

# Busty Mom & the Bullies

Book Three

# Chapter 1

Elliott's alarm went off a half hour earlier than usual, as his mother requested. It was Monday, the first day of the school week, and with what had happened between his mother and his three bullies on the weekend, as he came awake, he wondered what their life was going to be like moving forward. He was hoping for more of the same. With anticipation, he threw off the covers and made his way to his mother's room, only to find her sitting propped up against the headboard, the light from her bedside table illuminating her in a warm glow. She was still wearing the chemise she'd worn as a nightgown, her big tits absolutely filling the soft satin cups.

"Perfect timing, sweetheart," she said as she drew the covers off her body. Elliott stood there just inside the door, his heartrate increasing as her knees came up and her thighs rolled open.

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He happily made his way to school, with a spring in his step that made him feel like he was walking on air. He and his mother had gone through the same routine as the day before, when she'd commented that they should start every day that way. He'd eaten her until she climaxed, then he'd jerked off all over her flushed pussy, and then he'd lowered his mouth to her cum-covered snatch and cleaned her up, as he was expected to do, bringing her to another toe-curling orgasm along the way.

Elliott saw his bullies in the hallway before school started, and he knew they'd seen him, but they didn't acknowledge his presence in any way other than Jamal giving him a brief nod. Elliott knew better than to go up and try and start any kind of conversation with them, as if they were all of a sudden best buddies. No, that brief nod from Jamal let him know that was all he was going to get, at this point anyway.

Gunner and Zeke were in his first period math class, and that was the only one he shared with them. Jamal was in two of his classes, English in second period and history in period five, the last class of the day. In math, he noticed Zeke paying attention for a change, and he wondered if maybe his tutoring lesson was in any way responsible for that. Zeke even put his hand up to offer an answer for a question from the teacher, and when Zeke got it right, Elliott couldn't help but smile as the boy turned and gave Gunner a fist bump across the aisle.

English class was just as interesting, with Jamal offering an opinion about a section they'd been required to read in Oedipus Rex. Of course, he had his own way of stylizing his answer, with a fair amount of street jargon mixed in, but his opinion of Oedipus's thoughts and desires was fairly incisive, and Elliott saw that the teacher was just as impressed as he was.

But it was his fifth period class that Elliott was anticipating more than any other. History, with Mrs. Tremblay. She was the teacher that the boys had been fucking, as recently as Saturday night. They'd left his house after Mrs. Tremblay had texted Jamal that her husband

was going out. Jamal had said that, with the husband away at his monthly poker night, the three of them had taken turns poking her. And then they'd come back to Elliott's house to make use of his mother's mouth, making her clean the history teacher's cunt-juice from their cocks as she sucked them off.

Elliott had never really thought about Mrs. Tremblay like that, but now knowing about these apparently ongoing transgressions with his three bullies, he was interested to take a closer look at the woman. With all that in mind, Elliott walked into history class with his eyes forward, checking out the woman who was busy scribbling down a note at her desk. She flicked her eyes up as the new platoon of students walked into her class, and he saw a warm quiet smile come over her face as she spotted Jamal take his seat near the back of the room. From where Elliott sat off to the other side and closer to the front, he could turn slightly sideways in his seat and have a view of both of them.

When Mrs. Tremblay got up and perched herself on the edge of her desk to speak to the class, Elliott took a good close look at her. She was definitely older than his mother, probably in her mid-fifties. That would be about right, because he'd heard that she had grown up kids, a couple of which had already finished college. Mrs. Tremblay had a nice face, he thought. It wasn't a sexy face, like his mother's, but friendly and what Elliott thought of as trusting. The way you'd expect an older woman's face to be. There wasn't an ounce of meanness in that face, like some teachers he'd had over the years. She had what Elliott thought of as 'maturity lines' on her face, once again comparing her to his 40-year old mother. She had the beginnings of crows-feet at the corners of her eyes, and noticeable

smile lines at the corners of her mouth, which he knew people developed as they got older. But those little wrinkles suited her, and Elliott realized that he found her face to be quite attractive, in a grandmotherly sort of way.

Her hair was a soft brunette color, and she currently had it pulled up in a soft bun. Whether that was her true color or not, Elliott had no idea, but she'd been that same color since he'd been going to that school, and it looked good on her.

She was taller than his mother by a few inches, and definitely heavier. She had some extra pounds on her that he was sure she hadn't had in her younger years. She wasn't what you'd call fat by any means, just a well-filled-out mature woman, with that extra weight distributed evenly over her full, rounded body. She was wearing a conservative-looking skirt that ended just below her knees, with low-heeled shoes, which he figured she'd need, what with her being a teacher that was on her feet all day long. What he could see of her legs left a good impression. Her calves were full and fleshy, like the rest of her, but he could see that her ankles were trim, as were her knees.

But it was Mrs. Tremblay's chest that really drew Elliott's attention. She was wearing a simple white blouse beneath an open cardigan that matched the skirt she was wearing. Although neither the cardigan nor the shirt was tight, he could definitely make out some sizable tits beneath her attire. When she turned slightly from her perch on the edge of her desk, he spotted a white bra between a gap in the buttons of her blouse. And he focussed in on the way her

breasts moved beneath the sweater as she changed positions. They were definitely big all right, not as big as his mother's, but more than generous.

All around, Elliott came to the conclusion that she looked pretty damn good for her age. A good ten years at least older than his mom, and a little bit chubby, but she carried herself with a certain grace, and she still had a great set of tits, which Elliott knew counted for a lot, and not just with the likes of Jamal and his buddies, but with nearly all men.

As the lesson got underway, Elliott noticed that Mrs. Tremblay purposely avoided looking in Jamal's direction, which he figured she was doing on purpose. At one point she asked the class to each read from a section in the textbook. She took a seat at her desk as the students opened their books and set to it. They'd barely started reading when Elliott noticed Jamal get up from his seat and make his way across the room towards him, finally stopping next to his chair.

"Mrs. Tremblay, do you mind if I ask Elliott about something here I don't understand?" Jamal said as Mrs. Tremblay looked over at him, clearly confused by seeing him next to one of her star students. "He's tutoring me and I thought I'd ask him first rather than bother you."

"Of course, Jamal, that would be fine. If Elliott doesn't mind?" She looked at Elliott questioningly.

"Uh no, that's fine. I'm happy to help," Elliott said, wondering what Jamal was up to.

Jamal leaned over and put his textbook on Elliott's desk, his fingers inserted in book to the page in question. As he bent over, he made sure his body was between Elliott and the students behind and beside his desk. "What do you think this means, Elliott?" Jamal asked quietly as he opened the book, the front cover blocking everyone else's view of the page in question.

Elliott almost gasped out loud as he looked down at Jamal's book. Between the pages that Jamal had been keeping open with his thick fingers was a condom, a used one! Elliott couldn't believe what he was seeing, but there it was. He was about to say in black in white, but actually clear latex and white. Jamal kept the book tipped slightly up, the barrel of the condom beneath his fingers, the receptacle end hanging down. And fuck, Elliott thought, was it ever full! Over the last few days he'd seen the loads Jamal was capable of shooting, but seeing a full load encased within the condom almost took his breath away. The amount of cum was unbelievable, and like those first ones he'd seen the boy shoot onto his mother's table, this one was brilliantly white as well. The stuff had to be chock full of billions of sperm, enough to populate a whole country. After getting over the initial shock, Elliott looked up at Jamal wide-eyed, unsure of what he was expected to do. Jamal was just looking down at him, a shit-eating grin on his face.

"That's okay, Elliott, I'll just ask Mrs. Tremblay," Jamal said as he closed the book against his fingers and stood up, the book held close

to his chest. With the other students all engrossed in their reading, Elliott watched as Jamal sauntered over and stood right next to Mrs. Tremblay. As the youth approached, she instinctively looked up. Elliott saw her noticeably gulp as Jamal stopped right next to her chair, the bulge of his jeans mere inches from her face.

"Mrs. Tremblay, I'm wondering if you could help me with this," Elliott heard Jamal say quietly as he sat the book down on the desk in front of her and carefully lifted back the part he had grasped in his hand. The woman looked down and Elliott saw her eyes open wide. She looked out over the class to make sure no one was watching, and then carefully brought her hand up and placed her fingers over the loaded condom, Jamal letting go as she gathered it in her palm.

"I'll have to think about what that's all about, Jamal," she said quietly as she carefully slid her cupped hand off the desk and brought it to her lap. "I'll have to get back to you after I...after I digest what the author is trying to say."

Elliott saw a smile come over Jamal's face. "Take your time, Mrs. Tremblay. There's a lot there I need you to look at. I haven't given you too much to take in at one time, have I?"

"No, Jamal, I think I'll be able to handle it." Elliott saw the flushed look of excitement on the woman's face as she gave Jamal a knowing smile in return.

With a final nod, Jamal turned and walked back to his seat, flashing a quick wink in Elliott's direction on the way. Elliott's attention was drawn back to the teacher as he saw her open one of the desk drawers and take out her purse, which she carefully placed on her lap, hidden from view beneath the top of the desk. From the corner of his eye, Elliott saw her hands working on the purse, and then she stood up. With one hand holding the top of the purse, she tucked it under one arm, the hand remaining at the top. He could see that the two sides of the purse were open, and he knew that hand she was holding at the top was holding onto the open end of the condom, letting the heavily-weighted end hang down into the purse.

"I'll be back in a few minutes, class," Mrs. Tremblay said as she started towards the classroom door. "Just keep reading that section."

As soon as she left, Elliott turned in his seat and looked over at Jamal. With a lewd smile on his face, the black youth raised his hand and pointed his thumb at his mouth. He tipped his head up and Elliott saw his throat contract a few times, as if he was slugging back a drink. His act made it quite clear to Elliott what Mrs. Tremblay was going to do once she left the classroom.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Tremblay returned. Elliott noticed that her face was flushed, and her lips were shiny. She took her seat and stuffed her purse back into the drawer. Elliott could see that the top of the purse was now securely fastened.

"Jamal, now that I've been able to take in and digest that question you had for me earlier, I think it's something that we should discuss

after class," the middle-aged teacher said as she looked out over the class to the black youth.

Elliott looked over to see Jamal slowly shaking his head. "I'm sorry, I can't make it today. I have an appointment after class."

Elliott saw the look of disappointment on the teacher's face. "Oh, that's too bad. I thought that was a very interesting topic you wanted to discuss with me."

"Maybe tomorrow? I could stop by on my lunch break, if that works for you, Mrs. Tremblay?"

Elliott saw a smile come over Mrs. Tremblay's face after Jamal said that.

"That would be fine, Jamal, that way we'll have time to discuss this topic on a...on a deeper level."

Although both Jamal and Mrs. Tremblay were keeping the intent of their discussion secret from the other students, Elliott could see small knowing smiles on each of their faces.

"That's perfect, Mrs. Tremblay," Jamal said with a final nod. "I'll be ready with some hard questions for you tomorrow."

Elliott saw the woman flush as Jamal's suggestive words registered. Needing to change things up, she called on the class to give her their attention and continued with the lesson. Elliott noticed that she surreptitiously looked in Jamal's direction periodically, and a couple of times when Elliott followed her gaze, he noticed Jamal's hand quietly running over the inside of his upper thigh, where Elliott knew that long tube of flesh was lying waiting.

Other than that, there were no further interactions between Mrs. Tremblay and Jamal for the rest of the class. The period ended, and with it being the last class, school was done for the day.

"Meet us at my van in the parking lot," Jamal said to Elliott as the younger boy stood in front of his locker. "You can ride with us to your place. I'm really looking forward to today's tutoring session." Elliott looked up to see the big black youth smiling down at him. "And I think you're going to enjoy the lesson I'm gonna let you watch today too."

Elliott had a blank look on his face as Jamal casually sauntered off. Once again, Elliott was jealous of the carefree, confident swagger with which Jamal carried himself. Not wanting to keep the boys waiting, he gathered up what he needed to take home and raced to the school parking lot. Gunner and Zeke were already leaning against the side of Jamal's beat-up blue van. As Elliott walked towards them, he saw Jamal approaching from another of the school's doors.

"Hop in, Smallcox," Zeke said as he opened the back door and nodded inside.

Elliott climbed into the van, and sat on the far side of the fabric-covered bench seat. The van was pretty old, with no head rests on the back seat. The front had two separate seats for the driver and passenger, with a gap at the floor console between them. Elliott took a look over his shoulder, checking out the back of the van. It was empty, with just the dirty metal floor visible.

"I've been waiting for this all day," Gunner said from the passenger seat once Jamal dropped the van into gear and headed out of the parking lot. "What have you got in mind for the MILF today? I've got a lot of cum to give her again."

"I've got a little something special in mind today," Jamal replied. "Elliott's going to be giving us our lessons, so I figured it's time we repaid their hospitality by giving her one too. Don't worry, you'll like it, and you'll be able to get rid of as much cum as you want. Yeah, we're gonna do some serious dumpin' into that woman again."

On the short drive to the house, Elliott wondered what Jamal had in mind. He had no idea, but he knew it could only be good, especially since Jamal had already told him he'd get to watch. That little interplay between Jamal and Mrs. Tremblay had gotten him excited earlier, but thinking about what they might have in store for his mother next had his cock pushing against the confines of his underwear already.

Elliott used his key to open the door once they arrived at the house. It felt natural for him to stand aside and let the other boys lead the way, with him pulling up the rear. Jamal walked straight into the great room, where Tanya stood next to the granite-topped island, obviously expecting their arrival.

When Elliott first saw her, he wondered if she'd just come from a business meeting. She was wearing a white blouse with lapels and little cap sleeves. Her generous bust had the material of the shirt stretched taut across the bosom. Through the tight fabric, Elliott could make out the outline of a lacy white bra beneath. The material of the blouse was opaque, yet he could make out something white beneath it that fed down from her bust into the waistband of the skirt she was wearing. He wondered if she was wearing a corset of some kind.

Her skirt was a tightly-fitted light beige pencil skirt. The skirt nipped in tightly at her narrow waist, and then flared out over her womanly hips. The pencil skirt then followed the lines of her shapely legs downward. The soft-looking material hugged her thighs all the way down to just below her knees, where it was very narrow, almost like a hobble skirt he'd seen on fetish sites online. Elliott wondered how she was able to walk in such a thing. His question was answered when she turned slightly and he was able to see a slitted vent in the back that rose from the bottom of the hem to the middle of the backs of her thighs. She came around the corner of the island, and his eyes immediately went to that slit, which was both practical, and incredibly sexy.

Elliott's eyes were drawn below the hem of the skirt to her legs, which were adorned with white nylons, which looked beguilingly sexy with the beige skirt and white blouse she was wearing on top. On her feet she wore bone-colored slingbacks, with sharp pointy toes and sky-high heels. The shoes were an exact color match with her skirt, and complemented the rest of the outfit perfectly.

Elliott finally looked up at her. Her blonde hair was down and shone lustrously, framing her lovely face like a movie star. Her fair hair caught the light magically, and Elliott knew that because of her, he'd always have a soft spot in his heart for blondes. He looked at her face, which was stunningly made up. With the formal business wear, his mother had done her makeup to match. Her eye shadow was done up in bewitching bronzy reddish tones, and with her mascara and eye-liner, the whole look worked nicely with the subtle light tones of her outfit, yet still made her warm blue eyes look alluringly provocative. She was wearing the wet-look lipstick that Jamal had insisted on. Her lips shone wetly, and Elliott thought her full mouth painted with the glossy lipstick made it look like it was ready to take a cock at a moment's notice. She looked glamorous, confident, and yet incredibly sexy at the same time.

"There she is. There's my favorite cocksucker," Jamal said as he stepped over to the MILF and took her in his arms. He wrapped her up in his long arms and kissed her, his full lips pressed against hers. Elliott noticed that his mother had learned her lesson from yesterday as her hand immediately went to the front of Jamal's pants, her fingers searching out his big slab of meat.

"C'mere, blondie," Gunner said next as he moved in for his kiss. She groped him as well, a soft moan escaping her lips as the blonde youth thrust his tongue deep into her mouth.

Zeke was last, his long arms encircling her as he pulled her close. He cupped one of her big breasts as they kissed, her own hand busy over the front of his pants, just as Jamal had instructed.

"After a long day of school, a Red Bull would go nicely right now. Don't you think so, guys?" Jamal asked as he stepped over to the fridge and opened the door.

"Can't think of anything better," Gunner replied as he took one of the cans Jamal had for him and Zeke. As he popped open the can, he blatantly looked Tanya up and down, a lecherous smile coming over his face. "Well, almost nothing."

"I uh, I made you boys some chili," Tanya said. She pointed to a slow cooker sitting on the counter. "I figured you might be hungry."

"Well, isn't that sweet," Jamal said with a toothy grin. "You feed us, and we feed you." He blatantly reached down and groped himself, which made Tanya blush.

"Did I, did I do okay with this outfit?" Tanya asked Jamal as she tried to change the subject. "Is this what you wanted to see?"

"It's perfect. Just like the picture I sent you." Jamal gave a hearty nod, letting Tanya know he was pleased.

Tanya was thrilled that the black youth was happy with her. She'd received a text shortly after Elliott had left for school. Jamal had mentioned the picture he'd sent her, but the text had actually contained two pictures as attachments. The wording of the text itself was short and sweet:

I want to see you in this today. Be sure to open both.

Excited to have received the message, and very curious, Tanya had clicked on the first attachment. It was a picture of a model in business clothing, quite different than the overtly-suggestive nurse's costume Jamal had brought her to wear the day before. No, this outfit of a blouse and past-the-knee pencil skirt was the type of thing Tanya often wore herself to meetings with clients. As she looked at the picture, she smiled to herself, definitely picturing herself in the elegant-looking blouse and trim skirt. The whole light-colored outfit looked very sophisticated, and Tanya loved the look of the complete ensemble.

Along with the outfit, she'd have to get herself some new shoes, along with the white nylons shown. The bone-colored slingbacks the model was wearing looked really nice, and the pointy toes and towering heels made the girl's legs look great, and incredibly sexy. Yes, Tanya would be only too happy to wear an outfit like that, but

it did surprise her that Jamal would pick something so understated, so sophisticated, especially after that episode the day before. She figured the boy was likely full of surprises, and this was one that she was happy about.

She opened the second attachment, and the picture almost took her breath away. It was a lingerie shot. The model was blonde, like her, but not nearly as busty. But Jamal had sent the picture for her to see what the model was wearing, and Tanya looked over the picture closely, feeling that itchy feeling start deep in her cunt as she looked at the sexy undergarments.

All the lingerie the model was wearing was brilliant white, and Tanya guessed that it was from a section of a website that dealt with bridal lingerie. And everything the young woman was wearing was incredibly glamorous, deliciously feminine and so pretty. Tanya loved it.

She got dressed and was at the mall as soon as it opened. She made the rounds of the required stores to pick up everything Jamal had shown in the pictures he'd sent. She spent a long time in the lingerie store, looking over all the beautiful things they had before moving towards the bridal section. She figured Jamal would have her visiting the store many times. She justified her purchases with the knowledge that if she could keep Jamal and the other two boys happy, they wouldn't be bullying Elliott. Yes, she had no problem spending money on clothing like this if it kept her sweet boy safe and happy.

"Yes, that outfit looks great. Nothing like a sexy businesswoman to make your cock hard," Jamal said as he hungrily looked Tanya up and down. He turned to Gunner and Zeke. "You guys have always wanted to fuck a beautiful, sophisticated business woman, haven't you?"

"Fuckin' right," Gunner replied while Zeke nodded in agreement. Elliott could see that both of them were almost drooling with anticipation as they ate up his mother with their eyes. He couldn't blame them—she looked absolutely stunning.

"Let's see you walk around a little bit." Jamal held his hand out and made a walking gesture with his fingers.

Tanya did as she was asked. She turned and walked partway across the room, did a slow pirouette, and then walked back towards them, her broad hips shifting provocatively from side to side.

"Fuck, that tight skirt looks fantastic," Zeke said, his hand rubbing over the front of his pants.

"And that shirt looks like it's about to burst open," Gunner added, his eyes locked on the MILF's huge tits straining against the front of the elegant blouse.

"Gunner's right," Jamal said. "We don't want to ruin that shirt, do we, sweetheart? Why don't you pop open a couple of those buttons and let those babies of yours breathe a little?"

Tanya reached up and undid the two buttons at the top of the open neckline. She felt the material seem to relax once the buttons were open, the panels of the blouse encompassing her chest pushing open and sliding outwards slightly. She could feel her breasts filling the gap she'd created, the swells of her tits on display for the boys to see.

"There, that's better. That's what we like to see," Jamal said as he nodded to his two pals, a big grin on his face.

Elliott's eyes almost popped out of his head as he zeroed in on his mother's enormous boobs. He could see a portion of a white bra, part of the cups visible above the buttons that were still done up. The bra was intricately lacy, and looked gorgeous against the soft smooth skin of her breasts.

"I think we'd like to see even more. Don't you think so, Zeke?" Gunner said, tapping his friend on the arm.

"Fuck yeah. Let's get a full look at those big tits." Zeke's hand kept sliding over the front of his pants, where a noticeable bulge was now present.

Tanya looked at Jamal questioningly.

"You heard the man. Take that blouse right off, but leave the skirt on."

Tanya hesitated for only a second before undoing the next button. She pulled the tail of the blouse out of the skirt's tight waistband, and then undid the rest of the buttons. She twisted her shoulders as she drew off the blouse entirely, setting it down on top of the kitchen island.

"Oh fuck, what a gorgeous set of tits," Zeke mumbled as his eyes ravished Tanya's exposed chest.

Elliott was thinking the same thing. Her tits looked incredible in the beautifully feminine, white, half-cup bra. The cups barely covered her nipples, and he could see that it was heavily reinforced, pushing her big tits together and up spectacularly. Based on what he could see through the blouse earlier, he'd originally thought his mother was wearing some kind of corset. Now that her top was bare, he could see that she was wearing the beautiful lacy bra, and then an inch or two below the bottom of the bra, he could see what appeared to be a matching waist cincher. It was the same brilliant white as the bra, with the same intricate lacy pattern. Vertical reinforced ribs separated the various panels of the garment, which followed the contours of her enticing hourglass figure. The part of the cincher that he could see molded itself to her body from the waist up to just beneath her breasts. Moving down from there, it nipped in waspishly at her trim waist, where it also disappeared from view beneath the high waistband of her slim-fitting skirt. Elliott thought the matching

bra and cincher looked fantastic, especially with that little teasing gap of her smooth golden skin between the two pieces. And with her still wearing the tight knee-length skirt along with the white nylons and high heels, she looked teasingly sexy. He imagined the boys were looking at her the same way, as a powerful woman coming home from the office at the end of the day and getting undressed. And from their point of view, he was sure they were thinking the reason she was doing so was to get ready to be fucked by big, hard, teenage cocks.

"They are definitely gorgeous," Jamal said as his eyes feasted on Tanya's breasts as well. "C'mere, sweetheart."

Tanya took the few steps over as Jamal opened his arms, and then drew her in for another kiss. As his lips met hers, her hand immediately went to his groin, where she found his sizable member swelling as it pressed against her fingers. While she massaged his stiffening prick, he ran his hand up the front of her body. He squeezed and hefted her bra-covered tits as he kissed her, his tongue duelling with hers.

"Fuck, those are heavy," he said as he pulled back from the kiss, leaving her breathless, her mouth gaping open. "Check it out."

He passed her off to Gunner, who quickly pressed his lips to hers. Like Jamal, his big mitt roamed over her chest, groping and mauling her voluminous tits. And as she'd done with Jamal, Tanya's hand automatically went to the front of the blonde youth's pants, stroking his burgeoning cock.

Gunner let Zeke take his place, the third in a row to have his way with her chest as he kissed her.

"Fuck, what a handful," Zeke said as he finally stepped back.

Elliott saw his mother lean against the island, her bosom heaving as she breathed raggedly. He could tell she was aroused by her flushed face. "Should we, should we start one of the tutoring lessons now?" he asked, hoping to divert their attention away from her.

"Just hold on there a second, Junior," Jamal said. "We'll get to those lessons soon enough. But first, I've got a special lesson for your mother. Something I want her to learn."

Tanya looked at Jamal, a confused look on her face. "Me? A lesson for me?"

"Yes." Jamal gestured to his two friends. "We're all doing our lessons, so I think it's only right if you have a lesson or two every now and then as well."

"Wha...what kind of lesson?"

A broad smile broke out over Jamal's handsome face. "Oh, one I think you're going to get an A+ in, and one that I'm sure you'll enjoy."

"A+?"

"Yeah, I have no doubt that you'll exceed my expectations. Now, let's go upstairs so we can get started on it. And since I'm sure you're going to do so well, I'm even going to let Elliott watch how you do."

Jamal took her by the hand and led her up the stairs with Gunner and Zeke right behind, while Elliott drew up the rear. "Bring your mama's nice new blouse up, Elliott. I'm gonna be eating some of that fine chili there later and I don't want to make a mess on it."

"Yes sir." Thrilled to be included, Elliott snatched up the discarded blouse and followed the others up into his mother's bedroom, where he placed the blouse over the back of the chair at her dressing table.

"Elliott, turn down the covers on your mother's bed. I don't want anything getting in the way."

Elliott did as Jamal told him, folding the covers down and right off the bed.

"Good, you can take that skirt off now, sweetheart."

Tanya was just as obedient when it came to following Jamal's instructions now as she'd been when he'd instructed her to take off

her blouse. She reached behind her and pulled down the zipper at the back of the dress, and then shimmied her hips as she drew the tight skirt down and off her legs. She passed it to Elliott, who placed it across the dressing room chair, taking care not to wrinkle it.

"Oh Jesus," Zeke mumbled again as Tanya turned and faced the three of them.

Elliott knew exactly what Zeke was thinking. Fuck, his mother looked incredible. Without the skirt, the full impact of the sexy bridal lingerie hit him like a ton of bricks. The intricately-designed waist cincher drew your eyes magnetically to her curvy hourglass figure. He'd seen the top part, but now with the skirt out of the way, he could see how the figure-fitting garment followed the natural contours of her body. From her slender waist, it flared out attractively over her wide matronly hips, with the bottom edge of the cincher displaying a delicate lacy fringe all around. Extending down over each leg in both the front and the back were ribbon-like garters, whose clasps at the ends bit tightly into the white nylons she was wearing.

Elliott felt his heart skip a beat as he looked at those nylons. God, were they ever sexy. There was about a six-inch wide band at the top of each leg that surrounded her creamy thighs luxuriously. The bands were incredibly detailed with lace in an almost floral design, extremely delicate and feminine looking. Below that teasingly sexy band, the nylons gave off a sheer white glow as they followed the smooth lines of her shapely legs all the way down until they disappeared inside her sky-high slingbacks. Except for the bone-

colored high heels, everything was in brilliant white, which looked deliciously exciting against her tanned golden skin.

After his eyes travelled the full length of her body, Elliott zeroed in on her midsection. Beneath the garters he could see that she was wearing tiny panties that had thin straps that came high over each hip, disappearing beneath the lower edge of the waist cincher. From the side, Elliott could see the straps fed into a slim vertical one at the back, the narrow white band disappearing down between her curvy bumcheeks like a thong. The front panel of the panties barely covered her lush warm mound and, like the embroidery on both the bra and cincher, and the lacy panels of her stockings, that material of her panties was intricately detailed in lace as well. The pattern was symmetrical, and from his vantage point across the room, the delicate lace almost looked like a butterfly's spreading wings.

The whole outfit combined looked beautifully feminine and yet wickedly erotic at the same time. Elliott felt his cock give a lurch as his eyes, as well as those of his three bullies, roamed hungrily over his mother's gorgeous body.

"I knew you'd look fantastic in that outfit," Jamal said as he pulled off his t-shirt and started undoing his jeans. "But now it's time for your lesson. Elliott, go and get your mother one of those hair scrunchie things."

Jamal had gestured towards his mother's dressing table, knowing already that's where she kept her hair and makeup supplies. Elliott went to the drawer he'd seen his mother use before and found a

white scrunchie mixed in with a number of other colored ones. As soon as he handed it to her, she whipped her hair up into a tight ponytail. They all knew what the request for the scrunchie meant — Jamal wanted to make use of her mouth first thing. By the time she was done, all three of the boys had discarded their clothes and stood around her, casually stroking their big limber cocks.

"Now, you want this, don't you, sweetheart?" Jamal asked teasingly as he took a step forwards, his stroking hand pointing his stiffening prick directly at her.

Elliott saw his mother look hungrily at Jamal's massive dick, the wet red eye glistening with precum already. "Yes," she nodded under her breath, as if in a trance.

"You want it in that sweet mouth of yours, I can tell by that look on your face. You want to feel my big black cock filling your mouth until I blow a thick creamy load right down your throat, don't you?"

Elliott could see his mother becoming flushed with arousal as Jamal continued to stroke his long black cock, the enormous purple head growing ever angrier as more of his hot blood flowed into it.

"Yes," she said again in a soft breathy voice, her eyes locked on his growing erection.

"But you want more, don't you? I've seen how frustrated you get taking just a few inches into that hot wet mouth of yours. You want every last inch of this black gun, I can see it in your eyes. You want the full barrel all the way down your throat, don't you?"

With her eyes locked hypnotically on the drooling tip of Jamal's huge cock, Tanya nodded, her body flushed with excitement, and the need to feel that beautiful big cock filling her mouth.

"That's what I thought," Jamal said as he looked at his two pals with a lewd smile on his face. "And that's what I have in mind for today's lesson—you're gonna learn how to take this big black barrel all the way down that throat of yours."

"Jamal, don't you think we should go in order, like we did with Mrs. Tremblay?" Zeke asked, hoping to be first.

Jamal looked at Tanya with that nasty smile on his face, and shook his head slowly. "No. With everything with this one, I'm going first. She's special."

Resigned to his fate, Zeke quietly stepped back, his hand still working on his larger-than-average cock.

"C'mon, sweetheart," Jamal said. "Get up on your bed on your hands and knees. I'm gonna teach you how to swallow every last inch of this big cock of mine."

Tanya did as she was told. She crawled onto the bed on her hands and knees and turned until she was facing crossways, her straightened arms supporting her at the edge of the side of the bed. She flipped her head, causing her lustrous blonde ponytail to drape down her back, away from her mouth. She knew how Jamal hated the idea of a woman's hair getting in the way when he wanted his cock sucked.

"That's a nice fuck-handle," Jamal said as he nodded towards the ponytail streaming down her back. "I'm going to be making use of that later." He stepped closer, his huge black cock protruding from the end of his circling hand.

Elliott thought his mother looked absolutely stunning, positioned there on her hands and knees, her big tits facing downwards, the heavily structured bra straining as it fought to contain the heavy weight. And positioned on her hands and knees, he thought she looked like a mare waiting to be mounted, and all three of these guys had the stallion-like cocks she needed to fill that itchy void inside her.

"That's just how I want you, sweetheart," Jamal said as he stepped in front of her and set his feet well apart, firming up his stance. "Lick those pretty lips for me. Get them nice and wet for my cock to slide between."

Tanya extended her tongue and rolled it around her painted lips, the red glossy lipstick shining even more brightly than usual.

"That's my girl," Jamal said as he drew his raging prick down and pointed it right at her mouth. "Give me that target. You know what I like."

Elliott watched as his mother formed her lips into an inviting 'O', just as Jamal had asked her to do previously. Elliott thought his mother looked wickedly hot with her mouth open and beckoning like that, only an inch or two separating it from the engorged head of Jamal's monstrous black cock.

"That's perfect. Here it comes." Jamal positioned the tip of his drooling cock at the round opening she'd formed with her lips. As soon as her lips met the pebbly surface of his glans, he slowly started to flex forward.

Elliott watched as his mother's lips followed the flaring contours of the enormous mushroom head, the black cock looked sinfully taboo as it made its way between her painted red lips, the ebony truncheon contrasting dramatically with the smooth white skin of her face.

"Oh yeah, that's the mouth I love," Jamal crooned as he forced his prick deeper. The MILF's lips were stretched so much they were on the verge of tearing before they slipped over the rope-like ridge of his corona, trapping the huge knob inside her mouth.

"Mmm..."

Elliott heard his mother give off a soft purr at the same time as her eyes closed in bliss. He was already getting used to her doing that as soon as one of the boys stuck their cock into her mouth. There was no doubt that she loved it, that she loved to suck cock, and seemingly, the bigger, the better.

"That's it, get it nice and wet," Jamal said as he took her head in his hands and started to rock his hips. With his fingers entwined in her shiny blonde hair, he worked her mouth slowly. He alternated rolling his hips with slow back and forth thrusts, making sure every one of the hot wet tissues inside her mouth came in contact with his hard black cock.

Within only a minute or so, Elliott saw her saliva start to become a frothy mess at the connection of her ovalled lips with Jamal's thrusting cock. It looked luridly exciting to see a big gob of her spit slide down the underside of Jamal's cock and dangle lewdly before falling to the floor. With her face perched past the edge of the bed, Elliott could see she was slobbering lovingly over the black youth's cock, wanting to give him as much pleasure as possible. Her half-closed eyes were glassy and dreamy, and Elliott could tell just by looking at her how aroused she was.

"Okay, sweetheart, it's time to go deeper," Jamal said as he set himself again, his hands gripping Tanya's head firmer. "Let's start by having you tip your head up and lower your body a little bit. I want your mouth and throat in a nice straight line."

Tanya let Jamal tilt her face upwards, at the same time lowering her boobs closer to the bed. Elliott noticed the arch in her back made her big curvy bum sit up nice and high, as if she was offering it up for a good deep fuck.

Pleased with her position, Jamal continued. "Now, I'm going to go nice and slow, and I want you to try and relax that gag reflex. Just concentrate on that and we'll see if we can get this black barrel all the way in."

Elliott saw his mother give a small nod, her lips still wrapped around the black slab of muscle buried partway in her mouth. He saw Jamal wriggle his hips, positioning the tip of his cock exactly where he wanted it before proceeding. Elliott could see that his mother had less than half of the black youth's cock inside her mouth. He couldn't imagine the whole thing fitting inside. Not only was it long, but it was almost as thick as Elliott's forearm as well.

"All right, take a nice deep breath. Here we go," Jamal said as he slowly started to flex his hips forward.

Elliott saw only an inch or so of the shaft slide deeper between his mother's bright red lips before she started to gag.

"AAACCCKKK," she gasped as the monstrous invader tried to enter her throat.

Jamal pulled back slightly, the enflamed knob still lodged in her mouth. "That's all right. I'm not worried. It happens with everybody the first time." As he paused, Elliott wondered how many girls, and women, he'd done this to. From the tone of his words, it sounded like a lot. "Let's try again. Now concentrate on relaxing those muscles in your throat."

Jamal set himself and slowly flexed forward again. Elliott saw his mother struggle mightily to accept the enormous cock, but Jamal only got about another inch in before she gagged again and pulled back. Jamal drew his rearing cock right out of her mouth this time, frothy saliva hanging off his throbbing erection. Tanya coughed a couple of times and tried to compose herself. Elliott thought she looked embarrassed by her apparent failure.

"Hmmm, do you want me to stop?" Jamal asked, taking his cock in hand and dragging the dripping tip all over Tanya's face, leaving a nasty snail-trail of saliva and precum on her skin.

