

Busty Mom & the Bullies

Book Two

Chapter 1

Elliott did as he was told by Jamal and made his way to his room. He was both thrilled and disappointed at the same time. Thrilled that he'd gotten to not only lose his virginity to his mother, but that he'd gotten to service that beautiful pussy of hers with his mouth as well. Jamal had told him he'd give him that opportunity, and his bully had stayed true to his word. Elliott ran his tongue over his teeth and the inside of his mouth, still tasting the remnants of his mother's juices, and all the boys' cum, including his own. It wasn't what he'd expected, but the taste of their cum wasn't as bad as he thought it would be either. As long as Jamal allowed him to use his mouth on his mother, he'd be their Clean-up Boy for as long as they wanted.

He was disappointed too, for the obvious reason that he'd been dismissed. He'd been hoping to be allowed to stay, if even just to watch from across the room like he had been. But he didn't want to get on Jamal's wrong side in any way, so he'd obediently done as he was told and left, making sure his mother's bedroom door was closed behind him, as instructed.

Elliott didn't know what to do next, or when they might call on him, so he decided he should get dressed, just to be safe. He was just doing up the zipper on his pants when a sound caught his attention.

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

Her bed. Her treasured, old wooden bed was creaking rhythmically, and he could hear the headboard beating a steady tattoo as it banged up against the wall, BMMP...BMMP...BMMP. He'd only been out of his mother's room a few minutes and he realized they were already going at her again. Figuring they'd be a while, he booted up his computer and inserted his new video game.

He got immersed in the game, while at the same time keeping one ear tuned to the sounds coming from his mother's bedroom. That old bed was creaking in protest constantly, with some euphoric shrieks of pleasure coming from his mother every few minutes. He knew each time he heard it, she was coming, and he quickly lost track of how many times he heard those bliss-filled screams. Occasionally, he'd hear the low rumble of the boys' voices in the background, but there was no way he could make out what they were saying.

Sometimes, there would be total silence, but it usually lasted no more than a minute or two, and then the squeaky bed would start up again.

After chocking up good scores to move up a number of levels in his new game, Elliott checked the time on his computer. It had been almost three hours since they'd ushered him out of the room. He was bored with his game by then, and getting hungry. He figured he'd go downstairs and make himself a snack, and maybe take a look at his schoolwork, as Jamal had suggested. If they were going to do this tutoring thing, he might as well be prepared.

He gathered up his books and his laptop and made his way downstairs, the EEN-EE...EEN-EE... sound clearer as he passed his mother's bedroom door. He made himself a sandwich and poured himself a glass of milk before sitting down at the dining room table, the same table his mother had licked their cum off of the night before. To Elliott, it already seemed like ages ago, so much had happened. He looked up at the ceiling, the incessant groaning of the old bed seeming to pour right through the floor above, the squeaking sound now accompanied by a steady THUD...THUD...THUD...that came right through the ceiling as well.

But to Elliott, like everything else that had happened in the last twenty-four hours, the sounds of his bullies fucking his mother for hours on end was perversely thrilling. He looked up at the ceiling during one of the brief quiet interludes, and then found his young pecker stiffening up again as the creaking and thudding sounds commenced once more. He knew he was driving himself crazy wondering exactly what they were doing to her, so he opened his math book and ate part of the sandwich he'd made for himself, hoping that might take his mind off things.

A half hour later, he heard the door to his mother's room open. He looked up as Zeke strode out leaving the door open a few inches behind him. The rhythmic creaking of the bed was louder, as were the moans and groans from his mother. It was obvious that with Zeke out of the room, Jamal and Gunner were still working her over.

"Hey Cox, how's it goin'. Just comin' to get something to drink," Zeke said as he bounded down the stairs, his tumescent cock swaying heavily between his legs.

Elliott noticed that Zeke's dick shone wetly, and there were streaks of bright red along the shaft and near the base, the color a perfect match for that new lipstick his mother had been wearing. "Uh, it's going okay. How are things up there?"

"It couldn't be better. Your mother is fucking amazing. You wouldn't believe what she can do with that incredible body of hers. Yeah, fuck, there's nothing like a sexy older woman to make you come good and hard. Which reminds me, how old is your mother?"

"Uh, she's 40."

"40...yeah. Perfect age for a hot MILF like that," Zeke said as he opened the fridge and pulled out three cans of Red Bull and the jug of milk. "Hey, man, where do you keep the glasses? Your mother wants some milk."

"Uh, they're up in that cupboard, right next to the fridge."

"Thanks, man," Zeke said as he retrieved a glass from the cupboard and started to fill it from the milk jug. "Yeah, I don't know if she wants the milk to soothe that throat of hers, or if she just wants more

white stuff in her belly." He looked up at Elliott as he shoved the jug back into the fridge, smiling at his own little joke.

"Uh, yeah," Elliott replied, smiling weakly, wondering how much 'white stuff' they'd already fed her.

"What are you doing?" Zeke said as he stood next to Elliott, looking down at the math book open before him.

It felt weird to Elliott to have a naked boy standing this close to him, his big dick hanging out in front of him, but he could see that for Zeke it was no big deal. "Uh, I was doing what Jamal told me to do. Getting something ready for those tutoring sessions we talked about."

"Math. Great. I suck at math. Hey, you don't mind, do you?" Zeke asked as reached down and picked up the half sandwich Elliott had left on his plate. He took a huge bite, most of it gone before Elliott even had a chance to say a word.

"Uh, no...that's okay."

"This is great, thanks. Well, I've gotta get back. Keep working on that lesson. If I don't pass my mom'll kick my ass. Hey, did you hear that? What a fucking poet I am." He stuffed the other part of the sandwich in his mouth and then gathered up the drinks, his hands full with the cans of Red Bull and the glass of milk. Elliott watched him mount the

stairs and re-enter his mother's bedroom, pushing the door closed behind him with the back of his foot.

A couple of minutes later, the rocking of the bed stopped. It was quiet as a church, and Elliott figured the boys were fuelling up with Red Bull for the next go round. He was proven right just a few minutes later as the thumping sound from above came through the ceiling again.

Elliott gradually grew tired of trying to sort out what to do for a tutoring lesson, figuring he'd have to sit down with each of the three boys to see exactly what they needed help with. Obviously, fucking wasn't going to be one of the things on their list of what they needed help with, as if he could do anything about that anyway. With the erotic sounds coming from above him, he closed up his books and made his way to the couch. He found a movie to watch and settled in, hoping they'd be finished soon with his mother. Not only was he worried about her, he was also anxious to see if they would call on him to perform his clean-up duties.

Two hours later, the movie reached its conclusion, and yet the squeaking of his mother's bed and the repetitive thudding sound continued to come from above. He was amazed that the boys hadn't run out of steam. He was halfway through another movie and feeling pretty hungry when the sounds ceased. He'd gotten so used to it that the silence from above was deafening. He muted the TV to make sure his ears weren't playing tricks on him. He twisted around in his chair and looked up the stairs, just as the door opened and Jamal strode out, Gunner and Zeke right behind him. Elliott could see the

beaming smiles on their faces as all three stood at the top of the stairs, doing up their pants.

"Yo, Elliott. What's up, my man?" Jamal said as the three of them bounded down the stairs, shit-eating grins on their faces. Elliott noticed that the impressive physiques of all three glistened with a fine sheen of perspiration, as if they'd just finished a strenuous activity—which he knew involved his mother taking their cocks in some way or another.

"Uh, nothin'," Elliott replied. "Just watchin' a movie."

"Zeke, can you go outside and grab our stuff?" Jamal said, gesturing towards the pool. Zeke made his way outside, gathering up their t-shirts, bathing suits, and towels as Jamal turned back towards Elliott. "Sorry to have been so long, but we were all getting right into it, and I guess we kind of lost track of time there. And I guess when I say 'we were getting right into it', you know who I'm talking about getting into. What time is it, anyway?"

Elliott's eyes flicked to the clock on the kitchen wall. "It's uh, it's almost seven-thirty." Listening to the sordid sounds coming from the bedroom above him, Elliott had lost track of time himself. He backtracked a little in his mind and remembered that when they'd come in from the deck after having lunch and gone up to his mother's bedroom, it had been just about twelve-fifteen. They'd been fucking his mother for almost seven hours straight!

"Seven-thirty!" Jamal said, his eyes following Elliott's to the clock. "Shit! We gotta fly." He turned to the patio door, just as Zeke was coming back inside. "Zeke, bring our stuff over here. It's fucking seven-thirty already. We've gotta go. "

"Fuck, yeah," Gunner added. "I was supposed to be home an hour ago to look after my brother and sister while my mom went out. I think she's got a date with a new guy tonight that wants to fuck her."

"What does your dad say about that?" Jamal asked, which caught Elliott by surprise as he'd heard that Gunner's parents were still together. At first he thought Jamal had just said it as a joke, but neither boy was smiling.

Gunner shrugged his shoulders. "He doesn't care, as long as she charges enough to allow him to partake in his daily habit."

Zeke tossed each of them their stuff, and all three hurriedly pulled on their t-shirts and shoes. They barely paid any attention to Elliott as they gathered up their swimsuits and towels. They were just about to make their way to the front door when Jamal turned and spoke to Elliott. "Well, Smallcox, it's been a pleasure, if you know what I mean," Jamal paused as his buddies laughed along with him. "Your mom's taking a rest right now. I think she's a little worn out." Again, Gunner and Zeke snickered. "I'll leave it up to you, whether you want to go check on her, or let her rest. You might want to just go up and jerk off a load all over her, if you can find anywhere on that sweet body of hers that doesn't have cum on it already." This comment got a full laugh out of each of the two boys. "But based on what I saw

earlier, I'm sure you're anxious to do your job as our Clean-up Boy, and we've left you quite a bit to clean up." Jamal nodded to his friends and gestured towards the front door. "So, we'll be over tomorrow to start with those tutoring lessons. I'll text you guys in the morning to let you know when we're coming. Remember what your Mom said; if you do that tutoring AND SHE'S NICE TO US," Jamal paused as he looked at his friends after emphasizing his last few words, "then we'll be nice to you. Which, at the end of the day is what this arrangement is all about, and it looks to me like everybody wins. You're good with that?"

"Yes. Yes sir," Elliott replied, nodding his head in agreement.

A broad smile came over Jamal's face. "That's good, Kid. I think things are going to work out fine." He turned on his heel as Gunner and Zeke were already making their way to the front door. "We'll see you tomorrow then, and make sure your mother gets a good night's sleep. I think she's got another busy day ahead of her. And remember, you've got a lot of cleaning to do up there, and I'll know if you don't do it the way I like." He gave Elliott a lascivious wink before turning and following his friends out the door.

As soon as they left, Elliott turned and looked up the stairs. They'd left the door to his mother's room partially open, and not a sound was coming from the room. Not the endless creaking of her old bed that he'd been hearing for the last many hours, not her moans and squeals of delight. There was not even a little sigh or peep, nothing at all, the house was silent as a tomb. The intensity of the silence actually frightened Elliott, and the expression, 'dead quiet', came into

his head. He assumed by what the boys had said that his mother was resting, maybe even sleeping. They wouldn't have actually fucked her to death, would they? They'd been going at her for so long, and with the size of their cocks, he wouldn't have been surprised if they had killed her—split her in two with those monstrous pricks of theirs. Shaking his head to get rid of the troubling thought, he made his way quietly up the stairs, not wanting to disturb his mother if she was sleeping. But he had to know, he had to make sure she was okay.

As he approached the door, it was the smell emanating from the room that hit him first. It was a deliriously nasty mixture of sweat, pussy, cock, and cum. Overall, it was the intensely erotic, animalistic smell of pure sex. It got stronger as he approached the door, the fragrance heady and sinfully exciting as it fired his senses.

Elliott approached the door and peeked into the room, spotting his mother lying on her back on the bed, her head turned away from him, unmoving. Again, fearing the worst, he stepped quietly into the room and made his way towards the bed. The dishevelled sheets caught his eye first. They were pulled up at each of the four corners and were twisted and tangled beneath her. A number of the pillows that had been stacked against the headboard were everywhere. Some littered the floor while others were strewn about from the top of the bed to the bottom, making him wonder exactly what they'd done to her. He noticed one pillow on the floor in front of the foot of the bed, and his eyes picked up the two indentations on the surface of the pillow, each dent about the size and shape of his mother's knees.

He looked up at his mother, and with relief noticed the slow steady rising and falling of her big tits. Knowing she was okay, he stopped and surveyed the rest of the lurid scene. Dusk was fast approaching, and he noticed the bullies had turned on the two lights on the matching bedside tables, bathing the bed, and his mother, in a warm amber glow. They'd even closed the drapes, making the scene of their gang-fuck appear intimate and nasty, as if they'd been fucking her in the privacy of a cheap motel room.

The three cans of Red Bull sat empty, two on one of the bedside tables, the other can sitting next to his mother's empty milk glass on the other. Nasty traces of her bright red lipstick appeared like a sexy kiss on the rim of the glass. He spotted something filmy going partially through his mother's lip-print and stepped closer. It looked like a wad of spunk was adhered to the rim at the top and had partially slithered down the side of the glass. Most of it was gone, but there were tell-tale traces left. He picked up the glass and inspected the pearly residue closer. The masculine scent of semen hit his senses, and he knew his guess was right—cum. He wondered which of the guys had jerked off into her milk glass and made her drink it.

Elliott looked at the bed, noticing the red satin bustier lying next to his mother. It had obviously been pulled off her at some point, and lay there like a discarded tissue, stained and wet with ribbons and gobs of jizz clinging to it. The bed was the same, the sheets damp and stained with blossoming wet patches and clumpy gobs of teenage boy-cum dotting the dishevelled mess.

Elliott followed the spreading trail of cum stains back to the source, his mother lying inert in the centre of the bed. With the bustier gone, all she had on now were her red strappy sandals. The stiletto heels looked sexy as anything as she lay there, fucked into a near comatose state. "Fuck me," he muttered under his breath as he looked at her thoroughly-fucked body. Like the sheets—but even worse—there was cum everywhere on her body. There were big gobs of the stuff spackling her stomach and thighs, and as she lay there with her legs blatantly parted, Elliott saw a steady rivulet of milky jizz slowly oozing from inside her puffy slit. His eyes drifted slowly up her curvy form, noticing more cum on her midsection, and then a number of ropes and glistening wads splattered all over her big round tits. Gobs clung lewdly to her rubbery nipples, while pearly strands followed the curvy contours of her breasts, some having flowed down the sides of the massive orbs, while other silvery ribbons dove into her deep cleavage.

He looked up to her face, which was a total mess of cum. The stuff was everywhere, from her forehead to her chin, with gobs plastered on the one cheek he could see. With her face turned sideways and lying flush against the sheets, he imagined the other side of her face had probably taken just as much abuse. Her hair lay on the sheet beneath her, the lustrous honey-blonde locks spread out like a halo. He noticed even her hair was clotted and splattered with jizz, and there were matted clumps of her hair clinging together in a nasty mess, as if somebody had grabbed handfuls of her hair and wiped their cock clean with it.

Elliott leaned closer to his mother, listening to her soft breathing as she slept peacefully, a quiet blissful look of serenity about her

sleeping form. "Oh my God," he uttered quietly as he looked at her mouth. Her face was turned almost totally to the side and he hadn't noticed her mouth at first. Her lips were parted, with nearly all of her lipstick rubbed off. Her lips looked red and puffy all on their own, and he knew the boys had worked her mouth over pretty good. Fuck, not only was the evidence all over her face and body, it was right there for him to see, in her mouth! With the side of her face turned towards the sheets, a nasty gob of semen oozed from the corner of her parted lips, a sizable pool of the stuff spreading and staining the sheet at the corner of her mouth. Elliott leaned in closer and peered into her open mouth, seeing a massive puddle of the stuff lying in the hollow of her cheek. He couldn't believe how much of the stuff there was, between the amount spreading out across the sheet and the amount still shimmering within her open mouth.

