you."

"Oh, of course, pizza and ice cream," Tanya replied. Elliott noticed the look of relief wash over her face.

"And it's not just about last night," Jamal continued. "We think that idea you had of us working with Elliott is great, and we're looking forward to what he can do to help us." Jamal paused as he blatantly looked Tanya up and down. "And we're looking forward to what you can do for us too, Mrs. Cox." Elliott saw his mother flush again. He could see Jamal notice it too, and was grateful the young black man didn't leave her hanging out there twisting in the wind too long. "You know, in case we need a mother's opinion on something. We can't get good advice like that at home. Our moms are all too busy to have time for us."

Elliott could see the relief on his mother's face again. "Of course, Jamal. I'll be happy to help if you need some motherly advice."

"Great. That's what we hoped you'd say." Jamal gave Tanya a big smile as he stepped over to the couch. "This is for you, Elliott."

Elliott looked at the small package. It was covered in Star Wars gift wrap, and wrapped poorly. The paper was crinkled and there were spots where it appeared tape had been pulled off before.

"Yeah, sorry about the wrapping job," Gunner said. "All we could find was some wrapping paper from my little brother's birthday last weekend. Go ahead, open it."

"Uh, that's okay," Elliott said, his eyebrows furrowed, wondering what these guys would get him as a gift. He popped open the tape at one end and reached inside the wrapping. He pulled out what was

inside and looked at what he was holding. "Wow! I didn't think this was even out yet!" His eyes had opened wide as he looked at a video game. He'd had his name on a waiting list for the game. It was brand new and wasn't supposed to be available for another week.

"Hey, we know a guy," Jamal said as he shrugged his shoulders.

"That's great. Thank you," Elliott said, figuring their 'guy' had probably stolen it from some warehouse or something. But Elliott didn't really care-having the game was the important thing.

"Great. We're glad you like it," Jamal said before turning back to Tanya. "Go ahead, Mrs. Cox. Open yours."

"Well, all right, although you really didn't have to do this," Tanya replied as she happily undid the ribbon.

"Don't worry about it. It's our pleasure." Elliott saw the Gunner and Zeke meet Jamal's eyes as they all smiled and nodded as Tanya set the ribbon aside and opened the box. Elliott observed that shared look and wondered what that was all about. Curious, he watched as his mother lifted back some folded tissue paper to look at the gift inside. Her eyes opened wide and her hand went up to her throat for a second before she looked up, a shocked and surprised look on her face.

"Wha..." was all she was able to stammer out.

"It's a bathing suit. We figured since you have this big pool, you could always use an extra bathing suit."

"Well, I...I don't know what to say?"

"Take it out. See what you think."

"The color is gorgeous," Tanya said as she reached into the box and pulled out part of the bathing suit. Elliott could see that it was a beautiful royal blue color. What she held was the top of a bikini, with two triangular formed cups which looked heavily reinforced, connected by a thin string of material. He knew now why Jamal had sent him that text asking what his mother's bra size was.

"We thought the color would look nice with your eyes," Jamal replied, which made Tanya blush again. As Elliott's mother held the bikini top up, he thought the big bra cups seemed to be begging to be filled. She turned it around, looking at the little tag on the inside edge of one cup.

"How...how did you know my size?"

Jamal shrugged his shoulders. "I took a guess. I'm glad I got it right." He turned to Elliott and gave the boy a little wink.

Tanya put the bikini top back in the box and pulled out the bottom. "Oh my," she gasped.

Elliott had to take a breath too. The bottom was made up of two tiny triangles of material with long thin ribbon-like ties coming from each corner. He could see that it wasn't a thong, but there wasn't a lot of material there either. He knew that the idea of the skimpiness of the garment was what had caused his mother to hesitate.

"We saw it on a mannequin in the store and we thought it would look good on you. Right guys?" Jamal said, turning to his pals, who both nodded lecherously as they looked at the tiny pieces of fabric dangling from Tanya's fingers.

"Well, I don't know what to say," Tanya said, placing the bikini bottom back in the box. "Thank you."

"No problem," Jamal replied. "Now, that pool looks awful inviting. I think it's time to go in."

"Okay, you boys can go out and get changed in the cabana. Feel free to use the hot tub, if you like."

Jamal had a perplexed look on his face as Tanya tucked the box under her arm. "Well, you guys are going to join us, aren't you?" Jamal said. He gestured to Elliott as well. "That just wouldn't seem right, us

using your pool why you're in here. It doesn't seem like the polite thing to do."

Tanya screwed up her face as she thought about what the boy had said. "I guess you're right. It would seem kind of strange. I guess we could go in too. Elliott?"

All eyes turned on the frail 18-year old. He didn't feel like having his scrawny form scrutinized by the well-built bullies, but more than that, based on what had happened between his mother and the boys last night, he wanted to see what they might try and do today. And if they didn't have to worry about him being right there...well...

"I'd really like to try out my new game, if you don't mind?"

"Are you sure, sweetie?" Tanya asked, feeling like a deer caught in the headlights as the boys all looked at her.

"That's a great new game. Everybody's been waiting for it to come out," Jamal said. "That's okay if Elliott wants to play it instead."

Just as he'd thought, Elliott knew the boys would be just as happy not to have him around. "Yeah, Mom. You guys go ahead. I actually think I'll play it in my room upstairs."

"Oh, well, okay." Tanya's eyes flicked out to the pool, and then to the stairs. "I...uh, I guess I'll go and get changed then. I'll be out in a few minutes."

"Okay, take your time. We'll see you outside." Jamal nodded to the other two, who followed him out to the cabana set off to one side of the pool deck.

Elliott purposely waited to follow his mother to the second floor, his eyes getting a close view of the backs of her creamy thighs as she bounded up the stairs, the flouncing hem of the skirt even giving him a teasing view of her panties. Yes, corn-silk yellow, just as he'd thought.

"You know, Mom, you don't need to go swimming with them. They'll be fine on their own," Elliott said once they'd reached the top of the stairs.

"I know, honey, but I'm worried about what those boys might think if I don't. I'm worried they might get angry with us, and then I'd just be sick if they took it out on you." She leaned forward and gave Elliott a quick peck on the cheek, the subtle scent of her perfume wafting into his senses, the alluring fragrance sending a pulse of blood right to his cock. "Don't worry, sweetheart. It'll be fine. It's just swimming after all."

His mother disappeared into her room to change, while Elliott went into his own room and shut the door. He tossed the new video game

onto his desk and pulled his camera out of the drawer. If his mother was going to wear that new bikini, he definitely wanted pictures of that. He was already envisioning using those pictures for the jackoff session he'd have after his bullies left. He moved to the window and slid it open as far as he could, wanting to make sure he was able to hear as much as possible. He then pulled the curtains partway across, but left a good-sized opening which gave him a perfect view of the swimming pool and deck area. He only had to wait a minute or two before the three boys came out of the cabana and tossed their towels across some of the deck chairs sitting around the pool. All three were wearing loose-fitting swim trunks, which hung low on their hips.

Elliott looked enviously at the bodies of all three boys, wishing he had some of that bulk and muscle. They looked even more intimidating with their bare chests showing, each of them with toned, well-defined pecs and abs. Zeke was the thinnest, but he looked tough as sinew, the musculature clearly visible beneath his skin. Gunner was broader and thicker, with powerful-looking arms and a barrel chest. Elliott thought he looked like someone who you'd expect to be playing linebacker for a football team.

But it was Jamal that made the biggest impression. Elliott found himself doing a double-take as he looked down at the youth's imposing body. Although of a similar build, he was taller and all around bigger than Gunner. His shoulders were broad and thick, and like his arms, they were corded with muscle that seemed to flow from one side of his body to the other beneath his smooth ebony skin. His pecs looked like solid plates of armor, well-defined and nicely-toned. And he had a stomach to match. Even from his second floor window, Elliott could see the defined musculature beneath the skin.

With that six-pack, Elliott thought Jamal's body would be perfect for one of those 'Abs of Steel' ads he'd seen years ago. As the young black man turned to talk to his friends, Elliott noticed the way the soft fabric of his swim trunks clung to the curving spheres of his rear end, the boy's buttocks looking firm and powerful. And his legs matched the rest of him. To Elliott, they looked like the solid trunks of trees, the muscles in his thick thighs and well-toned calves a perfect match for the rest of his impressive physique.

Elliott's attention was diverted as the boys all looked towards the house. His mother came into view, her body wrapped in a floral bathing suit cover-up. The piece of colorful fabric was tied behind her neck and reached to her knees, leaving only her shoulders and arms bare. She approached the boys and stopped, tossing a towel she was carrying onto a chair near theirs.

"Did the bathing suit fit okay?" Jamal asked. Elliott could see all three of them looking at her hungrily.

"It fit perfectly. And it's so pretty. Thank all of you so much."

"You're very welcome. Like I said, it's our pleasure," Jamal replied. Elliott could see that all three boys were anxiously waiting for her to strip off the cover-up, but he could tell that Jamal knew the situation was somewhat awkward for her, with her knowing she was being watched so closely.

"Well guys, let's go in. It's getting pretty hot out here. I'm sure Mrs. Cox will join us when she's ready." He gave Zeke a shove, who lost his balance and fell in with a splash. The other two dove right in behind him, the three of them laughing as they came to the surface.

"Oh man, the water feels fantastic, Mrs. Cox," Gunner said as he wiped the water from his face. "Come on in, join us."

"Okay, I'll be right in," Tanya said as she reached behind her neck and started to undo the cover-up. "You boys have to promise not to splash me, okay?"

"We promise," Zeke replied, the three of them ducking down to their shoulders as they waited for her.

Elliott moved closer to the window, his camera at the ready. He was watching his mother with just as much anticipation as the three boys in the pool. His mother flicked her head to the side, her blonde hair flowing in a teasing wave as she undid the knot at the back of her neck. She drew down the colorful wrap, and as it came away from her body, she tossed it aside onto one of the chairs.

"Oh, fuck me," Elliott muttered to himself. He felt dizzy as he took in the view he had of his mother, her lush curvy body looking absolutely fantastic in the new bikini. The royal blue color was perfect for her, and he knew it would look amazing with her blue eyes. The bottom of the bikini barely covered the mound of her sex, the top of the front panel curving downward in the middle, as if

inviting the viewer to slide their fingers down beneath the beckoning edge of fabric to explore in that direction. It was easy to see that she was cleanly shaven down there, Elliott thought. From his view of her in profile, he could see the back panel of the bikini bottom covered about half the breadth of her nice round bum-cheeks. It didn't go into her like a thong, but it looked appropriate for a woman of her age, but still dead sexy. The slender blue ties attached to each corner of the panels tied high on her hips, emphasizing her wide motherly hips and slender waist. With the ties that high, it also made her legs look tantalizingly long. The bows dangling from the top of each curvy hip seemed to be crying out, crying out for someone's fingers to reach forward and pluck the strings, allowing that sexy piece of fabric to fall away, exposing the delicious treasure lying beneath.

But it was the bikini top that drew Elliott's eyes like a magnet. He couldn't believe how big his mother's tits looked in it. He'd always known they were huge, but they looked incredible in the nicely-formed bra cups. A thin strand of material connected the two big cups between her breasts in the front, with a slender tie that was fastened in the middle of her back. Two other ties lead from the top corners of the cups and rose to her shoulders, where he could tell they were fastened at the back of her neck. Even from his bedroom, he could see those two supporting strands of material were stretched as taut as bridge cables, straining under the heavy load they were carrying. Elliott had to take a breath, his heart pounding in his chest as he looked down at his mother's enticing body.

He noticed that the top edges of the formed cups barely covered her areolae, while the reinforcing wire deftly hidden beneath the seams pushed the voluptuous mounds together and up. The result was

breathhtaking. Her cleavage was long and deep, the enticing line as dark as midnight. The ample mounds of titflesh seemed to swell over the edges of the confining cups, as if wanting to burst forth. Elliott gulped as he looked, wondering if he'd been right about his mother getting bigger up top. It sure looked that way, as if the bra size he'd given Jamal was fighting with all it's might to contain the massive spheres.

"Well, I think that bathing suit fits you perfectly." Jamal's words broke Elliott out of his trance, for which he was grateful. He whipped his camera up and starting taking pictures, even as he felt his pecker stiffening in his pants.

"Do you think so?" Tanya said, turning slightly from side to side as the three boys looked at her, Gunner and Zeke with their mouths gaping open.

"Yes, I think it looks fantastic, and the color suits you perfectly. Don't you think so, boys?" Jamal had to elbow Gunner to get his attention.

"Yeah...it...it's really...it's really hot," Gunner stammered out, his eyes roaming up and down over Tanya's mouthwatering form.

"Now, behave yourself," Jamal said as he gave his friend a playful shove, but he didn't fail to notice the little smile on Tanya's face as she blushed. "Come on in, Mrs. Cox. The water feels great."

"Just let me put my hair up," Tanya said as she pulled a medium-blue scrunchie off her wrist and started to whip her hair up into a ponytail. "I don't want to get it wet."

"That's a good idea," Jamal said. "We wouldn't your hair getting in the way of anything. Oh, I mean, you're right, it's probably best if you don't get it wet." He gave Gunner and Zeke a knowing smile as they watched her tend to her hair.

Elliott was snapping pictures like crazy. He loved it when his mother raised her hands to tie her hair back, the motion causing her breasts to rise up on her chest, the upper swells threatening to spill right over the edge of the cups. She playfully tossed her head from side to side, making sure her ponytail was tightly fastened. Elliott noticed that the blue scrunchie was almost a perfect match for the bikini. He thought she looked gorgeous as she daintily stepped over to the end of the pool, her honey-blond hair gleaming as darts of sunlight glanced off it. With her hair pulled back, it made her elegant face and long neck look even more attractive than he remembered, and the way that bikini fit her shapely body was beyond words. Elliott couldn't take his eyes off her, and he could see the boys felt the same. Four sets of eyes were riveted in place as she graciously made her way down the steps into the pool, settling down with the water up to her shoulders.

"See, I told you the water was nice," Jamal said as she came closer to them and nodded. "Mrs. Cox, on behalf of myself and these two, we just want to thank you for inviting us. I can't remember anybody ever

being this nice to us, and being in a pool like this, it's...it's something very special, and we won't forget it."

"Thank you, Jamal, that's so nice of you to say. I'm glad you're having a good time. And that was so nice of you to bring that game for Elliott. You didn't have to do that, and I could tell it made him really happy."

"Well, just being here and giving you two those gifts makes us happy too, right guys?"

"Fuckin right!" Zeke said as he leaned forward, trying to see down through the water to Tanya's breasts.

"Hey! Watch your language!"

Zeke cringed at Jamal's reprimand. "I'm sorry Mrs. Cox. I don't know what came over me."

"That's all right, Zeke. It's nothing I haven't heard before and sometimes a curse word just seems appropriate, doesn't it?"

"Fuckin right," Zeke repeated, a little quieter this time and with a guilty smile on his face. His comment made all of them laugh this time.

"Get out of here," Jamal said as he pushed his friend under the water playfully. Gunner dove after Zeke and Jamal followed.

Elliott watched as the three boys swam and chased each other while his mother paddled around in the same area. They'd come back near her and talk about nothing in particular, and then go off for a more vigorous swim every now and then. Elliott was envious of the way all three moved fluidly through the water, their muscular bodies looking good as they swam effortlessly back and forth, diving down to the bottom and coming back to the surface time and time again. Elliott was hoping they'd get tired and come out of the pool soon. He wanted to get some more pictures of his mother. After about twenty minutes, it seemed the boys were thinking the same thing. They swam back near his mother and gathered around her. Jamal stood up next to her, his upper body totally clear of the water. Elliott saw his mother look at his toned physique, the water streaming off his muscular shoulders and pecs.

"This pool is amazing, Mrs. Cox. Would it be okay if we tried the hot tub?" Jamal pointed to the other side of the pool from where Elliott was watching from the window, the big hot tub sitting quietly ready.

"Uh, well, sure, if you like."

"Great. Lead the way," Jamal gestured to the steps at the end of the pool.

"Oh, all right," Tanya said sheepishly as she made her way in that direction.

Elliott watched as she emerged from the pool, beads of water glistening like diamonds on her golden skin. He could see the other boys eyeing her up as well, her hourglass figure looking spectacular from the rear, emphasized by the bikini bottom ties that sat right at the tops of her hips. "Jesus Christ, what a gorgeous ass," Elliott muttered to himself as he started snapping more pictures. He loved the way the bikini fit at the back, the bottom covering about half of her curvy bum, while leaving ample amounts of soft-looking skin visible to the naked eye.

He saw the boys share a smile as they followed her out of the pool, their gaze never leaving her spectacular form. She made her way to the hot tub, readjusting her hair and tightening the scrunchie around her ponytail. Elliott saw the boys open their eyes wide as she leaned over to turn on a button that activated the jets, her boobs almost spilling out of the jam-packed bra cups.

Jamal made his way up the steps at the side and climbed in, the bubbling water coming up to his thighs. He turned and stretched out his hand, offering to help Tanya in.

Elliott saw his mother give the young black man a grateful smile as she took his hand and climbed in. Jamal waiting for her to take a seat at one side, and then sat next to her. Gunner and Zeke followed, with Gunner taking the spot on the other side of his mother while Zeke sat next to Gunner in one corner facing the other three. Elliott was

glad to see that the three sitting side by side were facing him directly, giving him a perfect view. All four settled down into the bench seats as the warm moving water rolled over them, the water coming up to their necks. The jets were fairly powerful, and under the direct sun, the surface was a sparkling frothy swirl.

Elliott noticed that when they'd all slid down in their seats, Jamal had put his arms out to each side along the back of the tub, one arm on the tub edge reaching behind to his mother's far shoulder. Jamal said something and they all laughed, including his mother. Elliott leaned closer to the window, but over the gurgling and bubbling of the water in the hot tub, he couldn't make out anything they were saying. It all just sounded like so much mumbling. And so he just watched, and waited, as the four relaxed in the tub, with bits and pieces of conversation going back and forth. Even though he couldn't hear a word, he could see that all four were smiling and seemed happy. There didn't seem to be much movement by any of the four, and Elliott was frustrated that with the sun reflecting off the bubbling water, he wouldn't have been able to see anything even if there was something going on beneath the surface.

His frustration didn't last very long because his attention was drawn to Jamal, who had sat up slightly, his face turned towards Elliott's mother. Elliott could see her looking up into Jamal's eyes as the young man spoke, and then the arm he'd draped along the back of the hot tub moved, his hand settling on her far shoulder as he pulled her towards him. Elliott found his own heart start to race as Jamal lowered his mouth to his mother's, and his mother turned her mouth up to his, her eyes closing as the young man pressed his lips to hers. She let Jamal pull her close, and Elliott could almost feel the intensity

of the kiss as Jamal moved his mouth against hers for a long time. He finally pulled back, and Elliott saw her eyes open halfway, her lips wet and gaping open. Elliott could see that the kiss had enraptured her, her face a mask of lustful desire. Jamal paused for a second and then moved in for another kiss, this one lasting longer than the first.

Elliott watched, totally awestruck by his mother blatantly kissing the boy right there in the open, and in front of the other two. Even after what he'd seen the night before, Elliott was still blown away by his mother's behavior.

Jamal pulled back from his mother and settled back into his seat. As he did so, he took his hands and turned Elliott's mother's shoulders towards Gunner, who had moved closer on the other side of her. She compliantly turned, just as Gunner reached around to pull her to him. He pressed his mouth to hers, just as Jamal had done. Elliott thought that he heard a low moan, but over the gurgling water, he couldn't tell for sure, and if he had heard correctly, he couldn't tell which of the two it had come from. Gunner kissed his mother two or three times, and then he sat back as well, turning Tanya to face forward.

Elliott watched Zeke move forward on his knees in the hot tub, his body now in front of Gunner as he took his turn, holding Tanya's face in his hands as he kissed her. Elliott saw her eyes close in blissful pleasure again as she surrendered herself to the kiss. He could see Zeke's tongue pressing against the inside of her cheek, their tongues rolling together within her mouth.

When Zeke eventually sat back, Elliott saw his mother sit back as well, her hooded eyes looking sultry and alluring, her face flushed with desire. Jamal pulled her in for another kiss, which she eagerly accepted. Elliott saw Jamal's other hand disappear beneath the water in front of her, and he cursed the powerful jets. He was sure Jamal was feeling up his mother as he kissed her.

After a minute or so of that, Jamal passed her to Gunner, who looked like he was groping her breasts beneath the water as well. And then it was Zeke's turn, and Elliott was sure he was getting handfuls of tit-flesh, just like his buddies had.

This time after Zeke sat back, Jamal just looked at Elliott's mother with a knowing glance, her eyes glassy. Elliott thought she looked like a purring kitten. He saw Jamal speak quietly, and then he shifted around on his seat, both hands beneath the water. Elliott gasped as he watched the boy lift his hand out of the hot tub, his fingers holding his swim trunks. He tossed them over the side of the tub, where they landed with a splat on the pool deck. He sat back, and Elliott saw Jamal take his mother's hand and move it beneath the water towards his lap. His mother seemed to eagerly accept what he wanted from her, her teeth gnawing restlessly on her full bottom lip.

Elliott's attention was drawn to her other side, where Gunner had been shifting around. His swimsuit came flying over the edge of the tub, joining Jamal's in a puddled mess on the deck. It was only a second later that Zeke's suit was tossed out too. Tanya's attention was diverted from Jamal as Gunner took her other hand and brought it towards his lap as he sat next to her. Elliott could see her look down

at the bubbling water, and then he saw her shoulder start to move. It moved rhythmically, and then she turned and sat straight up as she looked back at the water in Jamal's direction, that shoulder moving as well. Elliott could tell she was jerking both of them off below the water, while he could see Zeke working his own cock while both her hands were busy with his two pals.

Elliott found his own cock regaining the intense hardness it had had earlier when his mother had first taken off her bathing suit cover-up. He reached down and quickly undid his pants, shoving them and his underwear right off. Wishing he could see what was going on beneath the swirling froth of the hot tub surface, he started stroking his cock. With his hand wrapped around his stiffening prick in a warm loving corridor, Elliott saw Jamal lean in close and speak into his mother's ear. He saw a look of astonishment on her face as Jamal eased her out into the middle of the hot tub. With her spot on the bench vacant, he slid over and then lifted himself up from the bench, perching on the edge of the tub. With his mother facing Jamal directly, Elliott saw the young black man draw his feet up and set them on the seat, and then he let his strong muscular legs drift open.

"Fuck me, that thing's huge!" Elliott muttered under his breath. He had a dead on view between Jamal's spread thighs, right into his crotch, where his enormous black cock was standing fully erect. The enormity of the phallus made Elliott green with envy, knowing his tool was barely a fraction of the size. He could see the rigid prick throbbing with each beat of Jamal's heart, the ebony skin glistening as the water from the tub ran off it. Not only was it long, Elliott thought, it was just so fucking big around. He wondered how any

woman could take that monster inside her snatch without being split in two.