Tanya didn't hesitate as she quickly shook her head. "No, please. I'm sorry. I'd like to try again."

Her words brought a knowing smile to Jamal's face. "All right, sweetheart. Let's try something else this time. I think once I get you taking this cock all the way down the first time, it's going to be clear sailing after that." He reached down beside her and grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed. Tanya instinctively sat back as he placed it

on the edge of the mattress right where her hands had been supporting her. "There now. Get over on your back and let your head hang over the edge. That'll put your mouth and throat in a nice straight line for me."

Tanya did as she was told and rolled over onto her back. She edged herself towards the side of the bed until her neck and upper body were supported by the pillow and her face was tilted backwards over the edge. With her body tipped backwards, Elliott thought her massive tits looked like they were trying to escape the clutching confines of the lacy bra cups. The swells of velvety-soft flesh jiggled provocatively as she edged herself into position, but the heavily-structured bra held them in place, the lacy cups keeping her nipples from view. Her long blonde ponytail hung down teasingly, the tip almost reaching the floor. Elliott knew why Jamal had put her in this position—she looked perfectly placed for a good hard throat-fucking.

"Guys, go around and take a look at the panties I picked out for her," Jamal said as he stepped closer to the waiting MILF, his hand once again stroking his surging cock. "Draw your knees up for them, sweetheart."

Still working their rigid dicks, Gunner and Zeke stepped around to the other side of the bed. Elliott, unsure of what to do, stayed where he was.

"You too, Elliott," Jamal said as he nodded towards the other two boys. "Take a look at how pretty your mama's pussy looks."

Elliott followed the other two boys and looked down between his mother's nylon-clad legs. His mother had drawn her knees up, as Jamal had instructed, the deadly heels of her slingbacks digging into the bed. As the boys approached, she let her thighs drift open to each side.

What Elliott saw made his heart skip a beat. With her now lying on her back and her legs up and open, they had an unobstructed view of her panties, or what little of them there was. He'd been right when he'd made an observation on the partial view he'd had from the front. They were designed to look like a butterfly's wings. It was all done in intricate lace, with the large top wings forming most of the front panel of the panties. The smaller back wings tucked down and disappeared between her legs, but between them, her pussy was clearly visible. Basically, at the end of the day, they were crotchless panties, but the most beautiful ones Elliott could ever have imagined. Dainty, lacy, and femininely beautiful, they drew your eye to his mother's treasured pussy. And the boys could already see that the pouty petals of her sex were glistening wetly.

"A fuckin' butterfly," Gunner muttered. "Beautiful."

"And she's soaked already," Zeke added. "Her pussy juice is almost dripping out of her cunt."

"Well, I'll give her something else to concentrate on," Jamal said as he leaned forward and pointed the big knob of his cock between her

shiny red lips. He didn't waste any time, but plugged his cock right back into her open mouth. Again, he set his feet to give himself a good firm stance. "Okay, relax that throat for me. Here we go."

Elliott watched as Jamal kept his fingers pressing down on the top of his stiff prick as he slowly levered his hips forward. His mother's lips were perilously stretched around the massive black shaft, but Elliott could see in her eyes how much she wanted this. After Jamal had fed a few inches into her face, he stopped, shifting his hips slightly as he got the tip of his prick centred on the opening to her throat.

"All right, I'm going to go nice and slow. So take a deep breath, and then concentrate on relaxing that gag reflex."

Elliott saw his mother nod with her eyes, even though her head was almost upside down. Jamal took a deep breath himself, and then started to slowly flex his hips forward.

"Glmphh..." Elliott heard a strange gulping-type sound come from his mother's throat, but she didn't start gagging and coughing. Instead, Elliott watched, totally mesmerized, as Jamal's cock started to disappear as it went deeper between her shiny red lips. At the same time, Elliott saw his mother's throat start to bulge out as Jamal fed his thick hard cock deeper into her. Jamal eventually removed his fingers from the top of his throbbing dick. With it buried this far in throat, it wasn't going anywhere, anywhere except deeper.

"Oh fuck, look at her take it," Zeke said quietly, his own cock like a bar of steel in his hand as he watched Jamal's thick ebony wand go luxuriously deeper, and deeper still, until his shaven groin pressed up against her lips, his heavy balls laying on her face.

"Oh man, is that fucking throat of hers ever hot," Jamal said, a big shit-eating grin on his face. Reluctantly, he pulled back, allowing the MILF to breathe.

Elliott saw that incredible bulge in his mother's throat recede as Jamal flexed backward, and then saw his mother's chest rise as she took a breath once the monstrous cock had cleared her airway. Her big tits swelled up as she took the air into her lungs, the huge orbs straining spectacularly against the pretty white bra.

"You did great, sweetheart," Jamal said, his voice lush with praise. "I knew you could do it. Now take another deep breath, 'cause I want that throat again. Let's see if we can work up a nice rhythm. When I draw back, you take a breath, okay?"

Again, with her mouth full of cock, Elliott saw his mother nod with her eyes. He could see the look of satisfaction on her face, and he could tell she was thrilled after hearing Jamal's complimentary words. Jamal leaned forward and started to slide his prick back into her throat. Elliott noticed she didn't make that gulping sound this time, but gave off a gentle purr instead. At the same time, her throat bulged out lewdly, and Elliott was sure he could actually see the pronounced ridge of Jamal's cock in that illicitly sinful bulge as the black youth went balls deep once more. As soon as he bottomed out

with his balls resting against her face, he drew back, far enough for her to take another breath. When he saw her chest rise, he flexed forward again, his huge cock sliding all the way into her welcoming throat.

"Oh fuck, she's taking it like a pro," Zeke said, as both he and Gunner watched the erotic spectacle from the other side of the bed.

"Holy shit. Does that feel as good as it looks?" Gunner asked as he raised his eyes from Tanya's distended throat to look his friend in the eye.

"Even better. Fuck, it's amazing." Having said that, Jamal looked down at the sexy MILF and started into a smooth rhythm, his powerful hips moving at a steady rate as he fed every last inch of his stallion-like cock into the woman's silky-smooth throat. After a minute or two, he raised his eyes and looked over at Elliott.

"Cox, get over here."

Not sure what was expected of him, but thrilled beyond words to be included in any way, Elliott stepped over until he stood next to the naked black youth.

"Put your hand on your mother's throat. Feel how much she loves that big black cock fucking her face."

Shivering with excitement, and with his heart pounding in his chest, Elliott reached down and placed his fingers gently on his mother's neck. "Wow," he couldn't help but mutter under his breath as he felt Jamal's cock go back and forth, his huge cock causing the smooth skin of her throat to press lewdly against Elliott's hand as it bulged obscenely. As Jamal worked his hips smoothly, Elliott could even feel the pronounced ridge of his corona against his fingers as the huge prick moved relentlessly back and forth. To Elliott, it felt unbelievable that she was taking something that big, and that powerful, all the way down her throat. He could feel the power in that hard cock right through her flesh, and he knew his mother could feel how magnificent that cock was too. The way she was purring deep in throat made it obvious that she was loving having it slide repetitively into the depths of her gullet. It reminded him of what his three bullies had said about his mother, that she had a body 'made for big cocks'. And now, he understood that once again. He'd watched her take each of their three huge cocks deep into her pussy, and buried as far into her asshole as they could get it, and now, they were going to do the same with her throat. Yes, all three of her holes would feel the full length and girth of their sizeable pricks, and he could tell she loved it, and wanted it, wanted it bad.

"That's enough for now," Jamal said as he reached forward and made a sweeping motion with his arm, moving Elliott back out of the way. "That throat of your mom's is so fuckin' hot, I'm gonna blow pretty soon."

"She's leaking and squirming like crazy. Those fancy panties are getting soaked. She looks like she's about to get off too," Zeke said.

"I'm gonna finger her while you're working that throat. C'mon, baby, open those legs further for me."

As Zeke crawled onto the other side of the bed, Tanya obediently brought her knees up even further and spread her thighs wide open to each side, totally exposing her vivid pink pussy lips through the opening in the butterfly-like panties. Her whole mound was glistening with her flowing juices. Zeke reached down and slid his middle finger between those pouting lips, sliding it to the hilt inside her.

"Mmm," her soft moan could be heard clearly, even with Jamal's thick cock filling her throat.

Elliott looked at the sordid scene in wonder, his cock a throbbing bone inside his pants. Jamal was working his mother's throat as deep as he could with every slow smooth stroke, tickling her tonsils with that massive piece of meat. He was rolling his hips in a forward and slightly upward movement at the same time, making sure she was breathing regularly each time he drew backwards. Zeke's forearm was moving back and forth as he fingered her, sometimes adding a twist of the wrist as he worked over her juicy cunt. And all the while, Gunner stood next to the bed watching, a lewd expression on his face, his hand getting his thick rigid cock ready, knowing he'd be next to use that throat of hers.

"Oh fuck, this pussy of hers is even hotter than Jennie's," Zeke said as he looked up at his two friends.

Elliott knew who Jennie was. She was a girl at their school who was kind of a nerd, but had a great body. She also had a bit of rep as a girl who appeared meek and mild, but loved to fuck. Elliott had always thought they were just gossipy rumors—now he had to think otherwise.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna come soon," Jamal said as he kept working his hips smoothly back and forth in that lewd rolling motion. "But don't worry, sweetheart, I know how much you love to swallow that gravy. When I come, I'm gonna back up and dump it right into your mouth."

Elliott saw his mother's glassy eyes blink slowly in agreement, letting Jamal know that was exactly what she wanted. Elliott's eyes were drawn to her boobs, which were jiggling erotically as Jamal moved back and forth, rocking her body at the same time. Her huge tits looked like they wanted to burst forth and be free, but Elliott thought they looked perfect, teasingly contained in the lacy white bra.

"OH FUCK! HERE IT IS. SWALLOW IT," Jamal said as he backed out of her throat and wrapped his hand around his pulsating cock. With the end still trapped between her sucking lips, he started to come. His hand pumped back and forth as he flooded her mouth with a torrent of jizz.

Tanya felt almost overwhelmed by the amount of cum filling her mouth, so much, and so fast. She swallowed, feeling the silky texture

of Jamal's thick, rich cum slide smoothly down her ravaged throat. Just the thought of what he'd just done to her combined with the succulent taste of his potent young seed sent her right over the edge.

"Fuck, man, she's coming too," Zeke said as he continued to finger her. Her backside was bucking and thrashing about beneath his fingers as her climax shot through her. He felt his hand awash with her warm juices, the stuff just spraying out of her hot mature cunt.

"That's the way," Jamal said as he kept jerking his huge cock. "Swallow it. Swallow all of that shit." He kept coming, and Tanya kept swallowing, as awkward as it was on her back. Still, she couldn't keep up. The excess started seeping out the corners of her mouth on each side. Silvery rivulets of teenage boy-cum slid lewdly down the sides of her face. Eventually the sinfully wicked trails of cum grew in size, until the growing gobs of semen dangled off the sides of her face, swaying obscenely back and forth before snapping off and falling to the floor.

"Oh man, that throat is incredible," Jamal said. With his climax waning, he pulled his prick out from between the MILF's stretched lips and flicked the last drops of spunk into her open mouth. Her own orgasm was winding down at the same time. She laid there as the tingling sensations sifted out of her body, her mouth hanging open as she gasped for air, her huge tits heaving beneath the sexy bra.

"C'mon, kid, time for my tutoring lesson," Jamal said as he reached down and pulled his jeans on.

Broken out of the mesmerizing trance he'd been in while watching the bizarre spectacle, Elliott was finally able to draw his eyes away from his mother to look over at Jamal.

"Let's go," Jamal said as he did up the button on his jeans and gestured with his head towards the door. "You promised us those lessons, so let's get to it. We'll let these boys have their turns with your mother's throat."

It never failed to make Elliott feel strange to hear them talk about his mother as if she wasn't even there.

"Yeah, and I'm next," Gunner said as he took Jamal's place at the side of the bed. With that nasty smile on his face, he pointed the engorged knob of his cock at the older woman's gaping mouth.

"Go ahead, buddy," Zeke said as he moved closer between Tanya's spread legs. "I'm gonna fuck her while you're working her throat. These panties are just too sexy. It's gonna be like fucking a butterfly, a hot slippery butterfly."

Jamal put his hand on Elliott's shoulder and led him towards the door. Elliott turned just as they were about to leave.

"Oh fuck, is that pussy ever hot," he heard Zeke say. He watched as the boy started to work his rigid dick into his mother's cunt, the boy's hips pressing steadily forward.

"Open up, blondie. Gunner's got a big slab of white meat for you to suck on this time, and some more throat milk to feed ya. Get ready, 'cause I'm going all the way down that throat of yours the first time."

Elliott saw the blonde youth plug his raging prick into his mother's mouth and start to lever himself into her, the first few inches sliding between her wet red lips.

"Cox, let's go!" Jamal's words made Elliott turn and he felt Jamal's big hand grab his arm and pull him out of the room, closing the door behind them.

Elliott felt somewhat shaken as he and Jamal sat at the table and opened their school books. They'd barely sat down before the usual sounds starting coming through the floor above them.

EEN-EE...EEN-EE...

The old bed was creaking in protest, and that constant thumping reverberated down to them, letting Elliott know that Zeke was pounding it into her, and Elliott knew that Gunner would be balls deep into her throat at the same time.

"Let's have some of that chili your mom made," Jamal said as he reached for one of the bowls Tanya had set out near the slow cooker. "I think I'm gonna need some more fuel for later. Like I said, your mom definitely has a body made for big cocks."

Realizing he was hungry as well, Elliott joined Jamal and scooped himself out a bowl of the food. The obscene sounds continued through their lesson, with a brief pause after about twenty minutes. It started up again within just a minute or two, and Elliott realized the two boys had likely switched positions.

Jamal didn't pay any attention to the lewd noises, and surprised Elliott by concentrating on the lesson Elliott was giving him. The black youth asked pertinent questions, and Elliott was impressed by his fresh take and insightful thoughts on some issues they'd discussed in class.

A while later, Zeke came down. Like Jamal, he had his jeans on but was bare-chested, his body gleaming with a fine sheen of perspiration. "You're right," he said as he looked over at Jamal. "That throat of hers is incredible, and man, does she ever love having a cock in her mouth. Ah yes, some of that chili is just the thing the Zeke-man needs."

"Looks like it's time for Zeke's lesson," Jamal said to Elliott. He closed his own books up and got up from the table. He looked down at Elliott and gave the boy a wink. "I better get up there. Your mom likes more than one cock in her at a time."

While Zeke wolfed down the chili, Elliott started in on another math lesson. The thumping and creaking from above was relentless and, like Jamal, Zeke paid it no attention but concentrated on what Elliott was teaching him.

About forty-five minutes later, Gunner came down and took Zeke's place. He had some food as well, and Elliott could see the blonde youth's heart wasn't in it when it came to the math lesson. The boy kept looking up at the ceiling, envious of his friends who were causing those lurid noises to rain down upon them.

"That's enough for today," Gunner said less than a half hour later as he closed his books firmly and then groped his jean-covered crotch. "I think your mom needs a little more of this, and I don't want those guys to have all the fun."

Elliott looked at Gunner, a bewildered expression on his face. He gestured towards his mother's bedroom door as Gunner got up from the table. "Should I...uh, should I...?"

"We'll call you if we need you. Read a book, or something. It's likely to be a while."

Somewhat disheartened, as Gunner strode up the stairs, Elliott opened up his books to do his own homework. He was shocked when mere seconds later, he heard his name called.

"Yo, Elliott." He looked up to see Jamal poking his head around his mother's bedroom door. "Get up here, bro. You're missing all the fun."

## Chapter 2

Thrilled beyond words, at being both allowed into the bullies' inner sanctum, and at being called 'bro' by Jamal, Elliott couldn't keep the smile off his face as he scurried up the stairs.

"You're making the effort to teach us something," Jamal said as he put his arm around Elliott's shoulder and led him into the room, "so it's only fair that we teach you something."

Surprised at hearing Jamal use the word 'fair,' Elliott followed the black youth's hand as he gestured towards the bed. He almost gasped at what he was looking at. Gunner was on his back in the middle of the bed, with his mother on top of him on her hands and knees, facing the headboard. The bra she was wearing was long gone, and Elliott saw that it had been tossed onto the floor beside the bed. She was still wearing the sexy waist cincher, which drew your eyes to her shapely hourglass figure like a magnet. Above that, and in profile, he could see her massive breasts, hanging nice and heavy as she leaned forwards, her nipples stiff and begging for attention. God, she has gorgeous tits, Elliott thought to himself.

He tore his eyes away and looked further downwards on her body. Gunner's thick white cock was crammed deep into her mature pussy, and Elliott could see the stretched lips of her labia circling his big cock as it slid up and down inside her. Zeke was on his knees near the top of the bed, working her head back and forth on his thrusting cock. Elliott noticed that those sexy butterfly panties she'd been wearing were long gone too. The backs and insides of her thighs were glistening with both her own juices, and pearly tracings of the boys' cum. Frothy strands of the stuff clung lewdly to her vulva and Gunner's pistoning cock. Elliott wondered how many loads they'd already pumped into her. He could even see one big glistening wad matted into her pulled-back hair. It was obvious they'd been keeping her busy at both ends while he'd been doling out the tutoring lessons.

"You're just in time to see us make her airtight again. Have a seat." Jamal gestured to the easy chair Elliott had been sitting in previously. "Feel free to beat off if you want."

With his eyes fixed on the lurid display going on before him, Elliott took his seat, his butt perched on the front edge of the chair, his cock quickly coming to attention. He looked down to see a wadded mass on the floor next to the chair, realizing it was those delicate butterfly panties she'd been wearing earlier. He watched as Jamal walked around the side of the bed, his huge weighty cock hanging out at an angle of about ninety degrees to his body. Elliott wondered how a thing that huge could ever fill up with blood without causing Jamal to pass out. But Elliott had seen it numerous times already at full erection, the enormous lance rising up towards the sky, as if defying anyone to deny what havoc it was about to wreak on its unsuspecting victim. Only this time, like the others these past days,

the unsuspecting victim was Elliott's mother, and she knew exactly what she was in store for when it came to taking that stallion-like cock inside her.

"The lube's in here, right?" Jamal asked as he looked at Elliott and pointed to the bedside table.

"Uh, yes sir."

Jamal opened the drawer and pulled out the purple bottle of Astroglide. He popped open the top and drooled a generous amount on the top of his cock. Leaving the open bottle on top of the table, he casually sauntered around to the foot of the bed as he wrapped his big mitt around his cock and worked the greasy gel all over his prick, his hand making a corkscrewing motion as he concentrated on the tip. Elliott saw that jaw-dropping cock get harder right before his eyes as Jamal worked it. He removed his hand for a minute when he was ready, the throbbing monster pointing right up towards the ceiling. The size and power of that enormous cock almost took Elliott's breath away.

"Now, where is that one hole that needs some attention," Jamal said as he clambered onto the bed on his hands and knees. He moved between Tanya's parted knees and brought the shiny blunt head of his cock up to her pink little starfish. He wriggled the tip all around the puckered hole, wedging the tip in partway. Satisfied that it wasn't going to pop out, he reached down and used the sheets to clean the greasy lube off his hands. He then reached forward and grabbed the MILF's flared hips as he adjusted himself.

"Okay, boys, let's give her what she wants." With those words, he gripped her hips firmly and levered his hips, forcing his huge erection into her tight little chute.

"NNGGHHGGH..." Even with her mouth full of Zeke's cock, Elliott heard his mother moan as Jamal's long black prick slowly, mercilessly, made its way deep into her steaming guts. She never let up working on the cock in her mouth, slobbering noisily on it as Zeke worked his dong deep into her throat. Elliott hunkered down a bit so he could see better, his eyes zeroing in on the point where his mother's body came together with Jamal's and Gunner's. By now, both boys were working their cocks back and forth in her hot holes, working together as they slammed their firm teenage bodies up against her middle-aged one. They were giving her every last inch, her pussy and bumhole filled with over 20" of rock-hard boy-cock. But Elliott could tell by her moans of pleasure that she was loving it, loving every vigorous thrust they were giving her.

Having spotted her discarded panties lying next to him, Elliott picked them up. The lacy fabric was absolutely soaked. He brought it to his face and breathed deeply, inhaling the tantalizing scent of both his mother's succulent feminine juices, and his bullies' masculine cum. The intoxicating scent turned him on even more, and he stuffed the sodden piece of fabric into his mouth, his tongue rolling over the lacy material as he licked and sucked. Unable to control himself any longer, Elliott shucked off his jeans and underwear, his rigid cock needing his attention. He wrapped his hand around his throbbing dick and started to beat it like crazy as he watched the three boys work his mother over like a common whore.

Feeling the hot MILF twisting herself like crazy as she fucked back at them, Jamal let go of her hips and wrapped his hand around the base of her ponytail, grabbing hold of her 'fuck handle' as he'd promised. Elliott thought it looked wickedly obscene as Jamal worked her ponytail up and down as he fucked her in the ass. It looked like he was trying to tame a bucking bronco, but Elliott could see that the way his mother was thrashing about, she had no interest in being tamed.

"OH FUCK, I'M GONNA COME," Zeke said as his head tipped back, his eyes closing in pleasure.

"GLUMMPPHH...GLUMMPPHH..." Elliott heard that nasty swallowing sound coming from his mother as Zeke went off, his spitting cockhead deep in her avidly sucking mouth. The other two boys kept hammering away at her, the bed creaking like crazy as they drove every last inch into her two hot holes. Zeke's orgasm finally ended, the MILF swallowing every creamy drop of his seed. Elliott wondered if the boy was going to pull out and take a rest, but, as if reading Elliott's mind, the next thing he said put that idea to bed.

"Keep sucking on it, baby," he said as he reached forward and tenderly stroked her face. "With the way you can suck, that hot mouth of yours will have me ready to go again in no time."

As his mother continued to feverishly suck, Elliott could hear her soft moans and whimpers of pleasure getting louder and escalating as

the other two boys continued to work her over. She was still working with them as they fucked her, twisting and grinding her body every which way as the two huge cocks plundered and satisfied her wanton needs. As they once again bottomed out at the same time inside her, she let out a loud muffled squeal as she climaxed, her pussy gushing like mad as she sprayed her juices all over Gunner.

"Fuck, she's a hot one," Gunner mumbled from beneath her. "I'm gonna come too. HERE YOU GO...TAKE IT, BLONDIE!" the boy groaned as he started to go off in her furnace-like cunt. He pasted her insides, bathing those oily tissues with rope after rope of potent cock-spit.

"You fuckers, you've got me coming to," Jamal said as he rolled his hips salaciously, stirring the MILF's insides provocatively as his own climax hit. He thrust it good and hard into her tight little bum, his shaven midsection slapping up against her curvy bum noisily as he kept it buried to the hilt...and shot. Torrents of spunk rifled from his spewing cockhead as he flooded her insides, filling her hot guts with his cum.

Watching the boys come three in a row, with his mother coming at the same time as well, was all it took for Elliott's pumping hand to take him over the edge. He heard himself groan deep in his throat as his boiling semen sped up the shaft of his bucking cock. His flagrantly jerking hand had his cock going off like there was no tomorrow. He didn't even try to control himself, gobs of jizz rocketing a good six feet across the room before falling to the floor.

He kept flogging his log, and his prick kept spitting, ribbons and wads of cum littering the floor in front of the chair.

"I guess you liked the show," Jamal said, looking over his shoulder as Elliott's jerking hand eventually slowed, the last dregs of cum drooling from the tip of his cock. "Stick around for the next act. You'll have just as much fun watching that one."

With his orgasm over, Jamal let go of Tanya's ponytail and backed out, his long heavy cock glistening as it came into view. Tanya shifted about on her hands and knees, with Gunner's spent prick coming out of her pussy in a slippery rush.

"Turn her over," Zeke said. "That sweet mouth has me ready to go already and I want to fuck that hot pussy of hers while she's on her back this time."

Gunner crawled out from beneath Tanya as Jamal moved up on the other side of the bed and flipped her over onto her back. Jamal leaned down and kissed her, his mouth pressing firmly into hers before he sat back and spoke, "Get those legs apart, sweetheart. Zeke wants to go deep."

Panting from the hot kiss, Tanya immediately did as Jamal asked. She lay in the middle of the bed and brought her knees up, her high heels digging erotically into the mattress. She let her legs drift apart, and Elliott could see white tendrils of cum leaking out of both of her

holes. The whole room smelled like a brothel, the intoxicating fragrance of cum, cunt, and cock filling the air.

Zeke made his way to the foot of the bed and crawled up between the MILF's spread thighs. Elliott could see that the boy had been right, his mother's cock-sucking talents had him hard and raring to go once more.

"Here, sweetheart, clean this up for me." Elliott looked up as Jamal leaned over her face, his hand wrapped around the base of his heavy limber cock. It was glistening with their combined juices, from her ass and the load of cum he'd pasted inside her. Elliott wondered what his mother would do since the prick had just come out of her bum. He watched intently as the big black youth moved closer to her upturned face, angling to drop the shiny head right into her mouth. Elliott didn't have long to wait for his answer as his mother eagerly opened her mouth, her red lips parting invitingly. Jamal dropped the big mushroom head right inside. Her lips closed around it and Elliott could hear the nasty wet sounds as she licked and sucked at the long ebony wand. Satisfied that the tip was clean, Jamal drew it out and ran it over her lips as she extended her tongue and licked him clean. He drew it back and forth over her soft lips as she kept cleaning off the tangy juices, her tongue rolling over every square inch of that massive prick from stem to stern.

"Now this one," Gunner said as Jamal sat back while his blonde friend replaced him. Elliott saw the stocky boy plug his cunt-soaked dick right into her mouth just as Jamal had done, and his mother willingly took it as well, purring contently as she licked and sucked.

She gave it just as much attention as she'd given Jamal's until Gunner sat back on his haunches, his hand slowly stroking his semi-hard cock.

"Hold her legs right back for me." Zeke's words drew Elliott's attention as the wiry boy manoeuvred himself into position, his hand pointing his rigid dick at the MILF's seeping cunt. "I want to fuck her good and hard."

Jamal reached down on one side and Gunner on the other. They each wrapped a hand around her slender ankles and drew her legs up, pointing those sexy heels at the sky as they brought her legs up towards the top of the bed. The white nylons and garters on her legs looked incredible, the lacy bands at the top drawing your attention to the tops of her creamy thighs and her pouting pink pussy.

"Oh fuck," Elliott muttered to himself as he watched Jamal and Gunner pull her legs wide apart and totally open up his mother, spread-eagling her for Zeke's upcoming assault.

"Oh yeah, that's fucking perfect," Zeke said as he nudged the head of his prick between her slick pussy-lips and started to slide his cock into her. He kept pressing his hips forward, giving it to her in a single, long, slow stroke. "I love her spread wide open like this. That way I can go nice and deep."

"Just the way she likes it," Jamal added.

Zeke leaned over the sexy MILF and got into the push-up position. With his cock buried to the hilt, Zeke brought his mouth down to hers and kissed her. Elliott watched, enthralled, as his mother's arms came up and circled the boy's neck as she returned the kiss wantonly, soft moans coming from her as her lips pressed back against his. After rolling his hips into her while they kissed, Zeke eventually pulled back, leaving the MILF breathless and gasping. "Okay, hold onto her. I feel like really pounding it into her this time."

"Again, just the way she likes it." It was Gunner that threw in this comment, and all three of the boys chuckled as Zeke drew back his hips and slammed them forward.

"UGGGHH," Tanya moaned deep in her throat, her back arching up as the teenager drove her deep into the mattress. Zeke got into a fierce rhythm, absolutely pummeling her as his hips slammed into hers, every inch of his long hard cock straining her insides with each savage stroke. Even with the boys holding her legs almost pinned back to her shoulders, she still shook and twisted her backside, working Zeke's cock with the talented muscles inside her cunt.

"Fuck, man, look at her go," Gunner said as he watched his friend give the MILF everything he had, but he could see that she still wanted more. He took it upon himself to try and fill that need by stuffing his cock back into her mouth. He smiled as the MILF willingly accepted his thick cock, sucking and licking it voraciously.

This went on for a few minutes, Zeke pounding her pussy and Gunner using her mouth to bring his growing prick back to full

hardness. It was Jamal who spoke next. "Yeah, I think she's gonna wear us out tonight. Here, get that puny white cock out of her mouth. I've got a man-size slab of dark meat for her to suck on instead."

Gunner pulled his stiffening prick out of her mouth and started stroking it, his eyes flicking from Zeke's cock pistoning in and out of her steaming box, to Jamal's thick black cock stuffed between her sexy red lips. Tanya's eyes were glazed over with lust as she sucked.

"AAAAGGHHH..." Tanya squealed into Jamal's thickening prick as she came, Zeke's rock-hard teenage cock rubbing over the hot oily tissues inside her, his firm midsection smashing up against her throbbing clit. Zeke held on and kept hammering his cock into her as her body spasmed and twitched as paroxysms of ecstasy rolled through her.

She'd barely finished before he angled his hips upwards, concentrating on the tender folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina. Within just a minute or so, she started to climax again, and Zeke came right along with her, pasting her insides with a sizzling load of cum.

"Get out of there, I want that cunt this time," Jamal said as Zeke remained still, his prick buried to the hilt inside the sexy woman. He backed out, causing a swath of milky spunk to spew from her stretched hole and slide down her backside onto the sheets.

Jamal pulled his cock out of her mouth and sat back slightly, fisting his cock vigorously. "Help her up. I want her to ride Black Beauty this time."

Elliott thought that was an apt name for Jamal's horse-cock, having heard about a famous children's book about a horse by that name from years ago. He watched as Gunner and Zeke helped his shaky mother move to the side, while Jamal took her place on his back in the middle of the bed, his head propped up on a pillow. The two boys spun her around until she was facing the headboard, her legs straddling Jamal's body, her big curvy bum facing right towards Elliott. The boys moved her as if she was their own personal fuck-doll, positioning her pussy right on top of Jamal's towering erection.

"Oh fuccckkk..."

Elliott heard his mother let out a low moan as the boys pushed her down on the massive knob of Jamal's cock. Her pink pussy-lips spread open obscenely as they circled the tremendous girth, and then, as the boys gave each other a knowing smile and let her go, he saw her wriggle her backside as she sank down. She pressed herself down slowly, rolling her hips as inch after inch disappeared up inside her, until her glistening vulva was pressed flush up against Jamal's shaven groin.

"That's the way, sweetheart," Jamal said as he put his big hands on her wide flared hips. "Go for it. Show your baby boy how much you love riding a big black cock."

Tanya flexed her body upwards, rising on the enormous slab of black muscle buried inside her. She moved up until only the bulbous crown was captured between her stretched pink petals, and then released herself totally, dropping right down until her hot flesh slapped into Jamal's.

"AAAAAHHH..." Elliott heard his mother gasp, and then within seconds, she was bouncing up and down like a wild thing, wriggling her hips this way and that as she leaned over the muscular black youth, riding that huge cock like it was her last day on earth.

Gunner stood up on the bed and positioned himself with his feet on either side of Jamal's head. He reached forward and grabbed Tanya by her ponytail. "This fuck-handle is coming in handy. C'mon, blondie, suck this dick of mine. I'm going into that pussy of yours next."

Elliott watched his mother eagerly gobble up Gunner's long thick cock. She was slobbering over the big wang as he kept a firm grip on her ponytail, pulling her working mouth back and forth on his rigid prick.

Zeke kneeled close by, one hand working his recently-spent cock while his other slid below the MILF's body, filling his hands with her swaying pendulous tits.

"UNGGGHHHH!..." Elliott heard his mother shriek out loud as she came again, her wail of pleasure muffled by Gunner's cock stuffed down her throat. She was thrashing about like a ragdoll as she continued to skewer herself on Jamal's thick black cock. Their savage exertions were having an effect on the loads the boys had previously dumped into her hot mature hole. The connection of their joined bodies was a frothy mess of stirred up cum, their glistening midsections looking nasty, and yet to Elliott, incredibly erotic.

"Let's switch it up, Gunner," Jamal said once the sweaty MILF started to come down from her climax.

Elliott found it strange that the boys were going to switch places before Jamal came. It never occurred to him that they would do that. He always thought that once you started fucking a girl, you'd keep at it until you climaxed. But they seemed to do it as if was a matter of course, with no consideration for what most people would consider normal. Fuck her pussy for a while, make her suck your cock for a while, then fuck her ass, if that's what you wanted. Whatever they wanted to do was fair game, as long as they had a willing participant, like Elliott's mother.

The boys flipped her onto her back, her huge tits spreading out over the full breadth of her chest, her nipples deliciously red and swollen. Gunner crawled between her legs and drilled his cock deep into her as he leaned forward, causing Tanya to give off a low-throated moan. As Zeke had done, the blonde boy brought his mouth to hers and plunged his tongue deep into her waiting mouth. As she'd done with Zeke as well, Elliott saw his mother's arms come up and circle

Gunner's neck, drawing him close as their tongues duelled inside their joined mouths. When Gunner finally broke the kiss, his mother was gasping hotly again, her eyes glazed over dreamily.

"Fuck, what a hot fucking cunt she has," Gunner said as he started slamming his hard thick cock into her. Elliott watched his mother's legs come up as she wrapped them around Gunner's back, her dagger-like high heels crossing each other over his bucking backside.

"Here, let me slide this under your neck." Elliott's attention was drawn further up in the bed as Jamal grabbed one of the pillows and stuffed it down under Tanya's neck and shoulders, allowing her head to tip backwards. Elliott knew exactly what Jamal was doing. "That's it. That's perfect," the black youth said as he reached forward and slid his long fingers along her slender neck.

Jamal moved closer to the top of her head on his knees, his big hand leisurely stroking his huge cock. With her head tipped back, she knew exactly what to do, opening her mouth eagerly and waiting for what he had to give her. The plum-colored head of his prick slid between her parted lips, and he kept going, slowly sinking it all the way down her silky throat until his shaven groin was pressed flush up against her face.

"Oh fuck..." Elliott muttered to himself as he saw his mother's throat bulge out obscenely, just as it had done earlier in the night. He still couldn't believe that she could take all of Jamal's huge black prick inside her mouth like that. But not only was she taking it, from the

way her arms reached back and pulled at Jamal's powerful hips, Elliott could tell she wanted it...wanted it bad.

Jamal started that slow back and forth hip-rolling motion, fucking her mouth and throat with every hard inch of his monstrous cock. Gunner was doing the same to her cunt, almost crucifying her as he nailed her bucking hips to the mattress with the hard fleshy stake between his legs. While Elliott watched as those two fucked the shit out of her at both ends, Zeke was kneeling at her side, mauling her tits with one hand as he stroked himself with the other, waiting for his turn next.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna come," Gunner was the first to say as he reared back and slammed his prick as deep into her as he could get it. Elliott thought the old bed would break from the ferocity of Gunner's plunging jack-hammer-like hips smashing into his mother's body. But the old bed held firm, while continuing to creak and groan in protest at the strain all of them were putting it under.

"Jesus, she's got a hot cunt," Gunner moaned as he kept his sputtering cock buried totally inside the MILF, flooding her insides with even more white gold.