"Fuck me," he said quietly to himself. "They must have all shot off in her mouth at the same time just before they left." Just the idea of it had Elliott all revved up, and his cock had quickly gotten brick hard in his pants. He looked at his mother's placid face as he listened to her steady, even breathing.

"Fuck, she's so out of it, she's not even gonna know," he whispered quietly as he quickly shucked off his pants and underwear. He carefully crawled onto the bed and kned his way over to her. He paused as he got close, his weight causing her turned head to dip down slightly, a gob of cum sloshing right out of her overflowing mouth. The sight of it turned Elliott on even more, and he wrapped his hand around his cock in a warm loving corridor as he started to jack it. He looked at her cum-soaked body, and tried to figure out where he wanted to put his own load. He looked down at her huge

breasts. The nipples looked red and puffy, and it was obvious the boys had helped themselves to those mouthwatering tits as well.

"I've always wanted to come on her tits," Elliott said to himself as he looked at her painted chest, the ribbons and wads of semen looking like a road map of China as they crossed every which way. He was too far gone, and as a clumpy gob dripped from her nipple onto the sheets right next to him, he went off. He couldn't believe how hard he came, his spunk rifling out of his throbbing boner, the white rope splashing heavily over both her tits. He kept pumping, and his prick kept shooting as he flooded her chest with cum, adding to the milky mess already there. His eyes flicked back to her face for a second, but she slept on peacefully, totally unaware as her young teenage son jacked off all over her. Just the thought of that made Elliott's dick throb, and he continued to spray her gorgeous body with his seed, totally unloading all over those big, heavy, perfect Mommy-tits.

Deliciously spent, he sat back on his haunches as he recovered, looking down at his mother as she slept on, unaware of what he'd just done. With his perverse desires temporarily satisfied, Elliott started to feel guilty. He carefully backed away and got off the bed, putting his underwear and pants back on. His mother continued to sleep, unmoving, that strand of semen still connecting the corner of her open mouth to the sizable puddle on the sheet beneath her cheek. He raked his eyes over her entire body, and then over to the discarded bustier, and then to the sheets all around her, and finally on the empty glass, with the filmy residue of someone's spunk still clinging to the side. Jamal's final words came into his mind, "And remember, you've got a lot of cleaning to do up there, and I'll know if you don't do it the way I like." He wondered how Jamal would

know. Surely they hadn't set up some kind of nanny-cam in his mother's room. No, that was ridiculous, he assured himself. They'd only had their jeans on when they'd come into the room. That answer became clear to him—Jamal would simply ask his mother. And he knew that under Jamal's imposing glare, she'd feel compelled to tell the truth. And Elliott didn't want to put her in that spot. And he also didn't want to disappoint Jamal. So far, this had been the most exciting day of Elliott's life, and he wanted it to continue.

With those thoughts running through his mind, he decided he'd better attend to his duties. But where to start, there was so much cum everywhere. He looked down at one of the big gobs of his own jizz, the swirly clump of seed gathered at the top of her dark line of cleavage and sliding slowly into that enticing valley. He figured his own cum was as good a place as any to start, so he climbed back onto the bed and moved closer, leaning over her body with his tongue extended. He slid the tip into the cloudy mess and licked upwards, sucking in at the same time as he drew the syrupy mass into his mouth, and then swallowed. With the first wad safely in his stomach, he slid his tongue right into her cleavage and licked for more.

He continued licking, his lips and tongue busy as he lapped up the numerous strands and gobs of boy-juice plastered all over her tits. He knew he shouldn't, but he felt himself getting aroused again as he licked up wad after wad of teenage seed, knowing Jamal would be pleased with his work.

With her big tits now glistening with his drying saliva, he shifted slightly to the side, attacking the shiny gobs clinging to her stomach.

As he licked at her warm flesh, he noticed his knee felt wet. He sat back and raised his knee, seeing a damp stain on the denim of his jeans. He hadn't noticed one of the big clumps of daddy-sauce next to her body, the milky cum difficult to spot against the white sheets. Realizing that was now one of the ongoing hazards of his new job, he went back to work, leaning over his mother's lush body on his hands and knees and licking her stomach clean.

He glanced down at her seeping gash, a slow steady trickle of white cock-honey still oozing from her overflowing snatch. There was something so wickedly alluring about it that he decided to save that for last. He glanced up to her pretty face, knowing that was where he was going next. He carefully shifted himself upwards, and then leaned over her. He spotted one huge ribbon that ran right up her cheek from her jaw into her hairline. A shiver of anticipation tripped down his spine as he pressed his tongue softly against the side of her jaw, and then ran the flat paddle of his tongue upwards, gathering up the sizable strand of liquid protein. He gathered up another gob that clung to the side of her nose and ended just below the hollow of her eye. Her warm soft skin felt sinfully delicious beneath his tongue, and he closed his eyes as he carefully drew the creamy cock-juice into his mouth and swallowed, loving the feel of the now-familiar masculine discharge sliding down his throat. "Mmm." Elliott couldn't suppress the purr of satisfaction that emanated from his throat.

He felt his mother move beneath him and drew back. Her eyes flicked open and looked at him. She went to turn her head and speak, but he noticed she quickly became aware of the mass of spunk in her mouth. She instinctively swallowed, and Elliott thought it was

incredibly erotic to watch the muscles in her neck contract as she drew the sperm-laden pool of semen into her stomach.

"Elliott, wha...where are the boys?" she asked, her eyes flicking around the room. As she turned her head, he could see that the side of her face that had been lying against the sheet was smeared with cum too.

"They left a little while ago, Mom. You've been sleeping. Are you...are you all right?"

She seemed to relax, having come more awake and realizing it was just the two of them. She listened to Elliott, and a dreamy look came over her face as she answered, "Yes, baby, Mommy's fine. I'm a little sore, but I'm fine."

He noticed she referred to herself as 'Mommy' again, and he felt a little jolt of excitement go through him after she said it.

"What about you, sweetheart?" she continued. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, Mom, I'm fine too. And I'm glad to see you're okay."

"What were you doing while the boys were...while the boys..."

Elliott could see his mother was having a hard time trying to phrase what she wanted to say, so he helped her out by speaking up. "I played my new video game for a while, and then I worked on a couple of tutoring lessons for those guys. And then I watched a couple of movies."

Tanya's eyes opened wide when it dawned on her how much time must have passed while the boys were fucking her. "What time is it?" she asked as she turned her head to look at the clock on the bedside table.

"It's a little after eight," Elliott replied.

He saw the surprised look on his mother's face as she realized it was close to eight hours since they'd first come into her bedroom. "Oh my. Are you...are you getting hungry?"

Sitting so close to her, Elliott noticed the scent of cum on her breath, and wondered if his breath smelled the same. He shrugged his shoulders as he answered, "I'm okay, I had a sandwich earlier." He figured there was no point in telling her that Zeke had taken half of it. "What about you? You must be pretty hungry after all this time."

"I am, a bit. But I don't feel as hungry as I should be. Strange..."

Elliott figured she didn't feel all that hungry since she probably had a belly full of ball-juice.

Tanya propped herself up on her elbows and looked down at her body, spotting the river of cum oozing out of her cunt and the big puddle staining the sheets beneath her. Her eyes flicked over to the bustier lying next to her, milky clumps of nut butter staining that as well. "Oh my goodness, I'm a mess."

"It's okay, Mom. It was worse earlier."

"What?"

"Jamal wanted me to clean you up. I was trying to be quiet and let you sleep while I was doing it, and I'm sorry I woke you up."

"Cleaning me?" she asked, clearly puzzled at first, which was quickly replaced by a knowing look as it dawned on her what Elliott must have been doing. "How were you...?"

Again, she didn't need to complete her question before Elliott started nodding. "Like he asked me to do before."

Elliott saw the licentious look in her eyes as she looked at his mouth, his lips still glistening with a coating of the spunk he'd licked up just moments before. "Are you okay with that, sweetie? Are you okay with doing what they tell you to do? They didn't hurt you at all before they left, did they?"

He could see two things in her eyes, both arousal and concern. He knew because he felt the same way himself. He shook his head from side to side. "No, Mom, not at all. They didn't touch me or even say anything mean to me." He paused as he saw a look of relief on her face, hoping he could phrase what he wanted to say next in the right way. "I...I think it...I think it might be best if we agree to do as they say. I'm okay now with the idea of tutoring them. If it makes my life easier at school, I'll do it. Wha...what about you, Mom? What do you think?" Elliott was almost fearful as he waited for her answer, afraid she might take away the opportunity for the most exciting things he'd ever experienced.

"I think you might be right, Elliott. I think it's best if we do as they say," his mother responded, her words causing a wave of relief to wash over him. "I don't think you know how much I've worried about you when you go off to school every day, knowing that those boys might choose any reason to pick on you. And I agree, if you are willing to help by tutoring them, and if I can help in my own way just a little bit, as long as you're safe, I'm willing to do whatever it takes. Okay, baby?"

Elliott knew that her 'little bit of help' consisted of letting them fuck her every which way but loose, and he felt a titillating thrill inside that she was just as eager as he was to allow them to continue, to use her in any way they chose. And he knew from what Jamal said, as long as they got what they wanted, he'd let Elliott get his fair share too. Elliott couldn't wait. "I think that's best, Mom, and I'm so glad we agree." His heart warmed as his mother gave him a loving smile.

"And I'm just glad you're okay. Are you sure they didn't hurt you in any way?"

"No, baby," his mother replied as she stretched like a cat. "Like I said, I'm kind of sore, you know, down there." She paused and wriggled her jaw from side to side. "And my jaw's a little sore. God, they're big—all three of them." Elliott saw a look in her eyes that he took as a fond remembrance as she talked about their huge cocks. As he looked at her lovely mature face, a contented smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "But I feel good—really good. Better than I've felt in a long, long time."

"I'm glad, Mom. You deserve to feel good."

She looked at him intently, and he noticed the teasingly naughty look in her eyes. "What about you, sweetie? Do you feel good? Did you like what happened earlier?"

He knew she was talking about him going off in her mouth outside by the pool earlier, and then losing his virginity when he'd fucked her after the three boys had finished dumping their loads into her. "I...I loved it, Mom. I've never felt anything so...so..." Elliott felt lost for words as he tried to describe what he was feeling.

"Heavenly?" she suggested, looking at him with a knowing twinkle in her eye.

A big smile came over Elliott's face as he nodded. "That's it, that' the perfect word for it."

"I'm glad, baby. I'm glad Mommy was able to make you feel so good." She paused and looked down between her legs, where the boys' syrupy loads of cum were still oozing from her seeping gash. She turned back to him, a salacious gleam in her eye. "So right now when I woke up, you were cleaning me up? You were licking their cum off me?"

Elliott didn't think there was any point in telling her that he'd jerked his own load onto her as well. He felt his prick hardening again already, and from the teasing look in her eye, who knew what was going to happen next. "Yes, I've already licked it off your boobs and your belly. I was just starting on your face when you woke up."

"Wow! I must have been really out of it. I never felt you doing it at all. Was there a lot? Was there a lot to clean up?"

Elliott nodded as he looked down at her big tits, the nipples rosy red and still glistening with a fine sheen of his spit. "Uh, yeah. There was quite a bit actually. It looks like they really pasted you all over."

"God, did they ever. I lost count of how many times each of them came after a while, but each one of them comes like a race horse when they do, especially Jamal."

Elliott saw her eyes kind of glaze over with lusty thoughts as she talked about them coming all over her, her eyes sparking even more when she mentioned Jamal. "I noticed," he said evenly as they shared a smile.

"And you said you were cleaning my face when I came to?"

"Yes. Your face was kind of turned sideways while you were sleeping, so I started on that side."

"Well, like we said, we better not disappoint Jamal, so maybe you should continue what you started." He watched as his mother relaxed back into the sheets, a sinfully wicked smile on her face. "Would you like that, baby? Would you like to continue cleaning Mommy?"

There was that word again—Mommy. The sound of it was like someone pressed a cattle prod against his libido, turning him on even more. "Yes, I'd like that, Mommy." He surprised himself by saying the word himself, but the illicitly sinful smile that came across her face told him she was happy he'd said it.

"Then go ahead, baby. Mommy'll just lie here, close her eyes and relax while you do it."

Elliott watched her eyes close, but the soft sexy smile remained on her face. He felt a shiver of excitement run down his spine as he

looked down at her gorgeous body, dizzy just knowing she was giving him permission to use his mouth on her—the thing he had fantasized about forever. With his heart beating rapidly, he leaned down and delicately pressed the flat of his tongue against her other cheek, the one that had been lying against the sheets. There were still smeared traces of their cum there, and he gently licked her soft tender skin, drawing the tasty residue into his mouth.

"Mmm, that feels nice, baby, really nice," his mother muttered. Her eyes remained closed as her words encouraged him to continue. He ran his tongue softly over the rest of her face, feeling her purr as he even licked the incredibly soft skin of her eyelids. He moved his mouth to her forehead, gathering up one thick strand that ran right up into her hair. He even licked and drew out some of the clumpy gobs matting her hair, like a mother cat grooming her baby. As he sucked at the sticky drying wad, he even got a surprising taste of womanly juices.

"They made a mess of your hair, Mom," he said as he paused for a second. "What did they do, wipe their cocks with it after they came?"

"I'm pretty sure that's what they did. They were all keeping me pretty busy, but I think so."

"Which one of them did it?" Elliott asked, figuring it was most likely Gunner.

"They all did. I remember each one of them using my hair to wipe their cocks. I'm pretty sure of that."

The lewdness of the image of all three of them taking turns wrapping her lustrous blonde locks around their beefy cocks and wiping them off was even more exciting than Elliott thought. The way they were using his mother as their own cum dump was incredibly arousing to him. Something else occurred to him that he wanted to ask about. He reached over to the bedside table and retrieved the glass she'd had milk in, the one with her lipstick-stained kiss around the rim and traces of dried cum on the side. "What about this glass. Did one of them come in that?" He held it up for her to see.

"Yes. That was Jamal. When he was ready to come one time he pulled it out of me and jerked it off into that glass, and then got me to drink it." She paused as Elliott looked at the glass, the image of what had happened ping-ponging back and forth erotically in his brain. "I couldn't believe how much he shot into it. I had to swallow at least three times before I got it all." Tanya saw the expression on her son's face as he looked at the glass, his face flushing. "It looks like I missed a little bit. Why don't you go ahead and clean that up too, baby? We don't want Jamal finding that glass lying around now, do we?"

"No, I guess not." As his mother watched intently, Elliott extended his tongue and pressed it to the side of the glass. He felt the drying residue instantly warm and almost melt onto his tongue. He drew his tongue upward, licking the side clean, taking some of her lipstick traces along at the same time. Elliott noticed a salacious smile come over his mother's face as she watched him.

"Make sure you clean the inside too, baby. You want to show Jamal what a good job you can do."

Elliott turned the glass around as he extended his tongue, feathering it over the rim and against the filmy stain on the inside. He extended his tongue as far into the glass as he could get it, and then licked upwards, once more feeling the remnants of Jamal's spunk come alive in his mouth.

"That's it, baby. That's the way," his mother encouraged. "I think you got it all."

Elliott set the glass down and looked back at his mother, still not believing he was actually sitting on her bed with her almost totally naked, with just her sexy red stilettos on her feet. For Elliott, those killer shoes just made her even more desirable.

"Okay, sweetheart," his mother said as she looked up at him with a dreamy look in her eyes. "You've already cleaned up a lot of their cum, which I guess we can call your 'appetizer'," She paused as she slid her hand slowly down her body, her middle finger stopping at the top of her slit. "Now it's time for the main course."