Jamal said something to his mother and reached forward with both of his large hands. His mother was stationed in the middle of the tub with the water up to her shoulders. Her hair was still pulled back in a ponytail, and Elliott could see her eyes looking hungrily at Jamal's cock before she turned, her back now facing Elliott, the tip of her pretty ponytail dangling down into the water. He saw her move towards Jamal, and then the young black man took her head in his hands, his fingers sliding along the sides of her face and into her hair. His long fingers cradled her head as he pulled her closer to him, closer and up.

Elliott's view of Jamal's throbbing prick was now blocked by his mother's head and upper body, her shoulders now clear of the water. Jamal turned his head slightly to one side and looked down, a big smile on his face as he brought Tanya's mouth closer. Jamal gave a little nod and Elliott saw him say something quietly to his mother. He wished those damn jets weren't running. He would have given anything to hear what Jamal was saying.

His mother gave a little nod of her own, her head moving up and down slightly within Jamal's grasp. Elliott watched as Jamal wriggled his hips slightly from side to side, settling himself into position. He then saw the hands cradling his mother's head pull her just a shade closer...and then they pushed down.

"Oh fuck me!" Elliott muttered to himself as he watched the lurid scene before him. Although Jamal's cock was blocked from his view, he knew the boy was making his mother suck his cock! Elliott couldn't believe it, but there was no doubt about it. Jamal pulled her mouth down a few inches, and then pushed it back up. He repeated the motion, down and up, down and up, his hands working her mouth on his cock. Elliott couldn't believe how erotic it looked, even without seeing Jamal's cock. It was so wickedly nasty and sexy to witness his mother's head bobbing up and down like that, Jamal gripping her head firmly as he fucked her mouth. Elliott's own hand instinctively went to his own raging prick, but he used all his willpower to hold off. He knew if he touched it he'd go off in a flash, and he wanted to wait to see what Jamal had in store for his mother.

Elliott's attention was diverted from his mother as he saw Jamal raise his head, and then look directly up at his window! He took a sharp intake of breath as the young black man looked right at him, as if he'd known Elliott had been there all along. Elliott had thought the light would have been reflecting off the glass, keeping him hidden while he'd been pursuing his voyeuristic desires, but there was no doubt-Jamal was looking right at him, his big dark eyes looking right into Elliott's.

Elliott was struck dumb, and couldn't even move. He stood there, his eyes locked on Jamal's. A big smile spread across Jamal's handsome face, his teeth gleaming as his full lips drew back in a lecherous smile. Elliott felt like Jamal was reading his mind, and that smile let Elliott know that Jamal knew the truth about him, and how much he lusted after his mother. He'd basically said as much the night before, when he'd texted Elliott asking for her bra size.

As Elliott remained frozen, steadfast under Jamal's knowing stare, he saw the young man nod slightly towards his mother, and then, with his eyes still locked on Elliott's, he let go of her head. His hands came away, his fingers spread open wide in an exaggerated gesture, and then he placed them behind him as he leaned back, his hands supporting him.

The gesture, and Jamal's nod, had immediately made Elliott look back at his mother, whose head was continuing to bob up and down on the immense black pole, even with Jamal no longer controlling her head. It was clear to Elliott that this is what Jamal wanted to show him, that his mother was more than willing to suck his cock, and there was no need to force her. She was his now.

Elliott couldn't believe how excited he got just thinking about that, and watching his mother's head bobbing up and down, her ponytail swaying rhythmically with her movements. Elliott looked down at his own rigid pecker as a jolt of perverted arousal shot through him. A sizzling drop of precum pulsed to the surface, the slippery cock-sap seeping from the tip of his cock and flowing down the upright shaft.

His attention was drawn back to the hot tub as he heard mumbled voices. As he looked up, Jamal was just finishing speaking to Gunner and Zeke. The two boys nodded and climbed up onto the side of the hot tub and sat on either side of Jamal, their feet on the bench seat beneath the water. Both of them were leisurely stroking their big

cocks, their eyes glued to his mother's head bobbing up and down on Jamal's prick.

Elliott saw Jamal speaking to his mother, who never missed a beat as she kept sucking his cock. Her hands reached up from beneath the water, and Elliott watched as she wrapped her slender fingers around the surging pricks of the other two boys. All three of them were now sitting back on the edge of the hot tub, their stiffened arms behind them holding them up. They exchanged smiles and then they all looked down at her, watching her continue to service Jamal's big black cock, her head moving insistently up and down. They kept this up for about five minutes, the woman's hands pumping two hard cocks while another boy was using her mouth for his pleasure. Although watching her bobbing up and down from behind was one of the most erotic things Elliott had ever seen, he wished he could see her from their position. He knew it would be even more arousing to see close up those sweet pouty lips of hers travelling up and down Jamal's long thick rod.

As if Jamal had read his mind, Elliott saw the boy push his mother off his cock and slide forward, standing up as he stepped over to the middle of the tub, the water level halfway up his thighs. Elliott saw his mother turn and watch him, wondering what was going on. Even from this distance, Elliott could see the rapturous desire in her eyes as she gazed at Jamal's stallion-like cock, glistening traces of her slobber dangling from the head and underside of his monstrous prick. Jamal turned sideways and motioned to a spot in the water right in front of him as he spoke to the woman, his words mere mumbles as they drifted up to Elliott.

Elliott saw his mother nod obediently. She released the two cocks in her hands and moved beneath the water to the spot Jamal had indicated, turning so her pretty face was right in front of his throbbing prick. They were perfectly in profile now from Elliott's vantage point, and he could see that his mother's eyes were glazed over with lust as she moved closer and opened her mouth wide, a glistening jewel of saliva dangling off her bottom lip. Jamal wrapped his hand around his prick and pointed it downward, plugging the big mushroom head right into her hot sucking mouth. With her lips stretched almost to the tearing point, as the broad coronal ridge slipped deeper into her mouth, she locked down on the monstrous invader, the long hard cock totally within her possession.

As Jamal removed his hand from his cock, he turned and looked up at the window. Elliott was sure he saw the boy give him a wink as he started to rock his hips, fucking his mother's face. Jamal even reached down to the side of her face that was directly towards Elliott, smoothing back a stray wisp of hair that had come loose from her ponytail, as if to give Elliott the best view possible. Elliott remembered Jamal's comment when his mom said she wanted to put her hair up so it wouldn't get wet. Jamal had said he "didn't want it getting in the way of anything." Elliott now knew exactly what Jamal had been referring to.

He could really see his mother clearly now, and the look of enthusiastic desire on her face was clear as day. She was hungrily bobbing her head up and down on the big black stick, her lips pursed forward like a fish out of water as she devoured the cock before her. Elliott could see sticky gobs of saliva flowing from the corners of her mouth. And every time she drew back towards the tip, Jamal's cock

shone with her spit, frothy strands of sticky saliva sliding down the shaft of his cock and hanging from his big egg-shaped balls. Elliott could see the boy was getting a hot, and seriously wet, blow-job. His mother was definitely a slobberer, and Elliott knew that hot wet mouth of hers must feel amazing to Jamal as she sucked him off. She could only take about half of the huge prick into her mouth, and Elliott could have sworn he saw a look of disappointment and frustration on her face as she tried vainly to take more. Even from up in his room, it looked to Elliott like his mother was purring inside, loving the way her mouth was being violated by the big black cock, even though it looked like it was stretching her jaws to the breaking point.

Elliott was carefully stroking his own cock now, knowing he was a hair-trigger away from shooting, but he was hoping to be able to hold off. He wanted to shoot at the same time as Jamal. He only had a couple more minutes to wait before he saw Jamal look down at his mother and speak quietly to her, and then his head turned up, his eyes closing as a look of pure bliss came over his face.

"Oh fuck, YESSSSSS!" Jamal groaned loudly, and even over the bubbling murmur of the jets, his words reached Elliott clearly. Elliott saw the boy's defined abs flexing, and he knew a big load of hot teenage semen was speeding up the shaft of that thick black cock.

He turned his attention to his mother, noticing she was still bobbing feverishly on the boy's throbbing erection. She pulled back to the top, her lips locked down with just the flared cockhead inside her mouth. Elliott saw her throat contract as she swallowed, knowing Jamal was

filling her mouth with his potent seed. Jamal's stomach muscles flexed again, and then a milky drop appeared at the corner of his mother's mouth. The drop grew in size and started to flow down her chin and Jamal's pulsing shaft. The young black man was filling her mouth, and the overflow was trickling from the corners of her lips. She swallowed again, taking another volley of cum into her welcoming stomach.

Watching his mother hungrily swallow his bully's cum was all it took to send Elliott spinning over the edge. His hand had to barely touch his firecracker cock and it went off, spraying milky jizz against the wall beneath the window. His eyes were glued to his mother's sucking mouth, her eyes closed in bliss and her face a mask of lust as she swallowed, and swallowed, and swallowed, as Elliott's climax overwhelmed him. More glistening semen was seeping from the corners of her mouth and down Jamal's pulsing shaft, some of it dangling lewdly from her chin and the boy's huge nuts. Elliott found the pearly rivulets of cum wickedly arousing, and his own cock spewed more spunk than he thought possible, his whole body quivering with the power of his orgasm. He finally finished and was left gasping, but he could see that his mother was still working on Jamal's shooting cock, more of that sizzling teenage baby batter oozing from the corners of her mouth. And he saw her swallow again, and then, finally, Jamal took her head in his hands and just held her still, letting her nurse at the oozing tip of his cock as his climax slowly waned.

Elliott was starting to recover his breath as Jamal lifted his mother's head off his cock. Elliott could see the gobs of cum dangling from her chin now as Jamal looked down at her. As her glassy eyes looked up

at him, he took his big index finger and drew it across her chin, gathering up his warm seed. He teasingly showed her his cum-covered finger, and then slipped it into her mouth. She eagerly accepted his offering, her eyes hooded in pleasure as she closed her lips over his finger and sucked at it ravenously. Jamal slowly drew his finger back and forth between her lips, like he was fucking her.

Satisfied that she'd licked his finger clean, he took hold of her head once more and brought her face closer, pulling her mouth between his legs. The smooth black skin of his sack was glistening with a mixture of her gooey saliva and his milky cum. He didn't have to tell her what to do. Elliott watched his mother eagerly extend her tongue and run it beneath a pearly wad of goo hanging from his balls. She licked upward, her tongue tracing over the silky skin as she gathered in a mouthful of their combined juices.

Elliott saw Jamal look up at him and smile as his mother enthusiastically continued her work, getting every stray drop of the young black man's semen, and her own spit, inside her. It looked to Elliott like she'd be happy to stay there all day, but after a minute or two, Jamal pushed her head back. He smiled down at her, and Elliott saw the look on her face. He knew that look. It was the same one he'd had on his face many times when he'd looked at his mother for her approval, and she'd given it. Those feelings had warmed his heart, knowing he'd made her happy and proud. And after sucking off Jamal, his mother had that same look on her face when Jamal smiled down at her. Elliott shuddered as he looked at his mother's face, seeing how happy she was to be so subservient to Jamal. But he found himself wracked with guilt as well-guilt because he found it just as exciting as he found it disturbing.

His thoughts were broken as he saw Jamal turn and say something to Gunner and Zeke, his words still inaudible over the sounds of the hot tub. The two boys nodded and stepped into the hot tub, walking over to the middle. Elliott was shocked to see Jamal nod to Gunner and pass him his mother's head, backing away as Gunner took her head in his hands. Gunner stepped forward as Jamal moved back. The blonde boy was quick to plug his rigid prick into the woman's mouth. Elliott saw her eagerly accept the second cock, her mouth moving down the stiff shaft with no hesitation.

Gunner worked her mouth up and down for a couple of minutes and then passed her over to Zeke, who'd been standing next to him and leisurely stroking his own hard cock. They kept this up for a little while, passing her back and forth, gobs of saliva hanging off each of their thrusting rods.

Elliott was mesmerized as he watched, his cock stiffening up again already as he watched the lurid scene taking place below him. He was too spellbound by the two boys taking turns fucking his mother's face to even notice that Jamal had climbed out of the hot tub and sauntered into the house. Gunner had her head back in his hands now, rolling his hips as he fed his surging phallus deep into her mouth, his fingers entwined in her blonde locks. He passed her back to Zeke, who plugged his dripping cock right back into that willing receptacle, his mother's face glistening with saliva and precum.

Elliott's hand subconsciously went back to his cock, his fingers circling his rising pecker. He pumped back and forth, mesmerized by what the boys were doing to his mother.

"Well, Kid, I guess you like what you see."

Elliott spun around. He hadn't heard the door of his room open, but Jamal was standing just behind him, his massive cock hanging out before him like a club. The tall young black man had caught Elliott unawares, and Elliott was dumbstruck, unable to speak, standing there with his pants off, his hand wrapped around his hard cock.

Jamal looked down at what he was doing, and then up into Elliott's eyes as he nodded towards the window. "I bet you wish it was your cock your mother had her lips wrapped around, don't you?" Jamal hefted his long black prick and brandished it in Elliott's direction, shiny traces of his mother's saliva shining on the surface of the ebony shaft. Elliott flushed, giving Jamal the answer to his question. "Yeah, that's what I thought. But I don't blame you at all. Your mother's one hot-looking woman, and that mouth...fuck, that's the best blowjob I've had in a long time." Jamal paused as he hefted his heavy dick, as if presenting it to Elliott for inspection. "With just a little training, your mom'll be taking this whole thing down her throat in no time."

Elliott couldn't stop the gasp that escaped his lips. The thought of his mother taking that enormous black cock down her throat was unimaginable. But the electrifying jolt of arousal that sent a pulsation of blood to his young prick was evidence of how wickedly exciting he thought the idea of that was at the same time.

Jamal smirked as he noticed the twitch in Elliott's pecker at the same time a guilty look came over the boy's face. "Yeah, you like the idea of that, don't you, Smallcox? You like the idea of seeing your sexy mom taking every last inch of this big black stick down her pretty little throat, don't you. Well, she's going to, whether you like it or not. And she's going to take it in all three of her holes before we're done. Yeah, all three holes, from all three of us. We'll keep your sweet mom so full of cum, the stuff'll be running out of her."

Elliott couldn't help himself, listening to what Jamal said they were going to do to his mother had him rock-hard again. He stood there as if in a trance as he listened to his bully, his hand unknowingly stroking his throbbing erection.

Jamal could see right through the boy. Fuck, if that was his mom, he'd feel the same. How could you live in a house every day with somebody with a body and tits like that and not want to fuck her every which way but loose? And that face, and that beautiful blonde hair. Combine that with a body that was just made for fucking...fuck, the woman was absolutely gorgeous. No fucking doubt about it. And he'd picked up right from the start-although she'd tried to show how in control of everything she was-that she was submissive. Yes, a willing submissive just waiting for someone to take control and show her what that perfect body of hers was for. He'd seen it in her eyes when he'd rubbed up against her at the kitchen counter. Fuck, the little hottie had fucking come just feeling the thick log of his prick rubbing up against her ass. If she came like that, he couldn't wait to see how she'd react when he fed every last inch of his black prick into her pussy.

He had some things in mind for this kid, too, things that he and his buddies would get a kick out of, while giving the kid his share of the thrills with his mother as well. With a woman built like that, there was definitely enough to go around. He just had a few questions for the kid first.

"Let go of that cock of yours for a minute." Elliott's hand stopped but he seemed reluctant to let it go. Whether he was embarrassed or just so turned on that he didn't want to stop, Jamal didn't care. "Don't worry, you'll be able to get off soon enough, and I guarantee you'll like what I have in store for you."

Jamal nodded towards the window, and Elliott flushed again. Did that nod by Jamal indicate that he'd get a shot at his mother? "If that was the case...holy fuck!" Elliott thought to himself. He immediately removed his hand from his dick.

"Good. Now, how many times a day do you usually jerk off thinking about her?" Jamal could see Elliott hesitate, and he knew the kid was feeling guilty, but he was tired of this shit. "C'mon, Smallcox, I don't have time for you to fuck around like this. If you want a shot at your mother, answer my fucking questions."

There it was, Elliott thought. Jamal had put it right out in the open. He might get a shot at his mother. Just the thought of that gave him the courage he needed. "Uh, usually five or six times a day." He

answered with a shrug of his shoulders, his eyes looking away from Jamal's as he felt his face flush.

"Five or six times? That's pretty fucking good for a little white boy. Now, I want you to think long and hard about this next question. What would you like to do to her more than anything else? Fuck her? Have her suck you off? I imagine all of it, but what's your favorite fantasy about her?"

Elliott really felt his face turning red now, but he knew he had to tell Jamal the truth, or he'd regret it for the rest of his life. "I uh...I really want to be able to use my...to use my mouth on her...on her, you know."

A big smile came over Jamal's face as he nodded. "So, you want to eat out your mother's sweet pussy. Is that it? That's what you think about the most?"

"Yes. Yes sir." Elliott still found it difficult to meet Jamal's eyes.

"Yeah, I can see you lapping at Mommy's dripping cunt. I think that's perfect for you. Now, what would you be willing to do if I tell you I'll make that happen for you?"

With a look of alarm, Elliott looked down at Jamal's monstrous cock, now hanging menacingly between his powerful thighs. It hung downwards, but well out from his body. Elliott was surprised to see

that it hadn't gone flaccid after he'd dumped his load into Elliott's mother's mouth. To Elliott, it still looked half-hard, as if it could be ready to go at a moment's notice.

Jamal saw where Elliott was looking, and read the fear in the kid's eyes. "Hey, don't worry, we're not going to tear open that little virgin ass of yours. But there will be some things I'll want you to do, things I think you'll like."

"Uh, what kind of things?"

Jamal was starting to get pissed off. "Look, do you want to stick that tongue of yours up your mother's cunt, or what? I said I'll want you to do some things for us, but I can guarantee that we won't hurt you, or your mother, if you agree. And if you want a shot at that pretty little pussy of hers, you need to make that decision now."

It took Elliott only a second or two to answer. "Yes sir. I'll...I'll do whatever you like."

Jamal nodded, pleased with Elliott's answer, and the respectful way he'd called him 'sir'. "And I assume you're a virgin, right?"

Elliott's eyes dropped away, giving Jamal the answer that he'd already expected. A big smile came over Jamal's face. "Don't worry about that either. You won't be for long. And it's going to be fun for us to see that your mother's going to be the one to bust your cherry."

Now let's go. I can promise you you'll have a lot more fun than staying in here by yourself."

Jamal turned and started walking towards the door. Elliott remained riveted in place, stunned by what he'd just heard, images of losing his virginity and having his own mouth glued to his mother's pussy firing rapidly in his twisted young brain. Was it really going to happen? If he did what Jamal or the boys asked him to do, was he really going to get a chance to fuck his mother and lick her pussy? Jamal stopped at the door and turned, a stern look coming over his face. "I'm not gonna tell you again, you little fucker. Move it, or both you and your mom are gonna regret it."

Elliott tucked his throbbing prick into his pants and followed eagerly, wondering what was going to happen next.

Chapter 4

Jamal led the way down the stairs and back outside, Elliott close behind like a puppy following its master. When they stepped out of the house onto the pool deck, the boys standing in the hot tub were taking turns fucking Tanya's face. Right now, she had her lips wrapped around Zeke's cock, while Gunner stood next to his friend, grinning as he stroked his rigid prick.

Tanya had a blissful look of pleasure on her face, her eyes half-closed as she compliantly let her head be pulled back and forth on Zeke's thrusting erection. She was still on her knees in the hot tub, the water level covering about half of her big tits, the upper swells of her breasts quivering as Zeke pulled her upper body back and forth. The sun glistened off their wet bodies, sparkling like jewels.

"Are you guys close?" Jamal asked, stopping next to the tub. Elliott came to a standstill behind him, unsure of what to do.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Zeke said. "I don't think I've ever had such a hot, hungry mouth on my cock. This MILF is amazing."

"What about you?" Jamal nodded to Gunner.

"No problem. That sweet mouth of hers has got me primed and ready to blow anytime."

Jamal's voice had alerted Tanya to his presence and she looked up, spotting her son standing there, his eyes wide open as he watched her slurping away at the big cock plugged into her mouth. A feeling of guilt and dread washed over her as she pushed at Zeke's legs, spitting out the huge dick inside her mouth, gobs of saliva dangling lewdly from the upright shaft.

"Elliott...I...you..." she mumbled, words failing her.

"Now, don't get all worried, Mrs. Cox," Jamal said, casually waving his hand in a calming motion. "Your sweet, innocent little boy has been up in his room watching us the whole time." He pointed upward, and Tanya's eyes followed his finger instinctively to Elliott's window. "Not only was he watching us, he was taking pictures as well."

"Pictures?" Tanya said, her mind swirling.

"Plus, he was jerking off at the same time. You should see the size of the load he splattered all over the wall."

Elliott blushed red as his mother's eyes went back and forth between him and Jamal, her face showing her confusion.

"He shouldn't...I mean I shouldn't..." Tanya stammered, her overloaded brain searching for the right words.

"Oh yes, you definitely should," Jamal replied with a nod, his voice calm and assertive. "And you definitely will." Tanya remained in the pool on her knees, looking at Jamal, her face flushed with guilt. "Now, this is the way this is going to go. Elliott here is going to tutor us, just like you said. I don't know about these assholes, but I don't want to spend my whole life flipping burgers, so I actually think that's going to be a good thing. But we already told you, we can't afford to pay him. So, in return, we're going to give Elliott here some tutoring of our own, about women. And you're going to help us with those lessons, to help make sure his education in the important things in life is complete. Yes, every boy needs a good, well-rounded education." Jamal looked right at Tanya's big tits when he said the last line, causing his friends to grin broadly.

Tanya looked from Jamal to Elliott, and back again, her whole world having been turned upside down in less than twenty-four hours.

"And not only are you going to help with Elliott's education, but while we're getting tutored, you're going to be providing the three of us with the extra-curricular activities that our teachers keep saying all students need." Jamal took his half-hard cock in his hand and pointed it at her, making her an offer he already knew she wouldn't be able to refuse. He took a slow leisurely stroke up the shaft, bringing a dewy bead of precum to the tip, the gooey drop glistening invitingly. Even though she was riddled by guilt, Jamal could see the wanton look in her eyes as they dropped to his prick. They went right to his massive, flared cockhead, and he saw her swallow, her lips still wet and parted. Yes, he knew exactly what she wanted-and needed.

"So, is everything clear, Tanya?" Jamal asked, the use of her first name making it clear to everyone who was in charge. "Or do we go back to the way things were before?"