"This throat of hers is just as hot," Jamal added as he rolled his hips against her face, feeling that silky throat clamping against his buried prick like a hot slick fist. As the spunk rushed up the shaft of his cock, he quickly levered his hips back until his throbbing dick popped right out of her mouth, shiny gobs of saliva connecting the ebony shaft and pulsing cockhead to her gaping mouth. He wrapped his

hand around his throbbing prick and slowly stroked it, the glistening eye filling with the gooey substance before he milked it right into her open mouth. His brilliant white semen drooled into her mouth in a steady stream, filling that waiting receptacle.

"Don't swallow it yet, sweetheart," Jamal said. "Wait until I tell you."

Again, Elliott was shocked by what Jamal could do with his cock. Elliott was used to just whacking off and having his cum spurt everywhere, but Jamal seemed to be able to control the way he came. Elliott had seen Jamal shoot incredible distances as he'd panted his mother's face and body, and now, he was slowly controlling the load he was feeding her, casually stroking his cock just below the head as all of the boys watched him fill her mouth, controlling where his load was going perfectly, making sure she got every drop into her mouth, and eventually into a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach.

"Jesus Christ, Jamal, even for you that's a huge load," Zeke said, his voice full of longing as he watched his friend continue to slowly stroke his big cock as what seemed like a river of cum flowed into Tanya's open mouth. Jamal filled it, and silvery rivulets started to flow from the corners of her open mouth down her cheeks before slithering nastily down her neck and into her hair and onto the sheets.

His climax finally finished, Jamal reached forward and stuck his first two fingers into her open mouth, stirring them around in the milky pool. He slowly pulled his hands up, the fingers coated and dripping

with thick viscous cum. "You sure do love that gravy, don't you," he said as he took his gooey fingers and drew them all over her face.

Tanya's eyes half-closed as she subtly nodded in agreement, her face flushed with excitement, the spark in her eyes showing them how eager she was to get that cum inside her.

"Okay, go ahead, sweetheart, swallow it all down."

As soon as Jamal gave her permission, Tanya swallowed, and then swallowed a second time, each time with a big gulp and a warm purr as the rich flavorful cum made its way deep into her belly.

"We better get going soon," Zeke said as all three of the boys watched the sexy middle-aged woman coo softly as she savored Jamal's cum. "But I want to fuck these gorgeous tits before we go. Where's the baby oil?"

"Elliott."

Elliott had been in a trance-like state as he'd watched his three bullies savagely fuck his mother in all three of her holes. Jamal calling out his name hit him like a slap in the face. He looked at the black youth, his eyes open wide.

"Go into your mother's bathroom and get the bottle of baby oil. I put it under the sink after we used it the last time."

Elliott sheepishly pulled his pants and underwear up over his stiff prick and scurried into the bathroom. He wanted to make sure he kept in Jamal's good books. He grabbed the bottle of baby oil from under the sink, noticing that it was half empty. He turned on his heel and closed the distance to the bed in seconds flat, anxious to see what the boys would do next. He reached out to hand the bottle to Jamal, who simply shook his head.

"No, you do it. You get those tits all oiled up for us."

Dumbstruck, Elliott looked down at his mother laying on her back, her mouthwatering tits covering the whole breadth of her chest, the nipples pink and stiff.

"Well, get on with it," Jamal said. "You do like the idea of getting your hands on Mommy's big tits, don't you?"

From the corner of his eye, Elliott saw Jamal give his two friends a little wink, both of them smiling in return as they continued to stroke their long heavy cocks. Elliott could only nod as he looked down at those tremendous breasts of his mother's, his mouth instinctively filling with saliva as he thought about how wonderful they would feel. Mesmerized by those red-tipped boobs, he popped open the bottle of baby oil and drizzled a generous amount onto her chest, watching the shiny fluid slither like liquid glass over her soft smooth

skin. Satisfied that he'd used enough, he set the bottle on the night table as Gunner moved slightly to the side, making way for Elliott to climb onto the bed. He got to his knees next to the bigger boy and reached forward, getting bolder as he put his hands on the warm flesh of his mother's tits.

"Oh fuck, they're so big," he thought to himself as he slid his fingers into the glistening puddles of baby oil. He worked his fingers into the slick fluid, coating his palms and fingers within seconds. He slid his hands down over the sumptuous mounds first, letting his fingers slide just beneath the massive orbs, doing his best not to come into contact with the sexy white waist cincher she was still wearing. He moved his hands upward in unison, smoothing the slippery oil over the broad expanse of those spectacular tits, feeling the nipples come alive as they rubbed against the greasy palms of his hands.

"That's it, get those babies all slicked up for us. We're all gonna fuck those tits, one after the other. That seems like a good way to end the night. Don't you think so, guys?"

Jamal's voice seemed miles away to Elliott. He was so enthralled with the warm slippery feeling of his mother's tits beneath his fingers that he thought a bomb could have gone off in the room and he wouldn't have noticed.

Zeke and Gunner grunted their agreement. Apparently satisfied that Elliott had done the job to his liking, Zeke straddled the woman's body and pressed down on the top of his resurgent cock, pointing the flushed tip at the enticing line of her cleavage.

"Elliott, get yourself down behind your mother's head there. I want you to lean forward and keep your hands on those tits and press them together for us while we're fucking them," Jamal said.

Elliott moved into the position near the top of the bed as Jamal asked, his hands sliding beneath the sides of her gigantic tits and pushing them up and together. Apparently Jamal was not quite satisfied with Elliott's efforts. "Scrunch down a little bit. I don't know about these guys, but I want to have a good grip on that headboard while I'm fucking those big tits. I don't want that puss of yours gettin' in the way."

Flushing with embarrassment, Elliott did his best to compress himself into a huddled shape as he lay just above his mother's head, his back against the headboard, but his head out of the way of whoever was going to be straddling her.

"That's the way," Jamal said as he gave Elliott an appreciative smile. He turned to his friend. "All right, Zeke, give it to her. But don't just blow off between her tits where you're ready to come. Let's do some face-painting before we go."

"Got it." Turned on and ready to go, Zeke shifted his hips upwards, sliding his turgid dick between the soft slippery tits. With a hand on each side of the big round globes, Elliott kept them pressed together as Zeke reached up and clamped his hands onto the headboard. The youth quickly worked up a steady rhythm. His long hard cock

moved like a well-oiled piston between the shiny mounds of flesh, the crimson cockhead appearing and disappearing provocatively as it moved back and forth in the hot deep trough of her cleavage.

"Look at those tits. They're fucking perfect," Gunner said as he and Jamal waited their turn, their hands keeping their resilient teenage cocks at the ready.

It didn't take long before Zeke was ready to blow his load. He almost started wheezing with excitement as his heart rate accelerated as he approached climax. At the last second he withdrew his prick from between her tits and gripped his pulsating cock, his hand reaching for it like a man grabbing onto a lifeline. It was glistening and dripping with the baby oil, and his stroking hand pumped rapidly back and forth as he leaned forwards, the tip pointed right towards Tanya's face.

"OH FUCK...YEAH...HERE YOU GO, BABY! RIGHT IN THE KISSER!" His final words were accompanied by a raspy grunt as he started to come. A long white rope jettisoned forth, hitting her in the chin and rising up the full length of her face, and beyond, right up into her lustrous blonde hair.

"THERE'S MORE FOR YOU, A LOT MORE," Zeke said as he kept jerking. Bolt after bolt of milky spunk shot forth, each quivering ribbon of jizz landing on her face. He kept pumping until he was completely drained, showering her face with creamy paste.

"Get the fuck out of there. I'm next," Gunner said as he pulled Zeke back by the shoulder.

With a final flick, Zeke deposited the last drops of cum onto Tanya's face before ratcheting his knee back and off of her reclining form. As soon as he was out of the way, Gunner took his place, his girthy prick sliding into that enticing oily channel between her huge tits.

Elliott knew what his job was, and quickly mashed those heavy mounds together again, giving Gunner the hot slippery sheath of tit-flesh that Zeke had just had.

"Fuck, those tits are amazing," Zeke said, pulling up the loosened sheet and wiping off his greasy cock.

"Fuckin' right about that," Gunner added. Like Zeke, the powerful blonde youth had a good grip on the headboard as he flexed back and forth, the enormous bloated head of his prick almost bumping into Tanya's chin with each stroke in that hot slick channel. The slippery friction of her soft tit-flesh didn't take long to do its work on Gunner. He'd only been fucking that oily channel for a few minutes before he was ready to blow. When the spunk started that delicious trek up the shaft of his throbbing dick, he pulled the steely rod out from between her tits and started jerking it.

"Here's some more, blondie. More of that shit you love so much," Gunner cooed as he started to come. The first shot hit her full on the right cheek, with the second one plastering itself just below her left

eye. Gunner kept jerking, and his cock kept spewing, wad after wad and rope after rope raining down on her face. He unloaded every last drop he had inside him, moving the spitting tip over every square inch of her face.

"Fuck, man," Zeke said, "I thought I came a lot this time. I didn't know you had it in you, buddy."

"Stand aside. It's time she got a real man's load on that pretty face of hers." Jamal spoke as he reached forward and nudged Gunner, letting him know it was his turn to fuck those massive tits.

With an obscenely satisfied smile on his face, Gunner climbed off the well-fucked MILF and moved to the side. He too wiped his hands and cock on the sheets without a second thought about who would clean that up. Elliott took it all in, knowing he'd be the one taking care of changing those sheets at some point.

"C'mon, Elliott, let me feel Mommy's big tits on this black cock of mine."

Jamal's words drew Elliott back to the situation at hand. He hurriedly pushed his mother's heavy glistening tits together, just as Jamal pushed down on the top of his long ebony fuck-stick. The enormous cylinder of hot black flesh settled smoothly between the soft warm pillows as Elliott pushed them together, wanting it to feel as good as possible for Jamal. As Jamal reached up and grasped the headboard, Elliott looked down at the enormous black rod captured between his

mother's glistening breasts. With his powerful legs straddling his mother's body, Elliott watched as Jamal started to lever his hips back and forth, plundering that slippery groove between her tits. Elliott thought the brilliant contrast between Jamal's black cock and his mother's white flesh looked illicitly wicked but, at the same time, the sight of that huge purplish-black cock sliding between his mother's soft creamy tits was turning him on beyond belief. From his scrunched-up position, he scissored his legs slightly, giving his stiff prick more room to grow beneath his pants.

Jamal was really giving it to her, slamming his hips back and forth while he fucked that hot slippery channel, the blunt purple head of his cock hitting the underside of her chin repeatedly. The nasty slick feeling of those mounds of flesh surrounding his turgid dick had him ready to unload within just a few minutes as well.

"Get ready, sweetheart, I'm gonna paint that pretty face of yours with a man-size load this time." Jamal reached down and wrapped his big mitt around his oily cock as he drew it from between her greasy tits. He vigorously stroked the huge piece of meat, pointing the drooling tip right at her face.

Elliott felt his own heart racing, and his cock had become an iron bar in his pants, as he watched the lurid scene unfold mere inches in front of his eyes. The seeping eye at the tip of Jamal's cock filled with milky goo for a split second before the first thick rope of cum rocketed forth. A huge strand hit his mother in the chin and raced up her face, some of it going beyond to land on Elliott's t-shirt. Jamal kept jerking, moving the spitting head of his huge cock from one side

of her face to the other, plastering it with another of those massive loads of his, this one just as brilliantly white and chock full of sperm as any that he'd given her earlier in the night.

"That's it, sweetie. You look good with all that white shit all over your face. The way you're meant to look," Jamal said as he flooded her face with torrents of spunk.

Elliott could only sit there and gasp in astonishment at the amount of cum the black boy could shoot. Jamal had been right—it seemed like the amount he was pasting her with as much as Zeke and Gunner combined. The stuff continued to rain down on her, bright white gobs and ribbons of thick boy-juice. Her face was totally covered with the stuff, and looked luridly nasty. Rivulets of milky jizz were slithering down the sides of her face, into her hair and onto her neck. The stuff was everywhere, with the pillow beneath suffering collateral damage as gobs of spunk flew every which way. Finally, Jamal sat back, flicking the last dangling pearl of semen right onto her cum-coated lips.

"My, you do look a sight, woman," he said, obviously pleased with his work. All of the boys looked down at the well-fucked blonde, her face doused with three huge loads of teenage cum. The blue sapphires of her eyes shone through the glazed coating, the look in them dreamy, and deliciously wanton.

"Okay, Elliott, your turn," Jamal said as he climbed off the woman.

Elliott looked up at Jamal, totally inert, unsure of what to do.

"Well, go on," Jamal continued as he grabbed the loosened sheets and wiped off his cock and hands. "I can tell from the look in your eyes how much you want to get your cock between mommy's big titties as well. Now's your chance. Go for it."

Not wanting to miss his chance, Elliott scrambled off the bed and shucked off his pants and underwear.

"The little fucker's definitely got a stiffy," Zeke said. He gave Gunner a playful nudge as Elliott crawled onto the bed and straddled his mother, his thrusting erection pointing at the ceiling.

Just as he'd watched the boys do, Elliott pushed down on his cock. At the same time, his mother did what he'd done earlier. He watched as she put her hands on the sides of her breasts and pushed them together for him, presenting that slippery sheath of tit-flesh for her baby boy to fuck. He looked into her eyes, and like everything else that had happened, she gave him a look of silent permission, letting him know everything was going to be all right. And the look she gave him said even more than that—she wasn't just allowing him to do it—the look she gave said she WANTED him to do it. With his brain reeling and his heart pounding in his chest, Elliott pressed his surging prick between the slippery pillows.

"Oh fuck," he mumbled under his breath, but loud enough for all the boys to hear, who smiled as they watched the frail young boy start

to piston his hips back and forth. Elliott had become so aroused watching what they'd been doing to her that he knew he wouldn't last long, and he didn't. He'd barely gotten nine or ten strokes in before he started to go off. Wanting to be like the other boys, he hurriedly pulled his cock out of the hot envelope of her slippery tits and jerked it off, spraying his load all over her face as well. Fucking his mother's tits and coming on her face had always been one of his fantasies, and now, that fantasy was coming true.

"AAAHH...FUGGKKK..." Elliott mumbled as his body spasmed and shook. He could barely control himself as he jerked his cock, wad after wad of spunk raining down on his mother's already cum-covered face in nasty splats. He knew the size of his load paled in comparison to Jamal's, or even the other two boys, but to Elliott, he felt nothing but pure bliss as he continued shooting his jizz all over her face. The nastiness of what he was doing to her sent shivers of excitement from his perverted mind throughout his trembling body. He couldn't stop pumping his pulsating cock, even after the last drops of cum fell from the tip.

"Fuck, I think Junior really needed that. Look at the little fucker just shaking." It was Gunner's voice that reached Elliott's ears as he kneeled over his mother's body, his hand still wrapped around his oily cock as his heart pounded in his chest.

"Seeing you paint Mommy like that was a thing of beauty, Elliott," Jamal said. "Only now, it looks like you've got quite a lot of clean-up work to do. Good luck with that."

Movement behind him made Elliott look over his shoulder as he started to come down from his orgasmic high, his heart rate slowly decreasing as he drew in big gulps of air. The three boys already had their pants on and were pulling their t-shirts over their heads when he looked over. Jamal held the door open as the other two filed through. The tall black youth pointed his thumb and index at Elliott, like he was holding a gun. He made a little clicking noise with his tongue as he pretended to pull the trigger, at the same time giving Elliott a wink and a smile before disappearing out of the room.

Elliott turned back to see his mother looking up at him, her face almost totally obliterated beneath a mask of milky cum. But those eyes, those gorgeous blue eyes, those eyes had that lusty twinkle in them that he was coming to recognize already, the nasty spark that said she wasn't done with him yet. She reached forward and curled her index finger, the bright red talon of her fingernail beckoning him to come closer. As if hypnotized, Elliott leaned forwards towards her. His mother reached out and took his face in her hands, pulling his mouth to hers. Her lips were covered with cum, but he didn't care. He eagerly slid his lips over hers and gathered up the silky goo, drawing it back into his mouth before swallowing. She pulled him closer, kissing him like a mother should never kiss her son, passionately, sluttishly, her kiss letting him know she knew exactly what he wanted from her, and what she wanted from him.

"Mmmm..."

Both mother and son purred as the hotness of the kiss flowed through both of them. They kissed for a full minute before Tanya

took his head in her hands and held him away from her. That devilish twinkle in her eyes told him what she wanted, and he nodded in agreement. With a knowing look in her eyes, she pulled his mouth down again, only this time to her cheek, where she pressed his lips into one of the big wads of cum clinging to her face. Elliott knew what she expected of him, and he enthusiastically went to work, licking and sucking at her soft skin.

\*

It was over half an hour later before Elliott finished. His stomach was lined with a coating of bully cum and his mother's womanly nectar. During his clean-up duties, his talented young mouth had brought her to two more orgasms, her mature pussy gushing heartily into his waiting mouth.

He managed to help undress her and get her shakily into the shower, where he left her under the pelting spray while he pulled off the damp stained sheets and changed the bedding. He got the washing machine going before returning and helping her out of the shower, drying her off and getting her dressed and into bed. She was asleep by the time her head hit the pillow, and with a final loving glance at her sleeping form, Elliott turned off the light and made his way quietly out.

He realized he still hadn't done his own homework, but as he pulled out his books and set to it, he couldn't concentrate. Thoughts of what his bullies had done to her throughout the night flooded his brain like an illicit tsunami of sex, making him unable to think about

anything else. The next thing he knew, he was looking at those pictures of his mother that he'd Photoshopped on his computer. With his mind working on overdrive, he scanned some internet sites specializing in interracial sex. He downloaded some pictures of white women getting fucked by huge black cocks. Feeling himself flushing with excitement, Elliott set to work, pulling pictures of his mother's pretty face onto the desktop and editing the pictures to put her in place of the white models.

\*

More than two hours and three intense jerkoff sessions later, Elliott finally collapsed into bed, his drained cock slowly deflating. As sleep overtook him, his mind spiralled with wonder at what his bullies would do to his mother next.

## Chapter 3

The next morning, Elliott went into his mother's room as he had the day before, finding her lazily opening her eyes from a night of contented sleep. She pushed the covers down and then opened her legs. They started the day with him servicing her once again. The routine was the same as the day before, with him using his mouth to bring her to orgasm before she allowed him his own relief—and then he lowered his mouth and pleased her again.

\*

That day at school, Elliott noticed that Mrs. Tremblay looked very relaxed during last period. She had a blissful smile on her face that never went away, even when a couple of kids acted up. Elliott and Jamal shared a look, with Jamal nodding towards Mrs. Tremblay and giving Elliott a conspiratorial wink.

Elliott rode home with the three boys in Jamal's van again. When they got inside, his mother was waiting for them in the kitchen. As soon as they walked in, she shucked off her robe, showing a gorgeous black merry widow corset that fit her curvy body like a glove.

Tanya had bought it just that day after receiving another morning email from Jamal. Along with the form-fitting corset, she'd also bought sheer black hose, and a pair of 5" stilettos, also in black, with deadly pointed toes and sexy straps about an inch wide that circled her slender ankles. Jamal had asked her to have her hair down today, and Elliott thought she looked bewitchingly alluring with her long lustrous locks framing her pretty face.

The smile on Jamal's face let Elliott know he was pleased with the MILF's appearance. Jamal moved in for the requisite kiss, his hand roaming freely over her body as her hand sought out his stiffening prick. As soon as Jamal finished and stepped back, Gunner took his place, and then Zeke followed, each of them groping her big tits through the heavily-structured corset.

"Here, I've got something for you," Jamal said as he reached into his knapsack and pulled out a zip-lock sandwich bag.

Elliott couldn't see what was inside it until Jamal drew his hand out. Between his fingers, he held another condom. Like the one he'd given to Mrs. Tremblay the day before, this one was used too. As he let the condom hang downwards, there was so much cum in it that the reservoir at the tip seemed to balloon outwards.

"Here, baby, I know you want some more of my gravy," Jamal said as he stepped over towards Tanya and waved the heavy condom lewdly in front of her face.

Elliott saw his mother look at the lurid object hungrily, and he knew, as Jamal had said, that she wanted his semen, wanted it badly. There was no mistaking the wanton look on her face. As Jamal brought it closer to her, Elliott saw a look of puzzlement come over his mother's face.

"You know what that is that you're smelling, sweetheart?" Jamal said as he continued to sway the used condom in front of the MILF's face like a hypnotist's watch. "That's Mrs. Tremblay's 54-year old cunt that you're smelling, the same as you licked off our dicks on Saturday night." Jamal paused as the realization of what he was saying registered in Tanya's brain. "Yeah, I fucked the old girl during lunch period today. I don't normally wear a condom, but knowing how much you love the stuff, I decided to give you a present. Do you like it?"

Flushed with both embarrassment and excitement, Tanya could only nod.

"Good. You want this, don't you? You want what's inside this real bad, don't you?"

Again, Tanya nodded, her eyes glued to the massive load swaying teasingly just inches from her waiting mouth.

"That's my girl, but you're going to have to earn it. You're going to have to lick all of Mrs. Tremblay's pussy juice off the outside before I let you have what's inside." Jamal paused as Tanya thought about it for a second or two, and then nodded, her face flushing beet red. "Good. Now, while I hold it, you're gonna lick up that tasty cunt-honey. If you do a good job, I'll let you swallow the full load inside." Jamal reached forward, bringing the spunk-laden condom to her. "Here you go, open wide."

Elliott watched wide-eyed as his mother opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out. Jamal gently let the condom settle onto the flat of your tongue. "Don't suck it into your mouth just yet, lick it clean with that sweet tongue of yours. Let the boys see you lap up every drop of that old lady's cunt cream."

Tanya did as she was told. She ran her tongue up the length of the condom, tasting the tart juices of the boys' teacher. She wanted what was inside the condom more than she'd realized, and if she had to

do this to get Jamal's heavy load, she was more than willing to do as he'd asked. And besides, it didn't taste bad. The flavor of the woman's juices was different than her own, and yet beguiling similar as well. And just knowing the woman had likely been fucked to orgasm while that condom was inside her made it all the more exciting. With those thoughts running through her head, Tanya curled her tongue around the surface of the loaded condom and slid her mouth back towards the tip, drawing more of the succulent juices into her mouth. "Mmm..." She didn't know where that purr of pleasure came from, but everyone in the room heard it.

"Listen to that," Gunner said. "She loves it."

The other two boys smiled as they watched her tongue slide all around the smooth surface of the condom. Satisfied by what they were seeing, Jamal relented. "Okay sweetheart, slip your lips over the whole thing and suck off every drop of Mrs. Tremblay's cum."

Tanya opened her mouth wider and Jamal set the condom right inside, her lips closing down with the distended cum-filled end trapped within her mouth. The boys could see, and hear, that she was noisily sucking at, doing as Jamal had asked.

"That's a good girl. Just make sure you don't break it. I want to feed you that cum of mine."

They watched for a minute or so as Tanya eagerly slurped and sucked on the condom, her eyes half-closed in blissful pleasure.

"Fuck, that's hot. I've gotta feel those tits," Zeke said as he walked up behind Tanya. As he slid one hand up the front of her body to cup her massive breasts, her hand automatically went to his groin, her fingers seeking out and rubbing his stiffening cock through his jeans. Gunner mimicked his friend, coming up on her other side and cupping her other heavy tit. Her other hand went to the front of his midsection, her slender fingers quickly finding his burgeoning shaft.

"All right, sweetheart," Jamal said as he pulled the condom out of Tanya's mouth, the latex tube slipping out from her lips with a nasty wet sound. "Open up, you've earned your reward."

With the other boys continuing to grope her, Tanya tipped her head up and opened her mouth, her glistening red lips turning her mouth into a beckoning sperm receptacle. With a lewd smile on his face, Jamal slowly turned the condom upside down. With one hand holding the open end, he brought it within an inch of her open mouth, and then raised his other hand, letting the milky load of semen flow out onto her tongue.

"Fuck ya, look at her eat that shit," Gunner said as the ribbon of cock-cream gathered on her tongue.

When it appeared her tongue couldn't hold any more, Jamal lowered the receptacle end of the condom, cutting off the flow. "There you go, sweetheart," he said. "Swallow your treat. We all know how much you love the stuff."

Tanya obediently closed her lips and swallowed. The boy's potent jizz slid smoothly down her throat, finding a warm home in the pit of her stomach. But the taste had only whetted her appetite—she wanted more.

The boys all smiled at each other as she eagerly opened her lips, offering her mouth up once more. Jamal shared a smile with his friends as he raised the condom again, sliding the rest of his load into the MILF's waiting mouth. She swallowed once more, and then a third time, the final drops of Jamal's seed safely stored in her belly. As Tanya savored Jamal's load of cum, the other two boys continued to run their hands over her mature body as they watched. And all the while, her hands remained busy over the front of their pants.

"That's my good girl," Jamal said softly. "Now suck it inside out so you get every last drop."

Tanya compliantly did as he asked. With her lips and tongue working of the open end, she sucked, the soft latex tube being drawing inside out into her mouth. Jamal held the ring at the open end as her lips closed around it. Her eyes closed as she sucked and licked, getting every last drop out of the nasty condom. With a lewd smile on his face, Jamal slowly drew it out from between her painted red lips, the condom coming out clean as a whistle.

"Here, Cox, get rid of this," Jamal said as he nodded towards Elliott and tossed the condom onto the table. "We're gonna take your mom

upstairs and feed her some more, but it'll be nice and warm this time. I'll be down for my lesson shortly."

It took only a minute or two before the bed started creaking. Jamal was true to his word and came down about half an hour later for his lesson. And then Gunner came down, while Jamal closed up his books and headed upstairs. And then Zeke and Gunner exchanged places. Elliott kept to his task of trying to teach them, while all the time, the constant creaking and thumping from above continued.

Elliott was dismayed when they never asked him to join them that night, even though the sounds of his mother's bed creaking and the repetitive thumping sounds went on for hours. He figured he'd gotten his hopes up too high when Jamal had asked him to watch and take part the night before. Elliott chided himself, realizing he should have known better. Heaving out a deep sigh, he closed up his books and went to his room. His depression didn't stop him from jerking off though. He was quick to Photoshop more pictures of his mother taking big black cocks, working his magic with the program to look like it was really his mother being impaled on those huge black dicks. He pumped out three loads before he heard the boys leave for the night.

The front door had barely closed when his cell phone chirped. He looked down to a text:

"C'mon, baby, time to do your thing."

With his heart pounding with excitement, Elliott hurried to his mother's room. She was propped up on the pillows, her body once again spackled with glistening wads and ribbons of cum. She smiled at him bewitching as she drew her knees up and let her legs drift open to each side. Elliott watched as her hand slid down the front of her sexy black corset, one talon-like red fingernail stopping at the top of her shiny slit. She wiggled her fingers, causing a milky gob of semen to slip out from between her gooey cunt-lips. Like a moth drawn to a flame, Elliott crawled onto the bed and lowered his face to the silky treasure that awaited him.

\*

The week continued in similar fashion. Each day when the boys arrived after school, Tanya had prepared something different for them to eat. One day it was tacos, then beef stew, then a macaroni and cheese casserole. She did everything in the slow cooker so that boys could eat whenever they wanted. She made sure to eat herself before they arrived, knowing that once they were there, she was unlikely to have a chance to eat anything, other than the many inches of cock they fed her.

She noticed one day that they were almost out of Red Bull, so she stopped when she was out and picked up another case. She didn't like the idea of the boys running out of energy, although she knew that was unlikely to happen, even if they didn't have the energy drink.

Her sheets were in need washing every day. If they didn't do it the night before, she'd do that first thing in the morning as soon as Elliott went off to school. Every time she put the sheets into the machine, she thought about how happy Elliott seemed these days, the fear of his bullies now far in the rear-view mirror. And she also thought how happy she was, being able to do her part to make her boy happy. She also loved the way they started and ended each day, with Elliott using that sweet mouth of his to pleasure her, and her allowing him to pleasure himself all over her body. She thought it was the perfect way for them to show how much they loved each other.

And yet, each day brought something new. Early every morning, about the time she was changing the sheets, Tanya would receive a message from Jamal, telling her what he wanted her to wear that day. She always had a smile on her face as she read his message and looked at the attached pictures of the outfits he'd chosen. As soon as the stores opened, she was there, credit card in hand.

\*

The next day after Jamal had fed her his cum from the condom was Wednesday. Elliott was surprised to see Jamal missing from Mrs. Tremblay's history class in last period. He'd seen Jamal at school earlier in the day, so he wondered where he was. He noticed Mrs. Tremblay look longingly at the black youth's seat a few times during the period as well.

When he left school, Gunner and Zeke were waiting for him outside the door. "Where's Jamal? He wasn't in last period class," he asked.

"He said he had to drive his mom to a doctor's appointment. He said he'd meet us at your place."

The three boys walked the short distance to Elliott's house together. They were all surprised to see Jamal's beat-up blue van in the driveway. As they approached the front door, they could hear a repetitive thumping sound coming from inside the house.

"What the fuck is that?" Zeke asked, eyebrows arched up quizzically.

Curious as well, Elliott hurriedly stuck his key in the door and opened it. As they walked into the house, the thumping sound got louder. Gunner closed the door and they turned the corner from the entry foyer. There was Jamal, standing almost completely naked, holding Tanya in his arms as he fucked her up against the wall.

Elliott gasped at the sight, not only because Jamal was slamming his mother up against the wall with each driving thrust, but because of what his mother was wearing. She had on one of the cheerleading outfits from his school team. It was an extremely short one-piece cheerleader's dress in brilliant purple trimmed in white. The team name, 'WARRIORS', was scrawled in fancy lettering going up at a forty-five degree angle across her chest. And what a chest it was. His mother's massive tits stretched and filled the outfit like no other cheerleader he'd ever seen at his school.

Her spread legs were draped over Jamal's arms. He was holding her pinned up against the wall as he drove his rigid black cock in and out of her. Elliott could see that she had her hair pulled back in a ponytail, like most cheerleaders. She had completed the look right down to her choice of footwear. She wore little white tennis shoes, and Elliott could see that she even had on a pair of those little white socks with the tiny pom-poms at the back. As her head flopped back and forth as Jamal vigorously fucked her, Elliott thought she was the sexiest cheerleader he'd ever seen.

As usual, Tanya had gotten an email first thing in the morning from Jamal instructing her on what to wear that day. He'd included the location of the apparel store where his school's cheerleaders got their uniforms, as well as including a picture. "Make sure it's nice and tight," was the only added instruction. Flushed with arousal, Tanya had hurried out to the store after checking what time it opened. After trying on a couple of the tiny one-piece uniforms and, after seeing the way her tits strained and bulged against the tight fabric, she'd settled on one that was one size smaller than she would have normally worn. She knew the boys would love it.

"Oh, hi guys," Jamal said as he became aware of their presence and turned in their direction. He was still wearing his t-shirt, but his pants were on the floor next to the couch a few feet away. "My mother's appointment went quicker than anticipated." Even though he was speaking, the black youth never missed a beat, continuing to hammer the blonde MILF against the wall. "I've been here for a little while. She's already sucked one load out of me, and then she refused to take my cock out of her mouth. Once she had me good and hard

again, I had to fuck her right away. We'll be done in minute or two. That cunt of hers is working my cock like crazy."

As soon as Jamal turned back and slammed his glistening prick to the hilt, Tanya started spasming in orgasm. Pinned against the wall, her whole body was twitching and shaking like a ragdoll as she climaxed, her head flopping from side to side as wave upon wave of intense pleasure raced through her body.

"TAKE IT, SWEETHEART. TAKE IT!" Jamal groaned as he continued to thrust into her, pounding her body up against the wall time and time again.

Elliott saw Jamal's firm buttocks clench and re-clench as he drove every last inch of his big hard cock into his mother. Finally, he drove it balls-deep and held it there, the powerful muscles in his backside flexing. Elliott heard his mother moan like a wounded animal and start to convulse all over again as another orgasm ripped through her.

"OH FUCK, FILLING YOU UP, WOMAN. FILLING UP THAT HOT CUNT."

Jamal kept hunching into her, and Elliott knew every hunch was being accompanied by another volley of sizzling boy-cum pasting her insides. His mother's arms went around Jamal's neck and she lowered her head to his shoulder, collapsing in the aftermath of her nerve-shattering climax.

When Jamal was finished, he backed out of her, his spent dick coming out of her in a slippery rush. As he let Tanya's legs down, she was too exhausted to even support herself. She slumped to the floor and leaned against the wall, her knees up and her legs spread wide open. The cheerleader's dress was so short that her shaven mound was clearly on display, the lower part of the dress bunched up around her hips.

"Hmm, looks like quite a mess down there," Jamal said as he stepped back. "Elliott, you better get down there and get to work before these guys take her upstairs and give her more of what she needs."

Not one to waste an opportunity, Elliott dropped his knapsack and dove between his mother's spread legs. Jamal was right, her puffy cunt was a mess. Her whole mound and the insides of her thighs glistened with her juices, and Elliott could tell she'd sprayed a lot during the two orgasms they'd witnessed — let alone however many she'd had before they'd arrive. Her vivid pink pussy looked swollen from the pounding Jamal had just been giving it, but Elliott knew she'd taken a lot worse over the last few days, and that the boys were just getting started on the amount of cock they were going to give her today. It wasn't just the puffy wetness of her gooey cunt that made him think it was a mess.

No, it was the amount of thick, white cum that was drooling out of her cunt that was messy. There was tons of the stuff, and Elliott once more was amazed at the size of the loads Jamal could shoot. He eagerly brought his mouth to her seeping trench and licked upwards,

lapping up the warm ribbon of spunk that had slithered out almost onto the floor. With that wad in his mouth, and then quickly in his stomach, Elliott pressed his lips up against her dripping petals of flesh, and sucked, drawing the black youth's thick white paste right into his mouth.

"When he's done, you guys take her upstairs and give her something to cheer about," Jamal said as he pulled on his jeans. "I'll have my lesson first and come up after."

When Elliott finally pulled his mouth off his mother's slick snatch, Zeke and Gunner helped her to her feet and took her upstairs. Jamal had already helped himself to some food and was sitting at the table, spooning some mac and cheese into his mouth.

"Grab me a Red Bull, would ya, buddy?" Jamal said as Elliott approached.

Elliott got the drink for Jamal, and got himself some food before joining the big black youth at the table.

"Well, are you learning anything?" Jamal asked between mouthfuls. His eyes cut to the stairs, and Elliott knew exactly what he was talking about.

"I...I guess," Elliott replied sheepishly, not sure exactly what to say.

"You guess?"

Elliott decided to be straight with Jamal. He knew at this point that his bully was unlikely to hurt him. "I...I was kinda hoping you guys would have asked me in last night. You know...like...like you did the night before."

Jamal nodded as he scooped the last spoonful into his mouth. He washed it down with couple of gulps of Red Bull before giving off a loud belch. Rubbing his stomach contently, he finally responded, "I get it, but yeah, well, there are just some nights where it's gonna be like that. We're just gonna want to fuck your mother on our own. She doesn't seem to have a problem with that. Do you?"