Elliott's eyes had been drawn to her hand like bees to honey, and like a worker bee, it was to time serve the queen. Dressed in his jeans and t-shirt, he moved in a trance-like state further down on the bed as his mother provocatively drew her legs apart, making room for him

between them. He crawled between her parted thighs which were still spackled with numerous strands and gobs of cum. He started on her right leg, pressing his tongue against a milky ribbon that ran from just above her knee to almost mid-thigh. He gathered up the sperm-laden rope on his tongue, drawing it back into his mouth and swallowing.

"That's my boy," his mother said softly. "Get Mommy nice and clean."

Elliott continued to lick her thigh, lapping and sucking up the potent invaders clinging to her velvety-soft skin. He stopped just short of her pussy, and then switched to her other leg, giving it the same treatment. He inched closer, feeling the wet, stained sheets beneath him soaking right through the knees of his jeans again. He didn't care, he was too far gone with excitement. He leaned over her shaven mound, his face close enough to feel the heat coming off her flesh. He ran his tongue slowly up the crease between her leg and her outer labia, lapping up the stray seed gathered there. He did the same on the other side of her vulva, and then ran his tongue all over her lower abdomen, sucking up the gobs of milky semen lying on her belly in a nasty puddle. He noticed his mother push a couple of pillows under her head, propping herself up so she had a good view of what he was doing.

"That feels so good, baby. That tongue of yours feels so nice on Mommy. Why don't you see if you can get every last drop they dumped inside me into that belly of yours? I'll be sure to let Jamal know what a good job you did."

It wasn't quite the way Elliott had always dreamed it would be, but, in her own way, and under completely incomprehensible circumstances, his mother had just asked him to eat her out. After years of fantasizing about this moment, there was nothing that was going to prevent Elliott from savoring the one thing he'd been lusting after for all these years—not even if her pussy was overflowing with the creamy teenage cum of his three bullies.

Elliott lowered his face, his eyes riveted on the seeping trail of milky goodness that was oozing from between his mother's puffy cunt-lips. The pearly stream was sliding provocatively down her body to its final resting place—a big puddle of bully semen on the sheet beneath her. Elliott moved in close, the masculine scent of their cum thick and nasty in the air. He extended his tongue and delved the tip in the silvery ribbon connecting the oozing flow to the sheet. He licked slowly upwards, feeling the warm seed gathering on his tongue as he came in contact with her slick pink petals. He could feel the heat of her inner lips on either side of his tongue, and just knowing what he was doing overwhelmed him with excitement—he actually had his tongue inside his mother's pussy!

With his tongue nestled between those hot slippery lips, he sucked, drawing more of the boys' cum into his mouth. Within a second or two, his mouth was full, his taste buds alive with the tingling sensation of their potent seed filling his mouth. He rolled the massive wad around inside his mouth, savoring the rich perverse flavor. Knowing there was a lot more to follow, he swallowed, the muscles in his throat contracting as the clumpy gob of jizz slid smoothly into his belly.

"Mmm," Elliott heard himself moan with pleasure, the taste of their cum firing his desire for more. He wriggled his face even closer against his mother's throbbing pussy, and then slid his tongue further inside her.

"Oh yeah, that's the way, baby. Get that tongue way up inside me, but take it nice and slow. Like I said, Mommy's a little sore, and I need that sweet tongue of yours to make it better." Elliott did as she asked, gently feathering his tongue along the hot wet tissues inside her, moving his tongue over the steaming walls at a teasingly slow pace. "That's it, baby, nice and slow, just like that. Keep moving that tongue all around—oh fuck, that's so good—just keep doing that."

Elliott was thrilled to hear his mother's words of encouragement, and not only that, she was making little moans and whimpers that let him know he was pleasuring her—just like in his fantasies. Moving his tongue slowly within her cum-filled channel, he sucked and licked, vacuuming the warm jizz out of her. He drew out the baby batter time and time again, relishing the new and mysterious flavor as he let it gather on his tongue, savoring it for a few seconds before sending it on its way to find a nice warm home in the pit of his stomach.

Elliott settled in, lying right down on his stomach between her spread legs, not caring in the least that the puddle of cum on the sheets was soaking into his t-shirt. All he cared about was that warm juicy peach he had his mouth on. He continued to slowly move his tongue over those hot wet tissues inside her, pressing the tip firmly against those spots that he quickly learned could make her squirm.

"That's it. Right there. That's so good, baby. Mommy really likes that," his mother gasped out as her hips started to wriggle from side to side. Her hands came down and he felt her fingers lace into his hair, pulling him harder against her. "C'mon, baby. Mommy's almost there...almost...AAAAHHH, YESSSS!"

She let out a loud hiss as she started to come. Elliott kept his mouth pressed tight to her as she started to writhe back and forth on the sheets, her hands keeping him right where he was. He had no intention of being anywhere else on earth than where he was right now, so he kept his tongue rubbing over the sensitive tissues on the roof of her vagina.

"OH FUCCKKKKKKKK!" she squealed loudly as she thrashed about, her overheated pussy gushing all over his face. Elliott's eagerly receptive mouth was flooded with her juices, the warm cunt-honey tasting like pure heaven as it bathed his tongue. He swallowed, feeling his prick give a noticeable twitch in his jeans as it throbbed stiffly. He could feel the muscles on the insides of her thighs quivering as the tingling sensations of her climax shot through her from head to toe. And still he kept licking and sucking, and his mother kept coming, twitching and quivering under her intense release. When she finally stopping shaking, her fingers released their tight grip on his head, but she still held him in place, moving his mouth all around her sopping vulva as he licked up as much of her succulent nectar as he could. "Oh my goodness, that was fantastic, Elliott. I'm sorry I made such a mess on your face. Mommy's quite a gusher when she comes. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I...I like it. I like the taste of it," Elliott admitted, flushing a little as he confessed.

"Do you really like that, baby? Do you like it when Mommy feeds you like that?"

From his spot between her legs, he flicked his eyes up to hers, seeing an illicitly sinful look in her sexy blue eyes that made him shiver with excitement. That look on her gorgeous face and those words she said were even better than anything he'd dreamed of. "Yes, Mommy. I love it," he said softly, reluctantly pulling his mouth back from her seeping cunt in order to speak. He surprised himself by using the term 'Mommy' again, but for some reason, it struck him as perfectly natural at that moment. The twinkle in her eyes told him she liked it too.

"That's good, baby. I think Mommy's going to be feeding you a lot from now on. Do you think you're going to like licking up Mommy's cunt-honey, along with their cum?" she asked as she purposely rolled her hips, gripping his head firmly again and making a gooey mess all over his face as she rubbed her glistening mound against it.

"Oh God, yes," Elliott responded, his voice a breathless pant as his eyes closed in pleasure, totally surrendering to his mother as he let her drag his face all over her warm sticky flesh.

"I had no idea that tongue of yours was so long, and so talented. You must have done this to some girl before. Did you baby? Has some lucky girl, or woman, had that tongue inside them before?" Tanya continued talking as Elliott tenderly nursed at her puffy labia, licking and sucking gently.

"No, I...I never did it before."

"That's amazing. So you just learned from watching all those porn videos on your computer?" Elliott looked up at his mother, totally in shock. "Don't worry baby, Mommy knows all about your infatuation with eating pussy, like in all those videos you've saved. And the way you love to lick my panties and come on my bras. I see it every time I do laundry. Sometimes you get those panties of mine so clean by sucking on them that it seems like I don't even have to wash them."

Elliott felt himself glowing red with embarrassment, but his mother seemed in no mood to move from her spot beneath him, so he continued washing the soft pink skin of her mound with his tongue, hoping this brief moment in time could go on for eternity.

"Since you've never done that with a girl or woman before, would you like Mommy to teach you a few things? You've already shown me how good you are at getting that beautiful long tongue way up inside me, but there are a few other things I'm sure I can teach you to do with that mouth of yours. Would you like that?"

Elliott gazed up and saw the sinfully illicit look in his mother's gorgeous blue eyes, a jolt of arousal shooting blood to his already-hard cock. "I'd love it. I'd love it if you'd teach me."

"That's good, baby. You'll have your first lesson soon enough. But right now, Mommy needs a good hot bath. Those boys fucked me pretty hard. Could you be a dear and run the soaker tub for me? And put some of that lavender bubble bath in it."

Elliott felt totally overwhelmed, his mind racing as he thought about that 'first lesson' his mother was going to give him. His cock gave a noticeable lurch just thinking about it. He couldn't wait for class to start.

Chapter 2

With a final kiss, Elliott withdrew his mouth from his mother's pussy and stepped into the en-suite bathroom. The room was huge, with the massive glass-walled shower enclosure in one corner and a deep soaker tub in another. He ran the water in the tub, knowing she'd want it nice and hot to soothe her aching body. He poured in the bath crystals, which quickly foamed up, the warm flowery scent filling the air. As steam curled invitingly over the tub, he checked to make sure everything was in order, taking down a clean fluffy towel from the linen cupboard and setting it out nearby. Satisfied, he turned on his heel and returned to the bedroom. As soon as he went back into the room, the overpowering smell of the three Cs of sex hit him like a wave: cock, cunt, and cum.

When his mother saw him, she started to sit up, and Elliott saw her wince as she did. "Are you sure you're okay, Mom?" he asked as he hurried over and took her arm. She swung her legs over the side and sat on the edge of the bed. Elliott's eyes immediately went to her big tits, which settled and spread out over the whole breadth of her chest with a gentle wobble. Her rosy nipples tipped up slightly in their natural position, as if begging for attention.

"I'm fine, just a little stiff." Elliott wasn't surprised she was feeling 'a little stiff', because the three guys that had been fucking her for hours on end must have been 'a lot stiff'. "Oh dear, look at my bustier," she said as she reached across the bed and picked up the shiny red garment. As she held it in front of her, they both looked down at a number of pearly wads of spunk clinging to the satin. The shiny

fabric was turning darker beneath each clumpy gob as the jizz slowly soaked into the tightly-weaved material.

"I'm gonna have to really soak that to get that out," she said as she looked up at Elliott, noticing his eyes remained focussed on the nasty gobs of cum. It wasn't hard to read his mind. "Do you think you can help Mommy clean this up, baby? I think you know how." Elliott met her eyes and she could see he knew exactly what she meant. A sly smile crossed her face as Elliott obediently nodded. Still wearing her strappy stilettos and with her feet on the floor, she let her legs roll slowly apart. "Get down on your knees." She nodded to the spot between her legs. Elliott compliantly did as he was told, dropping to his knees at the side of the bed between her widely-spread thighs. His face was at the perfect position to suckle her big tits, his mouth mere inches from those mouthwatering guns.

Tanya knew she'd be feeling that sweet young mouth on her tits soon enough, but she had other plans right now. She was witnessing the submissive side of her son coming out in full force, much like her own had come out with Jamal and the boys. And now, she was loving this new relationship she was having with her son, just as much as she knew she was going to love the relationship she was already having with her son's bullies. She loved the way Elliott was blissfully willing to do her bidding, just as she was willing to do theirs. It made her shiver with arousal to think of her boy acting like a slave to her, but it was equally exciting for her to know she was acting the same way with those boys—those muscular, constantly-hard, huge-cocked boys.

"That's my good boy," Tanya said as she took her index finger and gathered up one of the sizable wads of jizz from the bustier. She extended her hand towards him, her cum-coated finger making its way towards his mouth. With his eyes focussed on the glistening gob of semen, Elliott formed his mouth into an inviting 'O'. With a nasty smile on her face, Tanya traced her shiny fingertip around the circle of his lips teasingly for a second, and then slid her cummy finger right inside, her son's lips closing down on the invading digit.

"Mmm..." She smiled to herself as Elliott gave off a subconscious purr, and it occurred to her that her young son loved the taste of cum just as much as she did. She felt his tongue roll over her finger, lapping up the male juice. His eyes were closed as he let the masculine flavor settle on his taste buds, and she could tell that he was already hooked on the illicit new taste. With all those times her son had used her underwear to jerk off in, and with all the MILF porn he had on his computer, she knew he wasn't gay—but you didn't have to be gay to like the taste of semen. If it turned you on to swallow cum, from either a male or female, 'What the fuck?' she thought, it was your own business what you liked. And it was obvious to her by watching the way he'd acted today, that although she knew Elliott loved jerking off into her underwear, and loved his MILF porn, he also loved the taste of cum, thick creamy man-cum. And with the way his tongue was swirling all over her cum-coated finger, she had absolutely no doubt about that. And the crazy thing was, she found it wickedly exciting.

"That's the way, baby, lick it all up," she said in a breathy voice as she started to saw her slender finger back and forth between his lips, fucking his mouth. She watched the way his circling lips clamped

down on her finger, and the way they pursed forward when she pulled her arm back, and then lovingly let her finger slide right in when she pushed it all the way in, her finger inserted to the hilt. She thought back on the image that still seemed like yesterday, of her husband sucking off the big black guy out by the pool. He had the same look on his face then that Elliott had now, both of them blissfully happy with something sawing back and forth between their lips. Maybe Elliott was more like his father than she thought. Whatever it was, for right now, she knew that what she and her son were doing was something they both wanted at this time of their lives, and needed. If it ended up that Elliott was gay, well, so be it. As long as he was happy, that's all she cared about, happy and safe.

Tanya used her fingers to scoop up the rest of the cum from the bustier, feeding it to her son, who greedily slurped down the silvery wads of goo. When all that was left were the damp stains, she tossed the garment aside and withdrew her finger from her son's avidly sucking mouth. "Take my shoes off for me, sweetie, and then help me into the tub. Mommy's still feeling a little rocky."

Elliott reached down and undid the tiny buckle holding the slim strap around his mother's ankle, holding the sexy shoe for her as she stepped out of them. When she got to her feet, she turned and looked at the bed, the sheets in total disarray, gobs of cum and damp stains everywhere. "Baby, while I'm in the tub, can you throw those sheets in the laundry, and then make up the bed with a new set from the linen closet?"

"Sure, Mom," Elliott replied as he put his arm around her back and helped her into the bathroom, her legs a bit wobbly beneath her. He'd left the water running slowly into the tub and it was now at the perfect level, the surface bubbling over with scented foam that made the whole room warm and inviting. He helped her into the tub where she slithered right down, the water level up to her neck, the perfumed bubbles hiding her curvy body from his curious gaze.

"Oh, this feels so good," his mother said as she settled right down into the steaming water. "When you're done changing the sheets, come back in here, baby."

"Okay. Sure," Elliott gratefully replied. He'd expected to be dismissed once his mother was in the tub, and he was interested to see why she wanted him back. He returned to the bedroom and gathered up the sheets. It wasn't difficult, all the corners of the bottom sheet had been pulled loose during the marathon fuck session. He was even more amazed than his mother at the number of stains on the sheets. Based on the amount she had both in her, and on her, he'd have thought they wouldn't have had any left to spare. But no, the evidence was right there in milky white, glistening nastily.

Elliott carried the sheets out into the hall. When they'd had the house built, his mother had insisted on a second floor laundry, for which he was now grateful. He opened the doors to the closet-like room off the hallway and lifted the lid of the washing machine. He tossed the top sheet and pillow cases in first, and then started wadding up the bottom sheet to put it in as well. A brilliant shimmer caught his eye

and made him pause. He stopped and looked as a massive strand of cum he hadn't noticed before caught the light from above. He was surprised at the salacious thrill that went through him as he looked at the gooey rope of spunk. It was brilliantly white, and he knew it must be chock-full of sperm, the billions of swimmers making it shine brightly. Remembering what he'd witnessed the night before when his mother had jerked off all three boys onto the kitchen table, a devilish thought occurred to him, that this specific strand of cum was Jamal's. He remembered how awestruck he had been when Jamal came, his cum shooting out like a streak of white lightning from his mother's stroking hand. And this ribbon of protein looked just like that long white rope that had landed with a splat on the dining room table.