He nodded towards Elliott, and Tanya knew exactly what he was saying. She didn't want to think about what her son's life would be like if she refused. But she knew that Jamal knew exactly what she was thinking, and feeling, inside. That once she'd had a taste for that big, black cock of his, and the other two boys, that she was lost. Like a drug addict, she was already hooked, and there was no going back. She knew inside that she needed those big cocks, needed them like an alcoholic needs that next drink. But she also knew that Jamal was offering her a way out, an excuse to justify her behavior. If anybody was to ask or say anything about what she was doing, she could say that she was doing it for Elliott's benefit, to stop him from being bullied by these three monsters. She could see by the knowing look in Jamal's eyes that he knew this as well, and was saying this for her benefit, for which she was grateful.

"I...I understand," she replied, nodding in agreement.

"Good, that's what I like to hear," Jamal said, smiling as he calmly nodded before turning to his two friends. "Get her out of there and onto one of those chairs." He pointed to one of the padded, poolside loungers a short distance away.

Gunner and Zeke helped Tanya out of the hot tub and over to the lounge, water running off their bodies onto the deck surface. The boys each had one of her arms and laid her back, her upper body

raised slightly by the inclined lounger. On her back, her huge tits spread out sideways over the full breadth of her chest, the massive globes of flesh on the verge of oozing out of the sides as well as over the top edge of the jam-packed bra cups.

"That's good," Jamal said as the boys took a spot on either side of her, their hands going back to their hard cocks. "Now, fill her mouth." He turned his attention to Tanya, who was looking at him questioningly. "And Tanya, once they do, don't swallow it...not until I tell you."

She nodded obediently, and Jamal gestured to his two friends, who moved in close and started stroking their big pricks, more vigorously now. Their hands flew back and forth, precum glinting in the sun as it flew from the tips of their cocks every which way, many of them falling on Tanya's face.

"Open your mouth for them, Tanya," Jamal said. "Give my boys a target."

Tanya compliantly opened her mouth into an inviting 'O' as the boys moved in closer, the engorged ends of their boners sometimes brushing against her face as they pumped away at them.

"Are you almost there, Zeke?" Gunner asked, setting his feet firmly in position.

"Oh yeah, buddy. That fucking mouth of hers had me ready to shoot almost as soon as I stuck my cock in it." Zeke got into position as well, his hand almost a blur as he pointed the dripping tip right at Tanya's face.

"OH FUCK...HERE YOU GO, BABY!" Gunner said with a groan as he started to come. He held his hand still for a second as a long white rope shot forth, hitting Tanya on the cheek and streaming into her open mouth.

"YEAH...Here it comes, a nice mouthful for ya," Zeke responded as he started to climax as well. A milky ribbon spewed forth from the tip of his raging prick, splattering the other side of her face before he got it aimed into her beckoning mouth. The two boys moved closer, the crimson heads of their dicks almost touching right over her open mouth as they totally unloaded, flooding her mouth with a torrent of jizz. They were both grunting and moaning as they continued to stroke their spewing cocks, gobs and strands of cum filling the beckoning receptacle of Tanya's open mouth.

"Oh yeah, nothing I like better than feeding a hungry MILF," Gunner said as he pumped rope after rope into Tanya's rapidly-filling mouth.

Elliott couldn't believe what he was seeing, his mother stretched out before him with two guys filling her mouth with cum. The look on her face was unreal. Her blue eyes were hooded, with a glassy wanton look in them as they kept dumping their loads into her mouth. Her face showed the serene pleasure she was feeling by being used, by being used by these young boys as their personal cum

dump. Elliott could see that they were almost done now, and his mother's mouth was overflowing with spunk, glistening trickles of thick teenage semen sliding sluggishly down her cheeks. Elliott was both shocked and painfully aroused by what he was seeing, his cock once again feeling like an iron bar in his pants.

Zeke shook his spent prick one more time, the final drops of pearly seed dropping onto Tanya's face. Gunner did the same, and then both of them stepped back, smiles on their faces as they looked down at the 40-year old MILF, her mouth full, her lower face covered with cum.

"Remember, don't swallow, Tanya," Jamal said as he stepped forward and looked at the huge pool of cum in the woman's mouth. He smiled, and then turned. "Elliott."

Elliott was shocked to hear his name and looked up. He pointed to himself questioningly, as if Jamal had made a mistake by calling out his name.

"Yeah, you," Jamal said, extending his hand toward Elliott. "Come over here." Sheepishly, Elliott stepped forward as Jamal slipped his arm around his shoulder, pulling him closer. "Remember what we talked about? About the things you'd like to do?"

Struck dumb, Elliott could only nod.

"How would you like to come in that sweet mouth of your mother's too?"

As Jamal spoke the words, Elliott looked right at his mother, his reddening face telling her what he was thinking. She seemed to nod with her eyes, letting him know that it was okay, that she understood, that she was doing this to help him, to protect him. That no matter what the boys wanted both of them to do, everything would be all right. After seeing that look in his mother's eyes, Elliott glanced up at Jamal and nodded.

"Good," Jamal replied, patting Elliott on the back. "Take your pants off."

Elliott was far too excited at this point to feel sheepish about what was going to happen. The thought of getting his rock-hard cock into his mother's mouth was too wild, too totally fucking insane to even think about. If Jamal was willing to let him jerk off into his mother's mouth too, he was all for it. Elliott hurriedly pulled off his pants and tossed them aside, his rigid dick standing at full attention, pointing directly to the North Star.

"Not a bad-sized dick for a little guy," Jamal said as he looked at Elliott, and then at his two friends, who shrugged and nodded in agreement before Jamal turned back to the young boy standing next to him. "There's only one thing you need to do before you get a shot at that pretty mouth, Elliott."

Elliott looked up at Jamal, totally perplexed, his eyebrows arched up questioningly.

Jamal smiled as he pointed down to Elliott's mother. "I want you to French kiss your mother first, and then you can use that mouth any way you want."

Elliott's eyes flew open, as did Tanya's. His heart was pounding in his chest as he looked down at his mother's face, her mouth overflowing with thick milky cum. Elliott felt Jamal's big hand squeeze his shoulder, a rough warning squeeze. "Remember what we talked about, Smallcox?" Jamal whispered into Elliott's ear. "If you do as I tell you, I can guarantee you'll be eating out Mommy's sweet pussy as much as you want. If you don't, both you, and your mother, are gonna get fucked up. You got it?" He punctuated his statement by squeezing Elliott's shoulder even harder, almost making the boy yelp.

Elliott was shocked by what he'd been asked to do, but at the same time, his perverted young brain found the whole twisted scenario sinfully arousing. As he thought about being made to kiss his mother, to stick his tongue into that sea of spunk, he'd felt an electrifying jolt pulse through him right to his cock. His erection was so hard it was almost painful. Although he felt an inkling of guilt, knowing that's the way he was supposed to feel, he actually felt the opposite deep in his heart. Maybe it was because he needed a male role model, and hadn't had one since his dad left. Maybe deep down he liked being under someone's control. Whatever it was, he knew he'd do whatever the young black man wanted him to do.

Elliott looked into his mother's eyes, seeing that same look again, letting him know she understood. Maybe she understood that he needed this, needed to be told what to do by a big powerful man, Elliott thought.

With no further hesitation, he stepped forward and kneeled down on the pool deck, his face next to his mother's. From the corner of his eye, he saw Gunner and Zeke move around the lounge to the other side so they had a better view. Elliott looked into his mother's eyes as he moved closer, those warm blue orbs giving him permission to keep going. He thought he saw a glint of excitement in them as well, and then she softly closed them, waiting for his kiss.

Elliott could smell their semen now, the warm masculine scent wafting into his senses. He was shocked to find the intoxicating fragrance made him almost dizzy with excitement. He could feel his cock throb, and knew he was leaking precum like crazy. With his heart pounding in his chest, he lowered his mouth, his lips meeting a layer of pearly semen before they pressed against his mother's pouty lips beneath. With his lips against hers, he slid his tongue into her open mouth, delving deep into the pool of cloudy cum.

Elliott was surprised at the warmth of the gooey fluid, his tongue rolling slowly around the insides of his mother's accepting mouth. She was kissing him back now, her tongue meeting his in an illicitly sinful dance, pushing some of the cum back into his mouth.

"Mmm..." Elliott heard his mother moan as she did, her tongue rolling sensually against his as she explored his mouth. She drew his tongue back into her mouth, almost sucking it in, pulling his tongue deeper as it plowed through the milky gobs of jizz.

"Mmm..." Elliott heard another contented moan escape their joined mouths, and was surprised to realize that this one came from him. He feathered his tongue through the puddle of spunk, loving the wicked sensation that was coursing through him. The whole lurid affair had him more excited than he'd ever been in his life, the flavor and scent of the boys' cum setting his libido on fire.

The three boys watching smiled at each other, and then Jamal spoke. "Swallow it, Elliott. Get your mother all cleaned up for us."

Spellbound by the hypnotic allure of what he was doing, Elliott used his tongue to draw a big wad of the thick white semen into his mouth. With his lips still pressed to his mother's, he swallowed. The clumpy gob moved deep into his mouth and down his throat, the slippery cum sliding like warm silk down his throat. When it hit his stomach, he felt another jolt of excitement shoot right to his throbbing prick, and he knew he wanted more.

"Mmm..." He moaned louder this time as he stuck his tongue deep into his mother's mouth, sucking another huge wad of slime back into his mouth.

"Let him have all of that cum this time, Tanya," Jamal said, happily watching the lurid scene taking place before him. "Don't worry about getting your share, we'll keep you well-fed from now on."

Tanya was just as turned on as Elliott, her pussy dripping as her son kissed her deeply, sucking the warm cum right out of her mouth. She ardently kissed him back, pressing her lips to his, both of them moaning softly as she used her tongue to push the potent seed into his young mouth, feeding him like a mother bird feeds its babies.

When Elliott had swallowed every drop from within her mouth, he enthusiastically moved to her cheeks, his broad flat tongue licking upward. He lapped up the silvery rivulets that had run down her cheeks onto her neck before doing the same to her other cheek, and then her chin. He worked feverishly as the boys watched, their hands leisurely stroking their big, limber cocks.

Elliott finally sat back, both his and his mother's face flushed. Not one trace of white remained on his mother's face. All that was left were the drying traces of his saliva. Every savory morsel of the boys' thick, potent cum was safely in the pit of Elliott's stomach.

"Good job, Kid," Jamal said. "That mouth of hers is all yours now."

Elliott quickly looked at his mother, as if asking permission. She simply nodded, her hand reaching out to Elliott's side. Without waiting a second longer, he threw his leg over the lounge,

straddling her body. He was so aroused he thought he might go off on the spot.

Tanya sensed her son's excitement and leaned her head forward, just as he pointed his surging dick down at her face. She was excited as well, the nastiness of being made to do these kinds of things with her own son turning her on more than she'd thought possible. At this moment she didn't care if she was the worst mother in the world-all she cared about right now was that her pussy felt like it was on fire, and she was so aroused that she thought her clit was going to explode.

She ovalled her lips as Elliott thrust his hips forward, plowing his throbbing erection right into her beckoning mouth. Her tongue instantly rolled over his sensitive cockhead, bathing it with her spit. She caved in her cheeks right away, enveloping his young prick in a hot buttery sheath. Without thinking, Tanya shot one hand down between her legs, her fingers sliding inside her bikini bottom. She was soaking wet, and her fingers instantly went to the fiery beacon of her needy clit.

"Oh my God...oh my God...oh my GODDDDD..." Elliott groaned as he started to come, within seconds of his mother's hot wet mouth closing down around his throbbing erection. Her mouth was deliciously hot, and luxuriously wet. It was everything he'd ever imagined it to be...and more.

Tanya felt her son's hips twitch as he came, a powerful rope of cum spewing from the end of his surging prick and pasting itself deep

into her mouth. As soon as that thick rich wad of semen pooled on her tongue, the illicit wickedness of what she was doing shot through her, sending an electrifying pulse right to her throbbing clit. Her slick fingertips circled the stiff nodule, causing a jolting orgasm to start deep inside her and radiate like an atomic bomb throughout her lush, mature body.

"Ehhmmmm," Tanya groaned loudly, her mouth locked tight around her son's cock as the jangling sensations washed over her in scintillating waves. She kept rubbing her clit as she came, her warm juices gushing into her bikini bottoms.

"Your baby's load is all yours, Tanya," Jamal's voice came to their ears. "Go ahead, swallow it."

Tanya did, and then eagerly kept sucking for more.

Elliott kept coming, flooding his mother's mouth with more cum than he thought possible, even after he'd already shot a load earlier. He'd never felt anything as exquisite as that beautiful mouth in his life, and he never wanted it to stop. He kept shooting, his young hips shaking as he dumped wad after wad of his milky spunk into his mother's vacuuming mouth. Finally, the delightful tingling sensations dwindled, and he stood there over his mother, trying to recover, feeling like he could barely stand.

"Well, that was interesting. It seemed like you two really enjoyed that." Jamal's words brought Elliott back to earth and he quickly

drew his leg back from straddling his mother, his spent dick coming out of her sucking mouth with an audible 'POP!'

Like Elliott, Tanya felt guilty under the leering gaze of the three boys. She drew her hand from inside her bikini bottoms, but all of them were watching her.

"My, my, look at those sticky fingers." Tanya's hand stopped right where it was after Jamal spoke, all eyes going to her glistening hand, her slender fingers covered with warm cunt-honey. "That seems like such a waste," Jamal continued. "I think you should let your little boy have a taste. After all, you just got a mouthful of his cum, it's only fair to give him some of yours."

Tanya looked at Elliott, who was staring at her sticky fingers, his face flushing with embarrassment, but a look of pure desire in his young eyes. She could see how much he wanted what Jamal was offering him, a chance to taste her forbidden juices. Like everything else that had happened in the last day, this turned her on too, making her shiver with illicit arousal. Wanting to ease her young son's anxiety, she extended her hand toward him, giving him a knowing smile that she knew would soothe his guilt.

Elliott saw that look in her eyes and relief washed over him as she lifted her hand, knowing she was all right with him doing what Jamal was asking him to do. He stepped forward and lowered his mouth to her hand, opening his lips. His mother smiled at him bewitchingly as she slid her gooey fingers into his mouth, as if she

knew that deep in his heart, this is what he wanted more than anything.

As soon as those slender fingers entered his mouth, Elliott closed his lips around them, his tongue pressing against her skin. He licked and sucked at her cum-covered digits, drawing her warm juices deep into his mouth. When they hit his taste buds, he almost swooned with pleasure, the taste of her womanly nectar thrilling him to the core. To Elliott, it was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted in his young life, and he knew he was hooked, that he wanted as much of his mother's delectable cunt-honey as he could get. And if he did as Jamal asked, he knew his dream of doing that just might come true.

Elliott lifted his eyes to his mother's as he licked her hand clean, seeing a sly smile come over her face as she deliberately drew her delicate fingers back and forth between his lips, fucking his mouth with her fingers. He felt like he could have stayed there for hours, looking into those gorgeous blue eyes of hers as she let him lick her fingers clean.

"All right, that's enough of that," Jamal said, pulling Elliott away from his mother. "You two have each had a little something to put in your bellies, now what about us." He turned to Tanya. "Do you have anything to eat around here?"

"Uh, yes," Tanya replied sheepishly as she sat up hurriedly on the lounge. "I...uh...I made some pasta salad and-"

"That's good. That'll do it. Why don't you go back upstairs, get cleaned up and change into that pretty little dress you were wearing earlier? I saw the shower in the cabana there. The boys and I'll get cleaned up in there, and then I think it'll be nice to have lunch out here on the deck." Jamal pointed to the glass-topped patio table a short distance outside the sliding doors to the house. "And while you're getting lunch ready, Elliott here can bring us something cold to drink."

"Uh, all right," Tanya said as she got up, grabbed her towel and started towards the house before she was stopped as Jamal took her by the arm.

"I know you don't have any right now, but next time we come, we'd like it if you could have some Red Bull in the fridge. I think we're going to go through a lot of that in the future. You can do that for us, can't you?"

Jamal's voice had taken on that lulling hypnotic tone again, the low mesmerizing timbre of his words almost making Tanya dizzy thinking about these virile young men amped up on Red Bull. "I...yes."

Her answer brought a big smile to Jamal's face. He leaned down, bringing his lips to hers, giving her a deep passionate kiss. She felt herself melting in his arms as she quickly succumbed to the desires welling up within her, kissing him back, letting his hands roam over her breasts as he pulled her close. He finally pulled his face back from hers, leaving her breathless.

"I think we all need some fuel inside us before we move on to Round Two," Jamal whispered quietly to her, his eyes running blatantly over her lush body as if he wanted to ravish her right there on the spot. She knew if he wanted to, she had no willpower within her to resist even one little bit.

"Round Two?" was all she could gasp out questioningly.

"Oh yeah, baby, we're not done with you by any means. You're gonna be tired and sore by the time we're done with you today, but I can guarantee that you'll never want it to stop." He reached down and brought her hand to his resurgent dick. She instinctively closed her hand around it, feeling it pulse strongly as it grew beneath her tiny fingers. She started to move her hand back and forth along the growing ebony shaft, but he turned abruptly, pulling it out of her grasp.

He leaned in and kissed her once more, and then brought his mouth back to her ear, his hot breath making her tingle all the way down to her toes. "Don't worry, sweetheart, you're gonna get all the cock you can handle. Me and the boys are gonna take good care of you, give you just what you need. We're gonna fill you so full of cum, the stuff'll be running out of you for a week."

As Jamal stood back and walked away, Tanya was reeling with excitement as she looked down at his huge cock hanging out half-hard in front of him. She was so aroused by what he said that her

pussy was almost gushing. She had a nagging itch deep inside her that she knew it would take a big cock to scratch, and maybe more than one. Maybe three, and maybe more than once each.

With a sly smile on her face and a burning need between her legs, she turned and entered the house, looking forward to Round Two.

Chapter 5

As the boys disappeared into the cabana to shower up, Elliott pulled his pants back on and retreated into the house, unsure of what to do. He closed the sliding door behind him and was just turning when his mother's voice reached him.

"Elliott?"

He looked up, seeing his mother hugging the wall at the top of the stairwell as she craned her head around the corner. "Yes, Mom?"

"Honey, could you be a dear and make a quick run to the store for me. Just take some money from my purse and the keys are by the front door."

"Oh, okay. What do you want me to get?"

"Grab a couple of bags of chips, whatever you think the boys might like. And get some of those Red Bull drinks too."

"The energy drink?"

"Yeah, that's the one. Red Bull."

"Uh, how many? Just one for each of them for lunch?"

"Uh, no. Maybe you should get more than that, in case they get thirsty later."

Elliott started pondering what she meant by 'later', and what was going to happen between now and then that might make them thirsty. "Okay. How many then?"

"Well, do you know if they come in a case of twenty-four?"

Elliott's eyes opened wide at the thought of those guys with a case of Red Bull inside them. "I uh...I'm not sure, but I can look."

"Okay, good. Twenty-four should be fine. And see if they have them cold. Make sure you get some cold ones. And, oh yeah, get something for yourself, if there's something else you want." Tanya paused as Elliott nodded. "Great. I'm just gonna take a quick shower. I should be done by the time you get back and then we can get lunch together. Thanks, sweetie." She put her hand to her mouth and blew him a kiss before stepping back and disappearing from view.

Elliott had been worried that things would be awkward when he and his mother came face to face again, but that cute little smile on her face as she blew him that kiss set him at ease, letting him know everything was okay. He'd have hated it if they both had to deal with each other day in and day out while being riddled with guilt. That

windblown kiss and the brightness in his mother's eyes let him know he had nothing to worry about. He actually felt the anxiety wash out of him, for which he was grateful.

He took a few bills from her purse and grabbed the keys to the SUV. Opening the garage door, he backed out past Jamal's van and headed the short distance to the variety store, the same one where he and his mother had confronted the bullies yesterday. He couldn't believe so much had happened in such a short time. His mother had met them for the first time less than twenty-fours ago, and now they were treating her like their cum-hungry bitch. But he noticed she wasn't complaining-no siree, not at all.

Elliott was still recovering from the intensity of the orgasm when he went off in his mother's mouth. The feeling had been even more amazing than he'd dreamed, and watching her eagerly swallow his cum was incredible. Elliott was rapidly starting to realize what Jamal had meant when he said he 'could do things for him'. And if it was more of that, Elliott knew he was all in.

When he got to the store he asked if they had a case of Red Bull in the cooler, and he was happy to find out that there was full case in the storage fridge in the back of the store. The owner was happy to have it taken off his hands. Elliott grabbed a couple of bags of chips and some Doritos for himself and was back home in no time. He slid the case of Red Bull in the spare fridge in the garage and made his way to the kitchen, where he stuck six cans of the stuff into the fridge there.

He was anxious to see what the boys had in store for his mother next, and he was just as keen to have them 'fuel up' on Red Bull, if that's what they wanted to do. He gathered up plates, silverware, and napkins and took them out to the patio table, distributing them around in five settings. He decided to wait until the boys came out from showering in the cabana before asking them what they wanted to drink.

He was just taking the pasta salad out of the fridge when he heard voices coming from outside. He looked up to see the three boys come out of the cabana and walk over to the table after placing their bathing suits and towels to dry on hooks on the side of the building. He noticed they'd all donned their jeans, but all three were shirtless. Their jeans hung low on their hips, not one inch of underwear in sight, letting him know they were going commando.

Elliott was envious of their muscular physiques. Each one had defined abs like people in ads for gyms, and both Gunner and Jamal had powerful looking chests, with pronounced pecs that looked like plates of body armor. Even Zeke, with a slightly smaller build, still had prominent muscles in his shoulders and arms. Elliott knew that when it came to having a muscular body like those guys, he'd been dealt a bad hand from the start. With a disgruntled shrug of his shoulders, he made his way outside.

"Hey guys, what would you like to drink with lunch?"

"What've you got? Still no beer, I guess," Zeke responded.

"Uh no. Sorry. We've got Coke and Dr Pepper, and we've got some Red Bull now too."

"Red Bull?" Jamal said as he looked at Elliott questioningly. "I thought you didn't have anything like that in the house."

Elliott shrugged. "We didn't. My mom asked me to drive to the store and get some just now."

"Nice. Smart woman. How many did you get, one for each of us?"

"Uh no, she asked me to get a whole case. Twenty-four."

Jamal had a sly smile on his face as he looked over at his two pals before returning his attention to Elliott. "That was very thoughtful of her to ask you to do that. I think she deserves a present in return, don't you think so, guys?"

"Definitely," Gunner replied.

"She deserves a present that's nice and big after being so thoughtful," Zeke said as he gave Gunner a playful punch in the shoulder.