Elliott hurriedly shook his head. "No, I'm sorry. That's not what I—"

Jamal held up his hand, stopping Elliott in midsentence. "I get it, kid. You like what's happening. You like seeing your mother unleash that inner slut that she's been hiding away all these years." He paused as Elliott started flushing, the truth about his mother being obvious to more than just him. "Fuck, man, if she was my mother I'd want to be in there every day too. Like I said, I get it. And don't worry, I promised that you'd get your share. Do you trust me?"

For the past number of years, that was probably the last thing Elliott thought he'd ever hear come out of Jamal's mouth. But now, things were definitely different. Totally fucked up, but different. "I...I do," he said without having to think about it twice.

Jamal nodded. "Okay, we understand each other then. Now, I want to pass all my courses this year, so let's get to that tutoring lesson. Right now, Mrs. Tremblay's class is the only one I'm likely to get an A+ in, and I think she's grading me purely on the way I fuck her."

Elliott couldn't help but laugh as a broad smile broke out over Jamal's face. The boys pulled out their books and Elliott started today's lesson. His eyes were drawn upstairs a few times as the creaking and thumping from above made it hard for him concentrate. Surprisingly, it didn't bother Jamal one little bit. He got right into the lesson as the relentless noise of continuous fucking drifted down to them. After about 45 minutes, they reached a point where they both knew it was time to stop for the night.

"What do you think those two lily-white fuckers are doing to good old Mommy up there?" Jamal asked.

He looked raring to go, and Elliott wondered about the Red Bull coursing through his veins. Fuck, the black youth was a bottomless well of sexual energy to start with. If he was hopped up on Red Bull, Elliott wondered what kind of blissful fucking his mother was in for next. "I...uh...I don't know," Elliott responded, looking up the stairs enviously.

"Do you think she's ready for some more black cock?" Jamal asked his question at the same time as he groped himself through his jeans, his hand circling the sizeable piece of meat beneath.

Elliott felt himself flushing as he enviously looked at Jamal's hand squeezing that enormous slab. The black youth's words made Elliott feel again as if Jamal could see right through him, could read his mind. It was as if the muscular boy knew what he'd done with those interracial Photoshopped pictures he'd created in the last couple of days. Elliott looked over at Jamal, wondering if he was that easy to read. Again, he decided to be truthful with Jamal. "I...think so."

"You think what, exactly?" Jamal asked teasingly, his hand moving back and forth over the growing protrusion beneath his pants.

"I...I think she needs more black cock."

"Yes, that's what I like to hear." Jamal smiled broadly, his pearly whites lighting up the room as he gave Elliott a knowing glance. "And I think you're right. How about we go up and you can watch me put those white boys to shame?"

Shocked, Elliott remained in his seat and could only look at Jamal, his mouth hanging open as the black youth got up from the table.

"Well, c'mon then," Jamal said as he reached over and grabbed Elliott's shoulder, almost pulling him out of the chair. "Let's go. You can watch me put every last inch of this black gun inside her. I've still got a lot of dumpin' I want to do today."

It wasn't hard for Elliott to figure out what Jamal meant by that term, and he scurried behind as the bigger boy took the stairs two at a time. The closer he got to the door, the louder the creaking of the bed and the thumping of the headboard against the wall sounded. When they walked into his mother's bedroom, the room already smelt like lurid sex. The illicit aura of cock, cunt, and cum hung in the air like smoke in an opium den, making Elliott feel dizzy with excitement.

"It's about time, man," Gunner said as he looked over at Jamal from his spot on the bed. "This asshole of hers seems even hotter than usual."

Tanya was on her stomach in the middle of the bed, her legs spread far out towards the bottom corners. She was still wearing her little tennis shoes with the pompoms on the back of her socks. The cheerleader outfit still adorned her body, although the bottom hem at the back was pushed and bunched up over the curve of her round bum. Zeke was sitting back against the headboard, his legs spread wide as Tanya's mouth bobbed up and down on his cock, her 'fuck-handle' ponytail swinging rhythmically back and forth. Gunner was straddling her from behind, with his knees on the outside of her thighs. He was leaning forward with the palms of his hands pressing against her shoulder blades. His thick young cock was inside her bumhole, his shaven midsection slapping noisily against her soft curvy bum with each vigorous thrust.

"Fuck, man, I feel like putting up sign," Gunner said as he continued to punch his rigid prick into her savagely, the bed rocking with each powerful thrust. "Yeah, it would say, 'ELLIOTT'S MOTHER'S

ASSHOLE...OPEN FOR BUSINESS...ENJOY A COCK-SIZED HOLE...NO QUESTIONS ASKED...NO COMMITMENTS'."

Jamal chuckled as he walked further into the room and started to strip off his pants. "I take it you guys like the cheerleader outfit."

"Oh fuck, man, do we ever," Zeke said as he worked the MILF's mouth up and down on his cock. "She looks a million times better than any of those cheerleading bitches at school."

"That's what I thought when I told her to get that outfit," Jamal said as he tossed his t-shirt and pants to the side. "What's been goin' on up here so far?"

"Zeke dumped a load into this ass of hers already while she sucked one out of me," Gunner said, his hips flexing back and forth as he pounded his cock deep into Tanya's steaming guts. "And then we switched just before you got up here."

"Yeah, I told Gunner how hot that tight little hole of hers felt. You've got to get in there, Jamal. It's something else."

"Sounds like a plan," Jamal said as he leisurely stroked his big black prick, the limber wand starting to stiffen and extend as he played with it. He walked around the bed and squirted some of the Astroglide onto his cock. Within seconds his sliding hand had the long ebony fuck-stick shining lewdly. "Hurry up, white boy. I think

she's ready for a man-sized cock, not that little cocktail wienie you're sticking her with."

"Fuck you, asshole. Just a second...I'm almost...almost...OH FUCKKKKK..." Gunner moaned as he slammed his cock balls-deep into Tanya's upturned bum. He kept it buried inside her, bathing her insides with a big load of teenage cum. When he was finished and backed out of her, sticky gobs of milky spunk clung to his glistening cock. When he climbed right off, Elliott could see her flushed pink hole leaking, a slithering rivulet of semen running down over her pussy and onto the sheets.

"All right, time to make sure this little hole gets plugged properly," Jamal said as he assumed the same position as Gunner, his big black body straddling hers, his knees on the outside of her thighs. He pressed down with his hand on the top of his cock and nestled the huge purple knob up against her pink starfish. With the shiny tip seeking entrance to that hot little hole, he pushed.

"UNGGHGG..." With her mouth full of Zeke's cock, Tanya moaned deep in her throat as Jamal started to force his immense cock into her tight chute. The black boy was not to be denied. Like Gunner had done, from his spot on his knees, he leaned forward and put his hands on her shoulder blades. Settling into position, he flexed forward, driving his enormous black cock balls deep in her ass with one long, slow, merciless stroke.

"OMMMGGHHGG..." Tanya groaned like an animal, and then her body started to twitch and shake.

"See, all she needed was a real cock inside her to make her come," Jamal said as the boys watched the 40-year woman buck and spasm through a cunt-wrenching orgasm.

Watching the sexy MILF come like a wild thing was all it took to send Zeke over the edge. With her lips and tongue continuing to pleasure his turgid dick, he came, spewing his load into her working mouth.

"OH FUCK! THAT'S IT, BABY DOLL. SWALLOW THAT CUM. TAKE THAT SHIT." Just like the MILF sucking his cock, Zeke was shaking as well as he emptied himself into her mouth. She continued to suck avidly while her own orgasm slowly waned, trying to syphon as much milky cum out of him as she could.

"Get out of there," Gunner said once Zeke was done. He waved his semi-hard dick towards Tanya's face, traces of spunk still clinging to the glistening shaft. "I want her to clean this up for me."

Zeke pulled his spent prick out of her mouth. Elliott saw a gob of cum eke out of the corner of his mother's mouth and run down her chin, the lewd wad of jizz dangling off her face as the boys changed places.

"C'mon, blondie, lick that cum off my prick that I dumped into your ass," Gunner said as he grabbed her by the 'fuck-handle' and brought her mouth to his sticky cock.

Elliott watched his mother's tongue slither out and run up the side of Gunner's gooey cock, gathering up a silvery ribbon of spunk. She cooed as she drew it back into her mouth and swallowed, and then went back for more.

"Fuck, you guys are right," Jamal said. "This ass of hers is really hot today. I could fuck this all night long." He was continuing to punch his thick black cock savagely as well, driving her deep into the mattress with each pounding thrust.

"Yeah, well forget that," Zeke chided. "I want back in there again when you're done."

"All in good time, buddy, all in good time." Jamal continued to thrust away, long-dicking her as he buried himself to the hilt with every hammering stroke.

Elliott watched as Zeke stood next to the bed and stroked his cock while Gunner worked over her mouth and Jamal pounded her ass. The bed was creaking like crazy as the big black boy absolutely pounded it into her. Elliott wondered how much more the old bed could take, and more than that, how much more his mother could take. But it didn't look like she wanted it to stop. Her bum was writhing and bouncing up against Jamal as she took every deep thrust, and all the while, she was licking and sucking Gunner's resurgent prick like a wanton slut. Like everything else he'd seen her do over the last few days, Elliott thought she looked dead sexy lying

there, eagerly taking their virile teenage cocks. It was obvious she loved being used as the boys' willing cum bucket.

"OH FUCK...GONNA COME..." Jamal reared back and with one more deadly stroke, powered his way balls-deep into that beautiful curvy ass, his midsection slapping up against those soft bum-cheeks with a resounding SLAP!

Once again, Elliott could see the rippling muscles in the black youth's buttocks flexing as he kept his cock buried. He knew Jamal was filling his mother up with another sizzling batch of cum, shooting it high up into her steaming guts. Jamal rolled his hips slightly, and Elliott saw some of the massive load of spunk squelching out of her tightly-stretched hole and slithering down over her soaked pussy. Jamal's muscular butt kept twitching, and Elliott knew each quivering twitch meant another rope of thick white semen was being shot deep into her tight chute. Finally, Jamal sat back, his big hands coming off her back from where he'd been leaning.

"FUCK YEAH, HERE'S SOME MORE FOR YA, BLONDIE," Gunner said. Watching his friend dump his load into the MILF's inviting ass had given Gunner that little bit of needed inspiration to climax as well. While Jamal rested with his prick buried inside her, Gunner fed her another big load.

"Gluggg-gluggg..."

Elliott heard his mother make lewd swallowing noises as she sucked and slobbered all over Gunner's spitting cock. Her mouth was plunging up and down and her cheeks were hollowed in as she feverishly sucked, wanting to get as much cum out of him as she'd gotten out of Zeke.

"That's it, take it all. I know you love it," Gunner said, a lascivious smile on his face as he looked down at the sexy blonde woman worshipping his cock.

To Elliott, there was no doubt Gunner was right. These last few days had shown him how much his mother loved cock, and cum. It seemed she could never get enough of either, no matter how they treated her, or how many times they wanted to fill her three hot holes.

"Get out of there, Jamal, I want to dump another load into that sweet ass," Zeke said, his hand vigorously stroking his rising prick.

"You're just gonna have to wait a minute," Jamal said as he withdrew his black dick from inside the MILF's bum, a burp of cum following him out. The nasty gob of brilliant white jizz almost shot right out of her, shining in the air before dropping onto the sheets, which were already soaked and stained with the stuff.

"What do you mean?" Zeke asked, wondering what Jamal was talking about.

"Elliott here is gonna take a shot at Mommy's bum first. I want to see the little fucker add his load to ours."

The eyes of Zeke and Gunner cut to Elliott, who was just as surprised as they were when he heard what Jamal had just said. He sat there, his mouth gaping open.

"Well, do you want to fuck Mommy's tight little ass, or what?" Jamal said as he gestured towards the leaking pink hole, a pearly ribbon of semen drooling from her abused pucker.

Shaking his head to pull himself out of his trance, Elliott didn't have to be asked twice. He stood up and whipped off his jeans and underwear.

"Hey, hey, look at the little nerd. Hard as a fucking rock," Gunner said as Elliott scrambled into the position the other boys had been in, behind his mother, straddling her legs with his knees on either side.

"Just hold on there a second, Loverboy," Jamal said as he climbed onto the bed and sat against the headboard. "Let me give this to your mom first. She likes more than one cock in her at a time." He reached forward and took hold of Tanya's ponytail, while his other hand lifted up his cum-coated prick to her mouth. Tanya eagerly let him pull her head forwards, her lips opening invitingly as she swooped down and started slavishly licking his gooey cock.

With his heart racing, Elliott was just about to stick his throbbing dick inside her when he remembered the lubricant. He paused as he looked over at the bottle of Astroglide on the night table.

"I don't think you're gonna need that," Jamal said. "I think we've got her nicely lubed up for you. I don't think she'll have any trouble taking that cock of yours."

Elliott flushed, knowing he should have realized that himself. His dick was much smaller than any of his bully's, but he was glad that Jamal never came right out and said anything specific about the size of it, just that she'd be able to take it with no problem. He felt grateful to Jamal for saying it like that.

"C'mon now," Jamal said as he moved Tanya's working mouth all around his sticky member, "give it to her before Zeke pushes you out the way and gives Mommy what she needs."

Wanting to make the most of his opportunity, Elliott positioned the head of his searing prick and nestled it right up into the gooey wad of cum that was seeping out of his mom's back door. He could feel the heat of her flesh behind the slippery wad of jizz and flexed forward, sending the full length of his cock into her tender chute in one push.

"Unngghh..." Elliott was thrilled to hear his mother groan, and the tone of her guttural moan was that it was a pleasurable groan, making him feel proud that he could elicit such a response from her.

Just that little sound boosted his confidence, especially with the three well-hung boys watching. He leaned forward, like he'd seen the other boys do, and settled himself into a good fucking position with his hands on his mother's shoulder blades. He drew back, and then slammed himself into her, pleased with himself when he heard that old bed creak.

"That's it, that's the way she likes it." Jamal's words poured fuel onto Elliott's soaring libido and he started driving his brick-hard cock into his mother. The boys had been right—her slippery chute was hot as a blast furnace. Even though she'd just been ass-fucked by three huge cocks in a row, he felt her squeeze down, the tender slick tissues inside her gripping his jackhammering prick like a slippery fist. He couldn't believe he was doing it...he was really fucking his mother's ass. His perverted teenage brain was swirling as he thought about the luridness of the illicit incestuous act he was taking part in. That, combined with the physical pleasure he was feeling had Elliott ready to blast in less than a minute. He felt like he wanted to fuck that steamy ass forever, but he couldn't deny the exquisite feelings within him as his teenage cum sped up the shaft of his cock.

"OH FUCKKKKKKK..." Elliott let out a wail of exquisite delight as he buried himself inside his mother, wriggling his midsection up against her big soft bum to get every last millimeter inside that hot clutching chute. He just poured his load into her, pasting her insides with rope after rope of cum. He could feel himself trembling with the intensity of his climax, but he still noticed his mother give off a little shriek at the same time. The tissues inside her were quivering and spasming against him, and he could tell that she was coming too. Mother and son rode out their mutual climaxes together, both of

them flushed from the overwhelming sensations flowing through them.

"Fuck, that was pretty hot, Smallcox."

Gasping for air as he fought to recover, Elliott looked up to see Zeke smiling at him as he spoke, the boy's cock hard as a rock in his hand, the tip dripping precum.

"You really gave it to good old Mom there," Zeke continued as he reached out and grabbed Elliott by the shoulder, "but like Gunner said, that asshole is open for business, and I'm ready to give it some more."

Elliott reluctantly withdrew as Zeke pulled him backwards. He looked down as his mother's bumhole winked shut, but not before a thick ribbon of spunk sluiced out of her. Elliott was thrilled, knowing most of that fresh load was his. He staggered off the bed, his legs barely able to hold him up. He'd just stood up before Zeke had launched himself into position, plugging his big cock right back into his mother's dripping hole.

"Fuck, this ass is amazing," the boy said as he leaned forward and gave her every last inch, going for his second round in the MILF's hot gripping bum.

"Well, it looks like this is an ass fucking night," Jamal said as he used the fuck-handle to move Tanya's head up and down on his huge black cock, which was once again at full erection. "Gunner, you're next, and I'll go after you. Let's see how many loads we can fill up that sweet little ass with."

Elliott eyes opened wide, wondering if his mother was going to be all right if that's what they intended to do, fuck her ass all night long. She seemed to have no concerns, her eyes hooded and wantonly glassy as she continued to enthusiastically slobber and suck Jamal's big cock.

"You did good, Elliott." Elliott turned as Jamal spoke directly to him. "But I don't think you need to hang around anymore tonight. You better go and do your own homework. We can't have you failing because of us."

Elliott didn't want to leave, the lurid scene in front of him was too exciting. "Uh, that's okay. I think I'm okay about the homework."

A sterner look came over Jamal's face. "That wasn't a question I asked you, it was an instruction. You do want us to take good care of Mommy, don't you?" With his penetrating eyes locked on Elliott, Jamal pushed Tanya's mouth further down on his cock, making her gag before lifting her sucking mouth further up on his glistening shaft.

"No...I mean yes," Elliott stuttered. "I understand, sir."

"Good, that's what I like to hear." That stern look Jamal had given Elliott was replaced by a broad smile as he gripped Tanya's head in both hands and worked it smoothly up and down his thrusting erection. "Yes, we'll take very good care of Mommy here. We'll give her exactly what she needs."

Elliott flushed as he gathered up his clothes, leaving the room like dog with his tail tucked between his legs.

\*

It was close to 11:15 when he finally heard the boys leave. The thumping and creaking had been coming from down the hall all night long. When he heard the front door close, Elliott made his way quietly into his mother's room. She was still lying on her stomach on the bed. Her running shoes and tiny socks had been pulled off by someone, but she was still wearing the little cheerleader dress, although he could see that it had been undone at the top and pulled down to the point where it was bunched around her midsection. He figured the boys must have wanted to get at those big tits of hers. As it was, with her lying prone on the bed, he could see the massive swells of her breasts pushing out to each side of her body as they were mashed into the mattress.

"Mom," Elliott said quietly as he stepped further into the room. He could see her bumhole was still leaking milky white cum, and the navy-blue sheet beneath her had an absolute puddle of the stuff

pooling at the juncture of her spread thighs. Her bum cheeks were red and puffy, evidence of the abuse she'd taken over the last number of hours.

"Mom?" Elliott repeated, wondering if his mother was even still alive.

"Mmm...hi baby," Tanya said, her voice a warm purr as she looked over at her son with hooded eyes.

Elliott could see the blissful satisfaction in those warm blue eyes, and knew she was fine. "Are you okay, Mom?"

"Mmm, more than okay, sweetheart." She responded with a warm-throated voice, which breathed of contentment.

"How...how many times did they...did they...you know...in your bum?"

"I think it was four times each, and then that sweet one you gave me too. I guess that's thirteen altogether, not to mention the four or five that I swallowed. I lost track of the number of times I came hours ago."

Holy fuck, Elliott thought to himself. He'd been horny all night, listening to the lurid sounds coming from her bedroom. He figured

one more probably wouldn't make a difference, especially with his cock being much smaller than the ones she'd been taking all night long. "Do you think...do you think I could try one more time, Mom? I promise to be gentle."

Tanya looked at her son, noticing the bulge in the front of his jeans. "In my bum? Is that what you want?" Elliott eagerly nodded in response. She smiled inwardly, seeing the love and devotion in her son's eyes. "It's okay, baby. Go ahead, and you don't need to worry about being gentle. I think you could see that none of them were."

Elliott's eyes opened wide as his mother arched her back, turning her big round bum up towards him.

"It's all yours, sweetheart, but just remember, when you're done, you've got a lot cleaning to do with that pretty little mouth of yours."

\*

It was over an hour later before Elliott returned to his own room, his belly full. After dumping another load into her clutching bum, he'd brought his mother to two more orgasms while he'd been licking her. She'd had one climax with his tongue buried as far as possible into her flushed pink pucker, and then she'd rolled over onto her back, pulling his mouth to her seeping cunt. She'd mashed his mouth against her succulent mound, finally bucking her hips up against his face after he'd locked his sucking lips around her fiery-hot clit.

It seemed to be their nightly routine now that he'd help her into the shower before changing the sheets and getting her dressed for bed. Elliott loved it, knowing he and his mother had never felt closer in their lives. Once he tucked her in, he went to his own room and jerked off one more load, this time looking at pictures of her in bridal lingerie, one of his favorite looks for her.

With that last load now wiped off and soaking into his cum-towel, he staggered into bed and collapsed. His last thought before falling into a deep sleep was to wonder what new delights tomorrow would bring.

## Chapter 4

On Thursday, when Elliott and Jamal came out of school after last period, Gunner and Zeke were nowhere to be found. While he leaned against the van and waited, Jamal tried to reach them on their cells, but both of their numbers went to voicemail.

"I wonder what those fuckers are up to?" he said as he climbed into the van. "C'mon, Elliott. I bet I know exactly where those assholes are."

Five minutes later they were at Elliott's house. Everything seemed dead quiet as they entered the house. Jamal finally noticed the two boys' shoes and knapsacks in one corner of the foyer. "I figured those two fuck-ups would be here."

The house was quiet as a tomb, and Elliott was surprised not to hear that now-familiar squeaking and thumping from the floor above.

"There they are," Jamal's voice made Elliott turn. He followed the boy's gaze out through the bank of windows to the pool beyond. He saw that they'd pulled one of the long cushions from a lounge onto the concrete pool deck. Both Gunner and Zeke were naked, with his mother on her hands and knees between them. She was wearing her yellow bikini, the one that Elliott had taken many pictures of her in and jerked off to. He could see that her bikini top was still in place, and her bikini bottom was still on, but with the area covering her crotch pushed to one side. Her honey-blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail, tied tight behind her head with a matching yellow scrunchie. It was becoming commonplace to see her sporting that 'fuck-handle', as the boys called it.

Zeke was on his knees behind her with his hands on her hips, rhythmically sliding his cock back and forth in her gripping pussy. Gunner was kneeling in front of her, working his beefy cock all the way in and out of her mouth, her lips moving from the tip to the base of his rigid erection with each back and forth movement of his hips. Gunner had one hand gripping the base of the ponytail at the back of her head, while his other hand rested against her neck, feeling his thick cock go back and forth into the depths of her throat.

"I told your mother to dress for a swim when I texted her this morning," Jamal said to Elliott as he started towards the sliding patio door. "It looks like those two fuckers beat us to it."

Elliott followed, thrilled that Jamal had said, 'those two fuckers beast US to it', as if Elliott was now being included.

"What the fuck's going on?" Jamal said as they stepped outside, causing the other two to look over.

"We took a page out of your playbook and skipped out on last period," Gunner said.

"We're already going for round two as well," Zeke added. "I've already fed her a load while Gunner dumped one into her ass." He nodded to the bottle of Astroglide sitting on one of the patio tables close by.

"Yeah, I wanted to try working that throat of hers again. Look at her go, Jamal, she can take every last inch this way now, not only when she's on her back."

Elliott wondered if Jamal would be pissed off, but he was surprised to see that lewd smile come over Jamal's face. "Well, I guess I deserve that after yesterday." He started to strip off his clothes. "What do you say guys, how about we make her airtight? I'll take her asshole."

"That sounds like a plan," Zeke said as he slid his throbbing erection out of her pussy and got onto his back beneath her. It didn't take long for Tanya to wriggle her way back onto Zeke's thrusting cock,

sinking right down into the saddle as every last inch disappeared inside her.

From all the porn he'd watched, Elliott knew what the term 'airtight' meant. His mother had three willing holes, and the boys were going to fill each one of them at the same time. He watched as Jamal tossed his discarded clothes to the side and walked over to the patio table, his big black mitt already stroking his limber cock. He squirted a big gob of the lube on his rising prick and smoothed it all around, his long black dick stiffening quickly. Elliott couldn't take his eyes off the monster as it grew and extended, the massive head puffing out and ready to spit, like a deadly cobra.

"All right, let's give the lady what she needs," Jamal said as he took Zeke's place on his knees behind the 40-year-old MILF. He worked the head of his huge prick against her tight bumhole, and then Elliott saw her relax it to let him in. The puckered starfish eased open as Jamal pressed forward, his black cock boldly entering her lily-white bum.

"Mmmmmm..."

Even with her throat full of Gunner's thick cock, Elliott heard his mother let out a low deep moan of pleasure as all three boys impaled her, over 30 inches of hard teenage cock deep in her body at the same time.

\*

When they were done with her, Gunner and Zeke came in for their math lesson at the same time. It was the first time Elliott had given the lesson to both of them, and it went better than he expected.

After the airtight fucking session on the pool deck, Jamal had wanted to go swimming. He pulled Tanya in with him, and Elliott flicked his eyes out to the pool occasionally to see Jamal kissing her and groping her big tits. After giving Gunner and Zeke an algebra problem to each work on for a few minutes, he turned in his chair and looked outside. Jamal was sitting on the pool edge near the shallow end, facing directly towards Elliott. His straightened arms were behind him, bracing himself as he leaned back slightly. His mother was in the pool in front of Jamal and between his legs, her back towards Elliott. He could see her yellow bikini top was still on, and he knew how great her tits would look if you were in Jamal's place looking down into that deep dark cleavage.

But Jamal didn't seem to care about that right now. He looked down with that knowing smile on his face as Elliott's mother's head bobbed up and down rhythmically over his groin. Her body blocked exactly what she was doing, but Elliott knew she was sucking on that big black cock of Jamal's. Her ponytail flipped back and forth like a metronome as she sucked. Elliott saw her elbows move slightly, and he wondered if she was gingerly manipulating Jamal's sperm-laden balls, trying to coax as much cum out of him as she could. Elliott saw Jamal speak to her and she kept sucking, but seemed to slow down. It was as if the black youth was enjoying the luxurious warmth of her hot wet mouth so much that he didn't want it to end.

Zeke drew Elliott's attention back as he asked the boy to take a look at his solution. Wanting to keep watching the erotic display going on outside, Elliott quickly gave them each a second problem to work on. Within only a minute or two, he turned and looked outside again. When he did, he saw that Jamal had helped his mother out and put her on her knees at the side of the pool. They were now in profile, and Elliott could see exactly what was happening. With Jamal's horse cock rearing up before him, Elliott saw Jamal reach down and tip his mother's chin well up. At first he wondered what he was doing, but it didn't take him long to figure out that the boy wanted his mother's mouth and throat to be in a nice straight line.

Satisfied that she was in the position he wanted, Jamal stepped close to her and pushed down on his raging prick, pointing the dripping head at her beckoning mouth. He moved his hips slightly as he slid the massive knob between her pouty lips and plugged the purple crown right into her mouth. Her lips instinctively closed down, locking the engorged glans within her mouth. With her securing his stiff erection from flipping out of her mouth, Jamal put one hand on the back of her neck and one hand on her throat. Elliott almost gasped out loud as he watched the big black youth lower his hips, slowly sinking his huge prick straight down into his mother's gullet. She didn't resist at all, her hands going up his tree-trunk-like thighs to his muscular buttocks. Elliott saw her hands grip him firmly, pulling him closer, wanting more of his immense cock down her throat.

It was obvious Jamal wasn't going to deny her. He kept slowly lowering his hips as he held her throat in place with his big hands.

His cock went deeper, and deeper still, until Elliott saw his shaven groin press up against her lips. Jamal paused for a few seconds, and then raised himself, his rising cock glistening wetly as it emerged from between her stretched lips. He then lowered himself once more, and Elliott saw the two of them get into a steady rhythm as Jamal fucked her throat. And it was only another minute or two before he saw Jamal go over the edge. The boy pulled his pulsating cock right out of her mouth and wrapped his hand around it. He barely had a chance to point it at her face before it started to go off. Elliott watched him flood her face with cum, volley after volley of thick white semen raining down on her. Rope after rope of sizzling teenage cum covered her face as Jamal totally unloaded, pasting her with every drop of cock-cream he had.

Elliott was sure his mother came at the same time Jamal was painting her face. He could see her panting like a runaway steam engine as the gooey wads of spunk pelted down on her. Her huge tits were heaving within her sexy yellow bikini, and he could see that at the end, she'd dropped one hand from Jamal's backside and plunged it down between her legs. Her fingers were out of view, but Elliott had no doubt she was either working her clit, or had them buried in her drooling gash.

After his climax ended, Jamal reached down. With a smile on his face, he used his big index finger to snowplow the gobs of cum off the MILF's face and right into her mouth. She eagerly lapped it up, slurping up the wads of thick semen and sucking his fingers clean. Soon, every last drop was inside her.

Jamal then led her into the house, his big black mitt wrapped around her waist as she cuddled into him. When they stopped next to the table, Jamal pulled her close and kissed her, her own hand automatically stroking his long limber cock.

"All right, sweetheart, go and get ready," Jamal said as he broke the kiss and gave her a playful pat on the behind.

Smiling like a love-struck schoolgirl, Tanya turned and scurried up the stairs. As the other three boys watched her lush body seem to glide up the stairs, Jamal pulled on his jeans.

"Now, let's get some of this stew going. Hop to it, Elliott. I think we're gonna need some more fuel for tonight."

The other boys happily put their books away as Elliott got out bowls and silverware. He dished up a heaping serving from the slow cooker for each of them.

"Don't forget the Red Bull," Gunner said as Elliott passed the bowls around to each of them.

Elliott joined them, getting a Coke for himself as the boys wolfed down their food. It was obvious they were anxious to get upstairs. Elliott hoped Jamal would allow him to join them again. He was just as eager as Gunner and Zeke to see what Jamal had picked out for her to wear today.

"Aaahh, that was fuckin' good," Jamal said as he washed down the final mouthful with a big gulp of Red Bull and gave off a burp of satisfaction. He gestured to the empty plates. "Elliott, clean this shit up."

Elliott nodded obediently and started clearing the table. He'd barely started before Jamal spoke to the other two. "Let's go, she should have had enough time to get ready by now."

Elliott was overwhelmed with disappointment as the three boys got up from the table and made their way to the stairs as he placed the dirty dishes in the dishwasher. He looked up as Jamal called his name.

"Elliott. Hurry up with that. I think you're gonna like what Mommy's wearing today."

His disappointment evaporated like wisps of smoke under a monsoon wind, the feeling replaced by a flush of excitement. The dishes flew into the dishwasher and he almost ran up the stairs, walking into the room barely ten or fifteen seconds after the boys. He made his way to the easy chair opposite his mother's bed, knowing this was his designated spot that Jamal expected him to be in.

The three bullies looked down at the woman on the bed, knowing smiles on their faces. Jamal stood at the end of the bed, facing her directly. Gunner was to his right, with Zeke on the left. Tanya was in

the position they'd expected her to be in, lying on her back on her king-size bed, propped up on a stack of pillows resting against the headboard. Her lush curvy body was clad in the outfit Jamal had instructed her to be in. He'd sent her a text stating he wanted her in a black merry widow corset today, the one in the picture he'd sent to her first thing in the morning, the one with the shelf-like reinforced bra cups that left her nipples exposed—exposed and ready for them to use as they pleased...just like the rest of her.

"She looks fuckin' hot, doesn't she?" Zeke said, turning his gaze to his two buddies.

"She always looks fuckin' hot, and she's definitely hot fuckin'," added Gunner. "I love those nylons, and the shoes. Those are definitely 'cum-fuck-me' shoes."

Tanya didn't mind that the boys talked as if she wasn't even there. She was used to it after the past number of days. Listening to Gunner's words, she looked down at the shoes she'd bought at the same time she'd purchased the lingerie that morning. She had to admit, the shoes were definitely sexy. They were black sling-backs with deadly pointed toes and rapier-like 5" stiletto heels. Again, they were just what Jamal had ordered her to buy for the boys' visit today. She'd paired the sling-backs with sheer black thigh-high stockings, which had intricate lace bands at the top that hugged her creamy thighs, the top of the sexy stockings ending just inches below her shaven pussy. The combination of the sky-high heels and sheer black nylons made her legs look spectacular, even lying down.

She'd ventured out shortly after the stores opened and picked up everything Jamal had requested her to get for today's visit. Besides the corset, nylons and shoes, his message had told her to get a matching pair of high-cut black panties and a black choker to wear around her slender throat. She knew Jamal liked to see her in French-cut panties, ones cut wickedly high on her hips. She knew it made her legs look long and sexy.

Earlier in the day, she'd shaved her pussy nice and close, just the way the boys liked it. Now, she took a quick shower after Jamal sent her upstairs to get ready. After drying off, Tanya sat in front of the mirror and worked on her makeup and hair to get it just right before getting dressed in the sexy lingerie. She laughed inside as she carefully applied mascara to her already long lashes. She knew that by the time they were done with her, her makeup would be a mess, and her hair and face would be spackled with clumps and gobs of milky teenage boy-cum. Not that she was complaining—no—she wasn't complaining whatsoever. She slipped the black choker around her neck and fastened it in place. She reached up, tracing the edge of the choker with one long red-tipped fingernail, smiling to herself at how sexy it made her look. Satisfied that she looked just the way they liked, she laid out the new things she'd bought. Standing next to her bed, she'd checked the time as she slipped into the sexy garments, knowing the boys would be finishing their dinner and coming up soon. She'd checked herself in the mirror one more time, just to make sure she was properly dressed before getting on her bed, lying back on a stack of pillows, one leg bent up enticingly.

"Fuck, she's the perfect MILF," Zeke added, blowing out a long slow breath as he looked at Tanya's gorgeous face. Her honey-blonde hair

had been fluffed up to look wild and sexy, just as she knew the boys liked. It fell past her shoulders, and framed her pretty face attractively. Her sapphire-like blue eyes sparkled with the excitement she was feeling. The pinky-bronze eye shadow and mascara-accented lashes made her eyes look sultry and inviting. The choker about her regal neck gave her a bewitchingly sensual look that aroused her when she saw herself wearing it, as much as she hoped it would excite the boys, which it did, Zeke licking his lips as he looked at the sexy band circling her soft neck.

Her full lips and fingernails were painted bright red, another of Jamal's requests that she knew better than to deny. She'd checked her lips out in her makeup mirror earlier, puckering the soft pouty pillows in a make-believe kiss, knowing they'd be using her mouth for more than kissing. Her mouth was a brilliant red gash, the beckoning gateway to a hot wet receptacle to be used for their perverted desires. They'd told her she had a mouth made for sucking cock, and if today was like the past number of days, she knew her belly was going to be full of hot teenage cum before they were done with her.

"Those tits are incredible. I can never get enough of those tits," Gunner said, his young eyes feasting hungrily on the woman's abundant swells of tit-flesh. The corset fit her perfectly. It nipped in tightly at her waspish waist before flaring out over her wide mature hips at the bottom. From her trim waist, the panels of the shiny black satin corset flowed upward as it followed the enticing contours of her shapely hourglass figure, before the heavily-reinforced bra cups provocatively displayed her heavy, round, 34E breasts. The lace trimmed half-cups supported her spectacular tits on a pronounced

shelf, the sexy garment molded to the bottom and sides of her soft white mounds, thrusting them together and up to create a deep dark line of cleavage that seemed to go on forever. The lace-trimmed edges of the cups left her cherry-red nipples exposed, the sensitive buds stiff under the boys' lustful gazes, just like they always were when the woman was excited.

"Come on, sweetheart, you know what I want to see." Jamal finally spoke.