Overcome with excitement, Elliott couldn't contain himself. He drew the wadded-up sheet to his mouth and extended his tongue, pressing the tip beneath one end of the clumpy white strand. He licked upwards, feeling the gooey discharge collecting in a sizable puddle on his tongue. He continued licking upwards, kind of sucking inwards at the same time, until he had as much of the deliciously nasty strand in his mouth as he could get. He rolled it all around in his mouth, loving the flavor as the strange new texture tickled his taste buds. For some reason he couldn't explain, he was more certain than ever that it was Jamal's—rich, thick, and luxuriously delicious. He swallowed, the huge wad sliding smoothly down his throat and into his waiting stomach.

As soon as it hit home, another surge of blood flooded to his midsection, heading straight to his cock, making it throb and press against his jeans. He felt like taking it out right there and jerking off

onto the stained sheet, adding his junk to theirs. But he remembered his mother had asked him to come back to the bathroom, and if there was the slightest chance that something might happen there, he didn't want to be left wanting. Using all his willpower, he suppressed the urge within him and shoved the sheet into the machine. He added the detergent and turned it on. He stopped at the linen closet and took out a clean set of king-size sheets. He selected ones in a rich crimson color, in the perverse hope that if the boys came back the next day and fucked his mother again, this time the cum stains would stand out boldly against the vibrant red sheets. He knew he would like that, like it very much indeed. He quickly made up the bed, pulling the covers back up and then turning them down as he expected his mother to be getting back into bed in order to rest. Not sure what to do with the decorative pillows, he stacked them against the headboard for now.

Satisfied with his handiwork, he turned and strode back into the bathroom, where his mother was lying blissfully content in the foamy tub. Her eyes were closed and her face was placidly serene, with a soft smile turning up the corners of her full mouth. Stray tendrils of steam drifted up from the surface of the tub. The sight of it made Elliott smile inside as the thought occurred to him as to whether the steam was coming from the water, or right up from his mother's smoking-hot body beneath. He laughingly decided it was probably a combination of both.

"There you are, sweetheart," his mother said, opening her eyes. "It feels so wonderful just to sit here like this. Would you be a dear and come over here and wash Mommy's hair for her?"

"Sure, Mom," Elliott replied eagerly. At this point, he knew he'd do anything his mother asked him to do, just to have a chance to be close to her. He gathered up the bottle of shampoo sitting on the ledge next to the tub and poured some into his hand as his mother slid right down into the tub, disappearing beneath the bubbles for a few seconds to thoroughly wet her hair. She rose back up with her head above the surface, lying back against the end once more.

Without a word needing to be said, Elliott rubbed his hands together and then started washing her hair, moving his soapy fingers through her long blonde locks. He'd never done anything like that to anyone before, and it felt incredibly erotic, running his fingers over her scalp and through her hair. He felt his prick twitch again, the novel experience arousing him more than he would have ever expected.

"Mmm, that feels so nice, baby," his mother said as he rubbed his fingers tenderly over her scalp. He could feel the tangles beneath his fingers, her hair matted and clumped together where the boys had wiped off their cocks. He had to work at those areas, but he could feel the sticky mess eventually dissolve away beneath his fingers, leaving her hair clean and spunk-free...for now, anyway. He knew that would likely change tomorrow as well.

"I...I think that's got it, Mom," Elliott said as he reluctantly removed his hands from his mother's head. She slid back beneath the surface, rinsing off most of the shampoo.

"I'm going to take a quick shower and rinse the rest off after," Tanya said as she reappeared. She didn't want to move an inch right now. She was more than content to lie there, the hot water wrapping her in a steaming cocoon that soothed her aching body—her freshly-fucked, deliciously-aching 40-year-old body. But she wanted to continue to get cleaned up, and she knew the best way to do that, and to let her boy have some fun at the same time as well. She knew she'd enjoy what she had in mind as well. "Elliott, Mommy feels so cozy just sitting here like this. Do you think you could get the soap and wash the rest of me?"

Elliott's heart jackhammered in his chest as his lust-addled brain registered what his mother had just said. She was actually asking him to put his hands on her lush curvy body, his slippery, soap-covered hands! He shook his head, wondering if he was actually dreaming. But no, his mother was still there, looking at him with a knowing twinkle in her gorgeous blue eyes.

"Uh, sure, I can do that," Elliott mumbled out, trying to appear sure of himself as he fought to control his racing heart.

"Good. But you're going to have to lean right over the side of the tub to do a good job, so why don't you take your clothes off first. There's no point in getting everything all wet."

"Oh, okay," Elliott replied as he got to his feet and pulled off his t-shirt. He tossed it aside and was about to get down on his knees beside the tub when his mother's voice stopped him.

"You should probably take everything off, just in case any water splashes out." He paused for a second, unsure of what to do. "Go ahead, baby," his mother said as she nodded towards his jeans. "After what's happened today, I don't think we need to be so shy around each other anymore, do you? After all, like I said, I'm sure I'm going to be feeding you a lot from now on, both their cum, and mine."

His mother's suggestive words weren't helping to calm Elliott's racing heart any. If anything, it made it pump even faster. He undid his jeans and slid them to the ground, kicking them aside. He stood there in his fitted boxers, wondering what to do next. He could feel and see his rigid dick tenting out the front of his underwear.

"Those too," his mother said as she nodded towards his midsection. He pried the waistband over the engorged head of his prick and pushed his underwear down, adding them to the pile with his jeans and t-shirt. His cock sprung out before him, fully at the ready, a nasty web of precum drooling from the tip. He saw his mother look at it appraisingly, and he was thrilled to see a noteworthy smile come over her face. She turned and looked up at him. "Good, that's better. Now, the body wash is right over there in that pump bottle. Don't be afraid to put a lot on your hands."

With that being said, she settled back down in the tub and closed her eyes. Elliott knew she was giving him permission to run his hands freely over her body, and he knew instinctively she would keep her eyes closed and let him look and feel wherever he wanted. Elliott set the bottle of body wash next to him as he knelt at the side of the tub.

He squirted a lot onto his hands and rubbed them together, warming the greasy fluid. He wanted to get his hands on his mother's huge tits more than anything, but he didn't want to look too eager. He figured since he'd washed her hair first, he'd move on to her shoulders and work his way down. At least that way, he'd get his hands on those massive tits soon enough. He reached into the tub and got his soapy hands wet, and then reached up to his mother's shoulders.

"Mmm, that's nice, baby," his mother cooed softly as he started to slide his hands over her shoulders. Her toned flesh felt wonderful beneath his slippery fingers. As she purred contentedly, Elliott continued to slide his soapy hands over her body, gradually working his way along her slender arms and then down her sides. A couple of times the side or back of one of his hands would bump into the swell of the side of one of her breasts, sending a tickling thrill through him.

"You might want to re-lather your hands before you go any further," his mother said as she continued to lie there peacefully, her eyes still closed. Without being told directly, Elliott knew she was giving him license to wash her breasts next, to hold those beautiful big mounds in his hands and run his soapy hands all over them.

The whole time Elliott had been washing her, Tanya had been watching him through narrowly-slitted eyes. She could see how careful and diligent he was as he went about his duties, trying his best to avoid putting his fingers on her breasts. She could see his eyes look down at them constantly, trying to get a better look through the foamy bubbles clouding the surface. Tanya knew that the more soap

that dissolved into the water, the more the bubbles would break and disappear. That was one of the two reasons she told her son to relather his hands. She wanted to give him a better view of her big tits and, she wanted his hands to be nice and slippery when he set them on those heavy mounds of hers.

He did as he was asked, pumping out a copious amount of the clear soap onto his hands and rubbing them together before dipping them back into the bath. Through hooded eyes, she could see the fine sheen of perspiration on his face as he looked down at her chest. She saw him gulp and his mouth opened slightly as he started to breathe rapidly. She let her own gaze drift down. She saw the reason for his reaction—her nipples were poking through the surface of the water between a couple of clouds of bubbles. They glistened teasingly, the cherry-red buds stiff and inviting. With him kneeling right next to the tub, she couldn't see what was happening with him down below, but based on the way he was looking at her nipples and the way he was almost drooling, she would have bet that his cock was hard as rock.

And she would have been right. When Elliott spotted her nipples poking up like tiny red beacons between the mounds of bubbles, he thought he was going to spontaneously combust and shoot his load right there against the side of the tub. It was incredibly erotic to see those rosy bullets protruding just above the surface, the gently-moving water lapping at them provocatively.

As his mouth instinctively filled with saliva, Elliott swallowed, and then submersed his hands in the water. He slid one hand across the

top of her belly until it was beneath her far breast, and put the other hand just below the one nearest him. He rubbed his hands slowly over her skin, the soap making her flesh feel delightfully smooth. He moved both hands towards her voluminous tits and then, taking a deep breath to steady himself, he slid his hands upward, cupping both enormous jugs in his hands at the same time.

"Oh fuck," Elliott thought to himself, "they're so fucking big. They feel amazing." His eyes quickly flicked up to his mother's face. Her eyes were still closed as she lay there peacefully, a soft smile on her face. It appeared as if she was almost asleep. Feeling he wasn't being watched or scrutinized, Elliott slid his hands all around and over the surface of her tits. They were so exquisitely soft, and so luxuriously smooth that it almost took his breath away. Feeling emboldened, he cupped both of her breasts in his hands and hefted them, checking their weight.

"Oh my God," he mumbled to himself, blown away by how heavy they were. He rubbed his soapy hands all over them before hefting them once more, unsure if he'd been mentally imagining things when he'd felt the weight of them the first time. His second test confirmed what he'd thought—his mother's tits were as fucking heavy as he'd thought!

More of the bubbles were disappearing now and he could see her breasts more clearly. He could make out the definition of her pebbly areolae as well as having a clear view of her vibrant rosy nipples. They were still protruding above the surface of the water, and Elliott felt his mouth watering as he looked down at the stiff bullets. They

were pretty fucking big too. With his eyes zeroed in on those enticing red buttons, he smoothed his hands up from beneath her breasts and along the sides, his fingers feeling like they were being drawn by magnets to her enticing nipples. His fingers slid over her areola, then over the tips of her protruding nipples.

"Uhn..." Elliott had to suppress the instinctive moan that seemed to want to pour from his throat. He was overwhelmed by what he was feeling inside. Only in his dreams had he thought something like this was possible. But it wasn't a dream, and here he was in his mother's bathroom, feeling her spectacular breasts with his own two hands. And the most amazing thing—she had asked him to do it.

His heart was beating wildly and his prick was throbbing so hard he was afraid he'd burst. His soapy fingertips explored the little buds, feeling how incredibly stiff they were. He looked from one massive tit to the other, his fingers moving in unison over each one. After having seen it done many times in pornos, he took each nipple between his soapy thumbs and forefingers and rolled them salaciously. He could have sworn he felt the stiff button throb under his slippery touch.

"Mmm, that's so good, baby. Mommy likes that," Tanya said, purring like a cat. Through slitted eyes, she'd been watching her son, and it had thrilled her to see the pure excitement in his eyes as he'd started to feel her up, and the look of shock on his face when he'd hefted her tits, the surprising weight of them leaving him gasping in awe. And sensing that she wasn't looking at him, he'd gotten bolder, just as she'd hoped. And now his fingers had found their way to the

epicenter of her sensitive breasts—her highly-responsive nipples. His fingers felt so good as he tweaked them, so fucking good that she just had to let him know. "Oh yeah, Mommy likes that a lot."

Reassured by his mother's words, Elliott got even bolder as he manipulated her breasts. His slippery hands moved all over the big round spheres, gently squeezing, cupping, and stroking the mounds of flesh as he openly groped her.

"Oh yeah, that feels so nice. Mommy's breasts are so sensitive, baby. Just re-lather your hands one more time and then keep doing what you're doing," Tanya said as she felt her pleasure level escalating.

Elliott quickly withdrew his hands and pumped out more soap onto his hands and then immersed them back into the steamy water, his hands returning to her breasts in an instant. He rubbed his hands over her voluminous tits, thoroughly soaping them up before his fingertips instinctively returned to her nipples. They were stiffer and even bigger now as he captured both of them with his fingertips and started rolling them back and forth.

"Oh yessss," his mother hissed. Her eyes were still closed but he watched as she drew her arms up out of the tub and gripped the sides tightly. Her mouth was open and she was breathing raggedly as she gasped for air. He'd seen that look on her face earlier, and it reminded him of the time outside when she'd come from sucking on her own tits after Gunner jerked off on them. Yes, she was definitely getting close to climaxing.

Invigorated by his mother's actions, Elliott rubbed his slippery hands all over her warm slick flesh, the palms of his hands pressing firmly against her stiff nipples. She gasped again, and he took his thumbs and the first two fingers of each hand and took hold of the engorged red buds, rolling them teasingly back and forth.

"Oh yes...yes...that's so good, baby," she gasped out. "Just keep...just...AAAAHHHHH!"

Elliott watched his mother's face turn into a mask of pure rapture as she came. Her head tipped back as she groaned loudly. Her hands gripped the sides of the tub like her life depended on it as the intense sensations of a shattering release flowed through her. He kept manipulating her nipples as she came, her knees scissoring up and down with the intensity of her climax, water splashing onto the floor.

Elliott was thrilled that he was able to make his mother come, and especially from just toying with her breasts. He realized they must be even more sensitive than he imagined. Even with his undisciplined groping, she'd been able to come. He wondered what it would be like for her once he'd gained a bit of experience. She came for a long time, and when he felt her start to come down from her orgasm, he released her nipples, but kept his slippery hands moving gently over the sinfully smooth flesh of her tits. He kept his eyes on her face as she slowly regained her breath and settled back into the tub, eventually opening her eyes and looking at him, a soft smile turning up the corners of her pretty mouth.

"Oh, baby. That was so good. It's been such a long time, I'd almost forgotten how sensitive my breasts are."

"I'll do that for you anytime you want, Mom," Elliott replied, hoping the eagerness in his voice wasn't too obvious.

From the look on his mother's face, he hadn't fooled her at all. "I just might take you up on that, sweetheart," she said, giving him a beguilingly sexy look that set his teeth on edge. "But what about you, baby? How are you doing?" She nodded towards the side of the tub where he knelt.

"I...uh...I'm okay," he replied, feeling himself turning red.

"Are you sure, baby? I thought you might have gotten excited feeling Mommy's boobs. That didn't happen?"

"No...I mean yes," Elliott blurted out, unsure of what he was saying, but knowing his cock was sticking up like an iron bar against the side of the tub.

"Yes, you got excited? Or yes, that didn't happen?" she asked, a somewhat confused look on her face, but the bewitching glint in her eye told him she knew exactly what he was feeling.

"Yes. Yes, I got excited," he admitted.

"Then let Mommy see, baby."

"What?"

"Stand up right there and let me see how excited my little boy got from feeling his Mommy's tits."

Elliott did as he was asked, withdrawing his soapy hands from the water and standing up. His thrusting erection pointed straight up, aiming for the moon as a shimmering web of precum drooled erotically from the tip.

"Oh dear, my baby looks pretty excited," his mother said as he stood there, his rearing prick throbbing with each powerful beat of his heart. "Let me see you take that care of that, sweetie."

"What?" Elliott asked, totally flummoxed.

"I think you know what I mean. I know you have no trouble jerking off into my bras. So let's see you jerk off a load right here." Elliott just stared at her, wide-eyed and unmoving. His mother pushed herself back slightly in the tub, her breasts almost totally above the surface of the water. They shone provocatively as the water sluiced off the curvy spheres in enticing rivulets. "Come on, baby. Your hands are nice and soapy and slippery. Jerk it off for Mommy. Jerk it off and shoot it all over me."

Elliott was so turned on by his mother's lewd words and the view he had of her huge glistening tits that he couldn't control himself. With his eyes staring blatantly at her cherry-red nipples, he wrapped his hand around his surging erection and started stroking.