"Yes, I think you're right," Jamal said. "We'll definitely give her something big." He turned back to Elliott. "That's great to know you've got that on hand, but a Coke is fine for now. We might need The Bull a little later." He gave Elliott a sly wink as he said that.

The other two chose Cokes as well. "Okay, Cokes all around. I'll be back in a minute." Elliott had just gotten some glasses filled with ice when his mother's voice reached him.

"Thanks for getting started on things, dear." He looked up as his mother came bounding down the stairs, her shapely body clad in her yellow dress again. "I tried to hurry through my shower. My hair's still a bit damp."

Her hair was down now, released from the scrunchie she'd been wearing when she was in the pool, and when she'd had her hair pulled back in the hot tub when she was having her mouth worked over by the bullies. It shone gloriously, the lustrous blonde highlights catching the light beautifully, a few of the tips still damp as they clung to her bare shoulders. It fell past her shoulders, framing her gorgeous face attractively.

Elliott noticed that she'd quickly touched up her makeup too. She'd brushed on some bronzy-pink eye shadow and applied some mascara, which made her already long lashes look even longer. Her lips had a coating of pink gloss that made them look wet and inviting. It struck him as funny that he was already looking at her mouth that way, having dumped a load of cum into it just a short time ago.

But it wasn't just the way she was dressed or how her hair looked, there was something different about her. She looked so alive, and seemed to be almost...he couldn't find the right word to describe it, but 'glowing' was the closest thing that came to mind.

"Were you able to get the drinks I asked you to get, sweetheart?" she asked as she joined him at the granite-topped island.

"Uh, yeah. They actually had a whole case in one of their big coolers. I put the whole case in the fridge in the garage and brought in six for now." He pointed to the fridge as he popped open the cans of Coke he'd already retrieved.

"That's great. The boys didn't want them?" she asked as she watched him pour the Cokes into their glasses.

"No, they just wanted Cokes right now." He couldn't help but notice that she had a bit of a disappointed look on her face. "But Jamal said they might want the Red Bull later." Her lips turned up in knowing smile after he said that.

She grabbed a big spoon and popped the lid off the pasta salad as Elliott pulled out a serving tray. He placed four iced-filled glasses on the tray, three with Coke and one Dr Pepper for himself. "What would you like to drink, Mom?"

"I've got an open bottle of sangria in there. I think that would be nice."

Elliott switched up his mother's tumbler for a big wine glass and poured the chilled fruity wine over ice for her, adding it to the tray. The boys were sitting around the patio table talking quietly as he made his way towards them and passed their drinks around and set out the plates and silverwear, the table shaded by the retractable canopy that projected from the side of the house.

Their attention was diverted as Tanya approached the table, loaded down with a large bowl in one hand and a big serving spoon in the other.

"Who'd like some pasta salad?" she asked as she stopped next to Jamal. Instinctively, she knew he was in charge and started serving him first, spooning the food onto his plate. "Elliott, could you go in and get the chips, please. I've already put them in bowls. Thank you, dear."

Elliott strode back into the house and picked up the two bowls from the kitchen island, one with chips and the other with Doritos. As he returned to the patio, he saw the three boys eyeing up his mother, Zeke and Gunner blatantly running their gaze up and down her curvy form. They looked like they were about to start drooling.

Elliott noticed his mother took a spot to Jamal's right at the round glass table. Elliott took the spot next to his mother, with Gunner and Zeke on the opposite side.

"Tanya, thank you for asking Elliott to pick up some Red Bull for us," Jamal said. "Me and the guys really appreciate it."

Tanya smiled sheepishly. "That's all right. You said you'd like it, so I thought, hey, no time like the present, right?"

"We're glad you were so thoughtful. It's going to come in real handy when we're getting tutored by Elliott. Sometimes when we're doing school work, we just want to drift off. That stuff'll give us an extra kick to make sure we're upright and at full attention, if you know what I mean."

Tanya couldn't help but blush at Jamal's provocative words. "Well, that's good then. I'm glad to help."

"Yes, with some Red Bull around," Jamal said as he nodded towards her, "and with your help," he paused as he blatantly reached over and ran his hand along Tanya's bare thigh, "we'll be able to keep going for hours on end-study, that is-even if things get really hard."

Tanya flushed at his words, her eyes moving to his hand, which was now stroking the inside of her thigh.

"Zeke, pass me those chips, would ya? Man, this food looks good." Jamal changed the topic of conversation, much to Tanya's relief, but

his hand stayed where it was, his long black fingers caressing the smooth skin of her inner thigh just slightly above her knee.

As they started eating, the three boys talked about people that neither Tanya nor Elliott knew, and didn't seem to care that they were excluding them from their conversation. Elliott and Tanya sat quietly and ate, while all the time, Jamal kept his hand on Tanya's leg, stroking teasingly back and forth.

Towards the end of the meal, Elliott noticed Jamal shift his chair a bit closer to his mother's, and then, with the arms of the two chairs almost touching, he returned his big black hand to her leg. He kept talking to his friends, and Elliott turned his attention back to his food, spearing one of the few remaining pieces of pasta with his fork and shovelling it into his mouth.

"Aahh..."

Elliott turned as his mother gave a sharp intake of breath. She was sitting stock still, her eyes looking down, her face flushed. Elliott followed her gaze and, through the glass-topped table, he could see that Jamal's big mitt was now beneath her dress, hidden beneath the bright yellow fabric. Elliott saw Jamal's hand move higher, getting closer to his mother's pussy.

"Unhh..."

His mother gave another little gasp, and this time Elliott saw the bump of Jamal's hand move beneath the shifting fabric, right dead center between his mother's thighs. As Jamal kept talking to his friends, Elliott looked up at Gunner and Zeke, who he saw were looking through the glass table as well, devious smiles on their faces.

"Open those up for me there, sweetheart," Jamal said, as if he was asking her to pass the salt.

"Huh? What?" Tanya replied, beads of sweat breaking out on her forehead.

"Your legs. Open your legs for me." As Tanya sat there dumbfounded, Jamal reached beneath the table with his left hand to her knee, keeping his other hand centered on her cunt. He looked past her to Elliott. "Elliott, give me a hand here. It looks like your mother is still getting used to the way things are gonna work around here from now on. Take her knee and you and I will open her up."

Elliott looked his mother in the eye as she turned to face him. He looked deep into those ocean-blue eyes and saw the longing in them, the willingness in them to do whatever Jamal wanted of her. She didn't need to nod or say anything. Elliott knew she wanted him to do as he'd been told. He reached down beneath the table and closed his hand over her right knee, her bare skin feeling electric beneath his fingers. He moved his hand, pulling her leg in his direction. He could feel only minimal resistance, and the fact that his mother was agreeing with what was being done to her caused a jolt of arousal to shoot through him. He could see that Jamal was pulling her other leg

as well, the opening between her thighs growing as the skirt part of her yellow dress rose higher and higher. Soon both boys had her legs pulled open until they pressed against their own legs, her legs open in a big 'V' facing directly towards Gunner and Zeke across the table. Elliott released his grip on his mother's knee but left his hand in place. He shivered as she made no attempt to close her legs.

"That's good, Elliott. Hold her dress up out of the way for me," Jamal said. "I want to make sure the boys here have a nice view."

It struck Elliott as perversely strange that Jamal was talking about his mother as if she wasn't there, as if she was just some piece of meat to do with as he pleased, with no choice or say in what was going to be done to her. But Elliott also found it wickedly exciting.

While Elliott gathered up the material of his mother's dress on his side, Jamal did the same, pushing it almost up to her waist. With a nod from Jamal, Elliott reached further across his mother's midsection and held the gathered fabric in a knot in his hand, holding it against her flat stomach, just above the slim waistband of her panties.

"Well, look at that," Jamal said as she slowly brushed his black hand over her lower abdomen. "Aren't those just the cutest panties you've ever seen?"

As Elliott had expected, they were the tiny corn-silk yellow panties that matched the bra she was wearing. The waistband was a slim

ribbon that fit low on her hips, with the front panel of her panties barely covering her lush mound. With the panties being so small, it was easy to see that she was cleanly shaven. But the thing that Elliott saw clearly-and he could see Gunner and Zeke taking notice as well-was the fact the her panties were so wet in the front as to be almost transparent. Her labia could clearly be seen through the sodden material, the tantalizing line of her seeping gash a dark shadow between those fleshy petals.

"Fuck me, look at that-she's soaked," Zeke said, leaning forward for a better view through the glass table.

"Yes, she is, isn't she?" Jamal replied, a lecherous grin on his face as he ran his fingers slowly up her thigh before toying with the leg opening of her panties. He traced his index finger all the way up the angled edge of her panties until he hit her waistband, and then his fingertip moved across her flat stomach.

Holding her bunched-up skirt against her midsection, Elliott could feel her stomach do a flip as Jamal's finger traced teasingly along her waistband. Elliott looked up at his mother's face. She was looking down into her lap as if in a trance, watching what was happening to her, just like the boys across from her. Her mouth was open and she was breathing in ragged little gasps, which was making her massive breasts rise and fall with each rapid breath. But she continued to sit there with her legs widely-spread, letting Jamal have his way with her.

Elliott's attention was drawn back to her lap as Jamal continued the exploration with his fingertip, following the line of the leg opening down on the other side of her seeping little box until it disappeared beneath her. He then took his middle finger and placed it right in the middle of her fleshy mound. He pushed inward slightly, the material slipping between the lips of her overheated pussy. He drew his finger slowly up, following the line of that inviting crevice, until he hit the prominent nodule of her clit.

"Aaahh..."

All the boys looked at her as Tanya gave a little gasp, but never looked up, her eyes focussed on Jamal's big black hand, his finger now drawing a slow circle around that fiery button of pleasure.

"Aahh...aahh..."

She gasped again as Jamal toyed with her clit for a few seconds longer. Her panties seemed to get even wetter, the dampness shimmering in the subdued light as more of her discharge flowed through the soaked fabric.

As Elliott held her skirt up out of the way, Jamal slowly drew his whole hand upwards, pressing his palm against her flat stomach. Elliott felt the muscles in stomach quivering beneath the young black man's touch, and then he watched as Jamal inserted his fingertips beneath the waistband of her panties and slid his hand right down inside.

"Oh yeah, she's a wet one, all right," Jamal said as he looked up at his two friends. "Fuck, man, this is like sticking your hand in a bowl full of melted butter."

Jamal's hand was cupped right over Tanya's mound and, as Elliott looked down, he saw Jamal start to manipulate his fingers. It looked to Elliott like a small animal burrowing around inside his mother's panties. Not only was it bizarrely erotic to see, but the lewd wet sound emanating from between her legs was wickedly thrilling.

"Oh my God," Tanya let out a low groan as Jamal started to work her over.

"So, as I was saying, I've got no idea what Chet is gonna do with that car," Jamal said as he looked up at his friends, carrying on a topic of conversation that they'd started in on earlier, one that Tanya and Elliott knew nothing about. The three boys kept talking, their eyes occasionally flicking down to the lewd spectacle taking place beneath the glass table as Jamal kept fingering her. The sticky squelching sounds coming from her dripping cunt could clearly be heard as Jamal's fingers moved more forcefully now.

"Oh...I...I...OH GODDDDDDDDD..." Tanya moaned as she started to come just a few minutes later. Her feet shot out straight as the muscles on the insides of her thighs quivered like a plucked bowstring. She gripped the arms of her chair tightly, white-knuckling it as the intense sensations shot through her.

"Aaahhh...aaahhh..." She gasped as Jamal kept working over her sloshy box with his hand and fingers. She was coming so hard that she almost seemed on the point of convulsions, her body gyrating and spasming in paroxysms of ecstasy.

Elliott stared, breathless, as he watched his mother climax. His hand was pressed up against her stomach as he held her skirt up out of the way, allowing Jamal to finger her unhindered. He could feel her stomach muscles tensing and flexing as the luxurious sensations of a toe-curling release shot through her. His cock was hard as a rock as he looked at her strikingly beautiful face, now glistening under a fine sheen of perspiration, her eyes half-closed in blissful pleasure, her mouth open as she raggedly gasped for air. Jamal kept his fingers busy in her gushing cunt, and within another minute or so he brought her to a second climax, her squeals and moans of pleasure filling the air.

And yet Jamal continued to work on her, his hand still moving diligently inside her panties, until she finally had to reach down and place her hand over his. "Please...please...no more," she pleaded, her oversensitive pussy throbbing from the intense sensations those talented fingers had just given her.

Jamal stopped what he was doing, but kept his hand where it was, his huge mitt cupping her sex possessively. "Nice, very nice," he said as Tanya slowing withdrew her hand from his, setting it back on the arm of her chair, but making no move to close her legs, or remove his hand from inside her panties.

"Oh fuck, was that ever hot!" Zeke said, causing everyone at the table to look in his direction. He reached beneath the table and unzipped his jeans, drawing out his cock, which was rock hard. He pointed the dripping tip right at Tanya. "Jesus, I need to come again after watching that."

"Elliott," Jamal said, looking past Tanya to her son. "You can let go of her skirt now." Elliott released his hold on the material which then slumped against Jamal's arm, but still left their view of his hand beneath Tanya's panties mostly unblocked. Elliott then looked at Jamal expectantly. "I want you to go into the house and get a couple of things for your mother." Once again it struck Elliott as strange that Jamal was talking as if she wasn't right there between them. "Get her one of those hairband things to tie her hair back, and I want you to get her some red lipstick."

"Red lipstick?" Elliott asked, looking quickly at his mother who was still recovering her intense orgasm.

"Yeah, as bright red as you can find."

All eyes looked at Tanya as she turned towards her son. "Elliott, on my makeup table you'll see some tubes of lipstick standing on end. On the bottom you'll see the names. I think there's one there by Revlon called 'Ravish Me Red'. And in the top left drawer you'll find a bunch of hairbands and scrunchies."

Jamal nodded, a smile on his face. "I love that, 'Ravish Me Red'. That seems pretty appropriate, based on what we're going to be doing to that sweet mouth from now on."

Elliott rose from his chair and hurried into the house. He couldn't believe how wired he was to see what Jamal was going to have her do next. Since he wanted her hair pulled back, and fresh lipstick put on, it wasn't hard to guess that he'd be putting her mouth back to work. That last comment of his made that idea a no-brainer.

Elliott scrambled up the stairs and into his mother's bedroom, heading straight for her makeup table. He opened the drawer she'd mentioned, spotting a myriad of combs, brushes, clips, and other hair accessories. He rifled around amongst the various hairbands and scrunchies, finally pulling out a scrunchie covered in yellow material. He figured it would match her sundress pretty well. He turned his attention to the lineup of lipstick tubes standing on end next to some other makeup containers. The black and silver tubes looked like a column of bullets, but bigger. It reminded him of his own cock compared to those of his three bullies. The second one he turned over was the one she wanted, 'Ravish Me Red'. He turned on his heel and sped out of there, taking the stairs two at a time.

When he got to the table, everyone was still in the same position. Jamal's hand was still inside his mother's panties, his fingers moving languidly over her hot flesh, while Zeke still had his dick out, the end dripping precum as he slowly stroked it back and forth. Elliott could tell that Zeke was doing it slowly just to keep it nice and hard, not to

get off. He figured his mother would be put in charge of taking that load out of him.

"Here's everything you wanted," Elliott said as he set the stuff down on the table in front of Jamal.

"Good man. Before you sit down, grab that cushion off that foot rest thing." Jamal pointed to the cushion atop one of the ottomans in front of the closest lounge. Elliott stepped over and grabbed it before retaking his seat. "Great. Toss it under the table." Elliott did as he was asked and then sat forward, elbows on the table, not wanting to miss a thing.

Jamal kept his hand inside Tanya's panties as he passed her the scrunchie. "Okay, sweetheart, put that hair up for us. We don't want your hair getting in the way when we put that pretty little mouth of yours to work. And remember that. You might want to keep a bunch of those hairbands sitting around the house. You're going to be sucking a lot of cock from now on, and whenever we want to use your mouth, I expect you to pull your hair back to get that mouth ready for us. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir," Tanya compliantly agreed as she whipped her blonde locks up into a ponytail and cinched it tight with the scrunchie. Her legs were still spread wide apart as Jamal kept his hand slowly kneading her pussy.

"Good girl." Jamal looked at the lipstick tube. A smile played at the corners of his mouth as he read the name, and then handed it to her. "It's the same with the lipstick. Unless I tell you otherwise, I want it to be bright red, like this one. And the same with your fingernails and toenails-bright red. When we get here tomorrow, I expect you to have that taken care of. You got it?"

"Yes sir."

"All right then. Put some of this on. I want to see what those sweet lips look like when they're dressed up properly." Jamal handed her the lipstick.

Tanya removed the cap, spun out the waxy tube and expertly applied a thick layer of the brilliant red lipstick. The boys, including Elliott, all watched in rapt attention as she rolled the tube over those soft pouty pillows, making them glisten wetly. The bright red color looked luridly wicked against her alabaster skin, turning her mouth into an inviting red gash that they already knew was the perfect cocksucking receptacle.

"Nice, very nice. That's the way your mouth should look all the time when we come here," Jamal said as he finally pulled back his hand from inside her panties, a wet sucking sound accompanying the withdrawal, letting Elliott know it was likely he'd had his long middle finger buried inside her gooey trench. His big black hand was covered with her juices, her warm cunt-honey glistening erotically on his skin. Elliott could smell his mother's alluring scent, the heady aroma filtering deliciously into his senses like an intoxicating drug.

"First thing, give me those panties of yours. I've gotta wipe this hand on something."

As soon as Jamal had withdrawn his hand, Tanya had demurely closed her legs and pushed her skirt down. Now, she shimmied her hips as she reached beneath her dress and pulled her panties off, passing them to Jamal obediently. He took the tiny piece of silky yellow fabric, already soaked with her juices, and wiped off his hand, her sticky discharge shimmering nastily on the surface of the sexy garment. Jamal spotted Elliott watching him intently as he wiped off each shiny finger. He then tossed the panties to the boy, who instinctively snatched it out of midair and clutched it to his chest.

"There you go, Cox. I think you can put those to good use," Jamal said as Elliott stared at the prized panties like he'd just discovered the Holy Grail. Elliott saw the others watching him and, with a guilty look on his face, he stuffed the panties into his pocket. Jamal turned his attention back to Tanya. "Good girl. Now, get down there under the table and take care of Zeke. Wrap those sexy red lips around that cock and keep sucking until he fills that pretty mouth of yours."

Without a word of objection Tanya crawled beneath the table and placed the cushion on the ground in front of Zeke as he spread his legs, his rigid dick hanging out of the opening of his jeans. His hand was wrapped around the base, pointing it at her like a gun, precum drooling from the tip.

"Make that mouth into a nice oval for me," Zeke said. "Give me a nice target to aim for." As Tanya moved closer, she did as Zeke asked, circling her pouty lips into an inviting red 'O'.

"Oh fuck, look at that," Gunner said. All of the boys stared at Tanya's beckoning open mouth, a perfect cocksucking orifice that seemed to be just begging to be filled.

"Oh yeah, that's real nice," Zeke said. "Now let me see you run that tongue around those pretty lips. Get them nice and wet for me."

Tanya didn't hesitate. She rolled her pink tongue in a slow teasing circle around her pouty lips, making them shine invitingly, the red lipstick standing out brilliantly against her creamy white skin.

"Oh man, she's got a perfect mouth," Gunner said, his hand rubbing over the front of his jeans. "Fill it for her, Zeke."

"All right, baby-doll, come and get it. I've got another nice big load for you," Zeke said as he flicked the dripping knob of his surging prick at Tanya's face, a glistening web of precum flying from the tip and landing lewdly on her cheek.

The touch of the slimy discharge on her skin seemed to fire Tanya's ardor even more. She slid her hands along the insides of Zeke's spread thighs as she moved closer, her mouth open invitingly. The boys all watched as she pursed her lips forward, as if preparing for

a torrid kiss. Instead, her lips pressed against the flared head of Zeke's cock, the brilliant redness of her lipstick looking sinfully hot against the pebbly glans. She moved her head forward, her lips opening wider as they followed the expanding contours of the mushroom-shaped crown. The bright red pillows of softness slipped over Zeke's pronounced corona, and then locked down on the rigid shaft, the enormous cockhead locked within her mouth.

"Mmm..." A gentle moan of pleasure came from deep in Tanya's throat.

Zeke felt her tongue roll over his enflamed crown, bathing it with saliva. And then he felt a gentle suction as her tongue swirled all around the hot knob trapped within her mouth. He smiled at the perfection of the way her mouth was treating his needy prick-not too hard, not too soft-just right.

Her hands slid all the way up his jean-covered thighs to his crotch. He drew his own hand back from the base of his cock to give her free access. She didn't waste any time, slipping one hand around it firmly. She started to pump it towards her face, at the same time sliding her stretched lips further down his upright shaft, inch after inch of hard teenage cock disappearing into her mouth.

"Fuck, look at her go," Gunner said. All the boys watched intently as Tanya started to make oral love to Zeke's thrusting erection. Her head was bobbing methodically back and forth as her pumping fist worked on the lower part of the throbbing shaft. Zeke's cock was

glistening wetly with a combination of her saliva and sparkling traces of her red lipstick.

"Glugh...glugh...glugh..." Nasty cocksucking sounds emanated from beneath the table as Tanya sucked feverishly, frothy slobbers of saliva oozing from the corners of her mouth and dangling lewdly from the underside of Zeke's cock.

"Jesus, look at her go for it," Gunner said, his hand busy rubbing over the front of his jeans. "She wants that cum bad."

"Yeah, she seems hungry for it all right," Jamal added. "We're going to be keeping her full of the stuff from now on. We'll give her as much cum as she can handle, and then we'll give her a little more."

"Is that what you want, baby-doll?" Zeke asked. "You need it, don't you? You need to feel that hot cum filling your mouth and sliding down your throat. Is that what you want? You want another nice hot mouthful of my jizz? Do you want me to feed it to you?" He had a mischievous smile on his face as he flexed his hips up against Tanya's sucking mouth, driving his prick deeper into that hot sucking orifice.

"Glugh...glugh...glugh..." Tanya continued with the same gagging sounds as her eyes looked up at Zeke's. She nodded slightly, letting him know that was exactly what she wanted.

Tanya removed her hand from the shaft of Zeke's cock as her head kept bobbing. She extended the fingers of both hands towards the base of his throbbing shaft and started scratching teasingly, her long fingernails tracing slowly over the taut skin around the base of his rock-hard member.

"Oh fuck, look what she's doing," Zeke said as he gave off a loud moan. "That...that feels fucking amazing."

Tanya's fingernails continued to do their thing at the base of Zeke's thrusting prick, leaving tiny red marks in their wake on his shaved skin. She kept up her insistent bobbing at the same time, frothy rivulets of spit flowing down the veiny shaft and dropping onto the deck surface beneath them.