His deep resonant voice had that hypnotic mesmerizing tone that sent a pulse of excitement through Tanya every time she heard it. She looked down past the end of the bed and met Jamal's eyes. As he slowly nodded, she drew her legs up and let her thighs roll open to each side. All three boys looked down as the gap between her legs widened, the tops of her thigh-high stockings coming into view first, and then the creamy band of skin on her upper thighs above that. She continued to slowly let her knees come up and drift apart, the way she knew Jamal liked. The front panel of her sexy high-cut panties was now on display, but she let her legs part even further, the pointy heels of her stilettos digging erotically into the mattress.

"Oh fuck, look at her panties," Zeke said as his young eyes feasted on the stunning view of the older woman's spread legs. "She's soaked."

All three boys looked down between Tanya's legs, a damp stain clearly visible at the front of her silky panties. She was so wet that they knew if the panties had been white, they would have been translucent. As usual, the MILF was just as excited as they were.

"She's always soaked," Gunner said. "I've never seen a woman that gets as wet as this one."

"Jesus," Zeke said. He slowly shook his head in admiration as his eyes roamed over the woman's sexy mature body, taking in every delicious mound and enticing valley. He looked up at his two friends. "She definitely has a body made to take big cocks, doesn't she?"

"Oh fuck, yeah. There's no doubt about it," Gunner chimed in. "She's been proving that easily these past few days."

It was quiet as the two of them looked at Jamal, their leader quietly eyeing up the woman hungrily. Her eyes were on him as well, as if seeking his approval.

"What do you think, Jamal?" Gunner asked. "Do you think she's proved that over the past few days?"

The young black man slowly started to nod his head, his eyes looking at every inviting part of the woman's spectacular body. He started to reach for his belt as he finally spoke, "Oh yeah. She's definitely got a body made for big cocks." Jamal pulled down his zipper and whipped out his big black cock. "She's proved it in spades, you might say." The other two boys laughed at Jamal's little joke, having seen for themselves how much Tanya loved Jamal's huge black cock.

"Don't you think so, Elliott?" Jamal said as he turned and looked over his shoulder at the frail boy in the easy chair. "Don't you think we were right when we said that about your mother?"

As Elliott looked at Jamal, he realized he wasn't scared any more—no—not like he used to be. Even though the young black man looked at him with those intense dark eyes of his, Elliott knew Jamal wasn't going to hurt or harm him in any way—this situation was working out perfectly for everyone, including Elliott, and his mother, Tanya. Elliott knew from all the reading about sex he'd done, that at 40 years old, his mother was in her sexual prime. She'd been divorced from her husband for a number of years now, living on her own with him, suppressing her needs and urges to take care of him, putting him first. It had taken the attention of these boys to make her realize what she'd been missing in her life, and they'd unleashed the wanton submissive that had lain dormant inside her for many years. And now, it was like the sexy woman was making up for lost time. Elliott knew it was time for her to live again, for him to allow her the pleasure in her life that she'd been missing, on his account. And if she was getting that pleasure from his three bullies, he knew he'd do anything to allow it to continue to make her happy. And he had to admit, he'd never seen her as happy as she'd been over these last number of days.

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. "I know what you mean by that now. I know that's what makes her happy."

The intense look on Jamal's face was replaced by a shit-eating grin. He went back to working on his belt as he pulled his jeans off and tossed them aside. "Yes, your mother definitely has 'a body made for big cocks'. And we're going to give her some more right now."

As he'd been told before, Elliott stayed in his chair and watched as the boys undressed. They took off every stitch, tossing their jeans and T-shirts aside. He saw the look of wanton lust on his mother's face as each of the three boys took their cocks in their hands and started stroking them. Elliott looked on enviously. He'd always thought he had a decent-sized cock—especially for someone of his limited stature—but these three guys were in a different world altogether when it came to cock size. Of the two white boys, Gunner was a little bigger, and thicker, than Zeke, even though both of them exceeded Elliott by a number of inches. When it came to cock size between these three and everybody else, Elliott thought it was like comparing major leaguers to a peewee team—they were that well-hung. But both white boys couldn't hold a candle—or a cock—when it came to Jamal's sizeable dick. Elliott had seen that black prick many times over the last number of days and never ceased to be amazed at the incredible size of the monstrous cock, both in length and girth. When it was fully erect, it was as thick around as Elliott's forearm. A definite 'Cunt Stretcher'. Elliott even recalled overhearing a nickname some girls at school had for him: 'Virgin Wrecker'. Looking at Jamal leisurely stroke his impressive member, with the huge mushroom head becoming more and more engorged as the filling shaft extended well beyond his stroking hand, Elliott knew both of those descriptions were bang on.

And now, Jamal was going to use that enormous black horse-cock on his mother, and Elliott knew she would love every second of it.

"What do you want, Zeke?" Gunner asked as the three boys closed in on the bed from all sides.

"Fuck, I don't know, man. Her mouth is always so hot and wet, just like her pussy and her ass, but her tits look amazing in that corset. I wouldn't mind tit-fucking her either. Maybe I'll do that with my second load."

"Good idea," Gunner responded with a nod. "I feel like fucking her face with this first one. Give her something nice and creamy to warm her belly." He turned to his black friend at the end of the bed. "What about you, Jamal? What do you want first?"

Jamal continued to slowly stroke his cock, which was now at full erection, the huge apple-sized cockhead starting to drip precum. He glanced at each of his friends for a second before looking Tanya in the eye, seeing the look of eager anticipation in those sweet blue eyes, which were glued to the seeping tip of his stallion-like cock. "What do I want first?" Jamal repeated Gunner's question. "I want it all. Her mouth, ass, pussy, tits; I want it all, all of the time. But right now, I'm going to start with this sweet wet pussy of hers." He reached forward and grabbed Tanya by the legs, pulling her down until her rear-end was perched on the edge of the bed right in front of him. Jamal shifted his feet slightly to each side, getting himself set to give the woman a deep hard fucking. The height of the king-size bed had her steaming mound at the perfect height for Jamal's forthcoming

assault. He reached down between her legs and pulled off her panties, drawing them down over her nylon-clad legs. He turned and tossed the wet panties to Elliott, who snagged them out of the air and brought them to his face.

Elliott inhaled deeply as he pressed his mother's soaked panties against his face, loving the intoxicating scent of her womanly juices. He was used to Jamal giving him her panties at this point. He quickly shucked his own clothes, freeing his stiffening cock from the confines of his underwear as he sat in his assigned chair, getting ready to watch the three boys make use of his mother. He brought the fragrant panties back to his face, but he didn't dare touch his stiffening dick. He knew that he was likely to go off in an instant, and he wanted to wait for what he hoped would happen later. Using all his willpower to try and suppress his urges, Elliott sat on the edge of his seat, focussing his attention on his mother's bed before him.

With Tanya's panties out of the way, Jamal gripped her ankles in each of his big hands and lifted her legs high before spreading his arms, opening her up like a huge wishbone, her stiletto heels pointing at opposite corners of the ceiling. He looked down at the seeping petals of her pussy, a scintillating web of cunt-honey spanning the gap between the slippery pink lips as he pulled her legs apart. He angled his hips down, pointing the tip of his dripping cock at the glistening opening of her steaming little box. "Now, one of you guys better stick something in her mouth, because you know she's gonna start moaning and squealing once I get this into her."

"Right. Let's take turns," Gunner said as he and Zeke climbed onto the bed from either side, both of them kneeling beside Tanya's upturned face. Gunner shoved one of the pillows beneath her, and then grabbed the side of her head with one hand and turned her face in his direction. She automatically opened her mouth as he leaned closer, bringing the broad flared head of his cock to her waiting lips. Without a second's hesitation, he plugged his turgid dick into the MILF's waiting mouth.

"Oh fuck, I love that mouth. It's always so hot and wet," Gunner said as her shiny red lips closed around his stiff white cock, her tongue already rolling over his pebbly glans.

"And these tits, they're perfect," Zeke added as he reached forward and started groping Tanya's tits, filling one hand with a big spongy mound as he idly stroked his dick with the other, knowing his turn with the woman's vacuum-like mouth would be coming soon.

With his friends busy up top, Jamal leaned forward, pressing the engorged head of his black cock between the woman's slick pussy-lips. He wriggled his hips slightly, the clutching lips of her cunt stretching and circling his massive cock-head in a loving kiss. With the bloated helmet nestled snugly within her grasp, he slowly started levering his powerful hips, pushing more into her. Tanya let out a low moan, even with her mouth full of Gunner's thick cock.

As his mother groaned, Elliott could see her body flinch instinctively as Jamal forced the immense black weapon deeper into her. Elliott knew that the flinch was more a flinch of anticipation than

discomfort. He knew after seeing over the past days how his mother reacted to getting fucked by Jamal that she was looking forward to the ecstatic delights that awaited her. His gaze zeroed in on Jamal's cock as it slowly inched deeper, his mother's pussy-lips stretched almost to the tearing point as she surrendered herself to the young black man's assault. Once again, Elliott was both amazed and envious of the size of Jamal's dick—no, it wasn't just a dick—anything that size was definitely a cock—an enormous powerful cock capable of providing endless hours of pleasure, to both himself, and his partner. In this case, Elliott knew his mother would be sharing in that pleasure, for likely hours to come.

"Oh man, I can never get over how fantastic her mouth is. So hot and wet," Gunner said. He now had both hands cradling Tanya's head as he knelt beside her face, his fingers laced deep in blonde hair as he moved his hands back and forth, working her mouth with his thrusting erection. His long white cock glistened with traces of the woman's saliva. She always worked up tons of spit, and the overflow was already running down his prick and dangling in gooey strands from the underside of his shaft onto his balls, and the lower part of her face.

"Ehggnn...ehggnn...ehggnn..." Elliott looked up and saw the look of pure ecstasy on his mother's face as Gunner moved her eager mouth up and down on his cock, nasty gagging sounds coming from deep inside her ravaged mouth.

"Oh fuck, I love that sound she makes," Zeke said as his hand slid rhythmically back on forth on his throbbing dick. "You can tell how much she loves it."

With his two pals taking care of her hungry mouth, Jamal pushed Tanya's legs back even further, getting her into the favorite position that he liked to fuck her in. She was on her back, her sexy heels pointing skyward, with her pussy opened as far as possible for his deep hard thrusts. He loved being able to see the look in her eyes as he fed every hard, thick inch deeper and deeper into those hot folds of flesh. He was doing that right now with one slow merciless thrust, the oily tissues inside her enveloping his penetrating cock in a hot buttery grasp. With her head turned sideways as Gunner worked her mouth, she flicked her eyes sideways to Jamal. He noticed the hot look of desire in those gorgeous blue orbs, and gave her a little nod as he sent the last few inches all the way in as the familiar tightness inside her yielded, the enflamed head of his cock pressing up against the doors of her womb.

"UNNNGGGGGHHHH..." Tanya groaned deep in her throat as she came in a flash, a climax going off like an atomic bomb in the depths of her pussy and blossoming out through her body like a tidal wave.

Elliott watched his mother twitch and shake as the blissful sensations roared through her. She never stopped sucking on Gunner's hard white prick as she orgasmed, but her lush curvy body shook and spasmed as she thrashed about on the bed. Elliott could see the muscles on the insides of her spread thighs quivering involuntarily as the delectable tremors rocked her body.

Tanya was in heaven already. It seemed to happen nearly every time Jamal bottomed out for the first time, as if her body was rewarding him by showing him early how much it loved what he was doing to it. Her body felt like it was singing with pleasure, every nerve ending tingling as his massive weapon reached those spots inside her that no man had ever touched before—or likely ever would again. And having Gunner's cock in her mouth at the same time made it even more sinful and wicked, which she loved. She kept sucking eagerly, wanting to bring the boys as much pleasure as they were bringing her, and even as her body was in a state of near convulsions, she kept sucking, bathing the boy's sturdy prick with gobs of saliva as he pulled her face back and forth, thrusting his teenage cock deep into her mouth. The intensity of her initial climax finally waned, but she knew there'd be more...a lot more.

"Here, let me have her mouth for a while," Zeke said as he reached over and pushed Gunner's hands away. He grabbed Tanya's head in his own hands and pulled it off Gunner's thrusting cock with a resounding "POP!" He turned her towards him, leaning over her as he plugged his own dripping cockhead right into her gaping mouth. His eyes closed blissfully as the older woman started to suck, her hot wet tongue rolling salaciously over the enflamed helmet. "Oh fuck, yeah. That's what I've been waiting for all day."

"Ehggnn...ehggnn...ehggnn..." The nasty sounds of Zeke working over her experienced mouth echoed throughout the room.

Jamal levered himself back, slowly withdrawing his steely rod from the MILF's hot oily depths. He smiled as he looked down at the black veiny shaft, the smooth skin glistening with her warm juices. He drew back until just the tip of his massive member was left between her clutching labia, and then he thrust vigorously forward, as if crucifying her to the bed with the hard thick stake between his legs.

"OHHNNNN..." Tanya moaned hard against Zeke's prick. Her eyes rolled back in her head as another delightful jolt shot through her. She felt tiny beads of sweat break out on her forehead as her body reacted to the intense heat that seemed to flow right into her from Jamal's long hard cock. She knew from the number of times that she'd had that glorious appendage in her mouth that his enflamed cockhead seemed to give off enough heat to warm a whole room. And right now, that huge flaming crown was rubbing luxuriously against the soft folds of flesh inside her.

Jamal got into a steady rhythm, flexing back and forth, driving his cock to the hilt with every forward thrust, his shaven groin slapping noisily against her as it pressed up against her hot pink mound. He'd slow down sometimes, rolling his hips in a slow teasing grind, rubbing the enormous head of his prick over every square inch inside her weeping pussy. Every time he did, she'd let out a low animal-like groan that spurred the boys on even more. After one series of grinds, Jamal drove it deep and fast, absolutely gutting her. Tanya moaned deep in her throat and went into a paroxysm of convulsions, another orgasm tearing through her.

By this time, Gunner had taken her head back from Zeke, kneeling close as he fucked her face, his hands working her head back and forth over his throbbing cock. "Ehggnn...ehggnn...ehggnn..." Tanya had one hand clutching Gunner's balls, rolling them gently in her soft palm, while her other hand did likewise on the other side, caressing Zeke's bloated nuts as he waited his turn with her mouth. While one boy was busy fucking her face, the other would be stroking their waiting cock with one hand while they groped her massive tits with their other hand, her big nipples stiff and rubbery beneath their fingertips.

The two white boys switched up again, Gunner passing her head to Zeke as he reached down and mauled her tits, squeezing the heavy mounds together from each side. Tanya moaned under his forceful caress, tingling sensations running from her sensitive nipples to the depths of her cock-filled cunt.

"Jesus, she's a great fuck," Jamal said, driving long vigorous strokes deep into the middle-aged woman. He kept this up, and Elliott watched his mother spasm and groan through another twitching climax, her overheating pussy spraying the front of Jamal's groin and powerful upper thighs with her copious discharge.

Elliott's cock was close to bursting as he watched and listened to the boys' combined assault on his mother. The nasty sounds of Jamal's groin slapping up against her mound combined with her sinfully erotic gagging noises to keep Elliott right on the verge of going off on the spot.

"I'm getting close, Jamal," Zeke said as he levered Tanya's sucking mouth back and forth on his spit-soaked cock. "What do you want to do?"

"What about you? Are you close?" Jamal asked, turning to Gunner as he continued to pound Tanya's lush mature body deep into the mattress.

"Fuck yeah, I'm ready to shoot any time," Gunner replied, one hand jacking away at his prick while his other was tweaking her stiff red nipples.

"I'm ready to come too," Jamal said. "Let's say we paint her to start off the night."

"Perfect," Zeke said as Gunner nodded in agreement. Gunner moved in close beside Tanya as she continued to fondle his spunk-laden nuts, wanting to get every drop she could out of the boys.

"Oh fuck...HERE IT COMES!" warned Zeke as he pulled his rampant prick out of her mouth and pointed it right at her face. A white rope of cum rifled forth, splashing against her cheek and running right across her face, the other end disappearing into her blonde hair spread out on the pillow beneath her.

"YESSSSSS..." Gunner hissed between gritted teeth as he started to come too. From the other side, his first volley of milky cum spat out

forcefully, hitting her on the side of her mouth and rising up in one long strand over her nose and forehead before ending in her hair on the other side.

As soon as his two friends started to shoot, Jamal quickly withdrew his massive rod from the woman's gripping cunt and scrambled up on the bed, his knees on either side of her corset-clad body as he straddled her midsection.

Zeke let loose with a second shot as he pointed his pulsating cock downward, the long ribbon of semen glancing off her chin to paste itself against the upper swells of her big tits, the end of the strand disappearing into the depths of her cleavage.

Another rope of cum spewed from the end of Gunner's raging prick, and he once more aimed for the MILF's pretty face, a smile coming over his face as his creamy seed landed on her cheek and upper lip with a heavy splat.

Jamal looked down at the gorgeous woman and saw the lustful look in Tanya's eyes as she met his glance, just as he pointed the engorged crown of his rock-hard prick right at her face. Tanya saw the wet red eye at the tip yawn open as it filled with milky fluid for a split second before he shot.

"Aawwww..." she gasped as an enormously thick rope of brilliantly white teenage semen shot towards her, the first part hitting her on the chin before streaking upward to cover the full length of her face,

the clinging strand of seed feeling hot and nasty as it pasted itself to her skin.

All three boys were letting loose now, jacking their pricks vigorously as they moved the tips of their spewing cocks all over her face and upper body.

Tanya felt another tingling climax shoot through her as she lay there, lost in the glorious feeling of being totally used by the strong young boys. As their hot white cum rained down on her, she knew they were using her as their personal cum-slut, but she loved it. She loved taking every drop of potent teenage cum they had to offer, and with the recuperative power of these young boys, she knew they'd be giving her a lot, just like they had each of the past number of days.

Zeke and Gunner stopped shooting but, as usual, Jamal kept going, flooding the woman's face and upper body with milky-white spunk, rope after rope and wad after wad of thick teenage jizz spewing down onto her pretty face and big heavy tits. Finally, those delicious orgasmic sensations dwindled within him as well. With his hand wrapped around his big black cock, he shook the last few drops onto the woman's heaving tits. Temporarily drained, all three boys backed away and stepped off the bed, their hands continuing to leisurely stroke their over-sized cocks.

Elliott sat there gasping, taking in the wickedly-charged spectacle of his mother lying there, her face and tits almost totally covered in brilliant white cum. He was looking right up between her legs, which she'd left spread wide open after Jamal had pulled out of her. The

lacy tops of the sexy thigh-high stockings framed her wet pussy invitingly, the white skin at the tops of her thighs looking velvety-soft. Dewy drops of flowing discharge clung to her puffy pink labia, which always looked swollen and abused after Jamal fucked her.

Elliott looked at his mother's beckoning cunt and licked his lips hungrily. He was sitting in his chair, her soaked panties still clutched close to his face, his own cock erect and throbbing with need. Watching what the three bullies had done to her had excited him so much that he knew if he even dared to touch it, he'd go off in an instant, and he didn't want that to happen...not yet anyway. For now, he looked at his mother, ribbons and gobs of milky-white semen crisscrossing her pretty face and sexy body from one side to the other. He couldn't believe how much cum those three boys could shoot, especially Jamal. Seeing his mother like that, lying there with semen all over her and a look of blissful contentment on her face, Elliott thought it was just about the sexiest thing he'd ever seen in his entire life. And he knew, with the way things had been going with his mother and the three bullies over the last few days, that there'd be plenty more nasty scenes like this for him to see.

"Come on, Kid. You know what to do."

Elliott looked up as Jamal spoke. The big, young black man and his two buddies were all looking at Elliott, their hands continuing to stroke methodically back and forth along the impressive length of their semi-hard cocks. Jamal simply looked him in the eye and then nodded towards the woman on the bed.

Knowing what was expected of him, Elliott rose from his spot and dropped the panties on the chair behind him. He made his way over to the bed, his painfully erect cock pointing skyward, precum dripping from the tip. He climbed on the side of the bed and made his way closer to his mother on his hands and knees, his breath coming in short gasps as his young heart beat rapidly. His mother was absolutely covered with thick white cum, the stuff clinging to nearly every square inch of skin on her face and tits. There were gobs and wads in her hair, with others spackling her sexy black corset and clinging nastily to the alluring choker around her neck. Like Elliott had thought earlier, he'd never seen his mother look so beautiful as she did right now, totally plastered with cum from the three teenage boys.

Elliott looked into her loving blue eyes and saw the smile of understanding there, giving him a look that said, "It's okay, sweetie, Mommy understands. Just do as they say." She had that look in her eyes this time, just like she'd had the first time they made him do this.

"Now, don't forget to share," Jamal's low, powerful voice came from behind Elliott. "You can't have it all this time."

Elliott leaned forward and extended his tongue. He placed it near the base of his mother's cheek and ran it upward, sucking in at the same time as he slurped a big gob of warm fresh semen into his vacuuming mouth. He slid his tongue sideways over her cheek, drawing up more of the tasty cream. With his mouth full, he kept his lips together as he brought his mouth over hers. With a gap of about four inches between their faces, he saw the glint of excitement in his mother's

eyes as she opened her mouth, ovalling her pouty red lips in sinful invitation. Elliott pursed his lips together and forward, causing a small opening to appear at the front of his mouth. He looked down as a slimy white trail of semen slowly distended downwards, the thick sperm-laden tendril of cum dropping right into her open mouth.

"Mmmm..." Tanya purred like a kitten with a saucer full of cream as the warm teenage cum pooled on her tongue, causing her taste buds to tingle with excitement.

Elliott controlled the flow as his mouth slowly emptied, the thick wad of jizz passing sensually into his mother's waiting mouth. As the last drops slowly fell onto her broad flat tongue, he lowered his face, pressing his lips against hers. His mother's mouth was deliciously hot and wet as he feathered his tongue between her parted lips, her tongue eagerly pressing against his as they shared the intense masculine flavor. She passed the thick gob of cum back into his mouth, her tongue pressing it sensually against the soft tissues on the inside of his cheeks. He let the heavy load roll playfully over his tongue, and then he passed it back to her, his tongue rolling against hers passionately. She pushed a portion of the load back into his mouth, the cue from her that it was time to swallow. Knowing the boys would want to see, Elliott backed away, and then both he and his mother swallowed, the muscles in their throats contracting as the thick rich ball juice slid smoothly down their throats.

From the corner of his eye, Elliott saw all three boys smile slightly as they nodded their heads in unison. Elliott turned his attention back

to his mother's body, knowing he wasn't done by any means. He attacked her spunk-covered breasts next, licking up another huge gob, his tongue reaching into a sizable pool that had gathered in her cleavage. He brought this mouthful to his mother as well, the two of them sharing it once more. After they'd each swallowed that one, he pressed his lips against the hollow of her throat, seeking out another big gob that was running down over her choker.

"That's enough sharing for now," Jamal said. "You can have the rest yourself. You know you want it."

Elliott felt himself turning red with shame, but they all knew the truth—he did want it. He briefly looked his mother in the eye and he saw her nod approvingly, and then her arms slipped around his neck as she took hold of his head and pulled his face to her breasts. He quickly lapped up a long ropey strand, and then another as she moved his mouth all over her chest. He swallowed numerous times as his mouth filled over and over with their creamy seed. When her tits and upper body were clean, she pulled his head up to her face, where he repeated the same thing, his lips and tongue working to suck and lap up every savory morsel. He even pressed his lips into her hair and sucked out the sticky gobs wadded into her lustrous blonde locks. When he was finished, he moved back and looked at his mother. All that was left on his mother's face and tits was the shiny remnants of his drying saliva. All the cum the boys had shot on her had found a nice warm home in the pit of his stomach. Elliott sat back on his heels, feeling excited beyond belief, his stiff cock rearing up painfully as he looked over at Jamal, a pleading look on his face.

"Good job, Kid. She's all yours," Jamal said with a nod, the three boys continuing to idly stroke their resurgent cocks.

This is what Elliott had been waiting for. With his heart pounding in his chest, he scrambled further down on the bed as his mother shifted slightly higher. As his mother once more drew her legs up and apart, he positioned himself between those achingly-inviting thighs. He was almost beside himself with excitement as he moved closer, pressing down on the top of his rock-hard prick and pressing the crimson crown against the slippery petals of flesh guarding the gates to her treasured pussy. Almost swooning with arousal, Elliott leaned forward and started to slide his pulsating erection into his mother's weeping box. She reached forward, pulling him on top of her as his throbbing cock slid balls deep inside her. He felt those magical muscles inside her gripping down on his rigid phallus, her talented cunt gripping him like a hot buttery fist.

"Oh fuck, that's so good..." he moaned as his hands came up and groped his mother's big tits, the soft pillows of flesh oozing upwards between his squeezing fingers.

"Go on, Elliott, fuck your mother," Jamal said. "Fuck her good and hard, just the way she likes it."

"That's it, baby. Give it to Mommy," Tanya said softly, rolling her wide hips teasingly as she worked his young cock with the muscles inside her, knowing he was feeling a rippling sensation from the base of his prick to the tip as she contracted the soft folds of flesh gripping his cock.

That luxurious feeling and his mother's illicit words were all it took to send Elliott over the edge. He'd been too excited by what he'd been watching to take Jamal's advice and give her a good hard fucking. He'd barely gotten it into her and already he was about to come. As the boiling semen sped up the shaft of his cock, he drew back and thrust as deep and as hard as he could into her welcoming depths, holding his pulsing dick buried in her furnace-like cunt as he went off, pasting her insides with a huge load. He came so hard he almost wanted to weep with pleasure, his red-hot cock-head spewing out wad after wad of sizzling cum into his mother's velvety love-pocket. Elliott kept groping her tits as he flooded her gripping twat with everything he had, unloading every last drop he had inside him into her. Finally, a shiver tripped down his spine and he collapsed on top of her, totally spent, his head resting against her sizable breasts, his cock still inside her. He lay there gasping as the waves of euphoria slowly dissipated, leaving him blissfully exhausted and deliciously content as his spent member slowly started to deflate. He was dementedly happy, and felt like he could stay in that position forever.

"Well, it looks like he really enjoyed that, doesn't it, guys?" Jamal's voice roused Elliott from his delirium, and he raised his head.

"The little fucker really put it to her," Gunner said as Zeke nodded.

Elliott could see that all three boys were once again rock-hard, their massive cocks in search of something hot and wet to get into, and

Elliott knew that meant his mother. He also knew his duties weren't done just yet.

"C'mon, Kid, we're ready to give her more of what she needs," Jamal said, waving his massive cock at Elliott and his mother. "You know what you still have to do. Get your own shit out of her before we fuck her again."

Elliott let go of his mother's spectacular breasts and started to move backwards, his dwindling dick coming out of her hot wet pussy in a slippery rush. He continued to move further down on the bed as his mother brought her knees up, her stiletto heels digging into the mattress nastily as she rolled her legs wide open. He was now on his stomach between her widely-spread legs, his face mere inches from her steaming cunt. Elliott looked down at his mother's pussy, the throbbing pink flesh sticky with her juices, the sheets beneath her soaked from the multiple climaxes she'd already had. To Elliott, his mother's freshly-fucked cunt was just about the sexiest thing he'd ever seen, and he never got tired of being in this position and seeing it. Her pussy-lips glistened hotly, and at the apex of those slippery petals he saw her sizeable clit standing stiff, red—almost glowing like a beacon. As he watched, he saw his mother flex, and as she worked the muscles inside her, the load of cum he'd just dumped into her started to ooze from between those shining cunt-lips, his milky-white cum looking illicitly wicked as it seeped out of her hot mature gash. The intoxicating scent of their combined juices filtered its way into his senses, sending a tingling message of euphoria to his aroused brain.

"Ohhnn..." With a moan of excitement, Elliott dove between his mother's legs, opening his mouth as he pressed it against her pussy. It was steaming hot, and sinfully wet. He feathered the tip of his tongue into the opening at the base of her slit. With the tip of his tongue cradling the bottom of his wad of semen, he pressed the flat of his tongue right in between her sticky lips and slowly licked upward, sucking in at the same time. He felt his own warm jizz gathering on his tongue, and sucked for more. He swallowed the first mouthful, shivering as the gooey cum slid silkily down his throat. He went back for more, feeling his mother push down, more of his young seed oozing out into his eagerly-working mouth. She was feeding him like a mother bird feeds its babies, and Elliott loved it. His tongue was deep in her gooey twat and he slowly rolled it in a teasing circle, licking over the soft folds of flesh inside her, making sure he got every creamy morsel of his cum. He heard his mother give off a soft moan of delight as he worked his tongue deep, lapping up the oily juices seeping from the hot tissues lining her talented cunt.

It didn't take long for him to get his load cleaned out of her—it was nowhere near the size of the loads from any of the three bullies. Having gotten her thoroughly cleaned out—as he knew Jamal expected—he turned his attention to his mother's clit, knowing he was expected to bring her to at least one orgasm before his work was done. He slowly licked upward, and he felt his mother role her hips sluttishly, beckoning him to continue. He pressed the tip of his tongue against her sensitive clit, the rubbery nodule of flesh throbbing and blisteringly hot against his tongue. He pushed a wad of saliva to the front of his mouth and took the whole pulsing bud between his puckered lips, bathing her clit with his flowing spit.

"Oh fuck, yesssss..." Elliott heard his mother hiss with pleasure as he set to work on her oversized clit, knowing how easily she climaxed when that sensitive trigger was worked on. With the big red bud captured between his lips, he sucked on it, like a little cock, his tongue rolling teasingly over the rubbery nodule at the same time. As he worked it over hungrily, he felt his mother's hands come down on his head, her fingers slipping into his hair as she pulled him hard against her.

"OH MY GODDDDDDDDD...YESSSSSSSSSSSS..." Elliott heard his mother let out an unintelligible groan of delight as she started to climax, her hips thrusting up off the bed against his face, her hands keeping that working mouth pressed tightly against her throbbing mound. Elliott felt the lower part of his face coming awash with her spraying juices, and he loved it. His mother was a big gusher, and Elliott loved being able to lap up her mess of discharged fluids, whenever and wherever he could. She came for a long time, and Elliott kept rolling his tongue over her pulsing clit, bringing her as much pleasure as he could. Her wide hips finally relaxed back onto the mattress as the dwindling waves of pleasure slowly coursed out of her. Knowing what he'd want, she lifted his head off her oversensitive clit and pushed him downward, letting him send his tongue back up inside her to lick up her flowing juices. Elliott was happy that Jamal let him continue to lap up her cunt-honey for a short time, drawing as much as he could into his belly.

"Okay, Kid, you've had your fun. Now get back to your chair. It's time for round two." Elliott heard Jamal's words as his tongue circled deep inside his mother, loving the feel and taste of her luxurious

discharge flowing into his mouth. Reluctantly, he withdrew his tongue, giving his mother a soft kiss on her pink pussy-lips, knowing he'd be back in this position later, but her slick petals of flesh would be swollen and puffy from abuse by that time. But he knew both his mother, and he, wouldn't be complaining.

Elliott stepped back and moved towards his chair as the three boys closed in once again on his mother, brandishing their huge cocks like weapons. He looked down at his mother, a look of lustful anticipation on her face, and he knew then exactly what the boys had meant, that yes, his mother definitely had one—a body made for big cocks. And right now, her loving son could see that she wanted all she could get.

Elliott sat down to watch as his three bullies moved in on, getting ready for another marathon fuck session. Tonight, they allowed him to stay as they put her through her paces, making use of all three of her willing holes.

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Like the previous nights, it was late when they eventually went home, and Elliott set about his nightly clean-up duties. The weekend was fast approaching, and Elliott had the feeling Jamal would have something special in mind. He jerked off two more loads before he was able to sleep, putting his mother in Photoshopped pictures of black corsets and thigh high stockings, although none of the pictures were as deliciously sexy as the real thing, now sleeping such a short

distance. But Elliott loved it all, and sleep overtook him as he eagerly anticipated the next few days.

## Chapter 5

Elliott expected more of the same Friday, and wondered if it would be different since it was the start of the weekend. He didn't have long to wait. After English class, which was the subject he was tutoring Jamal in, the black youth spoke to him in the hallway.

"Look at this, my man," Jamal said, a big smile on his face as he waved a sheet of paper in front of Elliott's face.

When he finally held it still, Elliott was able to see that it was the pop-quiz the English teacher had given them the day before on Oedipus. Elliott's eyes were immediately drawn to the big 'B-' in the top corner. "B-, that's great," he said, his smile almost as big as Jamal's.

"Yeah, do you know the last time I got a B- in English?"

Elliott merely shook his head. "Uh, no."

"Like never. And this is because of you." Still smiling, Jamal shook the test paper in his hand. "This is all because of those tutoring lessons. And because I'm feeling so good about this, I think we're gonna celebrate tonight."

"Celebrate?"

"Yeah. You and your mom have taken care of us all week, so I think it's time we treated you to something special. I've already sent your mom a message on what I want her to wear." He paused and looked at Elliott, knowing exactly how Elliott felt about his mother, and how often he jerked off thinking about her. "Yeah, you're definitely gonna like what I've picked out for her to wear."

Elliott recognized that knowing look on Jamal's face. He'd seen it before when the boy had caught him jerking off looking at his mother with them by the pool. No, Jamal knew exactly what he thought about his mother. "What...what are we going to do?"

"Don't you worry about that at all," Jamal said as he turned and started to walk away. "Just trust me, you're gonna love it, and you'll be put to a lot of work on that new job of yours." With a final lascivious wink, Jamal turned the corner and was gone.

Elliott felt a shiver of excitement run down his spine. Whatever Jamal had in mind, he made it clear that Elliott was going to be busy performing his clean-up duties. And he had no doubt that his mother would be wearing something sexy, something to show off that spectacular body and mouthwatering tits of hers. Elliott couldn't wait.

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The rest of the school day was uneventful, and as Elliott was leaving for the day, Jamal stopped him in the hallway, Gunner and Zeke right behind him. "Sorry, little man, you'll have to make your own way home today. We've got a few things to do before tonight. I've already been in contact with your mom. I'll text you when we're on our way over to pick you up."

"Uh, can you tell me where we're going?"

Jamal smiled that thousand-watt smile of his. "Sorry, bro, no can do. You'll have fun though."

"Uh, what should I wear?"

Jamal waved his hand. "Don't worry about it. You can wear what you've got on, if you like. It's what your mother's going to be wearing that's important." With that he turned on his heel and walked away, Gunner and Zeke in tow.

Totally flummoxed, Elliott made the short walk home, his mind spinning over thoughts of what Jamal had in store for them. "MOM, I'M HOME," he called out as he entered the house.

"I'm up here, honey." His mother's voice filtered down the stairs from her bedroom.

Elliott made his way up and dropped his knapsack in his room before tapping at his mother's partly open door.

"Come in, sweetie. I'm starting to get ready."

Elliott stepped into his mother's room. Immediately he was hit by the deliciously alluring scent of a woman's boudoir. The subtle, yet inviting fragrances of perfumes, shampoos, and other similar products drifted into his senses like a comforting cloak.

His mother was sitting in front of her dressing table, her body wrapped in her big fluffy robe as she applied her makeup. Their eyes met in the mirror and she gave him a smile, making him flush with emotion. "Do you know...do you know what's happening tonight?" he asked.