"That's it, baby. Pump it. Pump it for Mommy," Tanya encouraged as her son started jerking his cock. The slimy web of precum that had been dangling from the tip started flipping this way and that before breaking free and falling lewdly into the tub. She smiled to herself as she watched Elliott flail away at his enflamed prick. The sinful illicitness of what they were doing excited her beyond anything she had ever imagined. Jamal had released the submissive wildcat within her, but what she was doing with her own son had her juices flowing just as much. And the thought of having both of those things happening at the same time had her mind swirling with the endless possibilities of what was going to happen to all of them. She knew it was wrong to be feeling this way, so blatantly and perversely wrong—but she couldn't help herself—she was loving every sordid minute of it.

Elliott was so turned on he knew wasn't going to last. Within seconds of his hand whipping back and forth along his raging dick, he felt those tell-tale contractions begin in his midsection. As he looked down, his mother put her hands on either side of her breasts and pushed them together and up, offering them as a target for him. She had no idea he'd already come on her tits a short time ago while she was sleeping, and the fact that she didn't made it seem just a little nastier to him. With his brain going into erotic overload, he felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock.

"OH FUCK, MOM!" he moaned as he leaned closer to the side of the tub and pointed the enflamed head of his cock downwards. He saw her eyes fixed hungrily on the tip of his prick as the wet piss-slit yawned open and a white streak shot out. A long rope of cum hit her right on the upper swell of the tit closest to him and ran up almost to her neck.

"AAAAAHHH!" Elliott groaned loudly as a second strand of spunk spewed forth, hitting with a noticeable splat as it stretched across both of her soapy mounds, the tale end dangling from one nipple.

"That's it, baby. Give Mommy all of that boy-cum. Pump out every last drop all over me," his mother encouraged. Elliott had no intention other than doing exactly that. He feverishly jacked away as he continued to ejaculate, absolutely flooding her chest with his seed. Even though he'd come just a short time ago, his climax was incredibly intense. His heart was pounding like crazy in his chest, but he kept pumping his pulsating cock as he unloaded, covering her tits from one side of her body to the other. He couldn't believe how much he came, and he wondered strangely if Jamal would have been proud of him.

For Tanya, watching her son jerk off on her was incredibly erotic, and when she looked down at the crisscrossed lines of white adorning her chest after he'd shot four or five times, she felt the delightful twinges of a mini-orgasm overwhelm her. It was just a little one, but it was sweet just the same. She looked up at her son with a smile of contentment on her face as his orgasm slowly waned. His pumping

hand slowed as the final morsels of cum dropped onto her chest. As he flicked the final dregs of dogwater onto her tits, she looked down, smiling broadly as she looked at the milky mess covering her. "Wow! It looks like you really needed that, sweetheart."

Elliott stood there reeling as he recovered, wondering if he was about to collapse. He'd never felt an orgasm so intense in his entire life, and he couldn't wait to experience the sensation again. He released his grip on his cock and stood there breathing in big drafts of air, his spent prick slowly deflating. His mother's words seemed to register in his brain in a fog, but he knew what she'd said. "I...I can't believe I came that much."

"Almost as much as those other boys," his mother said, a sly smile on her face. Elliott was thrilled by what she said, taking them as words of praise. He watched as she took her finger and slid the tip through one thick strand that ran from one side of her chest to the other. She turned and held her finger up to him, a gob of cum covering the tip. She had a bewitching smile on her face that he was quickly getting used to—a look that sent a pulse of excitement to his groin every time. "It seems like such a waste to just wash it all off, don't you think?"

She waved her cum-coated finger hypnotically back and forth. Without another word being spoken, Elliott dropped to his knees—as if in a trance-like state—and slipped his mouth over her finger.

"That's Mommy's good boy," Tanya said as he licked her finger clean. When he was done, she took her hands and pushed her tits together

again as she nodded towards them. "There you go, baby. Get it all. Get every last drop of that sweet cum of yours."

Overcome with bizarre emotions flicking like wildfire in his brain, Elliott leaned right over the tub and started licking her tits. His tongue lapped at her succulent breasts from one side to the other, gathering up every warm drop of his spunk. He delved his tongue deep into her dark line of cleavage, his tongue sweeping over the velvety-soft flesh. When he was finally done, he sat back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his belly full of a fresh load of cum.

"That was nice, sweetheart," his mother said as she gave him a loving smile. He looked down at her, noticing the teasingly provocative look in her eyes as she stared back at him. "Are you going to be ready in a little while for that lesson I promised you earlier? Mommy's got some interesting things in mind that she wants to show you. Things about how to use that pretty mouth and long tongue of yours."

With his heart soaring, Elliott was struck dumb and could only nod repeatedly, wondering if it was possible for this day to get any better.

Chapter 3

"That's good, baby. Mommy'll give you that lesson soon enough," Tanya said. "But I'm starting to feel pretty hungry. You must be too. You said you just had a sandwich earlier?"

"I am, kinda." Elliott nodded in agreement. As soon as the words left his mouth, something else occurred to him. He was afraid if the current spell he felt like he was living in was broken, his mother might change her mind. He knew he'd do anything to get his mouth back on his mother's pussy and he didn't want to risk upsetting what they were doing by breaking for any kind of food. All he was interested in right now was feeding from that seeping trough of hers. "But I'm okay, if...if you wanted to have that lesson right away. If that's what you'd like?" Elliott couldn't help but feel warmed by the knowing smile that spread over his mother's lovely face.

"My sweet boy, my sweet, sweet boy. Always ready to make Mommy happy." Tanya could sense the eagerness in her son's expression, and she knew there was no doubt that she'd be using that talented young tongue of his a lot from now on. "But I really need something to eat first. Don't worry, Mommy'll make sure her baby gets to feed from her later on." She accompanied her suggestive words with a coy smile that she saw made her son flush. "Do you think you can go down and put together something for us to eat? I think there's some leftovers in the fridge from the other night."

"Sure, Mom, I can do that," Elliott replied as he reached down and gathered up his clothes.

"Thanks, sweetheart. I'll be down in a few minutes. When I finish my shower, I want to paint my fingernails and toenails, just like Jamal asked."

Elliott noticed the contented smile on his mother's face when she mentioned Jamal's name, and he remembered the young black man telling his mother he wanted her nail polish to be red—bright red, and he wanted her to do that before the next time they came over. His mother seemed eager to comply with Jamal's wishes. It was obvious from that smile and the glow she seemed to have about her that she had loved being fucked over and over, and not just by Jamal—but by all three of them. All three of Elliott's bullies, the boys who had made his life a living hell for the past number of years. Elliott felt himself smiling inside, knowing all that was changing after today. "Okay, Mom, come down when you're ready. I'll put something together."

"Thanks, baby. I'll be down in a few minutes."

Elliott left his mother and made his way back into the bedroom. Even with the cum-soaked sheets in the washing machine, the room still reeked of sex. He went into his own and put on clean clothes after throwing his cum-soaked ones into the laundry. He piled down the stairs, his mind reeling at the thought of the 'lesson' his mother had promised him. He hoped he could prove himself worthy of her expectations. So far, she'd seemed pleased with his oral dexterity.

Hopefully she'd continued to enjoy what he could do to her with his mouth. For Elliott, that would be a dream come true, and he didn't want to risk upsetting Jamal, or his mother, in any way.

Knowing that his mother's needs were what was important right now, he dug around in the fridge, looking for something to eat for both of them. He thought about making some scrambled eggs and toast, one of the few things he was capable of cooking. He felt disappointed in himself for not paying enough attention when his mother was cooking, or offering to help when she prepared their dinners. When scrambled eggs are about the limit of your ability at age 18, it really says something about your selfishness. Chastising himself, Elliott decided to do better.

His view of what was in the fridge settled on some leftover chicken stew they'd had a couple of nights before. "Just the thing," Elliott said to himself as he took the plastic container out of the fridge and transferred it to a pot. While the stew was warming up, he set the table, including a glass at each of their spots. He thought of Zeke's comment when he'd come down and gotten drinks for all of them earlier in the day, including a glass of milk for his mother. Zeke had said he didn't know if she wanted the milk to soothe her sore throat, or if she just wanted some more white stuff in her belly. From what Elliott had seen as his mother lay there in her bed passed out, her mouth overflowing with milky cum, she definitely had a bellyful of 'the white stuff' — thick, creamy, teenage semen. He wondered how many loads they'd made her swallow. But it was obvious from the way she was acting that she wasn't complaining one little bit. With a smile on his face, Elliott wondered if his mother would want milk

with her dinner. If she wanted more 'white stuff' in her belly, he knew exactly where she could get some.

He checked on the stew a few times until it was heated through. Not sure how long his mother would be, he turned it down to simmer. As his hand left the dial, he heard his phone ping. He picked it up, the display showing a text from Jamal.

How is she?

Elliott quickly responded: Okay. She's taking a shower.

Jamal answered within seconds: Good. Did you get her cleaned up before that?

Elliott thought about all the cum he had lapped up, the taste still lingering on his breath.

Yes sir.

Did you clean her the way I want you to? Don't lie to me, Smallcox.

Yes sir. I did it the way you asked me to.

Great. Good boy. Make sure she gets plenty of sleep. I want her wide awake and ready to fuck when we come over tomorrow.

Even after everything that had happened in the last twenty-four hours, Elliott was still shocked by Jamal's blatant message. He sent back a short reply:

What time tomorrow?

Mid to late morning. We want to get an early start on that tutoring.

Elliott noticed Jamal's last comment was followed by three smiley face emojis. Yeah, they were definitely keen on being tutored. Fuck that. He wondered if they'd go through with it at all. He decided to end the call.

Okay. Bye.

There was no response from Jamal in the next minute, so Elliott put down the phone. As usual when dealing with Jamal, he never knew what to expect next. When he'd seen the name on his call display, he'd been both excited and fearful. But he realized that was quickly becoming the way he felt every time he either saw Jamal or his name came up. He sat there daydreaming about everything that had happened, and wondered if his mother felt the same when she thought of Jamal. His thoughts were broken by the sound of his mother's voice coming from the top of the stairs.

"I'm sorry I took so long, dear. I wanted to make sure I got my nails done before coming down. I have to be careful while it's drying."

Elliott looked up to see his mother coming carefully down the stairs. His eyes were drawn to her bare feet and toes, the nails painted a sizzling bright red. He checked her hand that was holding the bannister. Her fingernails were the same, gleaming like a fire engine in the sun. Elliott knew that if Jamal wanted bright red, he was definitely going to get it. Elliott was already picturing what it would look like with his mother's long slender fingers wrapped around their big cocks. Those brilliant red nails would look wickedly erotic against the skin of their thick, club-like erections.

"I dried my hair a bit first, but I figured I shouldn't keep you waiting too long."

Elliott noticed that the whole time she'd been walking down the stairs and then towards him, her other hand had been on her lower stomach, rubbing gently. Her bright red nails stood out boldly against the white of her fluffy robe that she was wearing. By the little twinge he saw on her face as she rubbed her stomach, he knew she was still feeling the aftereffects of having those three big cocks being fed into her for all those hours. He was surprised she was still able to walk.

As his mother approached, Elliott's eyes were drawn from her hands to the rest of her. Where her robe was overlapped and cinched at the

front, he could see the swells of her breasts, which wobbled nicely as she approached the table. He couldn't see any type of nightie showing in that gap, and he wondered if she was naked under the robe.

"Mmm, that smells good. What are we having?" she asked as she looked over at the pot on the stove.

"Uh, I found the leftover chicken stew in the fridge. I hope that's okay."

"That's perfect. Thanks for doing this, sweetheart. You deserve a kiss for that."

Elliott was surprised when his mother came right up to the chair he was sitting in and leaned over to kiss him. Before her lips met his, his eyes immediately went to the gap in her robe as she bent over. His supposition was right—her big heavy breasts hung down pendulously as she bent over, with nothing holding them in place. Looking into that deep line of cleavage sent a rocket of blood right to his cock. That all happened in a second or two before her lips met his, and when they did, he almost melted. Her lips were deliciously warm and as soft as feathers. He felt the tip of her tongue press against the crease between his lips and he gratefully relaxed, letting her in. Her tongue slid tenderly into his mouth, pressing against his own tongue forcefully enough to make him moan. "Mmm..."

She kissed him for a long time, making him follow her tongue back into her mouth, where he explored, running his tongue over the hot moist tissues inside her mouth. He could feel her encouraging him to do so as she rubbed her tongue gently against his as he probed the depths of her receptive mouth. And then she was gone, drawing back and nipping teasingly at his lower lip before she kissed him tenderly on the cheek as she hugged him. He felt her warm breath against his ear, the sensation sending a shiver tripping down his spine.

"That was nice, baby. I love that sweet mouth of yours," she whispered into his ear. "I can't wait to feel those soft lips and long tongue of yours on my clit."

With that, she drew back and sat down in her chair, leaving Elliott thoroughly befuddled, and with his stiffening cock pressing against his jeans.

"Would you be a dear and dish the food up, sweetie? I'm still pretty sore." His mother nodded towards her midsection as she tenderly rubbed her stomach.

"Sure, Mom." Elliott rose from his seat and did as his mother asked. He spooned the stew into a couple of bowls and brought them to the table. "Would you like something to drink?"

"A glass of milk would be nice. My throat's still a little raw too," his mother replied, her brightly-painted fingernails tracing along the smooth skin of her neck.

"I'll bet it is," Elliott thought to himself, wondering how many times the three boys had stuck their huge pricks deep into her mouth. Without saying anything, he simply nodded and poured each of them a glass of milk, which his mother scooped up right away and took a big gulp. Elliott watched intently as the cool white liquid shimmered as it moved from the glass into her mouth, and as he watched the muscles in her neck rhythmically contract, he felt his dick surge as he pictured her gulping their big loads of cum.

"This really hits the spot. It tastes so good," his mother said after eating a few spoonfuls of the stew.

Elliott looked into his own bowl of the chicken stew, noticing for the first time how much the creamy sauce looked like spunk. It reminded him of the massive amount of ball-juice that his mother had pumped out of his three bullies onto this very table the night before. The cum that she'd eagerly licked up while playing with herself. And then he thought about all the milky baby batter the boys had shot both into her and on her today. Some of which he'd had to clean up. He smiled inwardly at his mother's comment and wondered how much cum both of them had swallowed that day.

"So, do you think you're going to be ready to start the tutoring lessons for the boys tomorrow?" his mother asked between mouthfuls.

Elliott shrugged his shoulders. "I guess so. I looked at a few things to maybe go over with them when you guys were...uh..." He didn't finish what he was saying. He simply flicked his eyes up towards her bedroom.

"That's good. Elliott, I think it's best if we continue to do as they ask, at least for now. I have the feeling that as long as they're happy, they won't hurt you in any way. So, if you could try your best at tutoring them, I'll keep trying to make them happy too."

Elliott nodded slowly. He knew this was a game they were all playing at this point, and his mother was keeping up this ruse of doing it all for him in order to justify her behavior. To who, he wasn't sure—to herself, he guessed. But it was obvious she'd enjoyed getting fucked and used by the three boys. He could see it by the dreamy look she had in her eyes. That look was there even now, even after they'd fucked her to the point he would have thought she'd have been torn in two. No, she had loved it all right. "Thanks, Mom. I think you're right. I promise I'll do what I can to help them with school," he simply replied.

"That's good, baby. And I promise to do whatever I can to help you too."

Elliott knew from the look on his mother's face that nobody was gonna have to twist her arm when it came to offering that help. No sir. Not only had he been witness to how she'd reacted to everything

that had happened to her today, but he kept remembering that hungry look of pure rapture on her face when she'd licked up all that cum off this very table last night. With the situation as illicitly weird as it had quickly become, he decided to say something, if only to clear the air. "Mom, I uh...I saw what happened here last night." He accompanied his words by nodding towards the table as his mother looked over at him. He could tell by the expression on his mother's face that she knew he wasn't just talking about the suggestive conversation that had occurred over pizza and ice cream.

"What...what did you see?" she asked hesitantly.