"Oh man, that mouth of hers is incredible. So fucking hot and wet," Zeke said, his breathing becoming more ragged by the second. "And those fingernails...fuck, man...I...I...oh fuck, HERE IT COMES!"

"Acccgghh..." Tanya made an erotic gagging sound as Zeke went off, flooding her mouth with a torrent of cum. She kept bobbing her head rhythmically, her cheeks caved in as she sheathed his spewing prick in a hot wet embrace with the tissues inside her mouth. Shot after shot of thick teenage cum filled her mouth as Zeke's cock pulsed and bucked. Milky white wads of jizz appeared at the corners of her overflowing mouth and then slipped out, sliding sluggishly down the shaft. A big gob gathered on the underside of his rearing prick and dangled downwards, waving in the air wickedly before dropping with a splat onto the deck surface.

"Oh fuck, yeah. C'mon, baby-doll, get it all," Zeke moaned as he continued to unload, filling Tanya's mouth with his potent seed. Tanya sucked ravenously, the teasing tips of her fingernails tracing across the taut skin at the base of Zeke's pulsating cock, driving him crazy.

"Glmmpph..." With her mouth full, Tanya swallowed, the sound drawing the boys' attention to her contracting throat. They watched as she drew the sizzling load of spunk into her belly, her painted lips still bobbing up and down as she worked to pull as much cum out of Zeke as she could. She swallowed again, and again, the muscles in her throat rippling in what Elliott thought was one of the most erotic things he'd ever seen.

"Oh fuck, man, you're right, Jamal, she loves that shit," Gunner said, his eyes glued to Tanya's slavishly working mouth.

"Oh yeah, we're gonna keep that pretty little mouth busy from now on," Jamal said, a conniving smile on his face as he nodded slowly.

The intense sensations of Zeke's climax dwindled, and Tanya instinctively slowed her voracious sucking. She drew her hands back to slowly caress the inside of Zeke's thighs as she nursed tenderly at the drooling tip of his cock, drawing out the final savory drops of cum.

"Bring your cushion and get over here, Blondie," Gunner said as he turned his chair sideways and started undoing his pants. "I've got some more for you."

Tanya obediently drew her mouth from Zeke's cock, her tongue circling her brilliant red lips as she lapped up the beads of cum that had seeped from the corners of her mouth. She grabbed the cushion and backed out from beneath the table. She stepped around to where Gunner was seated and placed the cushion on the deck in front of him before dropping to her knees. She looked up, her red lips wet and open for business, a milky dollop of Zeke's cum dangling from her chin. Gunner had his cock out by now and was stroking it as soon it came unfurled from the confines of his jeans. The big flared knob looked red and angry, precum already glistening at the tip.

"C'mere, let me help you with that," Gunner said as he reached forward to Tanya's chin and scooped up the swaying wad of jizz on his fingertip. He took his cum-covered finger and fed it into her mouth. Tanya eagerly closed her lips over the invading digit, her tongue swirling over it as she drew in the silky discharge.

"That's the way, that's a good girl," Gunner said as he sawed his finger back and forth between the MILF's bright red lips. "I've got a lot more of the good stuff for you, but I want you to do something else for me before you can have it."

Tanya looked at him questioningly as she knelt before him, expecting him to just plug his big cock into her mouth so she could suck him off.

"Stay on your knees, just like you are, but I want you to slip your arms out of the sleeves of that dress and lower your top. I want a good look at those big tits of yours."

Tanya complied with Gunner's request and reached up with one hand, grabbing hold of the shoulder straps of her dress and her bra.

"Un-uh!" Gunner interrupted. "Leave your bra on for now. I bet that bra looks real pretty and I want to see that first."

Tanya released the bra strap and pushed the strap of the yellow dress over her shoulder, snaking her arm back out through the opening. She did the same on the other side, and then took hold of each strap, pulling it down and over the projecting shelf of her voluminous tits. Once clear of the heavy orbs, she let the top part hang down, the stretchy material keeping it adhered tightly to her waist.

"Oh man, what a set of tits," Zeke said, now partially recovered from his climax.

"What a set indeed," Jamal added. All of the boys were staring at Tanya's massive guns, beautifully encased in the corn-silk yellow bra. The mounds of tit-flesh were pushed up and together spectacularly by the heavily-reinforced bra, almost spilling over the tops of the jam-packed, lacy cups. The pale yellow shoulder straps were stretched taut, strained to the limit by the heavy load they were carrying.

"Gorgeous," Gunner mumbled as he stared at Tanya's tits, his hand pumping methodically back and forth along his rearing prick. "Squeeze them for me."

Tanya slid her hands beneath her breasts and cupped them, her fingers spreading out over the surface of the sexy bra. Her hands looked tiny compared to the big round spheres they were holding. She hefted them slightly and squeezed gently, the soft flesh wobbling teasingly as she pushed her breasts together and up. She released them, letting them settle on her chest, and then she repeated the act, cupping her breasts more firmly this time.

"Ohhnn..." A soft moan escaped her lips as she groped herself, her eyes half-closed as her hands slid insistently over the pretty yellow bra.

"Take 'em out," Gunner instructed, precum dripping from the tip of his cock as his hand pumped diligently back and forth.

Tanya reached up with her right hand and slid her fingers down inside the left bra cup. They watched her manipulate her fingers to get beneath the big round tit, and then she pulled it slowly upwards, drawing it out of the confining bra cup. She let it drop down on top of the lacy bra, the enormous tit settling deliciously on her chest.

"Now the other one," Gunner said as the boys focussed on Tanya's chest.

She repeated the procedure with her right breast, drawing it carefully out of the jam-packed bra and letting it settle and rest next to its partner, the massive tits more than filling the breadth of her chest from side to side.

"Oh fuck, those are amazing," Zeke said, his eyes zeroing in on Tanya's exposed breasts. "I can't wait to get my cock between those."

"Just settle down, buddy," Gunner replied. "You just came in her mouth. It's my turn now."

"Don't worry, Zeke," Jamal added. "You'll get to fuck them soon enough."

Elliott sat there bug-eyed, watching his mother kneel before Gunner, her tits fully exposed. They were even more beautiful than he'd imagined. Big, round, and so soft-looking it almost took his breath away. Her pebbly areolae were medium-sized, and a delightful hot-pink color. Her nipples were the same color, but they were big, even bigger than he pictured. He could see how excited she was by how hard they were. They stuck out-no-they thrust out from the surface of her tits, and the word that came to his mind was 'proudly'-yes-they thrust out proudly, pointing slightly upwards, as if beckoning for a mouth or fingers to reach forward and suck on them or play with them, something Elliott had always dreamed of.

"Look at that, a rack that just won't quit," Gunner said as he sat forward on the edge of his chair, his hand wrapped firmly around his big hard cock. "Those nipples look like they need a little attention." He nodded towards her left breast. "C'mon, Blondie, lift that baby up and suck on it. They're definitely big enough for you to do that."

Tanya slid both hands around her breast, the soft flesh filling in the gaps between her fingers. She lifted it up, at the same time tilting her head down and opening her mouth, pursing her wet red lips. Her tit was so big that she easily reached her mouth, her pouty lips closing down over the protruding bud of her nipple, clamping down as she drew on the rubbery pebble hungrily.

"Fuck, yeah. That is so fucking hot," Zeke said as they watched Tanya suck at her breast. She drew back slightly, the nipple popping out of her mouth, stiff and wet, her saliva sparkling like crystal on the stiff red bud. She rolled the flat of her tongue over the areola, making it glisten provocatively as well. Her tongue moved lovingly over the sensitive end of her tit, her eyes half-closed and glassy.

"That's what I want to see. Very nice, Blondie," Gunner said as he sat further forward, his hand vigorously stroking his cock. "Now the other one. Suck on both of those tits."

Tanya needed no encouragement as she released her breast, letting it settle on her chest with a gentle wobble. She took its partner in hand and lifted it to her mouth, giving it the same treatment, her lips and

tongue sliding luxuriously over as much of the surface of the heavy globe as she could reach.

"That's it. That's the way," Gunner said, his hand flying back and forth now, drops of precum flipping every which way from the engorged tip of his raging cock. "Now bring those tits right over here and hold them together for me."

Tanya shuffled forward slightly on her knees between Gunner's spread thighs, her massive tits mere inches away from the enflamed head of his rigid prick. Her slender fingers slid beneath each heavy mound and she pushed them together, creating a devastatingly deep line of cleavage. The surface of both tits glistened wickedly with her spit, her rosy nipples stiff and beckoning.

"Of fuck, what a perfect set of tits," Gunner said as he started to go off. A long white rope shot forth from the end of his cock, hitting her in the middle of her chest. Even before the heavy wad could start to run into the inviting line of her cleavage, a second ribbon of semen spewed forth, hitting her on the right nipple and rising up almost to her neck.

"Paste her, Gunner, paste her," Zeke encouraged as his friend pumped his surging cock, flooding the blonde MILFs huge tits with a massive load. As Gunner kept stroking, ribbons and strands of white teenage spunk flew from the end of his dick, landing lewdly on the creamy flesh of her breasts. Volley after volley of silvery-white jizz rifled forth as he jerked his cock, her chest quickly becoming a blasted mess of pearly semen. Milky ribbons and swirling gobs of

cum were everywhere, her big tits nearly covered with the stuff. When Gunner was finally finished, he flicked the final dangling gob forward, the milky wad flopping right into the line of her cleavage.

"Fuck, Gunner, you really nailed her," Zeke said. "Look at the size of that load."

"Looking at a set of tits like that, it's not hard to work up a big one," Gunner replied, sitting back in his chair and drawing in deep breaths of cool air as he slowly recovered.

Elliott stared, aghast, as he looked at the mess of pearly semen covering his mother's tits. The stuff was everywhere. Some was sliding sluggishly downward from the upper swells of her chest, the luscious flowing contours directing the milky spunk down into her ample cleavage or to the outsides of those big spheres. A shiny gob dangled from the tip of her left breast, swaying erotically as it distended downwards.

"You better get that before it falls," Gunner said, pointing to the glistening, dangling gob of spunk.

Tanya took her cum-covered breast in her hands and tilted it up as she lowered her mouth, catching the dripping wad of spunk just in time on her fingertip and then placing it on the end of her nipple. It shone like a pearly jewel, and then was gone as she closed her bright red lips over the stiff bud and lapped it up.

"That's the way, Blondie, lick up all that boy-juice you love so much," Gunner encouraged as Tanya's tongue moved from her nipple to make a slow caress over her cum-covered breast. With a noisy slurp, she sucked and lapped up as much of the cum on the surface of her huge tits as she could reach.

"She fuckin' loves the stuff, doesn't she?" Zeke observed.

"Oh yeah. We'll keep her belly full from now on," Jamal said with a knowing smile on his face as Tanya moved to her other breast, lifting it to her mouth as she licked and sucked up Gunner's potent teenage cum. She looked dreamily aroused as she sucked at her breasts, her face flushed as her mouth moved from one breast to the other. A low moan escaped from deep in her throat and as her mouth latched down on one throbbing nipple for the third or fourth time, her body started to quiver and twitch.

"Mmmpphhh," she moaned, her lips wrapped tightly around the sensitive nipple as she climaxed. Her huge breasts were heaving as she gasped raggedly, not wanting to release the throbbing hard nipple from between her sucking lips. Her arms were trembling and her hands were shaking as the delicious tremors of her orgasm shot through her, but still, she kept squeezing and caressing her round heavy tits.

"Oh fuck, is that ever hot. Did you see her come?" Zeke asked as he turned to each of his two buddies.

"Yes. We've definitely got us a hot one here," Jamal replied. "I think we're gonna have even more fun with this one than we had with Mrs. Tremblay."

Elliott looked up, recognizing the name of their school's middle-aged history teacher. She was married, and Elliott had always thought of her as an attractive woman, with a generous set of tits on her. From Jamal's comment, the three bullies had found her attractive too, and had done something about it. Elliott's attention was drawn back to his mother, who sighed blissfully as the final tingling sensations of her release washed through her, a little shiver running down her spine.

With her climax complete, Tanya concentrated on finishing the job she'd been asked to do. She'd gotten all the cum she could with her mouth, so she slid her fingers along the outsides of her breasts and then into her cleavage, gathering up every savory morsel. As the boys watched, she inserted her gooey fingers into her mouth, licking them clean. When she was done, her breasts shone with the glowing traces of her drying saliva.

"Very nice, but you're not done yet." Jamal's voice made them all turn as he stood up next to the table. He undid his jeans and lowered his zipper. His big hand reached into the opening of his pants and he drew out his huge cock, dropping the long black snake onto the glass table with a noisy 'SLAP!' It lay on the table like a sleeping anaconda-long, heavy, and dangerous. "C'mon, sweetheart, come and get it," he said in a low commanding voice.

As if mesmerized, Tanya got up from between Gunner's spread thighs and grabbed her cushion. With her eyes locked on Jamal's impressive member, she circled the table and dropped the cushion next to him. She immediately got to her knees, with her head slightly above the level of the table.

"It's all for you, sweetheart," Jamal said as he reached forward and wrapped his hand around the back of her head, his fingers taking hold of her ponytail. Not that Tanya needed any encouragement, but he directed her mouth to his long black prick. She extended her tongue and placed the flat of it flush against the glistening drop of precum filling the wet pink eye at the very tip. With lust-filled eyes, she drew her long tongue up along the length of his cock as it lay upon the glass table. She turned her head slightly, and then slid her tongue back over the veiny surface as she made her way back to the dark purple knob. She slavishly licked up and down the full length of his member, her eyes half-closed as she lapped at his dick slavishly. It started to expand and lengthen, the huge knob puffing up as Jamal's hot blood poured into it.

Elliott watched his mother, awestruck by how obediently compliant she was to everything his bullies asked her to do. It was obvious how overcome with desire she was. She was licking Jamal's big black cock like a two-dollar whore, but Elliott could see in her needy eyes how much she wanted it, wanted that monstrous black cock, wanted to do whatever Jamal asked her to do, and the same for Gunner and Zeke. She had eagerly dropped to her knees and serviced both of them, becoming nothing more than an eager cum dump for their perverse desires. Elliott thought that it was like a switch had been

flipped inside her, turning her from his conservative, caring mom to a cum-hungry slut-and he was loving every minute of it.

"That's enough for now," Jamal said as he pulled Tanya back by her ponytail. He grabbed his half-hard pecker and rubbed the dripping tip all over her face, leaving a wickedly sinful snail-trail of precum on her soft white skin. Her eyes were hooded with lust as he made use of her face, her open red lips wet and waiting. Jamal let go of her ponytail and stepped back. With difficulty, he stuffed his heavy prick back into his jeans. As he zipped up, Tanya's eyes were glued to the huge slab of meat visible down the inside of one thigh. She gulped and licked her lips, something that all of the boys clearly noticed. Jamal reached down and wrapped his hand around the bulge of his heavy member. "Let's go upstairs, sweetheart. I know somewhere else hot and wet I want to put this in next."

Chapter 6

Jamal helped Tanya to her feet, where she demurely slipped her bra and the top of her dress back into place. "I'll be back in a few minutes," Jamal said to his buddies as he took her hand and turned towards the house.

"Jamal, what the fuck?" Gunner said, rising out of his chair.

Jamal stopped in his tracks and faced his friend. "What?"

"What the fuck are you doing? We always do this together." Gunner nodded at Tanya before pointing to himself and Zeke, who had the same puzzled look on his face.

Jamal simply shook his head. "You idiots. Look, do you trust me, or what?" He pointed an accusatory finger at Gunner.

"Well, yeah, of course."

"I said I'd be back in a few minutes. Do you think I'm gonna take her upstairs and be finished fucking this fine thing in just 'a few minutes'? Get serious."

"Uh, well, no." Gunner was still half out of his chair, but had a sheepish look on his face now.

"Then just sit your sorry white ass down, and I'll be back," Jamal paused before emphasizing his final words, "in a few minutes."

Resigning himself to Jamal's word as their unspoken leader, Gunner relaxed back into his seat. The look on his face showed that he still wasn't convinced.

"Don't worry about it, man," Zeke said as Jamal and Tanya disappeared into the house. "Has The Man ever done us wrong?"

"No." Gunner's answer didn't come out reeking of confidence.

"Relax, man. He said he'd be right back. Just take it easy, and we'll be tapping that gorgeous MILF in no time. And hey," Zeke tapped his friend on the arm playfully, "I bet I'll be dumping more loads into her today than you."

"No way, asshole. I'm always good for at least one more than you."

Zeke turned to Elliott, ignoring Gunner's comment. "Hey Smallcox, you don't mind that we're going to be fucking your mom, do ya?"

Elliott was taken aback by the direct question, and sat there dumbfounded as the two bullies looked at him, smirks on their faces. "Well, I uh...I..."

"Don't worry about it, man," Zeke continued as Elliott sat there stumbling over his words. "With Jamal running things, you'll get your fair share of that pussy of hers, not to mention that hot fucking mouth. Man, can your mother ever suck cock."

"Yeah, I don't think I've ever had anybody who loves sucking a cock like that," Gunner added. "Your mom is so hungry for it. It's like she wants to drain every last drop of cum out of your balls. And that mouth of hers is just so fucking hot. And like Zeke just said, you'll get your turn, after we've had ours, of course." Gunner had a stern look on his face when he finished speaking, and Elliott could tell the blonde boy was expecting some kind of response from him.

"Uh...sure...okay. I...I guess that's okay," he finally mumbled out.

"You guess?" Again, the harsh look on Gunner's face was enough to set Elliott's teeth in edge.

"No, I mean yes, that's fine." The awkward words tumbled out of Elliott's mouth.

"What's fine? I want to hear you say it."

Elliott felt himself flushing as the two boys stared at him. He knew he'd been put on the spot, and he also knew there was no one there to bail him out of the predicament he was in. He forced himself to

take a deep breath in order to get up the courage to respond. "It...it's fine that you're going to be fucking my mother."

"And what else?" Gunner had a grim look on his face, although he nodded at Elliott's initial response.

"And...and that you're going to be using her mouth."

"When? When are we going to be using her mouth?"

Elliott paused for a second, hoping he'd give the answer they wanted to hear. "Uh...whenever you want?"

Gunner nodded his approval as he and Zeke shared a smile. "That's right, Smallcox, we'll be using that hot, wet mouth and sweet pussy of your mom's whenever, and wherever, we want. And like we did earlier, we're gonna let you clean all of that cum off your mom for us. Are you gonna be happy with that, Smallcox? Are you gonna be happy being our 'Clean-up Boy'?"

Elliott felt himself turning crimson under the steely gaze of Gunner and Zeke.

"What's goin' on?"

They all turned as Jamal walked up to the table, his eyes going from Elliott's flushed face to his two friends.

"Where is she? Where's the MILF? What's going on?" Gunner motioned towards the house as he faced Jamal, clearly agitated.

"Don't worry. I just helped her pick out something nice to wear for us. She'll be ready in a few minutes." Gunner calmed down after hearing what Jamal had to say. "So what were you assholes talking about when I walked up just now?"

"We were just talking to Smallcox here," Gunner continued, "about the way things are going to be with us and his mom from now on. How we're going to be filling her with cum each and every day. Just as you walked up I was asking him how he felt about being our Clean-Up Boy."

"Oh yeah," Jamal said, turning to Elliott with a lecherous smile on his face. "That sounds like a good way of putting it. What do you think, Kid, are you ready to do some serious cleaning? The stuff's gonna be leaking out of your mom all the time from now on, and we're gonna need you to take care of that for us."

"I...I..." Elliott stammered.

"Just think of all that sweet pussy juice you're gonna get to lap up at the same time. And that's really what you want, isn't it?"

Elliott thought about the wet panties still in his pocket, and knew Jamal could read him like a book. Elliott sat there still, the guilt of what he was thinking written all over his face.

"I want to hear him say it," Gunner said.

Jamal turned to Elliott, who still sat there, red-faced. "You heard the man, Kid. What do you have to say? Are you ready to be our Clean-up Boy?"

Elliott realized he wasn't getting any help out of his predicament from Jamal. The grim look on his face was just as foreboding as the one on Gunner's. Bucking up his courage, he finally responded. "Yes...uh, yes sir."

"Yes sir, what? What are you going to be? Say it, Kid."

"I'm going to be...I'm going to be your Clean-up Boy."

"That's the way. That's what we wanted to hear. And trust me, we're gonna keep you busy." Jamal paused as he looked at a red-faced Elliott. "Do you still have those panties of your mother's I gave you?"

"Yes sir."

"Let me see them." Elliott slowly withdrew the damp panties out of his pocket. "Sniff 'em," Jamal commanded.

Elliott did as he was asked, holding the sexy panties to his face and breathing deeply, the alluring scent of his mother's fragrant pussy juice firing his young senses, sending a jolt of arousal right to his midsection.

"The little fucker really gets turned on smelling his mother's cunt, doesn't he?" Gunner smiled knowingly as he spoke to his two friends.

"Fuckin' right he does," Jamal said, watching Elliott inhale deeply as he rubbed the soggy panties over his face. "Can you blame him?"

"Fuck no," Zeke said. "If I had a mother that looked like that I'd be jackin' off into her laundry basket every day."

Jamal smiled at his friend before turning back to Elliott. "Suck on 'em, Smallcox. Suck on those panties. Get that sweet cunt-honey you love so much."

Elliott brought the damp panties to his face, his lust for his mother's succulent cunt overpowering his sense of decency. He turned the panties inside out and stuck the soggy lining into his mouth, his taste buds coming alive as he tasted her distinctive womanly nectar. Even

with the boys watching, he was unable to stop the warm moan of pleasure that emanated from deep in his throat, "Mmmm..."

"That's the way, Kid. Suck on those pretty little panties. Suck that cunt-juice right out of there." Jamal's words registered in Elliott's brain, but it didn't make any difference-he had no intention of stopping what he was doing. Overcome with excitement, he closed his lips around the wad of material in his mouth and sucked hard, the tiny droplets of her tasty discharge seeping out onto his waiting tongue.

"Jesus, he loves that shit," Zeke said. "Just listen to him sucking that cooze-juice out of there."

"Well, he's gonna get a lot of opportunity to satisfy that craving from now on, and not just from licking her panties-he's gonna get it straight from the source." Jamal turned to share a smile with his buddies. "C'mon, let's go inside. She should be ready for us."

*

Tanya stood in front of her dressing table, combing her hair. She fluffed it out so it framed her pretty face sensually, the lustrous blonde locks looking somewhat wild and sexy, as she knew Jamal expected.

He'd accompanied her to her room, and then he'd inspected her lingerie drawer, picking out something for her to wear. He'd chosen a red satin lace-up bustier, something she knew looked spectacular on her. And now looking at herself in the mirror, she knew he'd chosen wisely. The satin glistened alluringly as it molded itself to her curvy body, yet she knew the fabric was sinfully cool to the touch-and she expected the boys to be touching her a lot from now on, and she felt herself getting wet just thinking about it.