"No, not really," she replied, her hand moving skillfully in front of her face she applied her mascara. "Jamal sent me a message saying they were taking us out somewhere but didn't give me any idea where. He said to go ahead and have dinner because they wouldn't be picking us up until a little later."

"Just before I left school I talked to him. I told him I didn't know what to wear for wherever we're going. He said I'd be fine in my everyday school clothes. Did he tell you what to wear?"

They both knew that Jamal usually sent Tanya a text every morning letting her know specifically what he wanted her to wear that day. Today was no exception. His message had come in early in the morning, and Tanya had been at the mall just as the security guard opened the doors. "Yes, he did. And it will be a surprise for you too. You'll just have to wait a little bit to see."

"Okay," Elliott replied. He'd been hoping to get a sneak peek well before the other guys. "What time are they picking us up?"

"Jamal said shortly before dark, and that he'd text us to let us know when they're on their way. I'll wait until then to put on what I'm going to wear. I just got out of the shower and I figured I'd get my makeup and hair done while I've got some time."

Elliott watched as his mother skillfully applied some eye-shadow, the warm bronzy tones making her eyes look enchantingly sexy and alluring. "If they're not gonna be over until later, what are we gonna do for supper tonight?"

"Well, it is Friday. How about we just order pizza, as usual?"

It dawned on Elliott in that instant that it was merely one week ago that the bullies had come into their life together. Following his mother's invite, the three boys had joined them for their traditional Friday Pizza Night. It was later that night when things had really gone off the rails, when the boys had come back late at night and his mother had jerked each one of them off—three massive loads coating

her dining room table. It wasn't enough that she'd jerked off three boys less than half her age, once they'd gotten their rocks off and left, his mother had leaned over the table and lapped up every creamy drop. Elliott had watched the lurid act from the top of the stairs, hidden in the shadows, his rock-hard cock needing relief as his mother sucked up and swallowed every creamy drop.

Elliott couldn't believe how much had happened since then, how much not only his mother's life had changed, but his too. He thought about all the scintillating acts he'd witnessed, and wondered how many loads his mother had taken over the past week. All three of her hot wet holes had been filled time and again with sizzling loads of teenage boy-cum. He knew the number of loads they'd dumped into her was already beyond belief, and it seemed like things were going to continue like, with his mother being the willing cum-slut the boys wanted her to be. And right now, Elliott couldn't think of anything that would make him happier than to see her take as much cum as they could give her. He'd learned that the boys were right—without a doubt, his mother had 'a body made to take big cocks'.

"Yeah, pizza sounds good. I'll call it in a little later, okay?"

"Sure, baby. That'd be great."

"I think I'll go to my room now and get my homework done while I've got some free time, just in case we end up being busy over the weekend."

Tanya caught Elliott's eye in the mirror and smiled coyly, knowing exactly what he meant about 'being busy'. She hoped to be busy all weekend long too. This was the first day the boys hadn't come to their house right after school and started fucking her. It had only been since last night that they'd been here, but already she could feel her pussy getting itchy with need.

"Okay, baby, but before you do, why don't you come over here with me for a minute." Tanya got up from her dressing table and took Elliott's hand. She led him over to the easy chair opposite her bed, the one he usually sat in as he watched his bullies work her over. She turned around with her back to the chair and put her hands on Elliott's shoulders. "Before you go and do your homework, how would you like to feed from Mommy for a little bit first?"

Elliott's flushed face was all she needed for an answer. Without waiting for any kind of response, Tanya pushed down on her son's shoulders, pushing him to his knees. "That's my good boy," she said as she sat on the edge of the chair and stroked her son's face. "Mommy needs her boy's sweet mouth for a little while."

With his heart pounding in his chest, Elliott watched as his mother undid the sash of her robe and opened it up, revealing her massive round tits. Her rosy nipples were already stiff, evidence of her arousal.

She reached forward and put her hands on either side of Elliott's head, drawing his mouth to one pouting nipple. "C'mon, baby, start right there." Elliott eagerly opened his mouth and slipped his lips

over her soft warm flesh. He sucked gently at the stiffening bud at the same time as his tongue bathed it in a warm coating of saliva. "Mmm, that's the way. You are so good at that."

Elliott's dick was surging against the front of his jeans as he suckled at his mother's huge tits, closing his eyes in bliss as his lips and tongue gave both of them the pleasure they were looking for. His mother took his head in her hands and moved it to her other breast for a while, and then back and forth between the two of them until he had her climbing the walls.

"Your mouth on my nipples feels so good, but I need you to bring me off now," Tanya said, her voice hot and breathy. "Keep doing that with your mouth, but slip a finger inside me. Mommy wants to come while you're sucking on her boobs."

Elliott did as he was told, his finger sliding easily into her slippery trench. She was hot as a pistol, her backside shifting restlessly as his probing finger moved in a slow circle all around her velvety love-pocket. By this time he knew exactly what she liked. He moved his finger to the upper folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina and pressed his fingertip on the sweet spot he knew was there, that trigger point leading down through her body from the base of her clit.

"OH FUCK. YEAH, THAT'S IT. RIGHT...OH FUCKKKKK..."

Elliott kept sucking at her throbbing nipple as his finger rubbed teasingly over that spot way up inside her. Her hands were locked behind his head, pulling him against her body. He could feel her lush form quivering and almost singing with delight as she came, her pussy gushing its sweet juice all over his hand. When she finally started to come down from her climax, she gently pulled his mouth away from her heaving chest.

"Okay, baby, time to feed," Tanya said as she shifted back in the chair. As she settled into the soft cushions, she drew her legs up and draped them over the two armrests, opening herself right up for his oral pleasure.

Elliott gulped as he looked at the glistening mound of her pussy. Her alluring womanly fragrance overwhelmed him, sending a jolt of delight right to his already raging prick. He watched, mesmerized, as his mother slid one glowing-red talon-like fingernail down over the soft skin of her abdomen. She slid her fingertip up and down the seeping gash of her twat, and then drew the brilliant red nail in a slow circle right on top of her fiery clit.

"C'mon, sweetheart, it's time for Mommy to feed her baby." With one hand still attending to her sensitive clit, she reached forward and cupped the back of his head, her slender fingers sliding into his hair. She pulled him forward, and he eagerly allowed her to press his willing mouth flush up against her steaming petals of flesh. Her silky cunt-honey felt like heavenly nectar on his lips as his tongue slid forward, feathering deep between her slick labial gates.

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It was forty-five minutes later when she finally pushed him away. Her body was quivering in post-orgasmic bliss as she came down from her third climax in row. Elliott's face was a gooey mess. His lips and tongue were numb, but he knew he could go for hours more, if she wanted.

"Oh, baby, Mommy really needed that." She looked at her son with glassy eyes as she lay slumped into the chair, her legs still draped lewdly over the wide-spread arms. "But what about you, sweetheart, do you need to get off too?"

"Yes," Elliott gasped out as he sat back, his cock feeling like a pillar of stone in his pants.

"Go ahead and jerk it off all over my pussy, baby," Tanya said as she shifted her hips suggestively. "You earned it."

Elliott wasted no time whipping out his cock. He was so aroused that within just a few savage strokes, he started to go off, rifling blast after blast of milky cum onto his mother's exposed pussy. His body was wracked with wave after wave of delicious pleasure as he pasted her, gobs and ribbons of pearly spunk covering her glistening mound. Knowing what was expected, when he was finished, he lowered his mouth and performed his clean-up duties. His mother pulled his mouth closer, keeping him there until he brought her to one more, toe-curling release.

"Mmmm, this whole thing was kind of unexpected, but I needed it," his mother said as she finally pushed him away. She drew her legs down off the arms of the chair and sat forward, pulling her robe around her. "But now I need another shower. Elliott, could you be a dear and order our pizza for us while I'm getting cleaned up again."

"Sure Mom." Elliott stuffed his spent prick back into his pants as he turned and watched his mother disappear into the en-suite, his eyes watching her wide full bum sway suggestively back and forth.

Making his way to his room, Elliott used his cell to call in their usual order, asking for it to be delivered in about an hour. Not sure what the night had in store for him, he took a shower himself, letting his mind wander over the possibilities as he leaned into the pelting spray. As the steaming pellets washed away the worries of the week, he felt good about his life, really good. He realized he hadn't felt this way in years, and he was shocked at the peace of mind he was feeling deep in his soul. Yes, things were very good right now, better than he ever imagined.

Fresh out of the shower, he pulled on a clean pair of khakis and a polo shirt, not sure where they were going or what the boys had in store for them. He sat at his computer and played his new video game, until his mother tapped at his door. "Come in," he called out as he paused his game. He swivelled around in his desk chair as his mother opened the door and stepped inside. She was still wearing her fluffy white robe.

"Like I said, I'm going to wait until they call before I get dressed, but do you think my hair and makeup look okay? I'm not going to put my lipstick on until the last minute too, but I think I'm done with the rest."

Even dressed in her simple robe, Elliott thought his mother looked stunning. Her hair looked fantastic, long swooping golden waves that kissed her shoulders. It had a warm shine to it, like a lustrous blonde halo framing an angel's face. And what a face. He could see that she'd taken extra care with her makeup. Her eye shadow was done up in those enticing pinkish-bronze tones that suited her perfectly. The mascara made her already-long lashes look sultry and alluring. The eyeliner she'd applied made her sapphire-blue eyes pop, drawing to your attention to them like iron filings to a magnet. She needed very little else in the way of makeup, but he noticed she'd added a touch of blush on her prominent cheekbones, giving her a sophisticated glamorous look that Elliott thought was perfect, without being over the top or trumpy. All in all, she looked absolutely gorgeous.

"Mom, you look...you look incredible. You are so pretty," Elliott managed to eek out. He was so overcome by her beauty that it was hard to even find his voice as he stuttered out his reply.

"Thank you, baby. I do want to look good for the boys. I think things are going well with our plan, don't you? They haven't been picking on you this week, have they?"

Elliott shook his head as he gave her a comforting smile. "No, Mom, not at—"

Their conversation was interrupted as the doorbell rang, drawing their attention.

"That'll be the pizza. I'll go. When you come down, could you set our places at the table?"

"Sure, Mom. I'll just shut my game down and be right there."

Tanya scurried down the stairs, hoping it was their usual delivery boy, Derek, the strapping young black man who was always so sweet to her. She checked herself quickly in the hall mirror one last time before opening the door, happy with the reflection she was seeing. She opened the door wide, pleased to see that it was indeed Derek, and even more pleased to see his eyes light up as he looked her up and down. "Come in Derek." He stepped into the foyer and she closed the door behind him.

"I haven't caught you at a bad time, have I, Mrs. Cox?" Derek asked as he gestured to what she was wearing.

"Oh no. I know I don't usually answer the door in my robe, but Elliott and I are going out a little later and I wasn't finished getting dressed yet." She saw that his gaze had moved up her body and he was looking at her face now. She wondered what he was thinking, seeing

her wearing more makeup than usual. As he looked her over and a soft smile came over his face, she could see the interest in his eyes. A tingling thrill went through her.

"You look even prettier than usual, Mrs. Cox. Do you have a date? You like you're getting ready to go someplace fancy."

"No, no date, I'm afraid to say." She giggled as she rolled her eyes, as if dating was the last thing this single mother had on her mind. If only he knew it was fucking—not dating—that she was thinking of.

"Well, whatever you're doing and wherever you're going, I'm sure you'll be the prettiest one there."

"Oh, thank you, Derek. That's very sweet of you to say." Even after everything that had happened in the past week, and all the attention she had gotten from the three boys, Tanya felt giddy at flirting with Derek. From what she'd seen from the other boys the last number of days, she knew exactly what he was thinking by that look on his face as his gaze drifted down to her chest, where she knew he had a teasing glimpse of her cleavage at the opening of her robe.

Derek felt himself about to break a sweat as he looked at the gorgeous blonde MILF, the object of so many of his jerkoff fantasies. Her robe was gaping open slightly, and he could see the ample swells of her voluminous tits. Her cleavage was enticingly deep, and he knew they'd be perfect for tit-fucking. Derek was quite the swordsman himself, and he knew how badly some white women

craved black cock. He had a number of white girls, and older women, that he fucked every now and then, and he'd even fantasized about Mrs. Cox when he'd been fucking some of them. Tanya Cox was one hot white woman, no fucking doubt about it. What he wouldn't give to bury his long black gun anywhere in that woman's lush curvy body.

Shaking himself back to reality, Derek had to use his willpower to bring his eyes back up to hers, happy to see that she had a warm smile on her face as she stood before him. He opened the thermal bag he was carrying and pulled out their pizza box. "All right then. You and Elliott are probably hungry, so here we go. One large Deluxe."

"Thank you, Derek," Tanya said as she took the box and set it on the hall table. "Just let me grab my purse."

Tanya picked up her purse from the small table and stepped back towards the door. She fished around for her wallet and, as she was pulling it out, her keys got caught up on the edge of her purse and came tumbling out. Startled, she let go of the wallet, which fell to the floor with the keys. "Oh my goodness, I'm so clumsy."

Tanya bent down to pick up her things at the same time as Derek did, wanting to help. The two of them almost bumped heads, which made both of them chuckle at the awkwardness of their encounter. As they stood up, Tanya didn't notice at first that when she'd bent over, the sash of her robe had come loose. When she came all the way up, the sides of her robe parted, the lapels slipping right outside her twin peaks. It wasn't until she felt the material slide to the sides of

her body that she noticed what had happened. "Oh my, I'm so sorry," Tanya gasped, quickly pulling the sides of her robe together, feeling herself turning red.

Derek's eyes were almost bugging out of his head. Mrs. Cox's tits were even bigger than he'd imagined. And those nipples...fuck...those big red nipples. In that fleeting second or two, he could see that they were stiff as little bullets, and turned up pertly, as if beckoning someone's hand or mouth to reach out and play with them. "That's fine. Don't worry about it, Mrs. Cox. You have a very nice body." He decided to try and push his luck with this white MILF, figuring it was kind of a 'now or never' situation that the gods have given him. "Your breasts are as perfect as that beautiful face of yours."

Tanya felt herself flushing even more as she met Derek's gaze. She was totally flustered by what had happened, and she could tell that he knew it. As she looked at him, he absentmindedly ran his hand lowly down over his hip and across the front of his jeans. Her eyes were drawn to his moving hand as he slid it back and forth across the worn denim. She could see a flex happening beneath the material, and she gasped as the bulge beneath the straining fabric continued to grow in size. She found herself entranced by the lewd sight as the growing slab of meat stiffened and rose towards his waistband.

"Yes, that body of yours is something special," Derek said, his voice taking on a soft lulling tone.

The warm lilt of his voice hit her right between the legs, making her feel weak, and helpless. She couldn't tear her eyes away from his long black fingers, which were now wrapped around the growing slab of muscle hidden from her view. She felt herself starting to perspire, her breath coming in short gasps as his hand moved back and forth along the length of what she knew was a steely black pipe. And it looked big...really big! She could tell already that what Derek had there beneath his jeans had to be comparable in size to Jamal's. Were those lurid rumors true? Did all black men have huge cocks? First Jamal, and now Derek? As she watched Derek provocatively move his hand back and forth along the impressive length, it made her mouth water just to think about it, to think that all black cocks were this big. Something had changed within her over the last week, and she couldn't explain it. It was a lurking, dormant part of her that had arisen and taken on a life of its own. Had she gone 'cock crazy'? 'Black cock crazy'? Whatever it was, the sleeping desire inside her had awoken, and those feelings refused to be denied. As if hypnotized, as she watched Derek slowly rub his hand over that stiffening piece of meat, she felt her mouth watering, and she instinctively licked her lips.

That glimpse of those incredible tits of hers had sent a jolt of blood right to Derek's midsection. His prick had immediately started to fill and extend, and he decided to take a chance and help it along, so he'd blatantly put his hand right on it and started to stroke it suggestively. He'd expected her to chastise him, even throw him out of her house, threaten to call his boss. But no, her reaction had been the complete opposite. Her breasts were heaving and she was breathing raggedly, and Derek saw that look on her face as she watched what he was doing. He'd seen that look in the eyes of older white women before, and he knew exactly what it meant. Mrs. Cox's eyes had never left

his crotch once she'd seen his hand move along that growing bulge. And now, as a fine sheen of perspiration had appeared on her face, her tongue had unconsciously slid out from between her full lips and circled her mouth, wetting those soft red pillows enticingly. He knew he had her, and it was time to make the most of this unexpected situation. He moved his other hand down to his crotch and reached for his belt.

"Are you hungry, Mrs. Cox?" He had his belt open now, and he slowly drew down the zipper. "Would you like something nice and big to put in that pretty little mouth of yours?"

Now, totally mesmerized, Tanya stood there unmoving as his hand reached into the opening of his pants and drew out a long black cock. "Aaaahhh!" She let out a sharp intake of breath as her eyes took in the enormity of his veiny prick. It wasn't fully hard, but it was already incredibly big. The shaft was a tracery of pulsing veins, the conduits for his hot blood that had that big cock stiffening right before her eyes. He put his hand around the base of the shaft and made a long slow stroke of the outer sheath, pointing the enormous purple cockhead up towards her face.

"I think you know what to do," Derek said as he reached out with his other hand and pressed down on her shoulder.

Tanya didn't need Derek's touch to know what was expected of her. He'd barely set his fingers on her shoulder when she eagerly dropped to her knees. She turned her flushed face up towards him as she opened her mouth.

"That's it. Derek's got just what you need," the young black man said as he pointed his surging prick downwards and plugged it right into her mouth. She gobbled it up like it was her last meal on death row, driving her spread lips far down on his stiffening shaft in one fell swoop.

"Mmmm..."

She let off a deep purr and Derek saw her eyes were half-closed as she all but worshipped his cock. Her mouth felt like a warm vat of liquid butter as her tongue rolled over his immense cockhead and thrusting shaft, bathing it with her slippery spit. Her hands had come up now and as she'd circled both hands around the base of his cock, he'd taken her head in his hands and started working his hips back and forth, really working over her mouth. He could tell by the way she was feverishly sucking his cock that this was what she wanted, what she needed. This wasn't going to be gentle, relaxing blowjob—no—this was going to be savage, all-out face-fuck.

Tanya didn't know what had come over her, but once Derek started rubbing his hand over the bulge of his huge cock, she was lost. Any sane thoughts she had of right and wrong flew out of her brain like dust in a hurricane. Once he'd drawn his stiffening cock out of his pants and she'd seen the size of that immense black weapon, she'd had the dizzy feeling of desire come over her. She wanted nothing more than to drop to her knees and serve that huge cock, as if it were her master. She knew she'd become a slave to cock, to big cocks, especially big black cocks. But she didn't care, she didn't care that

Elliott was in the house mere yards away, and was probably watching what she was doing. All she cared about right now was that beautiful black cock in front of her, and how much she wanted it. To her, it was the most natural thing in the world to drop to her knees and start sucking, and to keep sucking until that cock filled her mouth with the most delightful taste on earth.

Derek couldn't believe what a fantastic cocksucker this woman was. He'd been delivering pizzas to Mrs. Cox for over two years now and had no idea. He'd always known she was hot-looking, but the way she was sucking his cock like a porn star was something he'd never imagined. He planned on making use of that talented mouth a lot from now on, and the rest of that gorgeous body of hers too. But right now, she had him on the verge of coming within just a minute or two. His fingers were laced in those golden locks of hers as he worked her mouth back and forth. But she loved it. He could tell from her soft little moans and glazed expression that she loved it, loved having her mouth worked over by a big black cock, loved having face fucked like a little slut. And she was going to take every last drop of his load. She was sucking so voraciously that he knew she wanted him to come in her mouth. Yes, there'd be no pinched-up face or spitting happening here, this woman was going to swallow it all.

"OH FUCK...HERE YOU GO," Derek moaned as he pulled her right down on his cock, the engorged knob starting to spit thick teenage cum deep into her mouth. "THERE'S WHAT YOU NEED. SWALLOW IT, SWALLOW ALL THAT SHIT."

Her gulping told him she was doing exactly that. He held onto her head as his surging erection bucked and rifled out rope after rope of milky semen onto her waiting tongue. His legs were shaking with the intensity of his climax as the delicious sensations flowed right down through him, out from the tip of his cock and into her waiting belly.

"OH FUCK, YEAH...WHAT A FUCKING MOUTH..." Derek moaned out as she sucked feverishly, both circling hands pumping back and forth on his lengthy shaft as she worked to coax every succulent drop of youthful cum out of him.

Finally, the last vestiges of his climax washed through his body as his puffed-up cockhead stopped spitting. He let go of her head, but she had no intention of going anywhere. He looked down as she tenderly suckled at the tip of the big mushroom head, her hands moving gentler now as she pulled out the final drops of pearly goodness onto her tongue. He loved the dreamy look in her eyes as took a final swipe with her soft warm tongue over his spongy glans and then sat back, her lips wet and puffy, but with a look of pure contentment on her face. As soon as she released her hands from his softening shaft, it was like she was snapped out of a trance. She scooted back and stood up, pulling her robe even tighter around her.

"I...I'm sorry, Derek. I don't know what came over me."

"That's fine, Mrs. Cox," Derek said. Sensing that the episode had her feeling guilty and regretful right now, he didn't want to press his

luck. He quickly tucked his beefy dick back into his pants and zipped up.

"Yes...the pizza. I need to pay you for the pizza," Tanya said, totally flustered as she reached for her purse.

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. Cox," Derek replied as he held up his hand towards her. "This one's on me."

"No, Derek, really. I need to pay you." Her hands were shaking so badly that she could barely open her wallet.

Derek waved her off again. "No, I insist." He turned and opened the door. As he was about to close it behind him, he turned and looked at her flushed face, her wet mouth still gaping open. "And thanks for the tip, Mrs. Cox. It's the best one I've had since I started this job."

Tanya felt a guilty shiver run down her spine as she watched the handsome black youth close the door behind him. She had to lean against the hall table to steady herself. "What the fuck is wrong with me?" she asked herself as she fought to regain her equilibrium. "I just sucked the pizza boy's cock, right here in the foyer, with Elliott in the house? What was I thinking?" Those thoughts raced through her brain as she clutched her robe tightly to her neck, wondering how those wanton desires inside her could take over every sane feeling she had about the difference between right and wrong. Was she really 'Black Cock Crazy', as she'd started to call it?

"Hey, Mom, was that Derek with the pizza?" Tanya grabbed the pizza box and stepped towards the kitchen. She was in time to see Elliott come bounding down the last few steps from upstairs. "Sorry I took so long. I wanted to finish that level in my game. I'll get the plates right now."

"That's fine, Elliott." As Elliott went to the cupboard and got plates and silverware out for both of them, Tanya set the pizza box on the table and sat down, trying to compose herself. She was happy that at least Elliott hadn't seen what had happened. For some reason, even after all that had happened over the last week, she would have been mortified for her son to see her drop to knees and suck cock like a two-dollar whore.

"How's Derek?" Elliott said as he opened the pizza box and served a slice for each of them.

Tanya looked at Elliott questioningly, but he was intent on his pizza as he took the first bite. "Uh, fine, I guess."

"Geez, this is good. You can't beat Mario's." Elliott washed down his bite with big gulp of milk. His mother didn't know that Elliott had witnessed the whole lurid episode. He'd come downstairs just as his mother had dropped her wallet and keys on the floor. From a spot hidden just past the archway leading into the kitchen, he'd watched what had transpired after that. He watched intently as his mother had eagerly dropped to her knees and sucked off Derek like a street-corner hustler, enthusiastically slobbering over his big cock and gratefully swallowing every drop of his cum. He knew he should feel

angry, or maybe even guilty for some reason, but watching her worship that black cock like a wanton slave just made him hard. With his cock on the rise, he'd watched as Derek held her head and fucked her face. When she noisily gulped down his creamy load, Elliott's cock had twitched as another surge of blood flowed into it. When she eventually got to her feet and Derek stored his cock away, Elliott quietly made his way back upstairs. He waited a few seconds after hearing the front door close before coming back down. "Go ahead, Mom, get into it. Aren't you hungry?"

Tanya looked at her son, seeing the happy expression on his face as he took another big bite. Things were good, even if she was troubled by her own behavior. If Elliott was happy, then she was happy too. "Sure, baby, I'm hungry," she finally replied. She had a full load of Derek's cum in her belly, but she was still hungry, and she knew it was for more than just pizza.

## Chapter 6

It was just before dusk when the message came in from Jamal. He'd texted both Tanya and Elliott to let them know he and the other two boys would be there in about twenty minutes. Tanya had retired to her room after they'd eaten, claiming she had to freshen up again. Elliott knew one of the reasons was to fix her hair after Derek had messed it up while fucking her face.

Elliott had gone to his own room and played his new video game. He needed the distraction to take his mind from the constant

thoughts of what might be in store for tonight. When his phone pinged with the text message, he couldn't believe how excited he was. It wouldn't be long now before they found out what Jamal and the others had planned.

He shut down his video game and made his way to his mother's bedroom, where he tapped at the closed door.

"Yes, Elliott?"

His mother's voice reached him from inside the room, but he could tell that she wasn't coming to the door and expected him to respond. "Uh, you got the text from Jamal too, right?"

"Yes. I'm getting dressed now. You let the boys in when they get here. It'll be cutting it close, but I should be ready."

"Uh, okay."

Shrugging his shoulders, Elliott went downstairs. He found himself pacing back and forth like an expectant father as he constantly went to the front window, hoping to catch the lights from Jamal's van. He kept checking the time on his phone as he stood at the kitchen table, drumming his fingers. The minutes seemed to creep by until finally, the old van's headlights cut through the front window as Jamal swept into the driveway.

Elliott felt his heart start to beat a little more rapidly as he made his way to the front door. He had it open even before the boys knocked.

"Well, it looks like somebody's anxious to get the evening's events underway," Jamal said as he made his way past Elliott into the house. Gunner and Zeke were right behind, smiling broadly as Elliott flushed at Jamal's observation. Elliott followed his three bullies into the house until they stopped and stood around the dining table.

He was kind of surprised to see that they were dressed in their usual jeans and t-shirts. It made Elliott wonder again where they were taking them. They definitely weren't taking them out to a nice restaurant, or something like that. Even these guys would have made the effort to dress up a bit for something like that, even if it was just to put on a regular shirt instead of a t-shirt. "They would do that, right?" he thought to himself.

"Where's Mommy?" Jamal asked as he gestured towards the stairs. "She's not ready yet?"

"Uh, just a second," Elliott replied as he stepped over to the base of the stairs. "MOM, THE GUYS ARE HERE!"

"Two minutes." Her warm voice came pouring down the stairs. "I'm almost ready."

Elliott turned to the other three and shrugged.

"That's fine," Jamal said. "How about you grab us each a Red Bull? I think we're gonna need it tonight."

The other boys chuckled as Elliott went to the fridge and passed a can to each of them. They all chugged them back in no time flat, belching proudly as they passed Elliott the empty cans.

"Sorry to keep you waiting." Tanya's voice made them all look in her direction as she started to come down the stairs.

"Fuck me," Zeke muttered under his breath.

Elliott agreed whole-heartedly with the young man's comment. He'd almost lost his breath as he first spotted his mother, and then his heart resumed that steady pounding in his chest as she made her way down the stairs. "Fuck, talk about sexy," were the kind of thoughts racing through Elliott's brain.

His mother was dressed simply, but the expression "less is more" definitely came to mind. She was wearing a simple black cocktail dress. But that simple black dress was saying more about what kind of body was lying beneath than nearly anything else she could have worn. The dress was of some stretchy material that molded itself to her incredible body like a second skin. It was sleeveless, with a deeply scooped neckline that showed off her enticing cleavage spectacularly. The material nipped in as it moved downward from her prominent bustline to her narrow waist, before flaring out over

her wide flared hips. The tightness of the fabric combined with her naturally curvy body to emphasize her womanly hourglass figure. As the stretchy material moved further down, it hugged her full creamy thighs, before ending just a few inches below her pussy, leaving a vast expanse of those smooth tanned thighs exposed.

"Oh God," Elliott heard himself mumble as his gaze travelled down the rest of his mother's body as she continued down the stairs. Her legs looked fantastic. She had applied that lotion or oil that she'd put on previously, the stuff that made them shine with an erotic glow, as if her feminine nectar was slowly leaking out of her steaming cunt and covering her legs in an enticing sheen. Whatever she'd put on them to make them look like that, Elliott thought the effort was more than worth it. The luxurious sheen drew your attention to the subtle muscle tone in her tanned legs, the sinews moving subtly like those of a jungle cat as she made her way down the staircase. Like her deliciously feminine hourglass figure, her full thighs and plump calves were accentuated by her tiny dimpled knees and slender ankles.

Elliott's gaze moved further downwards, to her small delicate feet. She was wearing a pair of black stilettos with wickedly-pointed toes and rapier-like high heels that had to be 5" high. A slender black strap circled her ankle, with a tiny buckle at the side keeping the shoe secured to her slender feet. They were definitely "come-fuck-me" shoes. That was for sure, Elliott thought.

As she reached the bottom of the stairs, Elliott's eyes scanned back up her body to her face. The first thing he saw was the black velvet

choker around her neck. There was something about the choker that was dead sexy. Just looking at it wrapped snugly around the smooth skin of her neck, and knowing that her throat was likely to be filled with more than one cock tonight, made it seem all the more erotic.

Elliott drew his eyes further upwards. She'd done up her hair and makeup again after her little episode with Derek. Her lustrous blonde hair fell in sweeping waves past her shoulders, the honey-colored locks gleaming sensuously. Her shiny mane framed her face attractively, drawing your eyes to her ravishing features. Her eye makeup and touch of blush accentuated her alluring feminine features and sultry blue eyes. Eyes you could get lost in, thought Elliott. Finally, his gaze moved down to her mouth. She had applied a liberal coating of the 'wet-look' lipstick that Jamal loved so much. It shone boldly and caught the light like sparkling jewels as she smiled bewitchingly. The brilliant red lipstick looked sultry and inviting, and the wet-look shine made it look like that beautiful mouth was made for one thing, and one thing only — sucking cock.

She stopped at the table and set down the matching little clutch purse she'd been carrying in her hand. Her alluring perfume came along with her, and settled on their senses like a mist of Viagra, sending a pulsing jolt of blood to each of their youthful cocks.

"I'm sorry if I kept you waiting," Tanya said, looking up at Jamal with big doe-like eyes. She swayed slightly from side to side, giving the boys a teasing look at the way her massive breasts looked from various angles in the skin-tight dress.

"No problem at all," Jamal said as all three of them blatantly looked her up and down. "The wait was definitely worth it. That dress looks a million times better on you than it did in the picture I sent you."

Tanya had gotten the usual message from Jamal that morning, with a picture of the dress he wanted her to wear that night, and where to get it. As she'd done on each of the previous days, she'd been at the store first thing, wanting to make sure she got just what he wanted. She'd fallen in love with the little black dress as soon as she'd seen it, and loved it even more when she saw her reflection when she'd tried it on. The saleswoman in the store even made a pass at her when she completed the purchase, but Tanya just meekly smiled her thank you to the woman and made her way out, but not before turning and giving the woman a last teasing wink. She'd never had a woman come on to her like that before, and it was kind of exciting. But she knew that the boys would find the dress even more exciting, and she couldn't wait for their night to begin.

"Well, let's take a look at you," Jamal said as he gestured to the open space past the end of the table.

Tanya turned and stepped away from them, her full round bum shifting provocatively from side to side as she sashayed across the room, the tight dress hugging those curvy bum cheeks seductively. When she'd taken a number of steps away from them, she turned like a model and walked back.

When she'd been walking away, Elliott's gaze had instantly been attracted to her feet. The soles of her black stilettos were a brilliant

red, and he knew exactly what that meant. Those cock-hardening shoes were Louboutins, the famous designer whose signature was those sexy red soles. The shoes must have cost a fortune, but Elliott could see from the way they looked on his mother that they were worth every penny.

"Oh fuck..."

Elliott looked up to see that it was Gunner that mouthed the words this time, and once again, he had to agree. His mother looked stunningly sexy from every delicious angle that you looked at her. In profile, her huge breasts and bum were curvy delights that made your mouth water. When you looked at her straight on from the back that shifting rump and narrow wasp-like waist was enough to send the blood pumping right to your groin. And from the front, fuckkk, that face, those tits, that tiny waist and wide fuckable hips, those full thighs, those long tanned legs, those shiny sexy legs, and those incredible shoes, those sexy "I want to fuck all night long" shoes...well, fuck...the view from the front was enough to make any man want to whip out his cock and fuck this woman within an inch of her life.

"Nice, very nice indeed," Jamal said as he slipped his arm around Tanya and drew her close. He lowered his mouth to hers and kissed her. It was instinctive for her at this point, but Elliott was still surprised to see that as soon as the black youth started kissing her, her hand automatically reached for his crotch and sought out his cock, her slender red-tipped fingernails circling the long limber slab of meat beneath his jeans.

"Mmm..." She purred as she kissed him, her hand starting to slide back and forth.

"Next," Gunner said, pulling her out of Jamal's arms.

Elliott watched as the kiss was broken and his mother came away with her mouth open and breathless. But she didn't lose a beat as Gunner pulled her close and pressed his mouth against hers. Once again, her hand was working over his noticeable bulge in seconds flat. And then it was Zeke's turn, and once again she eagerly returned his kiss while her fingers got busy.

"Okay, we better get going," Jamal said as he pulled Zeke off.

Tanya brushed her tousled hair back into place as she stood upright. When the boys had been kissing her and pulling her against them, her dress had shifted higher on her thighs. She shimmied and did that thing all woman do as she pulled her dress back down, the stretchy material clinging to her full thighs. She reached over and picked up her clutch purse as Jamal started towards the front door. Gunner and Zeke both gestured for her and Elliott to go next, with the two of them bringing up the rear. Once they were outside and Elliott locked up, Tanya took a quick look around, happy to see that no neighbors were out. Dusk was falling quickly, and that helped to alleviate her anxiety at the possibility of being seen in the tiny black dress.

Jamal stepped over to the van and opened the rear door on the passenger side as the rest of the group stepped closer. "Okay, in you go," he said as he gestured with his arm while holding the door open. Zeke piled in first, and then reached back to help Tanya step in. Elliott assumed he was next and stepped forward.

"Un-uh," Jamal said, putting out his hand and pressing it against Elliott's chest. "You're riding up front with me." He paused as he gave Elliott one of those thousand-watt smiles of his. "At least for a while, anyway."

Elliott stepped aside as Gunner took the other seat in the back and closed the door of the van. While Jamal walked around the front, Elliott climbed into the passenger seat and clipped on his seatbelt, something he'd always been taught to do.

"Oh yeah, I'd almost forgotten there were actually seat belts in this piece of shit," Jamal said as he started up the vehicle. "Safety first. Right, Elliott?"

Elliott glanced over his shoulder at his mother sitting between the two boys on the bench seat in the back. Like Jamal, none of them made a move to look for the seatbelts either. He felt like the nerd that he was, but he figured it would look even worse if he guiltily undid the seatbelt and pushed it aside. He decided to try and change the subject. "So, where are we going? Can you tell us yet?"

"Sure," Jamal said as he backed the car out of the driveway and popped it into DRIVE. "We're taking you guys to the drive-in. I bet it's been a long time since you've been to the drive-in."