Elliott nodded. "I was kind of hidden in the shadows at the top of the stairs. I saw, and heard, everything."

He saw his mother flush, realizing he'd seen her slurp up every drop of jizz she'd pumped out of the boys. "How...how did you feel about what you saw?"

"At first I was angry by what they were saying and what they wanted you to do." Elliott paused, and then shrugged his shoulders. He decided to say something that would feed into the ruse she was already playing along to, even though he knew she'd already stepped over 'to the dark side'. And he wasn't just thinking of Jamal—he was thinking of all three of those big cocks, and how much she seemed to crave them already. "And then, when Jamal gestured towards my room, and I realized you were doing it to protect me, I couldn't believe how much I loved you in that moment, and how much you must love me to do something like that."

"Thank you for saying that, sweetheart. You mean everything to me."

Elliott could see that his mother had gotten all misty-eyed, just as he'd hoped. "It looks like your plan to have them stop bullying me is working out. And since you're willing to do so much for me, Mom, I'll do anything I can for you too. Anything."

She looked at him with a gentle smile on her face, and Elliott saw the look of happiness in her teary eyes. "I think you're right, Elliott. They don't seem interested in antagonizing you when they're busy. I'm so glad to see a smile on your face for a change. If I have to continue to be nice to those boys for you to be happy, I'll keep doing that."

"Thanks, Mom. And if you need me to ever do anything for you, just ask."

A broad smile came over his mother's face. "If things continue like they did today, I'm sure Mommy's gonna be sore a fair bit from now on. When you're as sensitive in those areas as I am, it's gonna take a while for me to get used to those big co—er, those large members of theirs."

Elliott had to smile in return as his mother stumbled over her words. His mother pushed her finished bowl forward and sat back slightly in her chair, the movement causing the front of her robe to gape open, giving him a teasing view of the swells of her big creamy tits. Looking at those curvy orbs and having listened to her last few

words sparked a question in his mind. He decided to be bold and came right out with it. "Mom, you mentioned being sensitive—you know—down there." Elliott paused as he nodded toward her lap. "Are you really that sensitive on your boobs as well? I noticed what happened outside after lunch when Gunner...when he...you know. And then when I was washing your...your boobs upstairs before." Even after all they'd been through over the last day, Elliott still couldn't bring himself to speak crudely, but they both knew he was referring to the time when Gunner sprayed his load all over his mother's tits and then made her lick it off—an act which resulted in a shattering orgasm for her.

Elliott saw the knowing smile come over his mother's face as she took in what he was saying. She slowly nodded. "My boobs are very sensitive, sweetheart. It's always been that way, ever since I was a young girl."

"Wow, that must be nice for you." He couldn't help it as his eyes focussed on her sumptuous chest. She hadn't made any move to close her loosened robe, and he felt his mouth watering as he looked into her deep line of cleavage.

Tanya saw exactly where her son was looking. She thought about how wonderful that sweet mouth of hers had felt on her body, and as he gazed hungrily at her chest, she felt her nipples start to tingle. She'd planned on putting that talented mouth to work upstairs after they'd finished eating, but she figured there'd be no harm in starting that lesson she'd promised him down here. "Yes, it's very nice actually. Would you like to see?" She turned slightly in her chair until

she was facing Elliott directly, and then fully undid the sash on her robe. She sat forward, the sides of the robe parting as her enormous breasts filled the opening. A naughty smile came over her face as she watched Elliott's eyes open wide, his face flushing. She pushed the sides of the robe further open, her hands sliding up her body until she was cupping her breasts. "C'mere, baby. Why don't you get down on your knees here and see for yourself how sensitive they are?" Tanya accompanied her request by slowly spreading her thighs, the robe sliding to each side as she exposed her creamy inner thighs and shaven pussy.

With his mind numbed by the rush of blood flowing to his stiffening dick, Elliott compliantly slid off his chair and crawled between his mother's parted legs. Her scent filled his head erotically. He could smell her lavender bath fragrance along with the pure womanly essence emanating from between her legs. He quickly glanced down, noticing the lips of the pussy he was already in love with were glistening wetly. He raised his eyes. He was inches away from those mouth-watering tits, and his mind was overwhelmed by both the size and the beauty of them. They were perfect.

"Why don't you start by kissing this one?" his mother asked. Her hands cupped her left breast and lifted it forwards, the rubbery nipple an inch or two away from his mouth. Almost trembling with anticipation, Elliott leaned forward and opened his mouth as his lips slipped over the warm nipple. His mouth was full of saliva, and he pushed a sizable wad to the front, bathing the stiffening bud with his warm spit. He rolled his tongue all around it as it came alive in his mouth, growing and hardening.

"Mmm, that's nice," his mother said softly. "Just lick it nice and slow like that. The boys were a little rough, so my boobs are a bit tender."

Elliott did as she asked, softly worshipping the warm nipple inside his mouth. His lips were pressed against the soft pebbly skin of her areola as he gently sucked. He opened his mouth wider and laved the flat of his tongue over more of her flesh, causing her to purr.

"Mmm, that mouth of yours really is something," his mother cooed, looking down at him with a lascivious look on her face. "Here, baby, do the other one now."

She switched her hands to her other breast, cupping it and lifting it towards Elliott's avidly-sucking mouth. His lips gently clamped down on her eraser-like nipple as he proceeded to give it the same treatment as its partner.

"Aaah, yeah, that's so good." Elliott saw his mother tip her head back as he flicked his eyes upward. She closed her eyes and a blissful smile came over her face as he continued to suckle at her huge tit. He swirled his tongue over the whole front of the massive orb, causing her to shiver with pleasure.

"Oh God, baby, you're making me tingle all over with that pretty little mouth of yours."

Elliott's heart swelled under her words of praise as he kept sucking and licking. After a couple of minutes, she had him switch back to her other breast, and they kept that up, with her offering up one huge tit at a time as he continued to tenderly worship her succulent breasts. He could feel her pleasure level escalating as he worked her over, her breathing becoming ragged as those massive jugs surrounded his face.

"I'm almost ready to come from you just sucking on them, baby, but why don't you slip a finger into Mommy so we can make this a real good one."

Her breasts were shiny with Elliott's warm saliva, but even with his face at her chest level, his senses were tingling from the intoxicating scent rising from her loins. As he drew on one nipple with his lips and tongue, he slid his middle finger through the slippery petals at the gates of her dripping pussy. He couldn't believe how wet she was, and so hot that it almost took his breath away. He slid his finger right in to the third knuckle as he felt the warm flesh close down around it.

"That's it, but just slide it nice and easy, baby. Like I said, Mommy's pretty sore down there. Just go nice and slow... that's it...nice and...oh yeah, that's so good."

Elliott had barely gotten his finger into her and already she was starting to shift about restlessly. Between his sucking mouth working on her tits and his finger sliding over the steaming hot tissues inside her, he had her close to coming in no time flat.

"Mmm, that feels really good, sweetie. I want to get off while you're sucking on my tits, but do you want Mommy to feed you some of her juice when she comes?"

With his lips still clamped on her nipple, Elliott flicked his eyes up to meet his mother's lusty gaze and nodded.

"That's it, sweetie. I want you to keep that finger working inside me, but when I come, put your other hand right in front of my pussy. I'm kind of a gusher, but I think you like that, right, baby? I've seen the way you like to lick my dirty panties."

Elliott was shocked by what his mother was saying, having thought she had no idea about his hobby of stealing her panties and bras from the laundry hamper for his jerk-off sessions. He saw the bewitchingly knowing look in her eyes, and realized he hadn't fooled her one little bit.

"Oh, I know how much you like to taste what's in those panties, how much you like to lick up Mommy's juices. I've known for years that you've been taking them from the laundry. Sometimes they come back looking like you've chewed on them for hours. And do you think I never noticed all those white, crusty patches inside my bras when I went to do the washing? There's usually so much of your cum there that there's no way I could miss it if I tried. Here baby, suck on my other boob for a bit now." His mother interrupted her narrative and pulled his mouth over to her other glistening breast, feeding the

big stiff nipple between his parted lips. He obediently closed down on the rubbery bud, sucking gently as his tongue swirled over her areola. "That's it, keep sucking just like that. Yes, I've known for a long time what you've been doing with my underwear, and at first, I was kind of shocked, but then I realized it was probably typical of every growing boy to do that. And the longer it went on, the more I found I was actually excited by the idea of you doing it. It seemed like the perfect way for you to show how much you cared about me, and loved me—worshipping the juices from the very trough that gave you birth. And I let you keep doing it, because I loved you too. Sometimes I'd even rub my panties right into my bird before putting them in the laundry. Bird, isn't that a funny name for it. That's what my mother used to call it when we were little. Anyway, I'd rub my panties into my bird so I'd get them nice and wet, knowing you'd like that."

Elliott couldn't believe what he was hearing, but the stiffness of his cock made it clear how excited he was by what she was saying.

"Mmm, that feels so good with that sweet mouth on my boobs and your finger inside me like that. Let me feel that finger, baby, move it around for Mommy. That's the way, nice and slow, just like that. Bring your finger to the top part of my pussy, sweetheart. Rub the tip on the underside of where my clit is...yeah...that's...oh fuck yes, that's it...that's the spot."

Elliott had heard about the so-called "G-spot", the miraculous trigger spot inside a woman's pussy that could send them to the heights of ecstasy. He didn't know if this was his mother's G-spot, but whatever

it was, it had her climbing the walls. She seemed to grind her pussy down onto his hand as he rubbed the tip of his finger over that spot she'd asked for on the roof of her vagina.

"Oh fuck, yeah. That's perfect. Just keep rubbing there...nice and slow..."

Elliott felt her shiver and knew she was close. Her body was almost vibrating with pleasure.

"You've almost got Mommy there, baby. You better put your hand...OH GODDDDDDD..."

Elliott had felt her body start to twitch and brought his free hand to the front of her pussy just in time. He cupped his fingers and pressed the tips against the bottom of her slit just as she started to go off. He felt his hand get sprayed with her warm nectar, the juices coating his palm within seconds. With his lips locked around her throbbing nipple, he could feel her heart pounding rapidly as she climaxed, her eyes closed and her head tilted back as the blissful waves of ecstasy rolled over her.

"OH GOD, YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS," she hissed as her orgasm continued, her body twitching and shaking with the intensity of it. Elliott continued sucking at her tit as his finger rubbed teasingly over that magic spot inside her. He felt more of her juices spray onto his hand, the thought of it making him dizzy with excitement. She twitched and shook as the delicious orgasmic twinges touched every nerve

ending of her body. As her climax continued, Elliott kept worshipping her tits with his mouth, while his finger worked its magic inside her. Finally, the scintillating sensations waned, and she slumped back into the chair, her chest heaving as she fought to regain her breath.

Elliott instinctively sat back, giving her big hard nipple one last tender kiss before he did. He withdrew his finger from inside her at the same time, even though he felt like he could play around in that hot wet pussy forever. His mother looked down at him with glassy eyes, looking all dreamy and blissfully content.

"See, I told you Mommy's boobs were sensitive. Did you like sucking on them, sweetie?"

"Yes, I loved it," Elliott responded immediately.

"Did I make a mess on your hand there? That felt like a really good one." Elliott held up his hand for her to see, the whole thing glistening with her sprayed juices. "Wow, it looks like I did. That's all for you, baby. Go ahead, lick it up."

With his mother watching intently, Elliott brought his gooey hand to his face. He extended his tongue and ran it across the palm, the succulent nectar gathering on his tongue. He drew it back into his mouth, and swallowed. "Mmm," he purred.

"That's my good boy. I bet that's better than sucking on Mommy's panties, isn't it?"

Elliott nodded vigorously and went back to licking his hand. She'd sprayed so much that he even had to lick the back of his hand, and then he deliriously licked each finger clean, sliding them between his lips and wrapping his tongue around them in order to get every drop.

Tanya watched her young son intently, a calm knowing smile on her face. Her son's eager mouth had felt wonderful on her breasts. He was so gentle, so caring, and yet those lips and tongue really seemed to know what they were doing. She knew he was inexperienced, and yet he seemed so natural when it came to providing oral pleasure. It reminded her of herself, and how much she loved having cocks in her mouth, and that luxurious feeling as their loads slid down her throat. Something she'd had more of in the last day than she'd ever had with her pencil-dicked husband. She chalked up Elliott's oral talents to something in her genes that she'd passed down. Whatever it was, she knew that whatever happened going forward, she wasn't about to give up making use of her son's talented mouth on a regular basis, just like she hoped the three boys wouldn't give up on using hers. And as she looked at her son happily sucking on his cum-covered fingers, she felt herself getting turned on again already. Maybe that lesson in pussy-eating she'd promised him would have to start sooner than she'd originally intended. "Do you like that, baby? Do you like licking up Mommy's honey?"

"I love it, Mom. It tastes incredible."

"Would you like some more, sweetie?" Tanya accompanied her words by giving him a teasing smile at the same time as she sat back in the chair and pulled the sides of her robe open.

Elliott watched, aroused beyond words, as she drew her legs up and draped them over the arms of her chair. Her pussy was beautifully on display. Her shaven mound looked pouty and in need of attention. Her vividly-pink inner lips glistened erotically. As she parted her legs even further, those shiny lips parted slightly, a teasing web of translucent fluid bridging the gap from one side to the other. Elliott was so overwhelmed with excitement as he looked at that glistening web of cunt honey that he thought he might pass out. It was almost like one of his dreams, his mother totally spread out for him, beckoning him to bring his hungry mouth between her creamy thighs and pleasure her for hours on end.

He was about to do just that when his phone rang, indicating a call, not just a text. The sound drew the attention of both of them, and two sets of eyes went to the phone sitting on top of the table.

"It's Jamal," Elliott said as he looked at the call display.

"You'd better answer it." Elliott noticed the quick look of excitement in his mother's eyes as she nodded towards the phone. "When you answer it, put it on speaker."

Elliott hit the button as he answered. "Hello."

"Smallcox, how are things going over there?" Jamal's voice came clearly through the phone to both of them. There was some background noise, which to Elliott sounded like they might be driving.

"Uh, everything's okay."

"Is your mother still up?"

Elliott met his mother's eyes, and she gave him a quick nod as she brought her hand down between her spread legs, her red-tipped fingernail toying lewdly near the top of her glistening slit. "Uh, yes, she's still up. We're just uh, we're just sitting here talking."

"Good. We're going to stop by for a couple of minutes."

"WHAT?" Shocked, Elliott gasped out his response.

"I said we're going to stop by. Do you have a problem with that, Smallcox?" The stern tone in Jamal's voice let Elliott know that the young black man had picked up on his concern.

"Uh, no. It's just that she's...she's still kind of sore from what happened earlier."

"Don't worry about that, we're not going to fuck her. And like I said, we're only going to be a few minutes, but let her know here's what I expect."

"What?" Elliott looked up at his mother, who slid her legs off the arms of the chair and sat forward, listening closely to what Jamal was about to say.

"Here's what I want to see when we get there. I want her hair pulled back, fresh lipstick on, have her put on something sexy, and I want her on her knees in the bedroom. You got it?"

As Elliott looked up questioningly, his mother nodded, her eyes sparking as a suppressed smile came over her face. "Uh, okay, I'll let her know what you said."

"Good. We're about ten minutes away." And with that, Jamal was gone.

"Did you hear that tone in his voice?" Tanya said as she stood up and pulled her robe around her. "I think it's best if we do as he says. I don't want him getting angry with you. Now, while I get ready, can you clear up these dishes, sweetheart?"

"Uh, sure, Mom," Elliott replied, noticing his mother looked a little more eager about the arrival of the bullies than he was. Holding her robe closed, his mother scurried up the stairs, leaving Elliott feeling

lost when he thought about that gorgeous pussy he'd been just about to start worshipping. He was hoping after the bullies were done, she'd remember where they'd left off.