She couldn't explain what had come over her since they'd first come into her house, but she found herself almost 'under their spell'. Under the spell of pure young maleness, their testosterone-laced bodies seeming to ooze sex with every breath they took-especially Jamal. From that first moment he'd pushed himself up against her in the kitchen, when that huge cock had nestled up against her lush backside, she'd felt something take control of her. It was like a deep-seated wantonness had been lying restlessly dormant inside her, just waiting for someone to release those troubling desires-troubling submissive desires that she'd suppressed for all these years. Desires to slavishly worship and serve big hard cocks-big hard YOUNG cocks. Cocks that could stay hard for hours on end.

And that night when they'd come back to the house and asked her to jerk them off, she knew then she was a goner. Their hard cocks, their huge hard teenage cocks had set her on fire with a lustful need she never knew existed. And they were all big, so fucking big that it had taken her breath away. And when Jamal had whipped out that black monster of his, she'd almost swooned. And as a tempting dizziness had overtaken her, she understood in that moment the look her husband had had on his face when she'd discovered him sucking off

that black man out by their pool. She'd almost felt the blissful ecstasy she'd seen in her husband's eyes as she reached out and closed her fingers around Jamal's long hard black cock. It was so powerful, so big, so hard, so fucking hard, and yet so velvety soft at the same time. And the other boys had been just as hard, and almost as big. Her pussy had started gushing as she'd stroked those amazing young cocks, and she knew then she wouldn't be able to rest until she had experienced everything those huge cocks had to offer, including having every last inch of each one inside her-like she knew was going to happen to her right now.

Then there was Elliott, her frail young son. She'd known for a long time now that he loved to steal her bras and panties from her laundry basket. She found where he stashed them in his room. She'd often go and check them, just to see the numerous loads of young spunk he'd deposit, mostly into her bra cups. And she could see from her panties that he'd made good use of them, the crotch almost chewed to the quick in many of them.

When she'd first discovered what he was doing, rather than be angry, she'd found it illicitly exciting to know that her son was masturbating thinking about her. She'd often rub her panties against her seeping cunt before tossing them in the laundry basket, knowing Elliott would shortly be getting off as he sniffed and licked her tasty nectar off the discarded garment. Tanya knew it was the ultimate taboo, but as long as nobody found out, neither she nor Elliott were going to complain.

But now Elliott's bullies were there, and things had changed. They'd let her know that if things didn't go as they wanted, she, and especially Elliott, would suffer for it. She knew deep down that the look in Jamal's eyes told her otherwise, that they wouldn't really harm either of them. But both she and Jamal knew it was a ruse they were both playing, allowing her a justifiable way out. She could protect her son by doing whatever they asked, at the same time satisfying those lustful wanton desires within her that had risen to the surface-the desire for big hard young cock.

If allowing Elliott to take part as what they were calling their 'Clean-up Boy', well, she was willing to go along with that too, just so long as they kept feeding her those huge young cocks. When Elliott had first licked the cum off her face, she couldn't believe how excited she'd been to see him do it. Looking into his eyes, it was like looking into a mirror. She could see the submissiveness inside him, the willingness to do what Jamal was asking of him. And his sweet mouth, that sweet adorable talented mouth of his. She knew he was inexperienced when it came to women or the ways of lovemaking, but he seemed a natural when it came to knowing what to do with those lips and tongue of his. His kisses were sweet and left her breathless. And the fact that his mouth was full of their cum when he did made it wickedly sinful, and deliciously exciting. Jamal had told her to let Elliott have their creamy cum, and she'd seen the blissful look in Elliott's eyes as he'd swallowed their warm thick spunk, a look she knew she'd had in her own eyes.

When Jamal told her her mouth was hers to use, she'd shivered at the idea, and then had felt her pussy gush as Elliott fed his rock-hard cock into her mouth. It was much smaller than the others, but just as

big as his father's, if not bigger. She'd closed her lips around his throbbing prick and sucked feverishly, wanting to give her little boy as much pleasure as possible. And he'd filled her mouth as his body twitched and shook, totally emptying himself into her. Done, she'd seen the eager look in his eyes as she'd drawn her fingers out of her bikini bottoms, her fingers glistening with her syrupy juices. He'd enthusiastically sucked up all she had to give, and she knew then how much he craved her pussy. Just as she'd seen from her used panties, Elliott threw himself full force into licking her hands clean. She knew in that moment, if given the chance, he'd be just as enthusiastic when it came to cleaning her pussy, and something inside her told her Jamal was going to give her naïve young son that chance. She couldn't wait.

Tanya turned and faced herself in the mirror. With her hair slightly tousled and looking playfully sexy, she applied some dark bronzy tones to her eyelids, followed by a swirl of the mascara brush over her naturally-long lashes. It gave her a more sultry look than the pinky eye shadow she was used to wearing, and she liked it. She was just about to apply some more lipstick when she remembered something-she'd bought a bottle of Yves St. Laurent 'Rouge Vinyl' lip gloss but had never used it. She'd been attracted by the wet-look shininess of it, but had felt that the bright red was too much for her, especially on a day to day basis. But she realized it was perfect for her now, perfect for the way the boys wanted her mouth to look. It didn't take her long to find the unopened little bottle in her makeup drawer. She twisted it open and drew out the applicator, smiling slightly as she drew the tiny brush around her full lips. Her eyes went to the mirror, where she noticed her pouty lips almost glowing, looking wickedly wet and teasingly inviting. She painted her lips with the shiny red gloss, turning her wide full mouth into a brilliant

red gash, which she knew Jamal wanted. A wet-looking mouth perfect for sucking cock-big hard cock.

She looked at the pink polish on the nails of her fingers and toes. Jamal wanted red, but there wasn't time for that now. She'd have to do it before the next time they came over. But he didn't seem worried about that when he'd picked out what he wanted her to wear. And she knew he expected her to get ready quickly. She had no reason to delay either. She was sopping wet and wanted to feel those huge cocks inside her just as much as they did.

Tanya adjusted her girls one more time, her voluminous tits barely contained by the bustier. She liked the way her big tits cast a pronounced shadow on her midsection, and the way the cinched-in waist emphasized her shapely hourglass figure. She hoped the boys would like it too. The ribbon-like laces that adorned the front were drawn taught, forcing her huge tits together and up. The laces were tight as could be, and she knew that one tug on the bow would release her breasts from their containment. If that happened, she wouldn't be surprised if the bustier went flying right off, based on the strain it was under.

With her nipples just beneath the lacy top edge of the bustier's cups, she reached down and wriggled her hips, adjusting the tiny waistband of the matching thong panties. Jamal had been pleased when she'd shown him the set amongst her lingerie collection. "Very nice," he'd said, running his long black fingers over the tiny piece of red satin. "I want to see those on you, even though they won't be staying on for long."

Having left the panties til the very end, Tanya carefully adjusted the front panel, making sure her juices weren't seeping through. She turned and looked at her plump rear end, nicely displayed in the tiny red thong. She was happy she'd spent all those hours at the gym with her sister. Her curvy bum still looked good. It was maybe a bit plumper than it had been when she was in her twenties, but it was still nice and round, and the skin was as soft and smooth as a baby's bottom.

Her gaze drifted down to her legs. Jamal had surveyed her drawer full of nylons and the few corsets she had. She'd thought he'd ask her to put on a garter belt, but he said, "Not this time, sweetheart, I love the look of those fantastic legs of yours. But from now on, I'll let you know what I want you to wear, and I expect you to obey my wishes. I'm probably gonna want you to go out and buy a few new things, things that I like. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No sir," she'd responded immediately.

"Good. That's my good girl. That's what I like to hear. Now, let me see what kind of shoes you have. I hope you've got a lot of high heels, because that's what we like."

She led him to her big walk-in closet, where her shoes were nicely displayed on a series of shelves she'd had specially installed for that purpose. Having settled on the red satin bustier and matching panties, Jamal had selected a pair of sexy strappy red sandals. A few

tiny lace-like straps ran across the top of her foot from side to side, with a slender leather strap that circled her ankle, the tiny buckle fixing the shoe in place. They were one of the few pairs she had that he seemed to approve of, and she saw a smile come across his face when he spotted the 5" rapier-like heels. She'd seen them in a store window and thought they'd looked sexier than anything. She'd tried them on and fell in love with them, and having never gone to a night club or out for a fancy dinner since she'd bought them, they'd remained in her closet until now, waiting.

"These, these'll be perfect," he'd said as he drew them down from the shelf and handed them to her.

She looked down at the shoes now, loving the way her legs looked in the sky-high heels. The tiny straps across the top of her foot and the slender band circling her ankle looked teasingly sexy on her delicate feet. Jamal had said he wanted her legs bare, this time anyway, so to make them look even better, she'd applied a thin layer of some lotion she had, which made her skin shimmer, as if coated with a fine sheen of oil. It made her shapely toned legs look dead sexy, even to her. And with those 5" heels, she knew the boys would be happy.

She did a little pirouette one more time, her eyes going to the massive swells of her big tits, her cleavage deep, dark, and wickedly inviting. She knew the boys would love that too.

She'd sprayed on her sexiest perfume and was just fluffing her hair up one more time when the door to her bedroom opened. Jamal was

leading the way, with Gunner and Zeke right behind him, while Elliott followed meekly behind. The three bullies were dressed only in their low-slung jeans, showing off their muscular physiques and defined abs. Elliott remained in his jeans and t-shirt, looking somewhat confused and anxious.

"Elliott, get those covers off the bed," Jamal said as he pointed to Tanya's king-size bed. Happy that Jamal had used his real name instead of 'Smelliott' or 'Smallcox', Elliott compliantly went about stripping the bed, piling the duvet and cushions on the floor against the wall. "Not the cushions. Pile all those decorative cushions and the pillows against the headboard. I want to make sure your mom is nice and comfortable when we're taking turns fucking her." Jamal turned to his friends with a lecherous smile as Elliott arranged the pillows into a stack, the mass of them mounded up against the wooden headboard. When Elliott had finished his task, he turned and looked at the young black man, anxiously wondering if he was going to be dismissed. Jamal's next words eased his mind.

"You can sit over there and watch, Kid," he said to Elliott as he pointed to the easy chair positioned opposite the bed. Elliott meekly complied. He made his way over to the chair and sat on the front edge, his hands clasped in his lap as he eagerly awaited whatever was going to happen next.

"All right, sweetheart, come over here so we can get a look at ya," Jamal said as he turned to Tanya.

Tanya made her way towards him as he stood in front of the foot of the bed, walking confidently in the sky-high heels, doing her best to put one foot in front of the other, the way she'd seen models walk.

"Holy fuck, look at that smokin' bitch," Gunner said, his eyes raking lustfully over Tanya's spectacular body. He jumped back when Jamal backhanded him across the shoulder, catching him unawares. The loud smack caused everyone to stop in their tracks.

"The fuck, man?" Gunner said, his hand going to his shoulder, where a blotchy red mark was already beginning to show.

"Watch your language," Jamal said, pointing an accusatory finger in Gunner's face. "This isn't one of the whores from the neighbourhood. You can call those skanks bitches all you want. But I don't want to ever hear you say that about this fine lady. You got it?"

Gunner looked taken aback, but nodded his head in agreement. "Sure, man, sure. Fuck, I was just playin'."

"Playtime's over. It's time to get down to some serious business." Jamal turned his attention back to Tanya, who had stopped halfway between her makeup table and the bed. "Now where were we? Oh yeah. C'mon, sweetheart, bring that sexy body over here for us to play with."

Tanya continued her approach as four sets of eyes ravished her lush mature body.

"Is that a different lipstick?" Jamal asked once she stopped in front of him, his eyes zeroing in on her pouty red lips, which glistened alluring under the wet-look gloss.

"Yes. I'd forgotten I had this one. I've never worn it before."

A big smile came over Jamal's face. "I love it. I love how shiny and wet it makes that perfect mouth of yours look. Perfect for sucking cock, lots of cock."

Tanya felt herself blushing, but she knew he was right. She knew that's why she had put the lipstick on, hoping they'd use her mouth to fulfill their testosterone-laced teenage desires. Use her mouth for a place to come, to dump multiple loads of thick, savory boy-cum.

"Oh fuck, man, look at those tits, and those legs," Zeke said. "It looks like somebody came on her legs and she rubbed it all over them."

"She's gonna get plenty of chances to do that from now on," Jamal said as he smiled approvingly at Tanya's exotically made-up face. He nodded as he looked at the bewitchingly smoky tones of her eye shadow and sexy wildness as her fluffed up hair framed her lovely face.

"Yeah, that is one beautiful woman," Zeke said, wanting to make sure he stayed in Jamal's good books.

"She is that," Jamal said, walking around Tanya and inspecting her like a judge inspecting thoroughbred horses at the state fair. He spent a long time focussing on her huge tits, which the jam-packed bustier was barely able to contain. Her ran his big black hand appraisingly over her curvy bum, and then up along the outline of her slender waist and beneath the heavy shelf of her breasts. His touch made Tanya shiver in anticipation. "Look at this gorgeous fucking body. Look at that mouth, those tits, those wide fuckable hips." Jamal paused with his inspection and looked over at his two friends. "She definitely has one, doesn't she?"

"Oh fuck, yeah. She's got one all right. There's no doubt about it," Gunner chimed in, having recovered from his little confrontation with Jamal. "What do you think, Zeke?"

Zeke looked stunned as his eyes continued to run up and down over the MILF's mouthwatering body. His hand was blatantly running over the front of his jeans, where his swelling cockhead was already starting to emerge over the low-slung waistband. "Oh fuck, does she ever. I don't think I've seen one as perfect as hers before. She definitely has one of the best ones ever."

"One what?" A tiny thin voice came from behind them.

The boys turned and looked over at Elliott, who was sitting anxiously on the easy chair. He had a perplexed but keen look on his face, wondering what the boys were talking about.

"What did you say, Kid?" Jamal asked, looking somewhat perturbed at being interrupted.

Elliott looked quickly at his mother's lewdly displayed body, her eyes meeting his with a soft smile before he turned back to Jamal and spoke. "What do you mean when you said she 'has one'? One what?"

The stern look on Jamal's face was replaced by a shit-eating grin. "Oh, I see, you want to know what we mean by saying 'she has one'." He paused as he looked back over his shoulder at the sexy MILF before facing Elliott once more. "What we mean by saying she has one is what we mean about her body."

Elliott's eyebrows arched together. "I still don't get it."

Jamal looked steadily at Elliott. "Her body is what we're talking about-'a body that's made for big cocks'. That's what we mean by 'she has one'. And your mother definitely has 'a body made for big cocks'. And we're going to give her some right now."

As Jamal reached for his belt, Gunner and Zeke quickly followed. "How do you want to do her, Jamal?" Zeke asked. "Are we going to go in the usual order so we can get her loosened up for you?" Zeke

had an eager look on his face, knowing that if Jamal wanted to do as he'd asked, he'd be the first one to get his big prick inside the sexy MILF.

Jamal kept his eyes on Tanya's face as he calmly tossed his jeans aside and slowly shook his head. "No, not this time. This time we're going to take her one at a time, and I'm going first. I want to hear her scream with this big black cock inside her before you guys get those tiny dicks of yours seen to."

Tanya felt her spine tingle at the thought of Jamal taking her first. One part of her had hoped he'd do as Zeke had suggested, letting her take the smallest cock first-although she already knew that even Zeke's prick was bigger than anything she'd ever have inside her before. But deep down, she knew that she wanted Jamal to be first, to feel that enormous black snake work its way deep inside her, stretching her and filling her like never before. Yes, the smile on Jamal's face told her he knew exactly what she wanted-what she needed.

"C'mon, sweetheart, get down on your knees for a minute," Jamal said as he put his big hands on Tanya's shoulders and pushed down. She eagerly complied. She dropped to her knees, her face mere inches away from Jamal's stiffening cock.

He reached down and hefted his beefy dick, pointing the purple head at her mouth. "Wrap those red lips around that big black barrel and suck for a minute or two. I want that gun fully cocked and loaded before I stick it way up inside you."

Tanya almost swooned as she looked at the massive cock before her, knowing it would soon be tearing its way up her needy cunt. She ovalled her lips as Jamal flexed forward, feeding that big puffy helmet right into her mouth. It felt hot and oh so soft between her lips as she leaned forward, taking more of the stiffening rod.

"Mmm..." She couldn't help the purr that emanated from her throat as her lips clamped down just past the pronounced coronal ridge, locking the lemon-sized knob within her mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeah, that's the way, sweetheart," Jamal said as he slowly stroked his rising cock, his big hand wrapped around the stiffening weapon in a warm loving corridor. "Get that big dick ready to stretch that tight white pussy of yours. And then once I've got you opened up, these guys are gonna take their turn, and then we'll have another go round after that. We're gonna fill you up, sweetheart. Fill you up with that creamy white cum you love so much."

It was clear to everyone watching that Jamal's words were getting Tanya even hotter. Her shiny lips were pursed forward and her eyes were hooded as she sucked wantonly. Little whimpers and purrs came from deep inside her as she bobbed up and down on the throbbing monster.

"That's it. Get it nice and hard, just the way you want it," Jamal said, rolling his hips slightly as Tanya hollowed in her cheeks, the hot wet

tissues inside her mouth embracing his surging erection in a tight buttery sheath.

Elliott couldn't believe how incredibly sexy his mother looked. The form-fitting bustier drew your attention to her slim waist, while the heavily-structured bra cups thrust her massive tits together and up, the bewitching red garment provocatively emphasizing her hourglass figure. The high-heeled strappy sandals made her legs look amazing, and whatever she had put on them to make them shine like that was dead sexy. And her face, her face looked luxuriously desirable with the deeper tones of the makeup she'd applied, finished off by the wet red gash of her mouth. Her wild-looking hair was the perfect accent to the whole look, and Elliott's cock had started to stiffen as soon as he'd laid eyes on her.

And now here she was, down on her knees, her wet red lips wrapped around the big black cock that belonged to one of his bullies. If you'd said to him twenty-four hours ago that this was going to happen, he'd have said you were crazy. But no, it had happened, and he was witnessing it first hand as his sexily-clad mother slobbered and sucked his bully's big black cock. Not only was she sucking it, he could see that she was positively worshipping it. She wasn't just trying to suck it quickly to get it over with-no-she was clearly taking her time. His mother's eyes were glassy and lust-filled as her lips and mouth made sweet love to the young black man's huge slab of meat.

Elliott was watching intently, his cock quickly hardening in his pants as his mother mewed and purred as Jamal's big dick plundered her mouth. He saw Gunner and Zeke watching closely as well, both of

them with sinister smiles on their faces as they slowly stroked their own growing erections. Elliott turned back as Jamal ran his long fingers lovingly through his mother's hair, working her head back and forth slowly, obviously loving the feeling of her hot wet mouth on his surging erection. Elliott thought his mother's glossy red lips looked wickedly sinful as they travelled back and forth along Jamal's ebony spear. He had watched the boy's huge cock get harder and longer as she slavishly sucked. The tremendous girth of Jamal's cock had her lips stretched almost to the tearing point, but he could see that she was loving it. Loving having that thick black cock filling her mouth. Loving having Jamal telling her what to do.

"Okay, sweetheart, that's good enough. I know you want to keep sucking, and I'll give you some more of that gravy you love so much later, but right now, I'm ready to get every last inch of my cock inside that pretty little pussy of yours," Jamal said as he pulled his erection out of her mouth with an audible POP! "Are you ready to be our little fucktoy, sweetheart? Are you ready to have us fuck you, and you be our cocksucker, anytime or anywhere we want?"

Tanya looked up at Jamal, and Elliott could see the lust in her eyes. "Yes," she replied, her head nodding submissively in agreement.

"Yes what?" Jamal asked firmly, his hand waving his immense rod teasingly right in front of her flushed face.

"Yes sir," Tanya responded, knowing instinctively how he expected her to answer.

"That's better. That's the way I expect our pretty little fucktoy to answer. Now get up on the bed and on your back."

Tanya got to her feet and slid onto the bed, crawling up and then turning over on her back, her head positioned in the middle of the stack of pillows. She drew one leg up, the rapier-like heel of one strappy sandal digging into the mattress sensually, her bent knee positioned over her other leg in a sexy pose.

"Oh fuck," Zeke muttered under his breath, and Elliott knew exactly what the young thug was thinking. His mother looked so fucking sexy it took his breath away. Her nicely tanned skin and the brilliant red of her outfit and the shoes looked boldly delicious against the brilliant white sheets. Her huge tits looked amazing, filling the full breadth of her chest while the ample mounds of tit-flesh threatened to spill over the tops of the straining bra cups. Her pouffed-up honey-blonde hair lay spread out over the pillow beneath her like an enchanting halo, framing her stunningly beautiful face. To Elliott, his mother looked more luscious and desirable than any porn star or busty model he'd ever jacked off to. She was a fantasy come true, lying right there in the middle of her king-size bed, lying there waiting to be fucked.

Elliott saw Jamal smile appreciatively as he crawled onto the foot of the bed on his knees, his stallion-like cock rearing up before him like a heat-seeking missile. And Elliott knew exactly where that weapon was going to be aimed.

"Get those legs apart for me, sweetheart. Let me see that pretty pussy of yours," Jamal said, edging closer on his knees.

Tanya rolled her leg off of the other one and drew both knees up slowly, her heels dragging teasingly over the sheets as her knees got higher and higher. With her knees well up, she slowly rolled her legs provocatively open to each side, presenting a perfect view of her creamy inner thighs and thong-clad cunt to Jamal.

"Jesus Christ, she's perfect," Zeke said softly as he and Gunner methodically stroked their cocks, which were now rock hard. "Look at how wet she is."

Even from his vantage point opposite the bed, Elliott could see the damp stain where his mother's succulent nectar had soaked through her tiny panties. He shivered, thinking of the illicit scent and taste of her delectable juices.

"Let's get those panties out of the way," Jamal said as he reached between her legs and grabbed the waistband of her thong. Tanya wriggled her hips as Jamal drew them down off her shapely legs. He brought the tiny piece of fabric to his nose and inhaled deeply, revelling in the intense fragrance. "Nice, very nice." He then turned, balled the panties up and tossed them across the room to Elliott, who snagged them out of the air instinctively. "There you go, Kid, suck on those for awhile."

As soon as Elliott had the panties in his hand, he could smell the heady aroma coming off the damp piece of fabric. It fired his senses, making him almost delirious with excitement. He was too overcome with arousal to do anything other than Jamal told him to do. He turned the tiny thong inside out and stuffed it into his mouth, his lips and tongue sucking at the sodden material. With his cock feeling like a steel rod in his jeans, he turned his attention back to the bed, eager to see what would happen next.