The drive-in? What the fuck? thought Elliott. That had been just about the last thing he'd expected. At one time there'd been two drive-ins in town, but one had closed down years ago, and he thought the other one was on the verge of going out of business too.

"We haven't been to the drive-in since Elliott was a little boy," Tanya said. "Remember how much fun that was, Elliott?"

Elliott vaguely remembered going to a kids' double feature with his parents years ago. He'd fallen asleep before the second show even started. He remembered waking up on the back seat as his parents pulled out of the drive-in, watching the flickering street lights go by in a mesmerizing wave before falling under their hypnotic spell and dropping off within a mile of their departure.

"Yeah, it's going to be a lot of fun tonight," Jamal said as he looked at Tanya in the rear-view mirror. "I can guarantee it."

There was something kind of sinister in the way Jamal said that, leaving Elliott to wonder exactly what was in store for them, or especially, his mother. "Uh...what's playing?" he asked.

Jamal told him it was the latest in a series of movies based on one of those comic book heroes, with the second feature being an action flick. It seemed to Elliott like standard fare for what he'd expect from these three. It was obviously something they'd picked out with their own enjoyment in mind. He couldn't see them picking out movies like that thinking his mother would like them. Jamal prattled on for a bit about how much he liked the guy who was starring in the action flick, rattling off the names of most of the movies the actor had been in.

When Jamal finished talking, a wet sticky sound came to Elliott's ears from behind him. He turned in his seat and nearly gasped out loud. The first thing he saw was his mother's legs spread wide open, with a leg draped over each of Zeke and Gunner's thighs. Her face was turned towards Gunner, who was kissing her passionately. Gunner's hand was between her legs and had her dress pushed up, his fingers sliding in and out of her pussy. Zeke was on her other side, but he was turned slightly towards her, his hand groping her huge breasts through the tight black dress. Elliott looked down into each of the boys' laps, where his mother's hands were busy fisting each of their cocks.

"I guess it's a good thing I told her not to wear any panties," Jamal said with a smile as he noticed what Elliott was looking at.

Elliott couldn't take his eyes away from the lurid scene as his mother and Gunner finally broke their kiss. She automatically turned to the other side and started kissing Zeke. As if it was routine for them, Gunner withdrew his hand from her sizzling cunt and started feeling

her up, his fingers glistening with her juices. Zeke pressed his mouth to hers as he dropped his hand from her breasts onto her thighs, where his fingers quickly replaced Gunner's inside her gooey trench. This went on for a few minutes as the boys kept switching up between working over her pussy and groping her tits. Their rigid dicks stood proudly from their open jeans, his mother's hands pumping up and down rhythmically.

"C'mon, boys," Jamal said as he kept an eye on things in the rear-view mirror. "I want to see her come."

On command, both boys put their hands between her widely spread legs. Gunner had two fingers sliding back and forth in her seeping twat while Zeke concentrated on her clit. Tanya tipped her head back as she allowed the young boys to pleasure her. With both of them working on her steaming pussy, she was gasping in no time flat. Elliott could see her massive tits heaving, the huge swells of tit-flesh quivering above the deeply-scooped neckline of her sexy dress.

"OH FUCCCKKKKKK..."

Her gasp filled the van as she started to come. Gunner and Zeke kept their hands busy working over her trigger spots as she spasmed and twitched against the seat. Her legs were still spread wide open, and the scent coming from between her legs washed over Elliott like an intoxicating drug. She thrashed about, moaning and groaning under the boys' talented fingering.

"Hurry up, you fuckers," Jamal said. "I can smell that beautiful pussy up here and it's got me ready to do some dumpin'. You guys'll have your fun soon enough."

When Tanya's climax finally subsided, the boys withdrew their hands from her dripping cunt and brought them to her face. Elliott watched as she eagerly licked their fingers clean, lapping up every creamy morsel of her warm honey.

They were leaving the outskirts of the city now, and the traffic was thinning as Jamal took the road to the drive-in. Elliott knew it was about twenty minutes away.

"Okay, sweet thing, get up here," Jamal said before turning towards Elliott. "Switch places with your mother, she's got some cocksucking to do."

Elliott undid his seatbelt and kind of hunched himself up in the passenger seat. His mother smoothed down the hem of her short little skirt and squeezed herself between the two front seats. Once she'd slid into the passenger seat, Elliott did the same, stepping through the narrow opening and sitting between Zeke and Gunner who, thankfully, had stuffed their pricks back into their pants.

"You brought one of those hair scrunchie things, didn't you?" Jamal asked as he started to undo his pants, one eye on the road and one eye flicking over to Tanya.

"Uh...yes. It's in my purse," she replied gesturing to the back seat.

"Elliott, give your mother her purse."

Elliott found the small black purse on the seat next to him and handed it to his mother. She reached inside and pulled out a black velvet scrunchie. She quickly whipped her blonde locks up into a ponytail, cinching the scrunchie tight at the back of her head.

"That's it. That's what I like to see," Jamal said, his big black cock sticking up from his open fly. He reached over and slipped his hand around Tanya's ponytail, taking a firm grip of the 'fuck-handle'. "C'mon down here, sweetheart, Jamal's got a big black licorice stick for you to suck on."

As Jamal pulled her towards his lap, Tanya slipped to her knees, angling herself between the floorboards of the passenger seat and the space between the two captain's chairs. She eagerly opened her mouth as Jamal pulled her face onto his thrusting erection.

Wet slobbering sounds quickly filled the van as Elliott watched his mother enthusiastically suck Jamal's huge prick while the boy continued to drive. She was mewling and purring like a kitten as she bobbed up and down. Through the ambient light from the car interior, Elliott could see her saliva glistening lewdly on Jamal's rigid dick.

"Oh fuck, yeah. Nothin' like gettin' sucked off while you're driving," Jamal said, his eyes flicking between the road and Tanya's bobbing head as he used that fuck-handle to piston her face up and down on his needy cock.

Elliott figured Jamal mustn't have gotten off yet today because it didn't take very long before he was forced to pull over to the side of the road and slam the van into PARK.

"All right now, go for it, Mommy. I've got a nice big load of gravy for you." Jamal used two hands now to work Tanya's head up and down, making her take more of his horse-like cock into her throat.

"Egghh...egghhh..."

The nasty sounds of her gagging didn't prevent her from continuing to give off those pleasurable moans and whimpers as she feverishly sucked.

"OH FUCK...HERE YOU GO...GET IT ALL," Jamal said as he started to come.

Elliott watched his mother go after his load like a wild-thing, her cheeks caving in as she sucked. She made a slobbery swallowing sound as Jamal filled her mouth, taking the first torrent of cum deep into her belly. She kept sucking, and Jamal kept coming, until she'd

gotten every last creamy morsel down her throat and into her stomach.

"Oh yeah, that's the way," Jamal said as he slowly pulled back on the fuck-handle. Elliott watched as he paused with his mother's lips at the tip of his cock, her tongue delving into the wet red eye to get that last pearly drop.

Jamal let go of her hair and, as if suddenly remembering where she was, Tanya guiltily climbed back into the passenger seat and faced forward. After Jamal zipped up and dropped the car into DRIVE, she reached up and started to take the scrunchie out of her hair.

"Just leave it," Jamal instructed. "That pretty little mouth of yours is gonna get used again soon enough."

A minute or two later the drive-in came into the view and Elliott was surprised to see Jamal go right past the main entrance where a number of cars were already lined up.

"I thought you said we were going to the drive-in," Elliott said.

"We are. I know a guy."

They'd barely gone a hundred yards past the main entrance when Jamal turned into a wide driveway with a big double gate facing the road.

"They open these gates and let cars come out this way at the end of the show," Jamal said by way of explanation. "And, like I said, I know a guy."

He'd barely finished speaking when Elliott saw a young black man step from the shadows at the side and open one of the gates from the inside. Once Jamal drove through and came to a stop, he closed the gate behind them.

Jamal leaned out his window as the man stepped next to the van. "Hey cuz, thanks for that." He reached forward with a closed fist.

"No problem," the young man said as he returned the fist bump before leaning against the window frame. "Hey, did you hear my dad just got out?"

"No way! What happened?"

"His lawyer found a technicality that had gotten fucked up in the arrest warrant. I think some paralegal on the prosecution side sent it the lawyer anonymously. The judge had to spring him on the spot."

"Fuckin' A. When did this happen?"

"Two days ago. He should be pulling into town in the next few days." The young man paused as he looked into the van, his eyes raking hungrily over Tanya. "Things are still on for tonight, like you said?"

"Of course, cuz, of course."

The young man turned his gaze to the back seat. "Zeke, Gunner. How's it goin'?"

"Good. How about you, Kendrick?" Gunner said.

"I'm good," he said before cutting his eyes back to Tanya. "But I think I'm going to be even better after tonight."

Jamal let out a low chuckle as he tapped his cousin on the shoulder. "Okay, I'll see you later. I don't want to miss the start of the show."

"All right, man, I've gotta help the projection guy get things set up. See you soon," Kendrick said before slipping away into the night.

Jamal manoeuvred the van to the back row, where there were already a few vans and a couple of pick-up trucks staggered here and there. He pulled to a spot a decent distance from the others, and then shut things down, but not before tuning the radio to the broadcast

channel for the movie. Darkness had fallen, and just as Jamal got the radio set up, the overhead lights dimmed, signalling that the show was about to get underway. The van was enveloped in darkness.

"Perfect timing," Jamal said as the pre-show cartoons ended and the trailers came on. He looked in the rear-view mirror at his two friends. "Okay, I've already gotten my first load off but I'm gonna need to blow another one pretty soon. Are you guys gonna take her in the back, or what?"

"Fuckin' right," Gunner said. "Yeah, this one's been buildin' all day and I need to get rid of it, fast."

"Elliott, shift to the side," Zeke said.

Gunner had opened the side door and gotten out, closing the door behind him. When Elliott shifted over, Zeke reached behind the bench seat and did something with his hand. The next thing Elliott knew, the centre section of the seat folded down leaving a sizable gap that fed into the empty part of the van behind. Gunner opened one of the two rear doors of the van and Elliott saw his husky silhouette as he crawled inside.

"Turn the lights on back here, Jamal. It's blacker than your ass."

"Yeah, you two white boys are gonna need all the help you can get to find those puny dicks of yours." Jamal flipped a switch on the

dash. Elliott saw two dome lights mounted on the sides of the rear part of the van come in, bringing a dull muted light to the rear compartment. Elliott peered over the back of the seat. The floor of the rear compartment had a mattress almost filling it. It was a bare mattress, with numerous stains. There were two pillows near the top, just behind the bench seat. There were no covers on the pillows either, and he could see that they were as badly stained as the mattress.

"C'mon, babydoll," Zeke said as he turned towards Tanya and took her hand. "The shows about to start, and you're the main attraction."

Elliott felt a shiver run down his spine as Zeke helped his mother as she crouched down and made her way between the two front seats, and then stepped over the folded-down portion of the bench seat. As soon as she made it through, Zeke scrambled into the back after her. There wasn't a lot of headroom in the back, and all three of them were on their knees on the raggedy old mattress. Gunner and Zeke started undoing their pants.

"Okay, blondie," Gunner said, "get down on your back and spread those legs of yours. Me and Zeke are gonna start fillin' you up."

Elliott gasped as he saw his mother obediently comply. She pushed the pillows together and lay down on her back, her legs pointing towards the rear of the van. She drew her knees well up and then let her legs roll open to the sides, the dome lights on the side panels making her shimmering legs glow in the muted light. Zeke and Gunner had their pants fully off by now and tossed them over the

seat next to Elliott, making sure they were out of the way. He was surprised that the boys left their t-shirts on as they moved in on his mother, Gunner between her spread legs and Zeke near her face.

"Oh yeah, she's soaking wet," Gunner said as he took his hand and nudged the broad flared head of his cock between her slippery labial gates.

"Her cunt's always sopping wet, just like this hot mouth of hers," Zeke added as he leaned forward and plugged his cock deep into Tanya's waiting mouth.

"Come on, Elliott, come on up here and watch the movie with me."

Jamal's voice made Elliott turn. Wanting to keep in Jamal's good books, he squeezed himself back through the gap and sat in the passenger seat. The van started rocking as Gunner and Zeke really started to give it to his mother. The squeaking and thudding sounds reminded Elliott of his mother's old bed, and how often he'd heard those sounds over the past week as they'd fucked her time and time again.

"This movie's pretty good. Great special effects," Jamal said.

The only special effects Elliott had on his mind were those coming from the back of the van. He couldn't concentrate on the movie at all. He kept looking over his shoulder through the gap in the back seat.

He could see Zeke in profile, flexing back and forth as he fucked his mother's face. And beyond Zeke, he could see Gunner facing him straight on. The muscular blonde boy now had Elliott's mother's slender ankles in each hand, holding her legs spread wide apart like a wishbone. Elliott could see Gunner's hips slam forcefully into his mother as he fucked her, the nasty wet slapping sound echoing off the van's metal walls. The boys were still in their t-shirts, but then again, his mother was still in her dress. The way it was scrunched up around her midsection made it impossible for Elliott to see Gunner's thick cock when he had it buried deep, but when the blonde boy drew backward, Elliott could see the tumescent white shaft glistening with her juices.

"Ehhmmm!...Ehhmmm!..."

A high-pitched moan came from the back of the van, and Elliott knew his mother was coming. The sound was muffled by Zeke's cock as the slender boy kept working her mouth from the side, sawing his rigid prick back and forth between her pouty lips.

"There's her first one," Gunner said.

"But not her last," Zeke replied as he gripped her head tightly and vigorously fucked her face.

Elliott knew the boys were right about his mother, and it was only a couple minutes later before she came again. Her body thrashed about

as they continued to use her, working over two of her holes with big, thick, teenage cocks.

"Are you close?" Gunner asked Zeke a minute or so later.

"Yeah, man. This mouth of hers is fucking amazing."

"Okay, let's fill her up."

Elliott watched as both boys really went after her. He thought the van was going to bust a spring, the way they were fucking her so hard at each end.

"OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES...SWALLOW THAT SHIT," Zeke groaned as he started to go off, rifling rope after rope of milky cum into Tanya's mouth.

"OH YEAH...GONNA FILL THAT PRETTY PUSSY OF YOURS," Gunner added as he started to climax as well. He kept her legs spread wide open, her sexy red-soled shoes pointing to the top corners of the van as he poured himself into her, dousing her clutching twat with shot after shot of his potent seed.

"Sounds like I should join the fun," Jamal said as he opened the driver's door. Elliott heard Jamal walk around to the back and then

he saw the rear door open, just as Zeke sat back and Gunner pulled his spent prick out of his mother's gooey cunt.

"Let me in there, white boy," Jamal said to Gunner as he climbed in and closed the door behind him. In seconds flat, he shucked off his jeans as well, tossing them onto the back seat with the others. Like the other boys, he too left his t-shirt on. He reached down and gave his majestic prick a couple of vigorous strokes, his pumping hand bringing fresh hot blood into his stiffening cock.

Zeke moved to the side and made way as Gunner took his place and rubbed his sticky cock all over Tanya's face. "Lick that clean for me, blondie. Lick up every drop of that cunt-honey of yours."

Elliott saw her tongue eagerly reach out and almost curl around Gunner's semi-hard prick as he moved it back and forth over her face. "That's it. That's a good girl," the blonde boy said.

"Okay, sweetheart, now that these guys have finished teasing you with those little pea-shooters of theirs," Jamal said as he moved between Tanya's spread legs, "it's time to let you feel a man-sized cock stretch that middle-aged cunt of yours."

With that being said, he leaned forward and slipped the knob of his big black cock between her slick petals. With the head of his prick nestled tightly in her labial gates, he leaned forward and drove it balls-deep with one smooth, hard, merciless stroke.

"OH FUCCGGGHH..." Tanya let out a loud wail as Jamal buried himself deep, the broad flared head of his cock bumping up against her cervix. That was all it took to trigger an intense vaginal orgasm, the luxurious sensations shooting through her with all the subtlety of a bomb going off. She spasmed and convulsed like she was having a fit. Her legs scissored in the air as the overwhelming tingles of delight shot to every nerve ending. Jamal held on for dear life as she almost threw him off, her hips slamming up and down like a bucking bronco.

"Oh God...so big...so fucking big...aaahhh...so fucking good..." she moaned as her climax slowly started to wane, but Elliott could see she had intention of going anywhere. The way she continued to roll her hips back up against Jamal made it clear she wanted more.

"See, guys, I told you she needed a man-sized cock," Jamal said as he gave his friends one of those glaring smiles. He wriggled his hips, causing Tanya to moan deeply in her throat. "All right, sweetheart, let's go for two, shall we?" Jamal leaned over her in the push-up position and then really started to fuck her.

Jamal was fucking her so hard that Elliott thought the black boy was going to drive her right through the floorboards and chassis of the van. But Elliott's heart beat faster as he saw his mother's legs come up as she circled them around Jamal's back, her sexy shoes crossing over each other behind Jamal's muscular butt-cheeks. Within just a minute or so of Jamal's vigorous fucking, she started with that high-pitched whimpering again.

"She's gonna come again," Jamal said as he kept jackhammering his thick black cock into her. "Stick something in her mouth or everybody in the place will hear her."

Gunner had just the thing. Like Zeke, he gripped her head in his hands and plugged his rising prick into her mouth. His fingers feathered deep into her blonde hair as he moved her mouth back and forth, fucking his stiffening dick deeper into her mouth.

Elliott heard her make those nasty gagging sounds again, but he could tell from the tone that she loved it, that she wanted more, that she needed it. And Jamal was right, less than a minute later, she came again, and Gunner helped stifle her shrieks of ecstasy by keeping her mouth full of his big hard cock.

"Hurry up, Jamal, I haven't had a shot at that pussy yet," Zeke said as he reached in from the other side of the MILF and mauled her big tits.

Elliott saw Zeke slip his hand right down inside the neckline of her dress, filling his hand with her soft warm mounds.

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This went on for the rest of the first show, with the three boys taking turns in whatever hole they wanted. Elliott had quietly moved from the front seat to the back seat, wanting a better view. The boys kept

his mother in her tiny black dress and sexy stilettos the whole time. By the time the first movie was done, her dress was already a mess, spackled and dotted with clumps and ribbons of milky white cum.

As if on cue when the first movie ended, the boys decided to take a break. They retrieved their jeans from the backseat and pulled them on before piling out of the back door.

"We're going to the concession stand, sweetheart," Jamal said. "Do you want something to drink? I imagine that throat of yours is a little sore right now."

"Yes, please," Tanya croaked out, her voice raspy.

"Okay. Elliott, get in there and do your thing. I want Mommy cleaned up and ready to go for the second show."

Jamal closed the back door and Elliott heard the mumble of the boys' voices as they walked off. He looked into the rear of the van, his mother laying there on the stained old mattress, her hair a dishevelled mess on the pillow beneath her. Her legs were spread wide open, cum oozing out of every orifice. Her dress was spackled and dotted with milky gobs and pearly ropes of jizz, but the boys had left the dress on her the whole time. Elliott knew there was something about fucking someone dressed in something so sexy that the boys loved. It made it seem more illicit and nasty for them to fuck her like that. He loved it too. "Are you okay, Mom?" he finally asked.

"Oh God, baby," his mother cooed back in a warm voice. "I'm better than okay. Oh man, do those boys ever know how to fuck, each one of them. And they're all so big, and they just get so wonderfully hard." She paused for a second as her eyes flicked over to meet Elliott's. "I'm sorry you have to see this, baby, but Mommy's doing this to help you. They haven't been picking on you, right? We both have to do what we can so you're safe and happy. You are happy, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes Mom." Elliott couldn't keep the smile off his face. He knew his mother was justifying her slutty behavior by claiming she was doing it for him. They both knew better, but if it made her happy to say those things, he was fine with that. And she was right, the boys had ceased picking on him since they'd started all this just a week ago.

"Well then, you better get back here and do as Jamal said. They'll be back soon."

Elliott clambered through the opening in the rear seat and got to his knees on the crappy old mattress. Like his mother's room often did these days, the rear of the van smelled like cock, cunt, and cum. He was realizing that sinfully lurid scent was becoming his favorite these days, replacing in his brain the intoxicating fragrance from Cinnabon that drew him like a magnet every time he went to the mall. Compared to Cinnabon, he'd take the smell of his mother's cunt any day. Shaking his head to bring himself back to the task at hand, he scrambled between his mother's legs as she sat up and braced herself with her hands behind her.

"Go ahead, baby. They've really filled me up. You better get to work."

Elliott could see she was right about that. There was cum everywhere. He dove onto her pussy first, pressing the flat of his tongue against the bottom of her pleasure-groove and drawing it slowly upwards. His tongue was covered with spunk before he'd reached her clit, and he swallowed, feeling the viscous teenage cum slide smoothly down his throat. He licked all around her pouty mound, cleaning the surface thoroughly before slipping his tongue inside.

"That's it, baby. There's a lot in there. Get it all."

His mother's words encouraged Elliott even more. He sucked at her seeping opening and sent his tongue far up along those moist coital walls as he gathered in the warm cream. It took a long time, but he eventually got as much out of her as he could. Knowing time was running short, as his mother lay back and rolled her hips up, he dove down lower, attending to her seeping bum-hole. He pressed the flat of his tongue against her tender hole and rolled it all around, cleaning her bum-cheeks as best he could. He then concentrated on her pink pucker, pressing his lips right against the tiny little hole and feathering his tongue into her steaming guts. There was just as much cum up that chute as there'd been in her pussy, and he sucked feverishly, drawing every warm drop out of her and into his belly.

"C'mon, baby. Come up here and clean my face now."

His mother lay back on the stained pillow as Elliott crawled up beside her and leaned over her pretty face. Her hair had come out of the scrunchie at some point. Her lustrous blonde locks were matted and clumped with gobs of spunk as it lay on the pillow like a golden halo around her face. He could see that her lipstick had been smudged off long ago from the constant abuse her mouth had taken. Her lips were puffy, but she looked happier than he'd ever seen her. There were spackles and ribbons of cum all over her face as well, just like the rest of her. He lowered his tongue and licked the soft skin of her face, gathering up the pearly remnants of teenage semen. When he was done and sat back, her face shone with a fine sheen of his drying saliva, every drop of cum sitting in his stomach.

"Pass me my purse," his mother said as she propped herself up again. "I want to put on a fresh coat of lipstick before they get back. I know Jamal will like that."

Elliott reached into the back seat and retrieved his mother's purse. He watched as she took out her lipstick and expertly applied a fresh coat of the brilliant red, wet-look gloss. Once again, her full soft lips looked like the perfect cock-sucking receptacle. She put the lipstick back in her purse and was just fluffing up her hair when they heard the boys' voices approach.

"They should be here anytime. They got my text about where I parked," Elliott heard Jamal say as they got closer.

"Speak of the devil," Zeke said a few seconds later.

A new voice came to them from the other side, in the opposite direction from where the boys had come from, along with a series of footfalls, indicating more than one person. "What's going on, son? What's all this cloak and dagger stuff?"

"Son?" Elliott thought. "What the fuck?" The new voice was deeper, and sounded older. Could it really be...

"Dad, you made it." Elliott's eyes opened wide as Jamal responded. Was that really his father he was speaking to?

"Yeah, and look who I brought with me," the older voice said.

"Uncle Dexter! Kendrick told me you got out. Congratulations, man."

Elliott heard some palm-slapping coming from right behind the van.

"Thanks, Jamal. It's good to be out. Being in the joint isn't a lot of fun, let me tell you."

"So Dex, when did this happen? Just this week, right?" It was Gunner who asked this question.

"Yeah, two days ago. I've been on a bus ever since. Just got in a couple of hours ago. Brock said Jamal asked him to come out here, so I thought I'd tag along and see Kendrick as soon as I could. Is it good to have your Daddy home, boy?"

"Fuckin' A." Elliott recognized the voice of the young man who'd let them in the gate.

"So what's up, Jamal? Why did you text me to come and meet you out here?" It was Jamal's father who spoke again this time, the man the uncle had referred to as 'Brock'.

"I've got a birthday present for you, Dad."

Elliott's eyes opened wide as Jamal's words registered. He wasn't really going to...

"But my birthday isn't until next week."

"Well, think of it as an early birthday present then. And since Uncle Dexter's here, think of this as a welcome home present for him too."

"What are you talking about?" the older man asked.

"Right this way."

As both of the rear doors of the van opened wide, Elliott recoiled, pressing himself back against the bench seat behind him. He noticed his mother seemed to take it all in stride as she propped herself up on her elbows and looked at the faces of three more men facing her.

"Well, well, what do we have here?"

It was the older man who said this as he stepped closer, a leering smile on his face. Elliott could see the resemblance to Jamal in the big man. There was no doubt that this was his bully's father, Brock. Elliott knew that, like the other older man standing next to him, Brock had only been out of prison for a few weeks too.

"This is our good friend, Elliott," Jamal said as he nodded in Elliott's direction, "and his mother, Mrs. Cox."

"Mrs. Cox, you say?" Brock said, emphasizing the woman's last name.

"Yes, Tanya's her first name."

"Is this the woman that you said you've been doing some work at her house?"

"The one and the same."

Brock paused as he looked Tanya up and down, his lustful gaze roaming over her gorgeous body, still beautifully displayed in the tight black dress and towering heels. "Nice, very nice indeed." The man turned towards his son. "And you do know how much I like blondes, don't you?"

"Of course. I couldn't think of a better birthday present. Do you like it?"

"Very much. And I get to share my present with your uncle?"

"And Kendrick too. The three of us worked her over during the first show, now you three can have her for the second one."

"What's the story with the kid?" Brock asked as he nodded towards Elliott.

"He goes to school with us. He's tutoring us and, in return," Jamal paused as he gestured towards Tanya, "we're teaching him about the finer things in life."

"And he doesn't have a problem with that?"

"Not at all, as long as he gets to lick Mommy's pussy. He's our clean-up boy, actually."

Brock chuckled. "Clean-up boy. Perfect."

"What does she do?" Uncle Dexter asked.

"Everything. Feel free to use any of her three holes. She likes it all."

"Depththroat?" Kendrick asked.

"Of course. I got her trained in that earlier this week."

"Ass to mouth?" It was Uncle Dexter who asked this.

"Yep. Pussy to mouth, ass to mouth. She'll clean that cock of yours anytime you want."

Elliott saw the three new men nod appreciatively before Brock spoke. "I love the dress, and those fuck-me shoes. Did you pick those out, Jamal?"

"Of course."

"Good man," Brock said, slapping his son on the shoulder. "I've taught you well."

"Fuck, look at those tits," Kendrick said, nodding towards Tanya's impressive chest, her massive tits straining against the tight material of her tiny black dress.

"And that mouth, look at that gorgeous mouth. I've been in prison a long time and that's where I'm going first," Uncle Dexter said.

"That pussy is mine for this first go round," Brock said as he started to open his pants. "She is my birthday present, after all."

"You don't need to worry about giving it to her any way you want," Jamal said. "She's got a body made for big cocks, and she can take 'em in any of those sweet holes of hers."

"All right then, let's see if we can help the lady out." Brock was unzipping by this point, with Dexter and Kendrick doing the same. "What are you guys gonna do while we're fucking her?"

Gunner answered this time. "We ran into some friends who are parked on the other side of the concession stand. We're gonna go hang out with them. We'll be back later."

Jamal nodded towards Elliott. "Elliott, do you want to come with us, or stay here. It's up to you."

Elliott looked at the three new black men and then at his mother, who seemed to be eager to get started. "I...I guess I'll just stay here."

"Okay, suit yourself." Jamal turned and patted his father on the back. "Have fun, Dad, and happy birthday."

"Thanks son. Here, Clean-up Boy, take care of these." The three new men shucked off their pants and tossed them towards Elliott. "I'm fine with you hangin' around, but just stay out of our way."

"Yes sir," Elliott replied as he scrambled back through the opening and placed their pants on the back seat next to him.

The three men closed the back door after climbing inside, all three of them on their knees as they leered at Tanya. Elliott gulped as he looked at the heavy appendages hanging between their legs. He thought that old saying must be true, about all black men being well-hung. At least it was in this family. All three of these men had been blessed with sizable horse-cocks, just like Jamal. Having run their hungry eyes over his mother, all three of them were already half-hard, their cocks on the rise and stiffening. Again, like his three bullies, all three left their shirts on. They were all stroking their cocks as they kneed their way across the mattress from all sides as they moved in on her. They were all circumcised, and Elliott could see the bloated heads of each impressive member becoming darker as hot blood flowed into their lengthy cocks.

"Fuck, brother, look at that lipstick," Dexter said. "Do you know how long it's been since I've had a mouth like that? Fuck, I'm goin' in there right now."

Without waiting any longer, Dexter straddled Tanya's chest and plugged his growing cock right between those shiny red lips.

"Mmm..."

Elliott heard his mother let off one of those tell-tale warm purrs of hers, letting him, and everyone else, know how much she loved having her mouth worked over like that.

"Oh fuck, is her mouth ever hot," Dexter said as Tanya swirled her tongue over his pebbly glans, coating it with her warm spit.

Brock didn't waste any time either. "Open those legs for me, girl. I've got a nice piece of black meat for you."

Elliott watched as his mother eagerly drew her knees up and rolled her thighs open, inviting the older black man to invade her needy cunt. Brock didn't have to be asked twice. He crawled closer and leaned over the gorgeous blonde woman, fitting the engorged head of his cock between her slippery cunt-lips and driving himself deep into her.

"UNGGGHH..." Tanya moaned into Dexter's cock as Brock went to the hilt, totally stuffing her velvety cunt with thick black cock. He started flexing back and forth, and the old van started creaking and complaining once more. This was the first white woman he'd had since getting out of prison, and she was definitely a hot one. Her cunt was squeezing and gripping his thick cock like a fist. He reared back until only the tip of his cock was nestled between those slippery lips. He paused as he looked down. Those soft pink lips seemed to be nibbling at his enflamed cockhead, as if wanting it back deep inside. He smiled to himself as he gave that sweet little pussy what it wanted, sending every last inch inside her as he bottomed out, his midsection slapping up against hers.

"OHHHHNNNGGG..." Tanya moaned loudly into Dexter's cock as she started to come, thrashing this way and that like a ragdoll. She was twitching and convulsing as waves of total culmination raced through her. But the men just kept giving it to her. Kendrick had reached beneath his father's backside and was mauling her tits as he stroked his cock and waited his turn. Dexter was flexing his hips back and forth, driving Tanya's head deeper into the pillow as he fucked her face. And further down, Brock's hips were pistoning up and down as he long-dicked her, making her feel every last inch with each of his vigorous thrusting strokes.

Elliott watched, totally aghast as they fucked his mother hard. Having just gotten out of prison, Elliott wasn't surprised to see that Uncle Dexter came first. His mother gave off that nasty gulping sound as she swallowed his load, taking every last morsel of his semen into her stomach. Brock finished seconds after, basting her

insides like a Christmas turkey as he poured torrents of hot thick cum deep inside her gripping snatch.

When they were done, Kendrick flipped her over and put her on all fours. As he took her doggy-style, Brock manoeuvred himself in front of her and made her lick off his cock. She eagerly went after it, licking up every stray drop of cum clinging to his glistening shaft, as well as lapping up her own warm cunt-honey.

After Kendrick came inside her, Dexter wanted her pussy while Brock wanted her ass. They kept her on her hands and knees as Dexter got beneath her and fed his cock up into her dripping cunt. Brock got behind her and stuffed his resurgent prick into her ass. Kendrick was on his knees in front of her. He plugged his cock into her mouth and started face-fucking her at the same time.

Elliott gasped as he watched it all, watching them make his mother 'air-tight'. He'd seen those cocks, and he couldn't believe his mother was taking over 30" of thick black cock into her at the same time, and she seemed to want more!

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This continued for the entire length of the second feature, with the three men switching up positions continuously. Elliott lost track of the number of times that his mother came. It was just far too many to even keep track of.

Elliott heard Jamal and the other boys approaching just after Brock had dumped another load into her pussy. At the same time, Kendrick and Dexter had been kneeling on either side of her head and both of them came on her face, covering it with their slimy goo. Dexter was using his fingers to feed it to her when Jamal opened the back doors of the van.

"Well, did you have fun?" he asked.

"Best birthday present ever, son," Brock replied as he sat back and recovered.

"What about you, Uncle Dexter?"

"This is better than a 'get out of jail free' card."

Elliott watched as all six of them chuckled at that.

"Kendrick?"

"You're the best, cuz. The best."

"No problem, man. Any time. Glad you enjoyed it."

Brock turned towards Elliott, who had spent the whole time watching from the backseat, spellbound. "Hey kid, throw us our pants."

Elliott tossed each man his pair of pants and they stepped out of the van and pulled them on.

"Okay, we better get these guys home," Jamal said as he gestured towards Tanya and Elliott.

"Thanks again, son. Like I said, the best birthday present ever."

"Uncle Dex, you're going to be around, right?"

"You can count on it. I'm not going anywhere."

"Great. We'll see you soon."

Elliott watched the men arm-clench and chest bump before the three new ones moved off.

"Elliott, help your mother through the gap there and flip that piece of the seat back up," Jamal said before closing up the back doors.

Tanya got to her knees and Elliott helped guide her through the gap between the backseat and the rear of the van. Once clear, Elliott flipped the folded-down portion up, hearing it click into place.

"You're up here with me again, Elliott," he heard Jamal say as the black youth climbed into the driver's seat. Elliott moved back into the front passenger seat as Zeke and Gunner climbed into the rear, taking their previous spots on each side of his mother. Jamal started the van and dropped it into gear, heading towards the rear exit where they'd come in. Most of the patrons had already left, with just a couple of stragglers following them out.

"We didn't get to take part in the second part of the show there," Gunner said to Tanya, "so why don't you get down on your knees there and suck us off on the way home."

Elliott turned in his seat as his mother compliantly slid off the seat and turned around to face the two boys. They moved closer together as she settled in on her knees. Both of them undid their pants and fished their cocks out, the whiteness of their cocks visible beneath the flickering street lights. Elliott saw his mother lean over Gunner's crotch first as her hands came up to circle each stiffening prick. The wet slobbering sound reached his ears as her head started bobbing up and down.

"Oh yeah, that's it. What a fucking great mouth," Gunner said as he tipped his head back and closed his eyes.

Elliott watched as his mother really went to town, sucking feverishly on the blonde boy's cock. After a minute or two, she switched to Zeke's, giving it the same loving attention. She was mewling like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream again, and he knew she was loving what she was doing. Both boys got off when they were just minutes away from home, feeding thick warm loads down her throat. Jamal pulled into the driveway as Tanya tenderly sucked the final drops of cum out of both of them. He left the car running as he climbed out. Elliott did the same on the passenger side.

"C'mon, Elliott, help me with your mother," Jamal said as he opened the side door. "Here, carry her purse."

"Hurry up, Jamal, we've got to go to that party," Zeke's voice came them from inside the van.

Elliott took the purse as Jamal reached in and took Tanya's hand, helping her out. On unsteady legs, Jamal and Elliott helped her into the house. Jamal slipped his hand around her waist and guided her right up the stairs and into her bedroom, where he deposited her on her bed. Still fully dressed, she sat back and braced herself with her hands behind her. She parted her legs slightly, as if cooling off her overworked cunt.