He got up from the table and cleared away the dishes, rinsing them off before stuffing them into the dishwasher. He'd just finished washing out the pot he'd heated the stew in when the doorbell rang. Elliott dried his hands on a tea towel as he made his way to the front door. He barely had the door open an inch before the boys strode through, laughing and talking amongst themselves. Once again, Elliott was both impressed, and afraid, by the confident swagger with which each of them carried themselves. They each looked like they were on top of the world without a care, something he knew he'd never be able to replicate. No, it just wasn't in his makeup to have the kind of self-assured strut that these boys had.

"So, how's your mom doing?" Jamal said as he stopped in the kitchen and turned to him.

"Uh, she's okay. A little sore, I think, but she's all right."

"Good. See, Smallcox, we told you your mom had a body made for big cocks. She took all three of us like a champ."

"Yeah, over and over," Zeke added.

Gunner poked Zeke playfully on the arm before adding his own comment. "Yeah, the way that hungry pussy of hers was working my cock, I thought she was gonna snap the fuckin' thing right off." All three of the boys chuckled.

"Is she upstairs and ready like I asked?" Jamal gestured over his shoulder to the curving stair behind him.

"Uh, I'm not sure. She went up to get ready right after you called, so she might be by now."

Jamal nodded, a sinister smile turning up to corners of his mouth. He turned to his two friends. "All right. Let's go take a look, boys. I can feel this load comin' on already. Time to do some dumpin'."

Not sure what was expected of him, Elliott stood in place and watched them start up the stairs. They'd only gone up a couple of steps before Jamal looked over his shoulder. "What are you waiting for, Smelliott. Get your puny white ass up here and watch. This is another part of those life lessons we're giving you in return for that tutoring you're going to give us."

Elliott was happy to be included, even as an observer. So, willing to do anything Jamal told him to do, he stepped forward and trailed obediently behind as the boys made their way upstairs. He watched as Jamal opened the pair of doors of his mother's bedroom and strode right in, as if he owned the place. He could see that both of the bedside table lamps were on, bathing the room in warm golden light.

Looking through the tall muscular bodies of the three boys in front of him, Elliott spotted his mother, kneeling on a pillow at the foot of the bed. The first thing he noticed was what she was wearing. Her curvy body was clad in a brilliant white satin chemise, the white so shiny that it looked like flowing silver. It was trimmed with delicate black lace at the bra cups, the top edge of the bodice portion, and along the bottom of the hem, which Elliott noticed ended high on her thighs, with a teasing slit rising higher on her right thigh. Her tanned legs were bare beneath the daringly-high hem of the chemise, and his gaze followed the sensuous line of her kneeling form to her feet, which were clad in white high-heeled slingbacks.

As if pulled in by magnets, his eyes were instinctively drawn back to her sumptuous chest. Shiny, black, slender ribbon-like straps ran from the top of the lace-trimmed bra cups over her shoulders, the straps stretched so taut they were pulled partially away from her body as they ran down her chest. The chemise fit tightly to her huge tits, the shadows from her big nipples showing how stiff they were. The triangles of fabric covering those massive orbs contained her voluminous breasts spectacularly, emphasizing her deep dark cleavage at the same time as they fought to support the substantial weight of her guns.

The glaringly- white chemise followed the contours of her hourglass figure enticingly, the shiny fabric flaring out over her wide hips before ending at that provocative lace-trimmed hem, with that teasingly sexy slit over one thigh. Elliott found himself licking his lips as he stared at the sexy garment.

His mother turned to look at them as the boys approached, and as Gunner and Zeke stepped to the side, he was able to see her pretty face. As requested by Jamal, her honey-blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail, the shimmering locks secured with a flouncy white scrunchie at the back of her head. Her lips had a full coating of the new wet-look lipstick, the shiny red gloss reflecting the light provocatively. Her pouty lips were so bright and so vividly red that Elliott knew the boys couldn't help but look at them and think about burying their cocks between those sexy pillows. He noticed she'd even had time to quickly brush on some eye shadow, which made her compelling blue eyes look even more sultry and alluring. Elliott felt himself getting hard as he looked at the whole gorgeous package his mother had become, especially knowing from the way Jamal had wanted her that they'd be fucking that shiny red mouth of hers soon.

"Nice, you've done just as I've asked, Tanya. That's what I'm expecting of you from now on," Jamal said as he stood in front of her. His hands went to his midsection as he opened his pants. He reached inside and pulled out his dick, the long ebony snake already half-hard and on the rise.

Elliott looked over to see Gunner and Zeke do the same. All three had lecherous grins on their faces as they stroked their stiffening cocks and stepped closer to his mother.

"Open up, sweetheart," Jamal said as he waved that deadly black wand in front of Tanya's face.

Elliott saw his mother's eyes rapturously fixate on the enormous cock as Jamal brought it closer, the bloated purple head glistening nastily, and then he saw her flinch as a questioning look came over her face. Jamal noticed it too.

"You're wondering what that smell is?" Tanya nodded with her eyes, clearly confused. "Yeah, you know that's not you you're smelling on my dick, don't ya? Well, you're right. That's Mrs. Tremblay." Jamal paused as he looked over at the other two boys, who grinned back at him.

Elliott's eyes opened wide, realizing they were talking about their history teacher who they'd alluded to earlier. Something they had said indicated that they'd fucked her at some point too.

"Yeah, she texted me when we were here earlier," Jamal continued as he stepped closer, drawing his sticky prick back and forth across Tanya's face. Her wet lips were parted and her eyes were glassy as he rubbed the glans all over the smooth skin of her face. "She said her husband was going out for his monthly poker night, so, we decided to go over and poke her for a while." Gunner and Zeke chuckled. "So we each took turns fucking her, but we wanted our last loads of the night to go deep into that belly of yours."

"You...you stopped fucking her and came over here to feed me instead?" Tanya asked.

"Fuck no. We all dumped a load inside her, but hey, sweetheart, remember how young we are? With a sexy MILF like you, we could go all night long. And especially with that talented mouth of yours, we won't have any problem giving you a few more mouthfuls. We already know how much you like to swallow all that gravy. And we think you earned it after being so nice to us today." He stopped moving his stiffening dick back and forth and plugged the huge mushroom head right into her mouth.

As soon as that big black stick slid between her parted lips, Elliott saw his mother hungrily clamp down on the monstrous weapon. Her bright red lips hungrily circled the shaft, the massive knob locked within her mouth. He saw her immediately start to bob her head, and within seconds a glistening trickle of saliva eeked out from her bottom lip and started to slide erotically down the underside of Jamal's growing cock.

"Mmm, looks like I don't need to tell you what to do," Jamal said as she feverishly sucked his cock.

"Is that pretty little mouth of hers as good as it was earlier?" Gunner asked as both he and Zeke moved closer, their cocks almost fully erect as they projected from their un-zipped jeans.

"Oh fuck, it's even better. She's really going for it," Jamal responded as Tanya slobbered away at his surging cock. "Here, try it." Jamal stepped back, pulling his dick out of her vacuuming mouth with a resounding POP!

A dangling gob of saliva hung provocatively from Tanya's lower lip as her mouth gaped open, her eyes looking frustrated at having the big juicy cock taken away from her.

"You want some more of that, eh, blondie?" Gunner said as he stepped forward and plugged his throbbing prick into Tanya's waiting mouth. "Here you go, have some white meat for a change." He reached behind her head and grabbed the base of her ponytail, and then started pulling her head back and forth. Tanya immediately started sucking his cock, letting him move her mouth up and down his twitching erection. It didn't take long before her flowing saliva was dripping from his thrusting cock too. "Oh yeah, nothing like a hot, wet blowjob. Fuck, Zeke, c'mere, get some of this."

Gunner released his hold on Tanya's ponytail and stepped back, a long strand of foamy spit dangling from the engorged tip of his cock. Zeke moved into place right in front of her, shoving the angry red knob of his prick between her parted lips. As soon as it was inside her mouth, she closed her lips around it possessively and started sucking.

"Oh yeah, that's the most perfect fucking mouth I've ever felt," Zeke said with a groan as he started rocking his hips.

"Look at her go," Gunner said as Tanya enthusiastically devoured Zeke's cock, her head bobbing vigorously back and forth. "Look at those tits swing."

Gunner's comment made Elliott focus his gaze on his mother's chest, where her chemise-encased breasts wobbled provocatively, her big nipples thrusting teasingly against the silvery-white material.

"Okay, Zeke, my turn," Jamal said as he pulled his friend back and stuffed his fully erect cock back into Tanya's eagerly-waiting mouth. This time he took her head in his hands and worked her over good, face-fucking her just the way he liked, this time going deeper.

"GGHHKKKK...GGHHKKKK..." Gaggling sounds came from deep in his mother's mouth, but Elliott could see by her flushed face and the dreamy look in her hooded eyes that she loved what the boys were doing to her.

"Are you gonna make her take it all?" Zeke asked Jamal, his stroking hand keeping his cock at the ready.

"Not tonight. I just want to get this load off quick. I'll be teaching her to take it all soon enough," Jamal replied as he continued to move her mouth this way and that along his thrusting erection. "C'mon, Gunner, you're next."

The two boys quickly swapped places, with Gunner's sturdy white cock taking the place of Jamal's massive black one in the MILF's avidly-sucking mouth. A few minutes later, Gunner turned her back over to Zeke, who eventually gave way to Jamal. This went on for fifteen to twenty minutes as the boys took turns fucking her face.

Throughout the whole thing, they each kept their pants in place, there huge cocks projecting through their open flies.

"GGHHKKK...GGHHKKK...GGHHKKK..." The gagging sounds filled the room as the blonde woman feverishly bobbed up and down on the three huge cocks, her vivid red lipstick smeared, nasty traces of the bright red paint spackling their glistening erections. Gobs of saliva drooled from each of their rearing pricks, evidence of the sloppy wet blowjobs she was giving them. The sticky fluid was flying everywhere as her talented mouth moved from one huge prick to the next. Her lower face and the upper swells of her breasts were shiny with her dribbled spit as well. Some of the gooey liquid had landed on or seeped into the satin fabric of her chemise, the white fabric becoming teasingly transparent over one big nipple.

"Oh fuck, man, I can't take any more," Zeke said towards the end of one turn. "That mouth is too fucking hot. I'm gonna feed her." He set his feet firmly in place and grabbed the sides of her head, his hips flexing back and forth before he became stock still for a second.

"OH FUCK...YEAH...HERE'S A NICE MOUTHFUL FOR YOU, BABYDOLL," Zeke crowed as he started to go off. He closed his eyes and tipped his head back as the delightful sensations of a sizzling batch of cum speeding up the shaft of his cock shot through him.

Elliott look intently at his mother as the nasty sounds of her cocksucking echoed across the room. He saw her cheeks cave in as she sucked enthusiastically, and then he felt an erotic shiver run down his spine as he watched her neck contract.

"GLMPPHH...GLMPPHH..." She swallowed, and then again, and then a third time as Zeke totally unloaded, white trickles of boy-juice seeping out from the corners of her stretched lips.

"That's it, get it all. Swallow it, swallow every last drop," Zeke said as his prick continued to buck, spewing every bit of liquid protein into her mouth that he could.

"Fuck, buddy, stand aside," Gunner said as he pulled Zeke back as soon as the slimmer boy had finished coming. A gob of cum hung between Zeke's retreating prick and Tanya's mouth for a split second before it let go, the nasty gob dangling from her chin for a few seconds before dropping onto her tits.

Gunner didn't waste any time. He plugged his hard thick cock into the MILF's gaping mouth and started to fuck it vigorously, his fingers laced tightly in her blonde hair. "This mouth is fucking amazing. So fucking hot and so fucking wet. Oh fuck yeah, I'm gonna come. I'm gonna fill that sweet mouth of yours." Like Zeke, he felt those tell-tale contractions start in his midsection, followed by the exquisite sensations of his orgasm as a fresh load of milky jizz rifled from the tip of his cock and pasted itself against the back of her mouth. As Gunner's thick white cock bucked and spat, a torrent of spunk rapidly filled her mouth. She barely had time to swallow as it continued to blast, causing her mouth to overflow once more.

"THAT'S IT, BLONDIE, SWALLOW MY CUM. EAT THAT SHIT. TAKE IT RIGHT DOWN INTO THAT BELLY OF YOURS," Gunner said as he flooded her mouth with his potent semen.

Elliott observed his mother rapidly swallowing to try and keep up, the muscles in her slender neck rippling erotically as she took Gunner's load safely into her stomach. Elliott saw the blissful look of rapture on her face as she performed her duties, her lips and tongue working to suck out every pearly drop. It wasn't long before her chin was dripping with his cum too.

"Get the fuck out of the way," Jamal said to Gunner as he reached forward and tapped his friend on the shoulder. "I know you. If I don't say anything, you'll leave that sorry white cock of yours in her mouth and have her go for two in a row. Not this time. It's time for me to feed sweetie here a real man's load."

"Fuck you. 'A real man's load'? What are you, nine?" Gunner said playfully as he drew his dripping cock from Tanya's mouth and stepped back, a satisfied smile on his face.

Jamal ignored Gunner's comment and stepped in front of Tanya, setting his feet about shoulder width apart. "C'mon, sweetheart, lock your lips around this big black barrel. Jamal's got a nice big load of gravy for you," he said as he presented his rigid prick to the kneeling MILF.

"Oh my God," Elliott said to himself. Once again, he couldn't believe how enormous Jamal's cock was, even compared to Gunner and Zeke, who were both huge. Jamal had been correct when he'd told his mother to wrap her lips around his 'big black barrel'. Fuck, the

god-damned thing looked like a Civil War cannon! It wasn't only the substantial length of the thing, but the enormous apple-sized knob and the tremendous girth of the ebony shaft were simply mind-boggling. Elliott didn't know how his mother had been able to take that massive cock inside her without being split in two. But from that dizzy and rapturous look in her eyes right now, Elliott knew she was already in love with the black boy's cock. She opened her painted lips wide and slipped them over the shiny purple crown, closing her eyes blissfully as she shoved her mouth down further on his stallion-like cock.

"That's the way, slurp on that motherfucking cock. Get that gun nice and wet."

Tanya did exactly as Jamal asked, pushing another big wad of spit to the front of her mouth as she rolled her tongue all over the sensitive glans, bathing it lovingly in her saliva. She couldn't believe how turned on she was by the boys using her mouth as their personal cum receptacle. She'd already had two of those 'minigasms', as she called them, and she could feel another on the way. Fuck, she'd almost felt one come over her seconds ago by just looking at Jamal's big powerful cock. And now, with the huge thing absolutely filling her mouth, she felt her pussy itching with that tingly feeling, knowing another little climax was just moments away.

Elliott thought his mother looked so sexy, on her knees, hair pulled back to show her pretty face, and with three cocks one after another filling her eager wet mouth. The way she was sucking those cocks and swallowing that boy-cum with so much enthusiasm made her

look hotter than any porn star Elliott had ever seen. So many of them seemed to just be going through the paces when they were in those kind of movies, and the looks on their faces was so blatantly put on that it couldn't help but look fake. But not with his mother — Elliott could see the hunger in her eyes and the pure animalistic desire for cock in the way she acted, and the eagerness with which she poured every ounce of her cock-sucking abilities into servicing those three enormous pricks.

And now Jamal was getting ready to feed her another load, and Elliott couldn't help but notice how wickedly erotic the boy's huge black cock looked as it contrasted with the smooth white skin of his mother's face. Elliott thought it looked even more thrillingly obscene by what connected their two bodies — her vivid red lips. The wet-look lipstick made her lips look so fucking nasty and sexy as they circled that huge black spear. Her lips travelled up and down that rigid prick lovingly, worshipping it. It looked so illicitly sinful for his conservative mother to be slavishly servicing the cock of a young black man less than half her age. Elliott felt like he was about to come in his jeans by just looking at that obscene connection where Jamal's ebony prick was being pleased by his mother's glistening red lips, especially with lewd strands of shimmering saliva dangling from her bottom lip and the underside of Jamal's thrusting cock.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Nothin' like having a sexy white MILF sucking your cock," Jamal said as he rocked his hips back and forth, feeding his throbbing member deep into Tanya's slavishly-sucking mouth. "FUCK ME, HERE IT COMES."