"That's my girl," Jamal said as he faced Tanya, still on his knees in front of her, his humongous cock waving in the air like a black fleshy scimitar, waiting to carve its way into something hot, wet, and pink. Even from his vantage point across the room, Elliott could see a shiny web of precum drooling from the tip. "Get those legs apart again. Let me see that pretty little cunt."

Tanya's legs had come together after Jamal had taken her panties off. Under his direction, she drew her knees up again, and then slowly let her legs roll open to each side, her shaved pussy wantonly on display.

"Oh fuck, yeah. That's gorgeous," Zeke said as all eyes focusses in on Tanya's delectable pussy.

Elliott could see that his mother's mound was glistening, her loins almost glowing with her seeping discharge. He knew she must have been really aroused to be that wet so fast. But it wasn't just that her inviting mound was so shiny, it looked perfect in every other way. Elliott had seen a lot of pussies in his young life, even if only in

pictures and pornos, but his mother's mature cunt had him breathing raggedly with desire as he looked at it.

Her entire vulva was flushed pink, as if blood had rushed to that part of her body to enliven it even more. Her inner lips were full and fleshy, and seemed to ripple as she moved her legs apart. They were an even brighter pink than her outer lips, drawing your attention to the beckoning shiny line of the teasing cleft between them that marked the gates to her velvety love pocket. Elliott knew in an instant those pussy lips were ones that he wanted to get his mouth on. Pussy lips he could suck and chew on all night long-and still want more.

His gaze instinctively moved upward along her glistening slit, her enflamed clit seeming to glow with need, like a beacon imploring all sailors to find safety from the tempest between her widely-spread legs. Again, Elliott compared the fleshy nodule to ones he'd seen on porn stars. His mother's looked bigger, bigger and more prominent than any he'd seen. The protruding bud was already peeking out from beneath its protective sheath, shining invitingly as her warm juices had seeped upwards on the inside of her tiny panties. It looked like a tiny cock, the blood-filled tip calling out for a set of lips and tongue to bring it the pleasure it deserved. The size of it made Elliott shiver in anticipation. He could only hope-no-pray, that Jamal would be true to his word and let him have a chance, if only for a brief instant, to place his mouth on that beautiful pussy and service his mother as he'd always dreamed about.

"Fuck, man," Gunner said, his hand sliding slowly back and forth on his stiff cock. "Look at how fucking wet she is. She wants it bad. You can even smell her from here."

Gunner was right. Even from his spot across the room, Elliott was getting the alluringly illicit scent of his mother's weeping little box. Like a mind-numbing shot to the brain, the sinfully delicious fragrance sent a jolt right to his cock, making his already-hard cock pulse with arousal. He saw the same thing had happened to Jamal, his enormous club bobbing menacingly with each powerful beat of his heart.

"Oh yeah, she wants cock all right," Jamal said, shifting forward on the bed. "And we're going to make sure she gets as much as she wants, and more, starting right now."

Jamal settled down on his knees between the MILF's spread thighs. He wrapped his hand around his raging prick and pointed it downward, the dripping tip aimed right at her beckoning little flower. All eyes in the room watched intently as he leaned forward, bringing the flared purple head of his black dick to her glistening pussy lips. He pressed the tip against them, and then moved his hand in a slow circle, the engorged head of his cock moving teasingly over her beckoning mound.

"Ohhhnnn..." Tanya couldn't suppress the needy moan that escaped her lips, her mind swirling with arousal as the young black man pressed his scorchingly-hot cockhead against her pussy. She felt an electric twitching in her snatch, and knew a small gush of cunt-honey

had pulsed forth, as if to convince him that more delights awaited him inside. She looked up, her eyes meeting Jamal's, both of them knowing how much she wanted him-no-needed him, to drive that big beautiful cock way up inside her. He rolled his hips again, his immense knob rubbing all around the opening of her steaming cunt.

"Please..." She was almost pleading, her needy tone bringing a knowing smile to Jamal's face.

"Please? Please what?" Jamal said, sitting back slightly, his wrapped hand keeping his throbbing erection pointed right at her seeping gash, the enflamed tip drooling precum onto her hot pink flesh. "Please stop?"

"No," she said, her eyes seeming to beg him to give her what she needed.

"Please what, then?" Jamal leaned forward again, once more tracing the tip of his rock-hard cock over her slippery pussy-lips.

"Please, please put it...put it inside me." Tanya said, her breathless voice pleading with him to shove his monstrous cock into her.

"You know I'm going to make you come with this, don't you?" Jamal said, still rubbing his dickhead against her slick labial gates.

"Yes...yes, I know. I...I need it," Tanya replied, her lust-filled eyes glassy with desire. She pushed her hips back against him, wanting more.

"Tell me, tell me what you need," Jamal said, a lecherous smile on his face as he toyed with her slick pink petals, his angry cockhead pressing teasingly against her hot flesh, but going no further.

"I need you inside me. I need that big black cock as far inside me as you can get it. Please, fuck me now," Tanya said, her face flushed with her confession.

A huge smile creased Jamal's face. "All you had to do was ask, sweetheart." He angled his hand down and pressed the massive bulb against her pussy lips, and then leaned forwards.

Elliott watched, his mouth open, as Jamal started to enter his mother. Her dew-covered labia circled his engorged cockhead in a loving kiss as the young black man flexed slowly forwards. Elliott saw those vivid pink lips stretch and stretch as they embraced the veiny black cock. It looked to Elliott like they were almost sucking at it, imploring it to go deeper. Which Jamal did.

"Oh my God...so thick," Tanya moaned softly as Jamal started to work his massive erection into her.

He could feel that she was soaking wet inside, and hot as a pistol. The steaming oily tissues lining her cunt pressed against him, her coital walls feeling heavenly on his surging dick. Once the broad flared knob was locked within her twat's clutching grasp, he released his hand from his prick and leaned over her, supporting himself in a push-up position over her. He looked down into those warm blue eyes as he flexed forward, his steely rod making its way deeper. Her mature cunt felt just as tight as any of the young girls he'd fucked, and hot as a blast furnace. She flicked her eyes up from what was happening between her legs to look at him. He rolled his hips, stirring her hot insides like a batch of wet cement.

"Ohhhnnn," she groaned deeply, her eyes closing in bliss as he worked her needy cunt with his monstrous weapon.

Jamal continued to slowly, insistently, drive his rigid cock into her. The steaming folds of flesh gripped him like a hot buttery fist, and he continued flexing forward, until her inner folds refused to part, the unexplored depths of her mature twat barring him from going any further. They both looked down between their joined bodies, seeing close to 5" of thick black cock still sticking out of her. She looked up at him, and they both knew the same thing-that he wasn't going to stop there.

"Please...please be gentle," she whispered. "I've never...I've never had anything that big before."

"But you do want it, don't you?" Jamal whispered back, rolling his hips teasingly. He watched her eyes roll back in her head and her

mouth opened in a breathless gasp as the head of the huge club rubbed luxuriously against the oily walls of her packed vagina. "Are you gonna open up that tight cunt for me and let me all the way in? Are you gonna let this big black cock fuck you deeper than you've ever been fucked before?"

"Yes...yes," Tanya pleaded.

"We've still got five inches to go," Jamal said as he rolled his hips, letting her feel the intense hardness of his steely cock. "How much more do you want? Do you want every last inch?"

"Oh God...yes. Yes, I...I want it all," Tanya moaned as she threw her arms around his neck and nodded her approval, letting him know she was ready for his assault.

"That's my good girl. Because now I'm not gonna stop until every fucking inch is inside you," Jamal said. "And then when I'm done with you, Gunner and Zeke are gonna fuck you too. Would you like that, sweetheart? Would you like all of our cocks way up inside you, filling you with hot teenage cum?" Jamal punctuated his words by flexing his hips slightly forward, rubbing the flared purple crown of his cock against the tight tissues barring his way, letting her know exactly where he was going.

His action caused Tanya's eyes to close and her head to tilt up as he worked her insides magically with his immense cock. He was only about halfway into her, but she'd never felt so full of cock in her

entire life. He was so much bigger than her husband had been, and way bigger than a guy from the football team she'd fucked in college, and at that time she'd thought he was huge. But even that guy paled in comparison to Jamal, and she knew Gunner and Zeke weren't far behind their good friend when it came to cock size.

She'd listened to them talk about her having a body 'made for big cocks', and she knew that was for them to decide that, but she knew after jerking off the three of them last night that not only her body needed big cock, but her mind did too. She'd become addicted to them already, and she knew there was no way she could stop what she was doing. She was fucking her son's bully, and then she'd be fucking two more of his tormentors after this one. Boys she hadn't even known twenty-four hours ago. And now they were going to take turns fucking her. Fucking their big hard teenage cocks into her 40-year old pussy. Fucking her and filling her with cum. Their warm, thick, creamy, sperm-laden cum. And she knew she needed it. Knew she was going to crave it. Crave those big cocks. Knew she was going to want it to never stop. Knew she was going to love it. And now Jamal had just told her they were all going to fuck her, and fill her with their cum, and asked her if that's what she wanted, if she wanted their huge teenage cocks way up inside her. With her brain and body overwhelmed by illicit desire, the answer was dead easy. "Yes, I want you inside me. I want all of you inside me. I want you as deep as you can go, and then I want you to come, to come inside me, to give me all of your cum. All of you."

"That's good, sweetheart, 'cause here we go," Jamal said as he drew his hips back and then flexed forward, sending his throbbing erection further inside her than any cock had been before.

"Oh my Ggg...oh shit...so fucking big...so hardddddd...," Tanya moaned loudly as the tight tissues inside her parted, finally yielding to Jamal's insistent thrust.

Jamal felt the steaming walls of the MILF's hot cunt part for him as he powered his way into her, his merciless cock forging a new path towards her womb. He couldn't believe how tight she was, but he knew this was virgin territory at this depth, and he was happy to be the one to take her 'deep cherry'. He looked down between their bodies and saw that there was only two inches of his steely cock remaining outside her gripping cunt-lips, and he wasn't stopping until he had those final two lodged inside her. He wriggled his hips, forcing his way deeper, stretching those reluctant tissues high up inside her. He felt the folds of flesh continue to part reluctantly, surrendering to him as they bathed his throbbing erection with hot oily juices. He paused for a second and then powered forward, thrusting his hips towards her waiting body.

Elliott saw the pronounced muscles of Jamal's rear-end flex, and he knew his bully was sending the last few inches of his monstrously-large cock into his mother's needy cunt. He'd seen that look of ecstasy on her face as Jamal had fed it into her, stopping briefly at what he assumed was the maximum point any cock had been inside. Elliott had been shocked to see how much was still left outside her, but he could tell by the way she was moaning and gasping that she wanted it, wanted the rest, wanted every one of those thick hard inches all the way inside her. And then Jamal had started plundering her insides, relentlessly forcing himself deeper, his huge cock making its way into the unexplored depths of her steaming twat. As the young

black man made his final thrust, Elliott saw his mother's arms shoot out to each side, her hands grabbing onto the sheets tightly. He watched as her stretched labia accepted the invader, the final inches sliding inside, and then Jamal stopped, his shaven abdomen pressed up flush against his mother's.

"OH FUCK...OH FUCK...I'M GONNA...I'M GONNA...AAAAAAHHH," Tanya gasped loudly as she felt the tip of the huge black cock press up against her cervix, triggering an agonizingly euphoric orgasm that started deep inside and blossomed like an atomic bomb to every nerve ending of her body.

Elliott watched, awestruck, as his mother climaxed. It looked like her body had been zapped with a powerful electric shock. Her back flexed upwards, at the same time as her hands tore at the sheets in a death grip. As the luxurious waves of pleasure coursed through her, she brought her feet up further on the bed, the rapier-like heels of her stilettos digging into the mattress erotically.

"I...I...OH FUCKKKKKKK, SO BIGGGGGG..." his mother moaned deep in her throat as the tingling sensations shot to every jangling nerve-ending of her lush mature body. Elliott watched her thrash about like a wildcat, twitching and convulsing as her climax overwhelmed her, rocking her to the core.

Jamal held on tight, his cock buried balls-deep in her twitching body. He loved the feel of the sexy mature woman beneath him bucking like a bronco, grinding her hips and needy twat up against him. Her pussy was gripping him in a tight wet sheath, and as she came, he

could feel her hot oily juices gushing out of her and onto his body. Watching her come made him smile. He knew this woman was definitely a hot one, and this was only the first of many orgasms he planned on giving her with his cock buried to hilt in her hot mature cunt.

Tanya's orgasm had overwhelmed her in a whirlwind of euphoric pleasure, her curvy body shaking with exquisite sensations that took her breath away. She'd never felt so stretched and full of beautiful hard cock as she had at that moment when Jamal had bottomed out inside her, his muscular abdomen pressed as tight to hers as possible. His long hard cock had touched uncharted territory way up inside her, rubbing over nerve endings deep in those coital walls that seemed even more sensitive than the rest of her vagina. Her climax had her shaking and trembling wildly, the paroxysms of delight making her head spin. It felt like she'd been waiting forever for a cock of this size to unleash this powerful orgasm, a mind-numbing release that it seemed she had needed for years. Wave upon wave of luxurious sensations had her body thrumming like a plucked guitar string-and Jamal hadn't even started to really fuck her yet. Her climax had her quivering and shaking for a long time, her whole body twitching spastically, until the delicious sensations finally started to wane. As she started to come down from her orgasmic high, she wondered if she had a climax as powerful as that just from him fully entering her, how would she feel when he really started pounding that big hard cock into her? She couldn't wait to find out.

"Did you like that, sweetheart? Did you like the way my big black cock made you come?" Jamal asked. He looked down at her as she tried to compose herself, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

"Yes," Tanya hissed back, a post-orgasmic shiver tripping down her spine.

"Do you want to come a few more times?" Jamal rolled his hips as he spoke, his huge prick rubbing teasingly over those sensitive tissues inside her.

Tanya couldn't believe the intense delicious pleasure that seemed to flow from his powerful cock to every nerve ending of her body. If she'd had any willpower to resist previously, she knew it was all gone once she'd felt how heavenly it was to be totally stuffed full by such a big cock. And the fact that Jamal was black made it even more nasty and exciting for her. She wasn't sure why, maybe it was her conservative upbringing, but the idea of young black man-basically a boy the same age as her son-fucking the shit out of her had her head spinning, in a good way. "Yes, please," she gasped out, rolling her own hips back at him.

"Please what?" Jamal teased, grinding himself forcefully with his body pressed to hers, the tip of his cock so far inside her she felt like she could almost taste it.

"Please...please fuck me now," Tanya pleaded.

"That's what I wanted to hear," Jamal said. He turned and shared a smile with his buddies before turning back to the sexy MILF beneath him, his eyes dropping to her chest, her voluminous breasts straining

against the cups of the laced-up bustier. "But let's get a bit of a better look at these first."

Elliott watched as Jamal reached forward and plucked at the ribbon-like lacing on the front of the bustier, pulling open the securing bow. Elliott gasped as his mother's breasts seemed to come alive as the laces opened, allowing the material of the bustier to move. The shiny red panels almost sprung open as her massive tits settled into and filled the opening, the sections of fabric parting and opening from the top down. Jamal opened the laces a little more, the panels parting even further. Elliott could now see her areolae and nipples, which were hard and thrusting up like stiff little berries.

"Nice, very nice. What do you think, guys?" Jamal said as all eyes feasted on Tanya's mouth-watering tits.

"Holy fuck. Those tits are incredible," Zeke added, drops of precum flicking every which way from the end of his cock as he continued to stroke it.

"Perfect," Gunner replied as he removed his hand from his surging prick. He felt like he could get off right there on the spot just looking at the sexy mature woman, but he wanted to spew this load way up inside her. There'd be plenty of opportunities to jerk off on her gorgeous body later. This next load was definitely gonna happen while he was fucking her.

"Perfect tits is right," Jamal said, his rugged physique poised right over the big round globes. "Let's see how they look when you're getting fucked."

Elliott watched Jamal slowly flex backward, drawing his long thick prick from his mother's gripping snatch. The veiny shaft glistened nastily, her juices covering every square inch of the throbbing cock. He drew back until just the tip of his monstrous dick was left inside her, her shiny pink labia circling the end of his cock possessively. Elliott saw the big curvy muscles in Jamal's rump flex as he quickly levered his hips forward, his engorged cockhead plummeting to the depths of her hungry pussy in one vicious thrust.

"OH GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!" Tanya wailed as Jamal's huge cock tore deep into her, bottoming out as his groin slammed into her noisily.

Jamal didn't seem to hear, or care. He drew back quickly, and Elliott noticed a wet suctioning sound coming from their joined bodies, as if his mother's wanton pussy was reluctant to let go. Jamal's buttocks looked like two big iron cannonballs as he powered forward again, the muscles in those round cheeks stiffening erotically as he flexed. He started into a steady rhythm, driving his surging prick as far into her as he could get with each merciless thrust.

"EEN-EE...EEN-E..." Elliott heard his mother's bed squeak in protest as Jamal hammered away at his mother. He knew his mother loved her old-fashioned bed, loved the ornate wood headboard and frame. She'd bought a new king-size mattress after she threw his father out,

but there was no way she was giving up the bed she loved so much- the bed that was now squeaking and groaning every time Jamal buried his cock in her needy pussy. For Elliott, the titillating sounds as the bed squeaked and the headboard bumped rhythmically into the wall behind it made the whole experience all the more erotic and thrilling.

Elliott looked back at the sordid encounter taking place on that creaky old bed. His mother was moaning loudly as she grabbed at the sheets as if her life depended on it. Her head had tipped back on the pillow she was lying on, her mouth open as she groaned and gasped with each thrust of Jamal's raging prick. Elliott could see the look of pure rapture on her face. Her eyes were half-closed and hooded with lust, a fine sheen of perspiration breaking out on her face, making it seem like she was glowing with pure sexual bliss. She drew her knees up and rolled her thighs as far open as possible, as if to give Jamal more access to get just a fraction deeper inside her. Her high heels were digging into the mattress erotically, and Elliott thought it was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen.

"OH FUCK...I'M GONNA...AGAIN...I'M GONNA COME AGAINNNNN..." Elliott watched as his mother came for a second time, barely a minute after she'd experienced her first climax when Jamal had gotten all the way into her. She was writhing like a wild thing, her body flailing every which way as she came. But Elliott noticed that no matter which way she twitched and shook, she kept thrusting her pussy up to meet Jamal's driving thrusts.

"Oh fuck, man, she is so fucking hot. Look at her go," Zeke said, his hand keeping his own hard cock at the ready.

"Yeah, look at those tits shake when she comes," Gunner added.

Elliott knew Zeke and Gunner were right. In the multitudes of pornos he'd watched, he'd never seen any porn star look as wantonly desirable or as dead sexy as his mother. Her body was amazing, and her tits were quivering and wobbling invitingly as they filled the partial opening in the front of the loosened bustier.

"OH FUCK...AGAIN...I'M...OH FUCKKKKK..."

Tanya came for a third time as Jamal kept driving his huge prick in and out of her, the bed continuing to make that sinfully nasty squeaking noise with each downward thrust. "EEN-EE...EEN-EE..."

"She's fucking hot all right," Jamal said as he flicked his gaze over to his friends. "Her cunt is so fucking tight and hot you won't believe it." He rolled his hips slightly on his next downward thrust, stirring her insides salaciously.

"OH GOD...SO BIG...SO FUCKING BIG," Tanya groaned, her heels digging deep into the mattress as she bucked her wide hips up against him, their bodies slapping together in a savage rhythm.

Jamal was merciless, feeding her every last inch of his monstrous prick, plumbing her virginal depths with each powerful thrust.

"OH MY...AAAHH..." Tanya came again and Elliott was beside himself with arousal, watching his mother come over and over as Jamal fucked her, fucked her deep and hard. He was shocked that with Jamal fucking her so hard, that she hadn't been torn in two by Jamal's massive cunt wrecker of a cock. But there was no doubt at all that she was loving every wicked second of that huge prick driving her deep into the mattress time and time again.

"Oh fuck, I can't believe I'm gonna come already," Jamal said as he pulled back and paused slightly with only the tip of his knob caught between the slippery pink lips guarding the entry to her steaming box. Elliott saw how shiny his thick veiny cock was, deliciously coated with his mother's cunt-honey. He could smell it from across the room, the whole room reeked of pure sex already, and he knew from what Jamal said that they were just getting started.

Elliott watched the impressive cheeks of Jamal's ass flex again, the muscle and sinew inside clearly visible as they tightened beneath his smooth black skin. His hips shot forward, driving that long black cannon to the hilt.

"OH GODDDDDDD!" Tanya wailed as she climaxed once more as Jamal started spewing his load against her cervix. She threw her arms around his neck and held on tightly as her body convulsed and twitched through another frenzied orgasm. She rolled her own hips

against his, wanting every bit of that hard cock to be inside her as he came.

Even with Jamal holding still with his cock balls-deep inside his mother, Elliott watched the flexing continue in the muscles of Jamal's rear end and the back of his thighs. He knew those rhythmic twitches in his bully's buttocks meant each one signified another spurt of hot white cum shooting from the tip of Jamal's cock to baste his mother's insides.

Jamal hunched back and forth slightly as he continued to shoot. "Oh fuck, yeah. What a hot motherfucking cunt she has." He drew further back one time and then drove it deep, the bed groaning loudly.

As his thick cock drove deep, Elliott saw some white cum seeping out around the connection between Jamal's hard glistening cock and his mother's stretched shiny cunt-lips. As he watched, more cum appeared, and he knew Jamal had filled his mother up with a massive load. She was so full that there was nowhere for it to go but backwards. Jamal rolled his hips slightly, and more thick milky semen oozed forth. Elliott watched, totally transfixed, as the seeping cum slid downward between their connected bodies, finally starting to puddle on the sheets. He knew for that much cum to have made its way out of their tightly-connected bodies already, the load Jamal had filled her with must have been absolutely huge.

Elliott looked up slightly, taking in the wickedly sordid view of his big black bully looming menacingly over his tiny white mother, his cock still filling her hot 40-year-old cunt. With her blonde hair, blue

eyes, and alabaster skin, Elliott knew his mother and Jamal couldn't have looked any more different from each other if they tried. But there was something sinfully exciting about seeing them joined together, the disparity in their ages just as arousing to Elliott as the differences in them being black and white. Jamal was basically the same age as him, for God's sake, but there was something special about seeing his bully fuck his mother that seemed-Elliott couldn't quite find the word for it, but 'ordained' was what came to mind-something that seemed 'meant to be', something beyond their control but was so 'right' at the same time. He couldn't really explain it, even to himself, but there was something purely arousing on an animalistic level about seeing Jamal fuck his mother within an inch of her life, and he knew from seeing her come time after time while he was doing it that she felt the same. The look of pure bliss on her flushed face right now told him exactly that.