Jamal stepped over to Elliott who was standing just inside the bedroom door. "Listen," Jamal said, speaking quietly. "I'll be back in a little bit. I'm gonna take those two clowns to this party Jennie's got going, and then I'll come back here on my own. Not a word of this to either of them, okay?"

"Uh, sure." Elliott was thrilled that Jamal was including him in some conspiratorial act that he didn't want the other two to know about.

Jamal paused as he looked over at Tanya. "I'm not done with Mommy just yet tonight. I've still got a few loads I want to put deep inside her."

Elliott could see the hunger in Jamal's eyes as they raked over his mother. Elliott shivered as he thought about what that look in Jamal's eyes meant. His mother had been fucked all night long, by six different men in all three of her holes...and it wasn't over yet!

## Chapter 7

"I gotta go," Jamal said again as he turned back and spoke quietly to Elliott, "but I want you to do something for me."

"Uh, okay."

"She's still got all the loads into her that my dad, Uncle Dexter, and Kendrick gave her, right?" Elliott nodded. "Okay, I want you to get her cleaned up before I get back. Do your thing, if you like, and then take her into the shower. That should wake her up a bit. And then put something nice on her. You know what I mean?" Jamal gave Elliott a naughty wink.

"Yes, I know what you mean."

Jamal smiled broadly and clapped Elliott on the shoulder. "Good man. I'll be back in less than an hour. You don't mind if I grab myself a Red Bull on the way out, do ya?" With that, he gave Elliott another little wink and strode out of the room.

Elliott stayed where he was until he heard the front door close. He stepped over to his mother's bed. She was lying right down now, her legs still draped over the end of the bed with her feet on the floor, her spread thighs teasingly on display beneath the short black dress. As he approached, Elliott looked up along the smooth skin of those creamy thighs all the way up to her cockpit, her mound glistening wetly beneath the hem of her dress. Elliott thought she looked innocently sweet, and yet incredibly sexy at the same time as she lay there peacefully in her cum-covered dress and sexy high heels, her eyes closed. "Mom, are you okay? Are you sleeping?" Elliott spoke softly, not wanting to startle her.

"No, baby," she replied as she looked up at him with dreamy eyes. "I was just lying here, thinking about how good I feel."

"Jamal said he's coming back in a little while. Just him, without the other two."

"Just him?" she asked, sitting up slightly.

"Yeah. And he told me not to say anything to the other two about it."

"Okay."

"He wants me to get you cleaned up and changed before he gets back."

"All right. Did he say how long he was going to be?"

"He said less than an hour."

"Okay, that gives us a little bit of time then. I better take a shower. Can you help me, baby?" Elliott hesitated in his response, and Tanya noticed it. "What is it, sweetheart?"

Elliott couldn't believe after everything that had happened over the past week that he'd feel sheepish about this kind of thing, but he did. "Uh...you've still got the loads those other three guys dumped into you, don't you?"

A sly smile came over Tanya's face as it dawned on her what her son wanted. She pushed herself up and sat on the edge of the bed. "You're right, baby, I do. And I've been keeping them nice and warm for you." She pulled the covers down and nodded towards the

middle of the bed. "Why don't you lay down there and let Mommy feed you that way?"

Elliott's heart was racing as he climbed onto the bed and rolled over onto his back. This was one of his favorite fantasies, to have his mother ride his face.

"That's my good boy," Tanya said as she crawled onto the bed, still wearing those sexy red-soled Louboutins. When she got near him, she lifted her leg and straddled him, causing her short black dress to slide up even higher on her thighs. She moved forward and grasped the headboard, her seeping loins poised right over his upturned face. "Open up, baby."

Elliott looked up at her puffy wet cunt, his eyes delighted at the sight of her shiny mound. He opened his mouth as he watched her push down with the muscles inside her. A milky pearl of semen appeared at the mouth of her slit for a second, and then a glistening ribbon of cum slithered forth towards his open mouth. He felt the tip of it touch his tongue and then she pushed harder, the whole thick strand dropping deep into his mouth.

"Mmm..." It was his turn to purr this time as he swallowed the warm viscous seed. His mother then sat right down in the saddle, grinding her twat against his face as he set to work. He sucked and licked, licked and sucked, getting every drop out of her drooling cunt. And then she spun around, presenting her delicate pink starfish to him. He gave her bumhole the same treatment, getting out every drop of cum that he could.

"Oh God, baby, that pretty mouth of yours has me ready to go off again," his mother said as she spun back around, facing the headboard once more. "Do my clit, baby. Do it the way Mommy likes it."

She ground herself right down on his face again, only this time a bit lower to give him direct access to her fiery clit. Elliott wrapped his lips around the protruding nodule and sucked, and then rolled his tongue over the sensitive button.

"OH FUCCKCKKKK..." Tanya moaned less than a minute later, rocking back and forth as he continued to stimulate her tingling clit, covering his face with her sticky cunt-honey.

Elliott was thrilled to make his mother come so quickly, and loved the feel of her cunt gushing its warm juices all over the lower part of his face.

"Mmm, that was nice," Tanya said once the delicious sensations of her climax dwindled. She swung her leg off his body and smiled down at his glistening face. "What a mess I've made."

Elliott was thrilled even more as she leaned over him and licked his face clean, and then brought her mouth to his for a searing kiss, where she transferred the remnants of her silky nectar to his mouth. He swallowed gratefully.

"Okay, baby, I better take that shower before Jamal gets back. Did he say he wants me to wear anything specific?"

Elliott shook his head. "No, he just said 'something nice', so I think you know what that means."

"I've got just the thing. I bought some things today at the lingerie store to wear this weekend. I didn't realize I'd have a chance to wear them so soon."

"What kinds of things?"

Tanya gave her son a sly wink as she started towards the en-suite bathroom. "You'll see soon enough, but I think Jamal will like what I have in mind, and I think you'll like it too. Now, go to your room until Jamal gets here. I've got to redo my hair and makeup too, so I want a little privacy."

"Sure, Mom." Elliott climbed off the bed as his mother disappeared into the bathroom. He pulled her door closed behind him before going to his own room. He hadn't come all night and he was so horny he thought he'd lose his mind. He could have jerked off in seconds flat, but there was something about that look in Jamal's eye that made Elliott think there might be something up tonight, something for him. He took a few deep breaths to try and calm his raging cock, then sat down and played his video game to try and distract himself from his salacious thoughts.

A short time after hearing the water shut off, he heard the low buzz of his mother's hair dryer coming from her room. He kept checking the time, anxious for Jamal to return. Not only was he curious to see what the black youth had in mind for his mother, he was anxious to see what this new outfit she'd mentioned was all about. Finally, after just under an hour, he heard the front door open and close. He went and stood in the hallway, hoping beyond hope that Jamal wouldn't exclude him from the rest of the night's festivities.

"Well, did you get her all cleaned up?" Jamal asked as he reached the top of the stairs and spotted Elliott.

"Yes, she took a shower and kicked me out of her room so she could get ready in private." Elliott saw that Jamal was carrying a plastic grocery bag with the name of drug store chain on it in one hand, and a glass from their kitchen in the other. "What's in the bag?"

Jamal waved off Elliott's question. "You don't need to worry about that. Do you know what she's wearing? Remember I asked you —"

"I don't know what it is exactly that she's going to wear," Elliott said as he interrupted him. "But she said it was something new she just bought today, and that you'd like it."

"All right then, let's check it out." Jamal stood in place and held his hand out towards Elliott as he pointed at Tanya's bedroom door.

"You...you want me in there? In there with the two of you?"

"You've done a great job all this week, Elliott, not only with your clean-up duties, but with the tutoring and everything else. And hey, like I said, it's been a long time since I got a B-." A big smile came over Jamal's face. "So get your scrawny ass over here and let's see what Mommy has to show us."

Thrilled to the max, Elliott followed on Jamal's heels as they entered the room. The tall black boy set his bag and the drinking glass down on top of a little side table she had near her reading chair, the one where Elliott usually sat when he was allowed to watch the boys fuck her. The only light turned on in the room was from one of the bedside table lamps, casting a warm amber glow over the bed. From his spot just behind Jamal, Elliott could see his mother reclining provocatively on the bed, the covers pulled down to the bottom. Like many pictures of lingerie models he'd seen, she was propped up on a stack of pillows against the headboard, one knee angled up across her other leg suggestively.

"Oh fuck," Elliott heard Jamal mumble under his breath as both of them looked at the breathtaking creature on the bed. His mother was wearing a new corset. It was a deep, rich, scarlet color with black lace brocade embroidered into it. The immense bra cups of the corset were obviously heavily-reinforced, causing her voluminous breasts to swell up and threaten to spill over the front edge of the jam-packed cups. The form-fitting cups were designed to barely cover her nipples, giving the boys' hungry eyes a clear view of a huge expanse

of that velvety-soft titflesh, the curving spheres pressed together to create a devastatingly enticing line of cleavage that almost took Elliott's breath away. The black ribbon-like shoulder straps were stretched taut as bridge cables, straining to carry the heavy load of those tits. The multi-panelled bodice of the corset nipped in tightly at her waist before flaring out over her wide fuckable hips, the shape of the corset provocatively emphasizing her pronounced hourglass figure.

Beneath the embroidered trim at the bottom of the corset, Elliott could see high-cut French panties in the same deep, rich, scarlet color as the corset. The panties were cut wickedly high on her hips as they disappeared beneath the bottom of the corset, the style of the panties making her legs look long and alluring. And alluring her legs were. She was wearing sheer black thigh-high stockings with elasticized bands at the top, the bands hugging her upper thighs mere inches below her pussy. The broad band at the tops of the stockings was an intricate pattern in black lace, just like the embroidery on the corset.

Elliott's gaze travelled further down her body, the sheer stockings making her legs look fantastic. On her feet she wore a pair of scarlet brushed-velvet slingbacks, with killer pointy toes and dagger-like 5" heels. The color of the shoes matched the corset and panties perfectly, and as Elliott looked at the points of those sexy heels digging into the sheets, a jolt of blood pulsed to his rising cock.

Tearing his eyes away from the sexy shoes, he brought his gaze back up. He stopped midway, his eyes drawn to a pair of black opera-length gloves adorning her slender arms. The soft-looking gloves

reached almost to her shoulders, and were dead sexy. This was a look Elliott had never pictured his mother in, but with the way the blood was rushing to his midsection right now, he knew he would from now on.

He finally drew his eyes back up to her face. A warm smile flowed into him from those sapphire blue eyes as she looked towards both of them. As she'd said she wanted to do, she'd redone her hair, only this time pinning it up loosely, with numerous stray tendrils hanging downwards to lick sensually at her neck. Her eye makeup had been redone too, this time in darker red tones, which emphasized the rich scarlet color of the corset, and looked bewitchingly erotic. She had a fresh coat of lipstick on, and Elliott could see that it was a wet-look one similar to the one Jamal had asked her to wear, but this one was a deeper red color that looked teasingly sexy with the rest of the outfit.

The diamond in the rough that set off the whole outfit though was the new choker she was wearing. It was a band of black velvet about an inch wide, with an oval glittering diamond-like stone at the center of her throat. With her hair pinned up and falling teasingly along her neck, that glittering jewel in the choker, along with those shoulder-length gloves, made her look like the sexiest thing on earth, at least as far as Elliott was concerned. And it seemed Jamal felt the same.

"Very nice. I definitely approve," Jamal said as he peeled off his t-shirt and tossed it aside. He started to undo his pants. "Come over here, sweetheart."

As Tanya slid off the bed and got to her feet, Jamal pulled his pants off and threw them next to his shirt. He was now completely naked, his long thick cock hanging out majestically in front of him. Tanya sidled up next to him, and as he slipped an arm around her, she instinctively reached out with one gloved hand to take hold of his cock, as she'd been instructed to do.

"Un-uh, not just yet," Jamal said. He ran his hands over her body as she stood next to him, his roaming fingers stopping briefly as he cupped and squeezed her big round tits. "Nice, very nice. Now just stay there."

Elliott was surprised when Jamal stepped away from her and climbed onto the bed. The black youth took her place, sitting up against the headboard with the stack of pillows behind him. He settled back into the pillows and drew his legs up and apart, his long snake-like cock hanging down with the enormous head and part of the shaft actually lying on the sheet beneath him.

"Elliott, with all the goings on tonight, have you come yet?"

Surprised by the question, Elliott flushed slightly as he shook his head. "No sir."

"Well, I think it's time you did then, don't you? I'm sure you've got two or three loads stored up there that you need to get rid of."

"Uh...I...uh..." Elliott stammered, unsure of what to say.

"Go ahead, Mommy, help your son out. Get him undressed, like you did for him when he was a little boy."

Elliott saw the sly smile on his mother's face as she came over to him and helped him out of his clothes. He was struck dumb and could only hold his arms up and step out of his pants and underwear as she stripped him down. His rigid cock was pointing at the stars, telling his mother and Jamal all they needed to know.

"That looks sore," Jamal said. "Jerk it off for him, Mommy. I'm sure it won't take too long for him to get that first load off."

Standing just beyond the bottom of the bed, Tanya reached forward towards Elliott's twitching cock.

"Hmm, you seem to be missing something." Jamal's words stopped Tanya on the spot. Jamal gestured to the table just behind them. "Grab that glass I brought up and jerk him off into that."

That sly knowing smile appeared on Tanya's face again as she reached over and took hold of the glass. She moved right up behind Elliott and reached around him from behind, taking hold of his raging prick with one gloved hand while holding the glass in the other. She moved closer to her son, pressing the front of her body against his bare back.

"Oh fuck," Elliott groaned as he tipped his head back, lost in the overwhelming sensations he was feeling. Her sultry perfume invaded his senses at the same time her face slid across the back of his neck, her warm breath tickling his ear. He could feel her breasts pressing into his back, the incredible mounds wickedly soft and amazingly warm, even through the corset. He looked down at her gloved hand, the erotic blackness of the glove contrasting with his pulsing white cock as she expertly slid her hand back and forth.

"Come for me, baby, come for Mommy," she whispered breathlessly into his ear as she stroked his thrusting erection, the soft material of the gloves driving Elliott right up the wall with excitement.

Elliott felt his legs start to quiver as his boiling semen raced up the shaft of his cock. The sensations he was feeling were so intense that he thought he was going to either have a heart attack, or collapse. But instead, he came...he came like a fucking racehorse. It was like he'd been edging all night long as he'd watched the six others make use of his mother. His cock had been primed and ready to fire time and time again during the evening—and now it was his turn.

"OHHH FUCKKKKKKKK..." he gasped as he started to come. He looked down to see his mother bring the rim of the glass over the head of his cock just in time. The first white rope shot out of him so hard, he was surprised he didn't shatter the glass. He kept coming as she kept stroking, that soft gloved hand working its magic as she pumped rope after milky white rope out of his throbbing cock. He watched the amount of cum in the glass rise as he kept shooting,

pressing himself back to feel the softness of those huge tits against him. He unloaded more spunk than he thought possible, flooding the glass with everything he had. His mother's beautiful hand kept pumping, and he kept shooting, gobs and spurts of the stuff spewing into the glass. Finally, the luxurious sensations coursing through him ended, and as his mother stepped away from him, he gratefully collapsed into his usual chair, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath.

"There, that's better now, isn't it," Jamal said, a broad smile on his face as he looked over at Elliott.

Elliott didn't have the strength to answer, but could only nod.

Jamal turned his attention to Tanya. "Okay, sweetheart, bring that glass over and set it here on the table next to me." Tanya did as she was told, stepping over to the bed and setting the cum-filled glass on the bedside table. "Good girl, now get between my legs and let me feel those sexy gloves of yours."

As his breathing slowly started to return to normal, Elliott watched as his mother crawled onto the bed in her sexy outfit and sat back on her haunches between Jamal's legs. She reached forward and put a hand on each of his powerful muscular legs, her fingers touching him just above the knees. She started slowly sliding her gloved hands back and forth, moving slowly towards his midsection as she massaged him.

"That's it. That feels good. Just keep doing that," Jamal said as he wriggled himself deeper into the pillows, surrendering to the pleasure this 40-year old woman was going to give him. They were just getting started, and he knew the woman would be fucked raw and full of cum by the time he was done.

Elliott could see Jamal in all his glory, his broad shoulders and powerful chest making him look like a magnificent masculine specimen. A perfect partner for a woman who loved to get fucked by a big, powerful black man, which Elliott now knew was exactly the type of woman his mother was—a woman who craved black cock—big black cock. Elliott saw his mother's face as she'd climbed on the bed and moved between Jamal's tree-trunk-like thighs, and that hungry look she had in her eyes confirmed exactly what he was thinking.

Tanya continued to slowly massage Jamal's powerful thighs, those bewitchingly sexy gloved hands moving slowly back and forth over his muscular legs. Both Elliott and Tanya watched, totally enthralled, as Jamal's majestic cock started to rise as she continued her sensual massage. She kept up the slow, teasing back and forth motion, with her hands moving slightly higher with each gentle pass. Now Jamal's cock had stiffened enough where it wasn't touching the sheet anymore. As she kept massaging, her slender fingers stroking his inner thighs, his cock kept growing and rising, bobbing erotically, stiffening and extending as his pulsing blood flowed to the centre of his being. In just over a minute, his immense cock was at full staff, throbbing and pulsing as it pointed straight up, erect to the point it looked like it was going to explode. A glistening dew-drop of

precum appeared at the tip, and as his cock throbbed enticingly, that shiny drop started to distend lewdly downwards towards the bed.

Like he'd thought many times, Elliott was surprised that with all the blood it must take to fill that monster cock, that Jamal didn't pass out. But no, and as yet untouched, his cock stood stallion-like between his legs, the deep purple head angry and so full of blood that it was almost glowing. What I wouldn't give to have a cock like that, Elliott thought to himself.

"Okay, sweetheart, those magic gloves of yours have got me to the point where I want that sweet mouth of yours to take this first load out of me. But before you start sucking it, I want you to pour that glass of your boy's cum over that big black cock and lick it off first."

Elliott could see that his mother was flushing with excitement, eager to get her mouth on Jamal's throbbing cock. She reached over and grabbed the glass from the table, and then slowly poured the warm cum over Jamal's thrusting erection. The white semen contrasted erotically with Jamal's ebony skin, the viscous liquid sliding sluggishly down the veiny shaft. Tanya shook out the last drops that were clinging to the rim of the glass, the final drops falling on the engorged head of Jamal's prick.

"There you go, sweetheart, it's all yours," Jamal said as he reached forward and took Tanya's head in his hands. "Lick up all of your baby boy's sweet cum, and then suck on that dick 'til I give you a nice creamy reward. Yes, I've got a nice big mouthful of gravy for you. You'll never go hungry while I'm around."

Tanya set about her task eagerly, her tongue working up and down feverishly over Jamal's pulsing shaft until she had every drop of Elliott's cum inside her. She licked and sucked at the thrusting shaft like a little whore, cooing and whimpering as she slavishly licked up last morsel of her son's spunk. When she was done, Jamal pulled her head right on top of his thrusting prick. She had both gloved hands working on the shaft of his cock as he fucked her face, bucking his hips up rhythmically as he moved her head up and down.

"Oh, that's it, sweetheart. I love that hot MILF mouth of yours," Jamal said as he continued to pump her mouth.

Elliott could hear her making those salacious nasty sucking sounds as Jamal kept fucking her mouth, trails of her warm saliva slithering snake-like down his upright shaft. Her cheeks were caved in as she created a tight enveloping sheath within her mouth, the hot tissues pressing luxuriously against Jamal's pistoning black cock.

"OH FUCK, YEAH. HERE YOU GO, SWALLOW THAT SHIT," Jamal said a few minutes later as her talented hands and mouth pulled a huge load out of his bloated nuts.

Elliott watched her cheeks puff out as Jamal quickly filled her mouth, and then he saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed, and then swallowed again. Jamal kept coming, and his mother kept swallowing, until she finally had every drop warming her belly. Elliott noticed that this time she'd gotten every savory drop of the

black youth's monstrous load directly into her belly. Nothing had leaked out from the corners of her stretched lips.

"Okay, Elliott, are you ready to fuck Mommy now?"

Jamal's question broke Elliott out of his trance-like state. He could only nod as Jamal climbed off the bed, his cock still hard as a rock. Jamal pointed to the middle of the bed. "Get on there on your back. Let Mommy show you how good she is at riding a nice hard cock."

Elliott was thrilled, not only at the chance to fuck his mother, but that Jamal had suggested that Elliott himself had 'a nice hard cock'. He stepped over to the bed as his mother moved to the side, making room for him. As Jamal directed, Elliott laid down on his back, his cock already hard and raring to go again after watching the erotic blowjob his mother had just given Jamal.

"Time to get rid of these," Jamal said as he reached over and pulled Tanya's panties off. "Soaking wet, just the way you like them." He tossed them to Elliott, who automatically brought them to his face and sniffed, the heady aroma making him feel dizzy with excitement. The fragrance alone caused another surge of blood to flow into his cock, which he didn't think could get any harder than it already was.

"Okay, sweetheart," Jamal said as he turned to Tanya. "Give your baby boy the ride of his life. Fuck the shit out of him."

Tanya straddled Elliott, reaching down and steering his throbbing prick between her slick labia. With the head in position, she sunk down, driving him in to the hilt.

"Oh fuck, that's so fucking hot in there," Elliott moaned as she wriggled her hips right down, making sure she gave her son as much pleasure as possible. She started to bounce up and down, and Elliott looked up at those amazing breasts, beautifully encased in the sexy corset. The upper swells were jiggling erotically as she rode him like it was his last day on earth. He could feel her talented pussy gripping him, the mature muscles inside her sending a rippling massage down the full length of his cock. He knew why the boys loved to fuck her—her pussy was working him like a hot buttery fist—and he wanted it to go on forever. But, as before when she'd jerked him off, he was too aroused to last. She corkscrewed her hips one more time, and that was all it took.

"OH FUCCKKKKKK..." Elliott groaned loudly as he started to go off, pouring himself into her succulent pussy. He was surprised to see her squeal and start twitching at the same time as he flooded her pussy, climaxing at the same time he did. They both shook and twitched as paroxysms of delight flowed through their meshed bodies. They rode it out together to the point of total culmination, and when they were done, Elliott looked up to see his mother smiling down at him, both of their faces glowing with a fine sheen of perspiration.

"Okay, Elliott, I want to fuck that sweet pussy now," Jamal said as he reached over and pulled Tanya back. "But I don't want to fuck it with

that mess of white-boy paste in there. So turn around and suck it out of her. And Tanya, while he's doing that, lick his cock clean."

Tanya raised her leg so Elliott could swing around beneath her, moving his head between her legs as they got into the sixty-nine position. Tanya didn't waste any time as she dropped her cum-filled pussy right down onto his face. Elliott sent his tongue deep into her dripping snatch at the same time as he felt her soft warm tongue lick his cock. He drew his tongue back from inside her overflowing pussy, pulling his own load of cum along with it.

It was a few seconds later when Elliott felt the bed sink downwards as Jamal crawled onto it and moved between Tanya's spread knees. With his head facing the bottom of the bed, Elliott looked up to see Jamal push down on the top of his cock and point it right at Tanya's pussy, which already had Elliott's tongue way up inside it.

"I hope you've got her cleaned out. She looks too fuckin' hot in that outfit to wait any longer."

Elliott couldn't do anything but watch as Jamal pushed his thick black cock between his mother's dripping labia and started to slide the immense monster inside her. From his spot mere inches away, Elliott could see the thick veins on Jamal's cock pulsing as he sunk the thick ebony shaft into her. Elliott couldn't believe how big it was, how incredibly thick, and so fucking long.

"Keep licking, Elliott. Make sure you get all of your cum out of her."

Elliott obediently did as he was told, even though Jamal's cock was there...right fucking there! He sucked at her stretched pussy lips, drawing in the pearly drops of his cum that were still clinging to them. He saw a ribbon of jizz leaking out of her pussy, part of his load that was being squelched back out as Jamal's huge prick displaced it. Elliott licked upwards, trying to get the strand of cum into his mouth. His tongue accidentally pressed against the underside of Jamal's driving shaft, almost pulling Elliott's tongue right inside her twat along with it as it moved deeper into her gooey trench.

"That's it. Keep doing that, Elliott. I want that cunt nice and clean when I dump this load into it."

Not wanting to upset Jamal, Elliott kept his tongue busy, licking and probing against the juncture of Jamal's cock with his mother's quim as the black boy really started to pound her.

"Oh fuck, yeah. That's perfect," Jamal said as he rolled his hips, making Tanya groan with pleasure as his powerful cock stirred her insides. Tanya squealed as an orgasm ripped through her, her body shaking as she continued to lick Elliott's cock. Jamal paused with most of his rigid prick inside her, moving it in short slow strokes as Elliott continued licking the underside of his cock, the flat of the boy's tongue pressing warmly against his thick rod.

Elliott didn't know what had taken hold of him, all he knew was that he wanted to make Jamal happy. He tipped his head upwards as he kept licking, dragging the flat of his tongue along the underside of that magnificent cock, lapping up his mother's glistening cunt-honey from the surface every time it moved back and forth. Jamal started to fuck her more vigorously, and his mother shrieked as another climax tore through her, her overheated snatch spraying its warm juices all over Elliott's face. The lewdness of the whole scenario made Elliott lick even harder, his tongue working like crazy on Jamal's throbbing prick as the muscular black youth hammered it back and forth, going deep into his mother's needy cunt with each savage thrust.

"OH FUCK...GONNA COME..." Jamal groaned loudly. Elliott kept licking, wanting to help bring Jamal as much pleasure with his tongue as his mother's hot mature cunt was. Jamal was flexing his hips back and forth, and Elliott was surprised when Jamal backed out too far on one stroke and his cock came free. On his back between his mother's spread legs, Elliott looked up just in time to see a long white rope of cum jettison forth from the red eye at the tip of Jamal's cock. The milky ribbon of cum shot forth like a rocket, right into Elliott's gaping mouth! It looked like Jamal was anxious to get his cock back inside his mother's pussy, but as his orgasm took over his body as he flexed forward, he missed with his aim. Elliott's eyes flew wide open as, instead of the broad flared head sliding between his mother's slippery cunt-lips, Jamal's enormous cockhead slid right into his mouth! Shocked, Elliott felt his lips stretching to the tearing point as he instinctively let his jaw open as wide as it could, just to survive without having his mouth split wide open.

"Oh fuck...yeah...that's it," Elliott heard Jamal say from above him as his cock continued to shoot, his warm creamy seed quickly filling Elliott's mouth. Elliott's oral cavity was almost to the point of overflowing and, not knowing what else to do to get out of his predicament, he swallowed. He'd sucked and licked up copious amounts of Jamal's cum out of his mother's pussy and off her body this past week, but this sensation was completely different. It felt more...more real, and what surprised him most, it felt wickedly more exciting.

This whole time, Elliott's mother had been licking his cock clean, as Jamal had instructed her to do. Elliott had quickly gotten hard as she'd been licking and sucking his cock. Now, when he swallowed that first load of Jamal's straight from the source, he felt his cock twitch within seconds and he started to come. His mother saw it happening and plunged her mouth down over his spitting cock, sucking out every drop at the same time as Jamal kept filling his mouth.

Elliott felt himself writhing in pleasure as he came, but he kept sucking as Jamal kept shooting. The black boy was working his cock back and forth in Elliott's eagerly sucking mouth as he continued to come, dropping a massive load down the young boy's throat. Elliott swallowed again and again, rope after rope of thick warm jizz filling his mouth as Jamal seemed to come forever, his muscular ass-cheeks flexing as he pumped out every last drop onto Elliott's waiting tongue. Finally, Jamal stopped coming, but, for some reason he couldn't comprehend, Elliott kept tenderly nursing at the seeping tip of the big black cock, drawing out every drop of cum that he could.

Finally, totally spent, Jamal sat back on his haunches, his long black cock coming out of Elliott's mouth with an audible POP!

"Oh fuck, sorry about that, man," Jamal said as he looked down at a gob of cum leaking out of the corner of Elliott's mouth. "My cock slipped out of your mom and I missed when I was trying to stick it back in. Sorry."

Elliott noticed where Jamal had been looking and felt the tickling sensation as the boy's cum started to slide down his cheek. Without even thinking about what he was doing, he reached up with his finger and pushed the warm gob back into his mouth.

"Hmm, I guess that takes care of that, then," Jamal said. Elliott didn't even realize what he'd done until he saw the sly smile on Jamal's face. He felt himself turning red under the boy's intense gaze and knew he had to get out of there. Feeling Elliott shifting restlessly, Tanya slung her leg off of Elliott's body as he crawled out from beneath her.

"Uh, that's okay," Elliott said as he scrambled off the bed. He could feel himself flushing guiltily, and he was unable to meet Jamal's eyes. "I...I understand."

"That's all good then," Jamal said as he got up off the bed, his long thick cock hanging heavily between his legs. He stepped over and retrieved the bag he'd brought with him. He took a small box from inside and opened it up. He pulled out two things that looked like walkie-talkies and came back over to the bed.

"What's that?" Tanya asked.

"This is a baby monitor. I'm not done with you yet, sweetheart, but I think it's time for Elliott to say goodnight. Don't you think so, Elliott?"

Elliott thought once again that it was like the black youth could read his thoughts like a book. Elliott's brain was swirling with what had just happened and he knew he had to get away, had to get his mind wrapped around what he was feeling. "Yes sir," he replied meekly, still unable to meet Jamal's gaze.

"Yeah, so I figured there were times when he still might want to hear what's going on, even if he can't be here. So, I picked up these babies." He handed one to Elliott. "Just plug that in in your room, and I'll plug this one in here, and we'll be ready to go." Jamal plugged in the one he had and set it on the bedside table before turning it on, a tiny red light indicating it was 'ON'. He turned towards Elliott. "How does that sound to you?"

"G...good," Elliott shakily replied. He got up from the bed and started to gather up his clothes.

"C'mere, sweetheart," Elliott heard Jamal say as he reached down for his pants. He looked over his shoulder as Jamal pulled his mother up against him and kissed her passionately. As Elliott was tucking his

shirt under his arm, he saw Jamal push his mother to her knees before taking her head in his hands again.

"Get workin' on it, baby. I've got a few more loads for you tonight before I'm done. Yeah, that's it. Take that cock deep into your mouth. You're a hell of a cocksucker, and I'll make sure you get all the cock you need, and all the cum you can swallow. " When Jamal said that, he was looking Elliott right in the eye, with a knowing look in his eye and a lewd smile on his face that sent a shiver of guilt tripping down Elliott's spine.

Feeling himself flushing even more under Jamal's leering gaze, Elliott made his way out of the room, closing the door behind him. He hurried to his room and plugged in the baby monitor. He set it on the night table next to his bed and crawled under the covers as he looked at it. He couldn't resist. He turned it on. As soon as the red light came on, he turned the volume up as far as he could. The first thing he heard were the wet slobbery sounds as his mother sucked Jamal's cock. The next thing he heard was Jamal's voice.

"C'mon, baby, get up on the bed and let your head hang over the edge. I want to go all the way down that sweet throat of yours this time. There's nothing like a hot slick throat to make your cock want to spit."

Elliott heard a bit of shuffling around, and then he heard those familiar sounds coming from his mother, "Eccckkk...eccckkk...eccckkk..." as Jamal face-fucked her. Elliott had

witnessed that first hand, and it didn't take much to picture Jamal rolling his powerful hips back and forth as he fucked her throat.

"Oh fuck, that's it, that's perfect," was the next thing he heard Jamal say.

As Elliott listened, he was surprised to find that the decadence of the whole baby monitor thing was turning him on. He got out his jar of Vaseline and started working on his cock as Jamal continued to fuck his mother's throat. Only this time, Elliott found his mind wondering, wondering what it would be like to be in her position, instead of Jamal's.

"OH FUCK, SWEETHEART, GONNA SHOOT THIS LOAD RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT," Jamal groaned out a few minutes later and, when Jamal came, Elliott did too.

With his own load covering his bare stomach, Elliott felt guilty about what he was feeling, but he couldn't make himself turn off the baby monitor. He looked down at his milky cum clinging to his skin. Overcome with something he couldn't describe, he scooped it up with his hand and plunged his fingers into his mouth. He swallowed, and then went back to get more, guiltily swallowing every drop of his own semen.

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He continued to listen until the wee hours of morning. Jamal was really giving the old bed a workout, the creaking and squeaking of the bed coming through the monitor clear as a bell. Elliott heard many things, from both Jamal and from his mother.

"So big...so fucking big and hard," was one of the things his mother said, more than once along with things like, "Deeper...fuck me deeper," and similar terms of endearment. Mixed in with her comments were her usual squeals and moans of pleasure as she climaxed, something that seemed to come through the monitor every few minutes as Jamal worked her over mercilessly, taking her to one euphoric orgasm after another.

Elliott listened as Jamal continued to give her instructions on what he wanted:

"That's it, work that ass. Let me see those hips buck..."

"Fuck, that cunt is tight. Work it, work it...work that big black cock and I'll feed you another big mouthful."

"That's it, nice and slow...jerk that cock off nice and slow. Do a good job and I'll let you lick it all up."

After another resounding fuck, where Elliott counted that his mother came three times in row before Jamal pulled out and came all over her face, Jamal's voice came through loud and clear. It was obvious

that he was leaning close to the monitor. "Good night, Elliott. Sweet dreams," followed by a click.

Elliott sat up and checked the monitor, but nothing was coming through. Jamal had turned it off at his end. Elliott turned his light off and lay back in his bed, wondering if Jamal was leaving. It took only a few seconds for the tell-tale sounds of his mother's creaking old bed to reach his ears through the walls, even without the monitor being on. Obviously Jamal wasn't done with her yet.

Elliott wondered what position Jamal had his mother in now, and how she was taking that huge black cock. Elliott found himself getting hard again as he pictured the various erotic couplings possibly taking place. When he pictured it ending with Jamal pulling out and shooting another huge load into his mother's mouth, Elliott came again, making a mess as his load sprayed up against his sheets.

Exhausted, ridden with guilt, and with the sounds of his mother's bed creaking continuously in the distance, Elliott finally dropped off into a restless sleep.

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His room was full of light when he came to, a noise in the house jarring him out of his sleep. He looked around, wondering what time it was.

"TANYA, ARE YOU STILL SLEEPING?"

The voice of his Aunt Lexi, his mother's younger sister, sent Elliott scrambling. He rushed out of bed, stumbling as he pulled on his sweats and a t-shirt.

"What's wrong with you, girl?" he heard his aunt continue. "You won't return my calls, or my texts. I've left you a number of messages, but I've heard nothing."

Elliott could hear her coming up the stairs now. His heart was pounding as he made his way quietly to the door of his room.

"We had arranged to go golfing yesterday and you never showed."

The voice was closer now, and Elliott opened his door a crack and peered out. His aunt had reached the top of the stairs and was reaching for the door of his mother's room. Elliott held his breath as she opened it and stepped inside, now out of his range of vision.

"I figured I'd better come over and make sure that you're still —"

There was a noticeable pause before he heard his aunt's voice again.

"TANYA, WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT ARE YOU...JESUS CHRIST!...WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE!"

**END OF BOOK THREE**