"Oh man, what a fuck," Jamal said as he drew back, pulling his big cock out her gripping cunt with a nasty sucking sound.

Elliott could see the huge shaft and mushroom-shaped crown glistening with a mixture of their juices. Jamal's entire groin area shone with her juices, while strands and gobs of brilliant white cum clung to his heavy cock, clinging to the sides and the pebbly surface of his glans, while a final heavy gob dangled from the very tip. Without pausing, Jamal crawled up over Elliott's mother's body, straddling her. Without a word being spoken, Elliott saw her eagerly open her mouth, her wet-look lipstick looking wickedly exciting as Jamal plugged his semi-hard cock right into her mouth.

"That's it, sweetheart, get that cock nice and clean for me," Jamal said as he reached up and grasped the back of the headboard, up on his knees now as he worked his cock slowly back and forth in her mouth.

Even with her lips stretched around the big black cock, Elliott could see his mother's lips and tongue working enthusiastically. As Jamal slowly moved his prick back and forth, the gobs and strands of semen were disappearing from view, finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. Elliott looked down between his mother's lewdly spread legs, his eyes zeroing in on the milky trail of cum oozing out of her stretched cunt. It looked sinfully erotic as it filled the gap between her glistening labia and slid downwards, the puddle on the sheets quickly growing in size, a damp stain blossoming sideways in all directions. The stuff seemed to be seeping out of her at a constant rate, and Elliott knew he was right, Jamal had absolutely filled her with a massive load.

"Oh fuck, what a mouth," Jamal said, looking down at the MILF's gorgeous face, her bright red lips circling his dick lovingly. "You've almost got me ready to go again already, but it's time to give somebody else a shot at that gorgeous body of yours." He drew one leg back over her, his swollen member coming out of her mouth with a wet POP! sound.

"Who's next?" Jamal asked as he got off the bed, his spent cock gleaming with traces of Tanya's saliva.

"Gunner?" Zeke asked, looking over at his friend anxiously, feeling like he was about to come on the spot.

"Go ahead, buddy," Gunner said, looking down at Tanya with a nasty look on his face. "I can see you're ready to pop."

"Thanks. I owe you. I've got to get it in that hot cunt before I blow it all over her."

"That wouldn't be so bad," Gunner added. "I'm sure she'd love it however we give it to her."

"Maybe next time," Zeke said as he scurried towards the bottom of the bed. He scrambled on between Tanya's spread legs, not even giving her a chance to close them. "Look here, baby-doll, look at what Zeke's got for you." He waved his turgid erection at her, precum dangling from the tip. He shook his knob at her, the drooling gob of cock-sap flipping off and landing on her inner thigh and glistening lewdly. He hooked his arms beneath her knees and folded her up, raising the angle of her beckoning slot to the perfect position for his assault. He angled his trim muscular hips down, the enflamed tip of his cock finding its way between her slick pussy-lips. With one smooth stroke, he buried his rigid erection to the hilt.

"YESSSSSS," Tanya hissed loudly as Zeke bottomed out, filling her once again.

"Oh man, what a hot little cunt," Zeke said as he started to fuck her, his body in a push-up position over hers.

Elliott saw more of Jamal's huge load squelch out of his mother with each vigorous thrust that Zeke was giving her. Both of their shaven crotches quickly became a frothy mess as Zeke powered his sizable prick in and out, his body slapping against hers with a nasty wet sticky sound. He'd only been pounding it into her for a minute or so when Elliott saw her reach her hands up around Zeke's neck as she started to come.

"I..I...AAAAAAHHHHHH..!" Another breathy groan purred from her throat as she shook, paroxysms of pleasure flowing through her body as she quivered and twitched. Elliott saw her fingernails scratching down Zeke's back, leaving little red trails that looked erotically exciting. Her climax seemed to spur Zeke on and he really started slamming it to her, his hips pistoning up and down as he drove her deep into the mattress.

"OH FUCK...NOT AGAIN!" Tanya wailed as another climax followed on the heels of the last one, her body shaking spastically from the luxurious sensations flowing through her.

"COMING...FUCK...I'M GONNA COME," Zeke warned as he drove his throbbing erection into her, basting her insides as he went off, shooting rope after rope of hot teenage cum into her steaming depths.

Elliott watched as the two of them came at the same time, his mother trembling in orgasmic bliss while Zeke humped away at her, making

sure every drop ended up inside her. When both of them started to recover, Zeke followed Jamal's example and climbed up over the gorgeous MILF, feeding his cum-covered cock into her mouth. And like she'd done with Jamal, his mother enthusiastically licked the boy's glistening prick clean, getting every drop of their combined juices inside her.

"Oh fuck, her mouth is amazing," Zeke said, slowing moving his spent dick back and forth between her sucking lips.

"All right, asshole, my turn," Gunner said, tapping Zeke on the shoulder. Zeke reluctantly moved off and stood beside Jamal, both of them idly stroking their semi-hard cocks as Gunner climbed onto the bed. He positioned himself between her spread legs, his fat surging cock rearing up before him like a deadly weapon. He reached down and grabbed her legs, pulling himself between them and then sitting back on his haunches.

"I like it this way," Gunner said as he circled her trim ankles with each hand and drew her legs almost straight up. He held her legs together for a split second, and then slowly parted them.

Elliott thought the oily sheen she'd put on them looked wickedly erotic as her legs caught the light. Gunner moved his hands as far apart as his arms would reach, positioning her like a wishbone being pulled apart, and he was ready to take the prize. The mound of her sex and the bed were an absolute mess already. Zeke's cum was leaking out of her puffy abused hole to mix with Jamal's and her own juices in a sticky wet mess. The room reeked of sex, but that just

seemed to excite everyone in it even more. Elliott could see the look of wanton desire on his mother's face, and he knew she wanted it, she wanted more, more big cock.

"You want this? You want this, blondie?" Gunner asked as he levered his hips downward, pointing the engorged head of his cock at her dripping hole.

"Yes," Tanya hissed, trying to move her hips to get closer to his big thick cock, but with his hands holding onto her legs, she couldn't do it. His cock wasn't as big as Jamal's, but it was pretty damn close. And it looked as rigid as an iron bar, and she felt dizzy as she thought about that rock-hard slab of meat tearing its way high up inside her.

Gunner saw the needy look in her eyes and felt her try to move towards him, her actions making him smile. "Well, you're gonna get it all right. But I like it deep, and I like it hard. Do you think you're gonna like it deep and hard? And when I say hard, I mean HARD."

"Yes. Please, yes!"

Gunner could see the pleading look in her eyes, and it was obvious she needed it, needed it just as bad as he did. He inched forward, pressing the searing head of his prick against her glistening labia, wriggling his hips as he snuggled it down between those petals of hot pink flesh.

"All right then, blondie, here you go," Gunner said as he started to lever his hips, her labia stretching and circling his thick white cock possessively as he moved deeper. He mercilessly made his way further, feeling those hot coital walls hugging his prick like a hot buttery fist as he got about five inches into her. The feeling was so intensely hot that he couldn't contain himself, and slammed the remaining half of his cock to the hilt in one fell swoop.

"OH MY GODDDDD!" Tanya groaned loudly as his prick battered up against her womb, triggering another shattering orgasm that rocketed throughout her body.

Elliott was still watching, his eyes open wide as his mother climaxed again, only this time with Gunner's sturdy fat cock filling her mature pussy. With Gunner on his haunches between her spread legs, when she'd started to come Elliott had seen her throw her arms out and clutch at the sheets tightly, pulling them up from the corners of the bed. He thought she looked so sexy and slutty when she came while Gunner was holding her like this. Her shiny legs looked amazing as he held them up high and spread far apart, the muscles in her thighs quivering like plucked bow strings as she came. She flopped her head from side to side, like a ragdoll, her mouth open as she gasped and moaned.

With Gunner sitting back instead of having his body over hers, they had a clear view of her spectacular tits, which were wobbling and jiggling teasingly as she thrashed about. Her nipples had made their way between the loosened laces on the front of the bodice. The little red buds were now hard as bullets, sticking up provocatively, as if

begging for a mouth to suck on them. To Elliott, it looked even more erotic to still see them partially contained within the loosened bustier, the sexy red garment adding to the whole provocative look her sexy MILFish body gave off.

"That's the way, blondie. Come on this big cock of mine," Gunner said as he drew back and then flexed forward, absolutely slamming his raging prick all the way into her. "I told you I like it hard, so get used to it."

He started methodically driving his steely dick balls-deep into her with every powerful thrust, their meshing groins slapping noisily together. Elliott watched as Gunner seemed to be crucifying her, as if nailing her to the cross with the long thick stake between his legs. "EEN-EE...EEN-EE..." The bed was squeaking and groaning loudly as Gunner pounded her, their connected bodies a white frothy mess as his hammering cock forced more of the cum out from inside her.

"SO HARD...SO FUCKING HARD," Tanya groaned just before she climaxed again. "AAAHHHH..."

Elliott saw the sheets pull right up as she clawed at them feverishly. She was flailing about wildly, to the point that Elliott thought she might be having a seizure. But that look of pure bliss in her hooded eyes told him that she was loving what was happening to her.

Gunner had been close to coming as soon as he'd felt her mature pussy grip down on him. He couldn't believe how hot her tight little

cunt was. It was like sticking his dick into a blast furnace, a hot velvety-soft liquid blast furnace. Her first climax had caught him off guard, but he'd felt her approaching her second, the talented muscles inside her seeming to clutch at his thrusting erection in a loving grasp. Seeing her start to come the second time sent him right over the edge. "OH YEAH. HERE IT COMES! GONNA FILL YOU UP, BLONDIE."

Elliott saw Gunner grip his mother's legs tightly as he started to come, keeping her spread-eagled as he used her mature cunt as his own willing sperm receptacle. His muscular ass tightened as he drove his prick to the hilt, and Elliott saw his body flex as he came, filling his mother with another load of hot teenage semen. He seemed to come for a long time, a circle of white appearing around his thick cock as the spunk he'd filled her with seeped back.

Apparently satisfied that he'd unloaded every last drop into her, Elliott watched Gunner pull his thick cock out of her steaming box, a thick gooey wad of semen filling the gap between her closing pussy-lips. He released his mother's legs, which fell back to the bed instantly. She lay there in front of him, her breathing ragged as she drew in cool drafts of air, both of them recovering from their intense orgasms.

Like his friends, Gunner straddled the sexy MILF and plugged his cum-covered prick into her mouth, using that hot wet orifice to clean himself. But she definitely wasn't disagreeing, her lips and tongue rolling hungrily over his turgid dick as she lapped up every drop of their combined juices.

Elliott looked at his mother longingly. He knew now what his three bullies had meant when they'd said "She definitely had one". Had a body made for big cocks. They'd just fucked her three times in a row with big cocks-really big cocks-and she'd taken every inch of every one of them like a champion. She was definitely hotter and sluttier than any porn star he had ever seen. He felt somewhat guilty to be thinking of her like that, but that guilt disappeared beneath the amount of excitement and arousal he had from watching what they did to her. And he could see that-like his three bullies-she wanted more.

"All right, Gunner, that's enough for now," Jamal said. "It's the kid's turn."

Elliott looked up as all eyes turned to him. He sat there, struck dumb.

"Well, kid. She's all yours," Jamal said. "Don't you want to fuck your mother?"

"Well, I...I don't know," Elliott was finally able to stammer, a confused and bewildered look on his face as he looked from the three thugs to his mother.

"I thought we talked about this," Jamal said, clearly perturbed by Elliott's answer. "You don't want to make me mad, do you?"

Elliott instinctively shook his head. "No, but I-"

"It's all right, Elliott. Just do what they say." His mother's words made him look in her direction, and he saw the loving look in her eyes. The look that said she was giving him permission to fuck her.

"Go ahead, Cox, give it to her," Gunner added. "If I had a mother like that I'd be fucking her every day."

He saw his mother nod as she reached her hand out towards him, beckoning him to join her on the bed. Under the scrutiny of the three bullies watching him, he stood up and shucked off his clothes. Even though he nervous, he'd been so aroused the whole time they'd taken turns fucking her that his cock was as hard as it had ever been, pointing straight up as he released it from his underwear.

"I'd definitely say he wants to fuck her," Zeke said as he poked Gunner in the ribs. "Look at that stiffy."

Elliott made his way hesitantly towards the bed, his pulsing erection leading the way. He knew if he even dared to touch it, it would go off instantly. He didn't want to embarrass himself even further. He thought about trying to think of something different to take his mind off it, but seeing his sexy mother lying there, her huge tits filling the front of the loosened bustier, gobs of cum oozing from her puffy cunt, her red lips wet with traces of her own juices and semen clinging to them...well...it was hopeless. There was no way he could

think of anything else but the fact that he was about to fuck his gorgeous sexy mother.

As Elliott crawled onto the bed, she drew her legs up and rolled her knees open to each side as she crooked a finger in his direction, beckoning him to come closer. His heart was pounding like a jackhammer in his chest, and it felt like it was pumping every last ounce of his blood to the rigid muscle between his legs. It was so hard, he felt like he was going to burst. He moved between her legs, not exactly sure what to do.

"It's okay, baby. Come to Mommy," Tanya whispered to him softly as she reached out to him, her hand moving between them. Her fingers circled his raging prick, and he felt her give it a loving squeeze as she pointed the drooling tip at her sloppy cum-covered pussy.

Elliott was beside himself with excitement. His mother had just referred to herself as Mommy, something he hadn't called her in years. The term seemed sinfully wicked, just like the illicit incestuous act they were about to perform. But like everything else that had happened today, Elliott thought it was decadently exciting when she called herself Mommy, making him feel even more like a little boy. Her little virgin boy. And then she'd touched his cock, his throbbing hard cock. Her fingers felt like cool silk as she circled her hand around him, squeezing him gently before she positioned the tip against her slippery cunt-lips.

"That's okay, baby," she whispered as she rolled her hips salaciously, getting his engorged cockhead nicely nestled between her gripping labia. "Give it to Mommy. Give it to Mommy nice and slow."

Elliott looked into her eyes and saw the love she had for him there. Saw the caring, the love of a mother for her son as she nodded for him to slide his cock into her, to make love to her, to fuck her. Overcome with excitement, Elliott drove his throbbing cock all the way into her, his body pressing up tightly to hers. As soon as he had it all the way in, he felt the muscles inside her close down around his surging erection, the hot tissues inside her gripping him tightly. A mind-numbing rippling sensation travelled through those talented muscles along the length of his cock, feeling like tiny little fingers stroking him from top to bottom-Elliott lost it right there.

"OH MOM...I'm sorry," he gasped as he started to come. He felt his body trembling from head to toe with the intensity of his orgasm. He flooded her vagina with his boy-seed, and it felt like he was pouring his very soul into her as he unloaded. The feeling was like nothing he'd experienced before, and better than anything he'd fantasized or dreamt about. He'd been a virgin and if this is what fucking was all about, he didn't want it to ever stop. The intensity of the sensation of being gripped by his mother's steaming birth canal-the very canal that had given him birth eighteen years before-had been too much for him in his overworked state, but he knew he wanted to be inside her again, to fuck her again, really fuck her-not just come inside her like the virgin boy that he was.

"It's okay, baby. I loved it," Tanya whispered into his ear as he all but collapsed on top of her, her protruding nipples pressing into his chest like little bullets. "Did Mommy make you feel good?"

"Oh God, Mom, it was amazing. It was-"

"That's enough, loverboy," Jamal said, interrupting their tender moment. "Back on out of there."

Tanya nodded to Elliott, letting him know he should do as Jamal said. He lifted himself off his mother and slowly withdrew, wishing his teenage cock could stay in his mother forever. He moved backwards between her spread legs, all of them looking down between her parted thighs.

"Oh fuck, what a mess," Zeke said, letting out a low whistle.

A mess was right, Elliott thought. His mother's vulva, thighs, and abdomen were covered in cum and her own clear juices. The stuff was everywhere, and the puddle beneath her on the sheets continued to grow and blossom outwards. Including Elliott dousing her quim with jizz, they'd just flooded her with four big loads of teenage cum. Besides the mess on and all around her shaven mound, pearly gobs of the stuff were continuously oozing out of her overflowing snatch.

"You know what you need to do, kid," Jamal said firmly. "Get your mouth down there and get to work. I want that hole nice and clean before I fuck it again."

The tone of Jamal's voice had Elliott's heart pounding, but with fear this time. He looked up at his mother again, her eyes nodding in agreement that he should do as he was being told. He nodded back to her and moved forward, lowering his mouth towards her sopping cunt.

"Start with her thighs," Jamal instructed. "Get everything else cleaned up first before you suck our cum out of her pussy."

Elliott did as he was asked, pressing his lips against the velvety-soft skin of her inner thigh, his tongue feathering out to lick up a pearly strand of cum. He lovingly licked that leg clean, and then moved over to her other thigh, giving it the same treatment. The three boys watched as he diligently lapped up the stray ribbons and wads of semen, all three of them leisurely stroking their semi-hard cocks. Jamal had made it clear they were going to fuck his mother again, and who knew what else they were going to do to her. Elliott, surprisingly to himself, knew that he wanted them to, wanted his bullies to fuck her over and over, wanted them to use their big cocks on her wherever and whenever they wanted, taking her to the heights of ecstasy with their huge pricks. Something he knew he'd never be capable of doing with his average-sized dick. But he knew big cocks like theirs was what his mother wanted, what she needed to satisfy those wanton desires deep inside her. He knew now that's what would make her happy, and he wanted that for her, and he

knew seeing them use those big cocks on her would satisfy his own perverse desires as well.

With her thighs gleaming, he moved on up to her shaven mound. He pressed the broad flat part of his tongue against her vulva and licked upwards, gathering in clumpy gobs of spunk. He laved his tongue all over her loins, licking up every drop of the tasty fluids. Elliott looked over at Jamal, who nodded to Tanya's seeping twat as he gave his approval for Elliott to continue.

Elliott happily lowered his mouth, finally getting his mouth on the pussy he had fantasized and dreamed about forever. His mother's sex looked even better close up, and the fact that milky-white cum was still oozing out of it made it even more exciting. Dizzy with excitement and happiness, Elliott pressed his mouth flush up against her labia, creating a bit of a seal. He positioned his tongue against her sopping slit-and sucked. The nasty wet sound was music to his ears as his mouth became awash with semen. It quickly pooled on his tongue, the masculine flavor sparking his taste buds. He swallowed, feeling the clumpy gobs of spunk slide smoothly down his throat.

"That's the way," he heard Jamal say from above him. "That's our Clean-up Boy, right there."

Inspired by his bully's words of praise, Elliott sucked out some more, his mouth filling again with the potent cream. He swallowed a second time, and then sent his tongue up between his mother's gooey

cunt-lips, his eyes closing in pleasure as he rolled his tongue slowly over her hot coital walls.

"Oh my," he heard his mother say, and then he felt her hips move as she worked with him, helping him get his tongue deeper inside her. Wanting to do his best to please her, Elliott pressed his face tighter up against her mound, sending his tongue further up that spunk-filled hole.

"Mmmmm..." His mother started to make soft moaning noises as he worked her over with his lips and tongue, gathering up and sucking as much cum out of her as he could. He kept drawing it back into his waiting mouth and swallowing, hoping his attempt at performing his duties would be deemed acceptable by both Jamal, and his mother.

"Oh yeah, that's the spot," his mother said under her breath as he concentrated on the upper folds of flesh inside her, pressing the tip of his tongue on the sensitive tissues on the roof of her vagina, just beneath her clit. All of a sudden, Elliott felt his mother's fingers slide into his hair on each side of his head, her hands gripping him firmly as she pulled him against her.

"Yeah, that's it, baby. Right there. Keep licking Mommy right there." Even with her hands almost covering his ears, her words reached Elliott clearly. He re-doubled his efforts, his tongue rubbing tortuously over the hot tissues on the roof of her steaming box. She held him there as he worked her flesh over and over, sucking and licking at her cunt. Her hips started to twitch just as he firmly pressed

the tip of his tongue on a spot inside her that seemed to make her cringe every time his tongue passed over it.

"Yes...yes...YESSSSSSSS!"

His mother really started to shake as she pulled his face vigorously against her. Elliott realized he was making his mother come. He kept working that spot inside her as she bucked her hips repeatedly up against his face. As soon as she started to come, he felt the oily juices really start to flow from inside her, and within seconds she was spraying his face with her juices. He sucked and lapped it up eagerly, his cock already rock hard again, just knowing he was pleasuring his mother by eating her out. She continued to shake as he kept his tongue rubbing over the insides of her seeping trench, her warm cunt-honey finding a nice home in the pit of his stomach. With a last final gasp, she collapsed back beneath him, keeping her fingers embedded in his hair, but not holding him tightly-pressed against her.

"Well, it looks like somebody's enjoying the work our clean-up boy is doing," Gunner commented as the three boys watched Tanya breathe deeply, her heavy breasts rising and falling as she recovered.

"Okay, kid, that's enough for now," Jamal said as he reached out and put his big hand on Elliott's shoulder, pulling him back. Elliott gave his mother's pussy a final tender kiss before he drew back.

"Fuck, man, look at the kid's face," Zeke said. "She really pasted him."

Elliott could feel that his face was covered with her juices. He instinctively reached up and ran his fingers over his face, every bit of his skin sticky and damp with her womanly nectar. There was even some matted in his hair.

"She's a real gusher all right. I could feel it spraying against me while I was fucking her," Jamal said. "Anybody got a problem with that?"

"Fuck, no," Gunner replied. "It just proves she's as hot as she looks."

"I fucking love it," Zeke added before gesturing towards Elliott. "And I bet the kid does too."

"What do you think, Kid," Jamal asked, giving Elliott a knowing smile as he continued to stroke his resurgent cock. "Do you like when your mother comes all over your face like that?"

Elliott felt himself flushing as he climbed off the bed and guiltily dropped his eyes to the floor.

"Look at how red the kid's turning," Gunner said. "I think we've got our answer right there."

Elliott stood still and slowly raised his eyes to Jamal, wondering what they expected of him next.

"Okay, Kid. You did good. Now you can go," Jamal said as he gestured towards the bedroom door. "Don't worry, we'll take real good care of your mom. Maybe you can go play your new video game, or get that first tutoring lesson ready for tomorrow." He paused and looked at Elliott, that stern 'don't fuck with me' look back on his face. "You go it?"

"Yes. Yes, sir," Elliott responded as he stepped back and gathered up his clothes.

"Good," Jamal said as he took a step towards the bed, where Tanya was still lying, looking up at all three of them with anticipation. As all three boys move towards the bed with lewd smiles on their faces and stiff cocks in their hands, Jamal looked over his shoulder at Elliott. "We'll call you if we need you, Clean-up Boy. And close the door behind you."