Elliott watched as Jamal slowed his flexing hips as he started to go off, at the same time as his mother's cheeks hollowed in, which was barely noticeable with Jamal's huge cock filling her mouth to the max. Elliott saw a look of total bliss come over her face as he watched Jamal's cock pulse, knowing he was spewing his thick creamy cum into her mouth. She let out a little whimper, and Elliott saw her shift her hips back and forth as she remained on her knees. He could tell she was coming, and he pictured the insides of her creamy thighs glistening with her flowing nectar.

"OH FUCK, YEAH. SWALLOW IT. SWALLOW ALL OF THAT GRAVY," Jamal said as rope after rope of thick white baby batter shot into the MILF's hungry mouth.

"GLMMPHH...GLMMPHH..." Nasty gargling sounds filled the room as Tanya swallowed, trying to keep up with the massive load filling her mouth. There was no way, there was just too much of the stuff.

Elliott's cock felt like an iron bar in his pants as he watched her suck, Jamal's brilliantly-white cum now leaking in thick strands from the corners of her mouth. A big shiny gob quickly gathered on her chin and started to distend down, swaying erotically as it clung there. Another matching one appeared on the other side of her chin, dangling provocatively next to its neighbor for a few seconds before the first one disengaged itself and fell lewdly onto the upper swells of her heaving breasts. Elliott's mind was abuzz as he watched her suck every last drop out of Jamal, her lower face and chest a glistening mess of the excess cum she wasn't able to swallow.

"Oh yeah, that's the perfect way to end the night," Jamal said as he stepped back. Jamal could tell that the MILF was reluctant to let go of his gorgeous cock, and it came out of her mouth with a wet sucking sound, like somebody pulling a stuck boot out of mud. "Okay guys, let's go."

Elliott sat there and watched as the three boys tucked their heavy tumescent cocks back into their jeans and zipped up. He was in awe at the cavalier approach to what had just happened, as if stopping by to have their cocks sucked by his mother was as easy as going over to a friend's house to watch the game on TV.

"All right then," Jamal said as the three of them turned away from his mother and started to walk out of the room. On the way past Elliott, he punched the boy playfully on the shoulder. "We'll be over tomorrow morning to start those tutoring lessons, Elliott, so you make sure both of you get a good night's sleep. Like I said, I'll text you when we're coming over, and how I want her to look. Got it?"

Elliott could only stare and nod, his mind numbed at what had just happened. He saw a bit of a glare come over Jamal's face as the tall black youth looked down at him.

"What's that? Answer me when I'm talking to you, Smallcox."

Elliott replied shakily, "Yes...yes sir."

"That's better, that's what I like to hear. See you tomorrow then."

Elliott and his mother stayed in their places, both of them catching their breath as the three boys trundled down the stairs, neither of them moving or saying a word until they heard the front door close. Elliott was struck dumb, awestruck by what had just happened, but his rock-hard cock was a sure sign of how aroused he'd become by the whole bizarre scene. He was so excited that he knew he'd have to get off soon, or risk going off right inside his pants.

Chapter 4

Elliott looked over at his mother. Even though he'd watched those neck muscles of hers contract time and again as she'd swallowed the three massive loads, her chin was covered with cum, with a couple of nasty big wads dangling obscenely, quivering as they distended down towards her jizz-spackled chest. He knew she'd hungrily swallowed most of it, but there was just too much for her to keep up with. He looked up at her face, and with her hair still pulled back away from her mouth, he could see she was flushed with arousal, her skin glowing with a fine sheen of perspiration. Her eyes had a faraway dreamy look to them, as if she was in another place.

"Mom, are you...are you okay?" Elliott asked, worried by that strange vacant look in his mother's eyes.

Her son's words broke Tanya out of the trance-like state she'd found herself in. Her spinning mind had taken her to another place, just as Elliott had thought—a place with hundreds of big, hard teenage cocks. Cocks capable of shooting fountains of cum. Enough cum to quench that insatiable thirst that these boys had awakened inside her. And the thing that made her shiver inside was that most of those cocks she'd been picturing were black—huge black cocks as stiff as iron, shooting gloriously white streams of thick creamy cum.

"Mom?"

"I'm fine, honey," Tanya finally responded as she glanced over at her son. As she turned her head, one of the dangling wads of spunk dropped from her chin onto her chest, the slimy white rope slithering snake-like into her cleavage. She looked down at her cum-spotted chest, desire overwhelming her. She'd had a few of those minigasms when the boys had been fucking her mouth, but she'd become so aroused that she knew she had to get fully off in a hurry or she'd explode. "I'm okay, baby, but Mommy needs you over here right now."

Elliott scrambled over and got to his knees in front of his mother, his face level with hers. "What is it, Mom? Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, but I need you on your back between my legs right now. Mommy needs to use that mouth of yours."

Elliott looked down. Her chemise ended just below her treasured pussy, blocking his view of her succulent cunt. But he could see her thighs, and that provocative slit over one thigh looked incredibly sexy. He noticed the way the velvety soft skin on the insides of her full thighs caught the light in some spots, the light picking up traces of emulsion, evidence that her gushing cunt had left some telltale residue on her warm flesh when she'd climaxed, just as he'd pictured. His gaze dropped down further, to the pillow she was kneeling on. The numerous damp stains on it sent a jolt to his aroused libido. "Jesus," he thought to himself, "the stuff is everywhere. She really is a gusher." And now his mother was asking him to get between her legs so she could sit on his face. For Elliott, it was a dream come true.

He quickly dropped to the floor and rolled onto his back, edging his way between his mother's legs as she shifted her knees further apart. He could feel the dampness on the back of his head as he slid his way onto the pillow, the traces of her cunt-juice matting his hair. As his face moved into position beneath her, he was overwhelmed by the intoxicating scent of her seeping juices. Elliott breathed deep, loving the warm womanly fragrance emanating from his mother's weeping little box. He looked up, seeing her curvy bum partially covered by the sexy chemise. He spotted that stream of emulsion, which had slid lewdly down the inside of her thigh. But right above him was her puffy, pink pussy, her whole mound glistening wetly. Tiny drops of dew clung to her labial petals, attracting him like a bee to honey. Elliott shivered with excitement, realizing she'd become totally soaked with arousal while having her face fucked. He felt a surge in his cock as he looked at her gorgeous pussy, wanting nothing more than to worship it for the rest of his life. He didn't have long to wait to get started.

"That's right where I need you right now, sweetie," his mother said as she settled down, dropping that steaming pussy right onto his eagerly-awaiting mouth. "Let Mommy feel that sweet tongue of yours way up inside me."

As she sat right down, Elliott felt the intense warmth of her flesh pressing against his face, her pulsing vulva hot and wet with need. By the way she was pressing her slippery labia against his mouth, he knew she needed to get off in a hurry. With that in mind, he stabbed his tongue straight up like a lance, driving it as deep as he could into her soggy trench.

"Oh yeah, that's the way, baby. That's what Mommy needs. Work that tongue nice and deep."

Elliott could tell that she liked what he was doing by the way she rolled her hips, her gyrations causing his tongue to rub over every bit of her seeping coital walls that his tongue could reach. His tongue was alive with the taste of her succulent nectar, and he rolled his tongue over the sensitive tissues, causing her to moan deep in her throat.

"Ughhhh, yeah, that's it. That's ssssssooo gooooooddddd," his mother moaned as he teasingly probed his tongue as deep into her beckoning snatch as he could get it. His face was pressed tightly to her labial mound, her sticky juices turning his face into a gooey mess. She kept rolling her hips, grinding her steaming mound down onto his face, his tongue inches inside the birth canal that had given birth to him eighteen years ago.

"OH FUCK! THAT'S IT...THAT'S PERFECT...RIGHT...RIGHT...AAAAHHHHH," Tanya gasped out loud as a blisteringly intense climax started deep inside her throbbing cunt and burst like an atomic bomb to every nerve ending of her body, causing her to shake and spasm as the tingling sensations overwhelmed her. Her son's tongue had been rubbing salaciously over those sensitive tissues in her itchy cunt, sending her tripping over the edge within minutes. He kept working his tongue over those hot folds of flesh as she came, and she kept wriggling about and rolling her hips, wanting to get as much pleasure from his talented tongue as possible. She'd become so turned on by sucking

the three boys that she knew this was going to be a big one, and it definitely was. Wave upon wave of euphoric pleasure shot through her mature body, every nerve ending tingling with delight as she bucked and twitched.

Elliott was in heaven. His mother was coming, and coming hard. Her lush body was writhing about on his face as she ground her throbbing cunt down onto his working mouth, the muscles inside her mature cunt seeming to grip down and pull at his thrusting tongue possessively. And then she started to gush. He felt his face become awash with her juices. Her warm succulent cunt-honey sprayed over him, causing his already hard cock to twitch and throb in his pants. He could feel his face becoming warm and sticky with the stuff, but he loved it.

"Oh my God. That was fantastic," his mother said as the final vestiges of her climax coursed through her. She rolled her hips back and forth on his face one last time before sitting up straighter, raising her pussy off of his face. Elliott could tell that was an unspoken signal that she wanted him to get up from his spot beneath her, so he reluctantly did so, giving her warm mound a gentle kiss on the way by as he inched his way forward and then got to his knees in front of her. He looked at her, seeing a look of blissful happiness on her face.

"Thanks, baby, Mommy really needed that. But those boys still left me in quite a mess." She nodded downwards slightly, drawing his attention to the shiny gobs of pearly cum still clinging to her chin and shimmering obscenely on the upper swells of her tits and on the chemise. She looked back up at him, that nasty twinkle in her eye

once more. "I could see through your jeans how hard you were while you were eating me." She slid her hands up the sides of her body and cupped her breasts, holding them out towards Elliott. "Would my baby like to add something of his own to that mess? Mommy wouldn't mind."

Elliott's heart started pounding in his chest as he listened to his mother's provocative question. With a quick nod he jumped to his feet and tore open his jeans. He was so excited that he hoped he wouldn't go off before he even got it out. He barely made it. He dug his hand into the opening of his fly and pulled his rigid prick out just in time, precum drooling from the tip. He wrapped his hand around it and only had time to give it two or three vigorous strokes before he felt those delicious contractions start in his midsection. He pointed the enflamed head towards the lower part of his mother's face just as it went off, a white rope jetting out of the end of his cock at light-speed. It hit her right on the chin, the powerful spurt blossoming out to each side with the full length of the rope falling downwards onto the imposing shelf of her voluminous tits. As his cock kept spitting, she continued to hold them up for him as a target.

"OH FUCK, MOM, YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL," Elliott managed to groan out. He kept jacking his cock with all his might, wad after wad of milky-white boy-cum raining down on her. The stuff was going everywhere, on her face, her tits, into her hair, onto her shoulders, everywhere. Gobs of the white stuff shot everywhere. As his orgasm finally waned, Elliott's hand slowed, finally coming to a complete stop. He stood there with his chest heaving as he gasped for air, his eyes dropping to his mother's face and upper body.

"Well, I'm even more of a mess now," his mother said, still cupping her tits. She looked up at him, the devil in her eyes. "I think you need to do something about all that cum, don't you, sweetie-pie?"

Seeming to know what was expected of him in this role, Elliott sheepishly tucked his spent dick into his pants and zipped up. Without a word, he obediently dropped to his knees and leaned forward towards the tremendous set of tits his mother was presenting to him. He pressed his broad, flat tongue into a sizable wad of spunk on the upper part of her right breast. He licked upward and sucked at the same time, making a noticeable slurping sound as he drew the gooey clump of seed into his mouth.

"That's Mommy's good boy. Keep going, baby," his mother encouraged.

Elliott needed no such encouragement, but went about his duties enthusiastically. He licked and sucked at his mother's soft warm flesh until her chest and face were shining with nothing but a drying sheen of his saliva. He'd even sucked up the gobs of spunk that had started to soak into the satin bra cups of the jam-packed chemise. When he was done, he sat back, his own face a mess of both her sticky juices, and the cum he'd licked up.

"Mmm, Mommy's boy looks very handsome with his face all messy like that. But I don't think you're quite done yet. It's time for that lesson I talked about earlier."

Unsure of what to do, Elliott remained on his knees in front of the bed as his mother got to her feet. She looked stunning in the white high-heeled slingbacks, the sexy shoes combined with the bright white chemise to make her sexy tanned body even more enticing. She stepped over to the newly-made bed and pulled down the covers, exposing the clean crimson-colored sheets. She pushed some pillows together in a stack against the headboard and then slid onto the bed, her upper body propped up. She drew one leg up, the stiletto heel digging into the mattress erotically. Elliott thought her bare legs looked fantastic, nicely tanned, full at the thighs and calves, trim at the knees and ankles. She gave Elliott a teasing soft smile as she reached behind her and pulled the scrunchie out of her hair and tossed it onto the bedside table. With both hands, she fluffed her blonde hair out, the honey-colored locks looking wild and sexy as they fell about her face. Elliott felt his heart flutter with excitement as he looked at his mother, never having seen such a sexy creature in his entire life.

"C'mere, baby, Mommy's still a bit sore from what those boys did to her earlier. I need you between my legs to kiss it better."

Elliott watched in rapt silence as his mother drew both legs slowly up, and then let them roll open to each side. Mesmerized by the erotic sight of her wet pink pussy coming into view, he obediently crawled onto the foot of the bed and made his way forward, his eyes glued to that shiny slit. His mother reached down, her red-tipped nails tracing a teasing path down her stomach onto her flat belly. Her hand slid lower, where she took the tip of her index finger and rolled it in a slow circle over the tip of her protruding clit.

"This is where Mommy is really sore. Right here. Kiss it better for Mommy. Kiss it until I tell you to stop."

Elliott made his way closer, his mouth salivating as the intoxicating scent of his mother's juices settled luxuriously on his senses. He flicked his eyes up, taking in the breathtaking sight of his mother's huge tits gorgeously encased in the teasing chemise as she sat propped up against the headboard. Her mussed-up hair and that beguiling look in her blue eyes almost sent him spinning. With his mother's legs splayed wide open to each side, he laid flat out on his stomach between her creamy thighs. He extended his tongue and drew it slowly up the full length of her beckoning slit, the pink petals of her sex feeling sinfully warm as they seemed to form themselves around his moving tongue. He continued upwards until he reached his goal—the erect spire of her throbbing clit.

"Fuck, that's big," Elliott thought to himself as he looked down at the engorged red nodule. It looked to him like a little erect cock. In all the porn movies he'd watched, he'd never seen one as big as his mother's. It looked stiff and enflamed, almost angry with need. And he wanted nothing more than to give it the pleasure it deserved. He pushed a wad of saliva to the front of his mouth and then swooped down, sliding his lips right over the stiff red button.

"Oh yeah, that's the way. That's it," his mother said from above him as he rolled his tongue all around the fiery clit, bathing it with his spit. The thing seemed to come alive in his mouth, puffing up even more under his loving attention. It was hot as a firecracker, and Elliott was lost in a world of illicit delight as he gently sucked and

licked at the erect spire. He could feel her body reacting already, her wide hips shifting restlessly on the sheets. He'd only been sucking at it for a minute or two before he felt her body start to twitch and spasm.

"OH YEAH, BABY. FUCK, THAT FEELS SO...GOOOOODDDDDDDDD!" Tanya let out a drawn-out wail of pleasure as she started to come. Her son's mouth and tongue were amazing. She couldn't believe how fast he'd made her come. She'd always been overly sensitive, with both her tits and pussy able to set her off without much work, for which she felt blessed. The speed with which he'd been able to make her climax reminded her of that nickname her girlfriends had given her all those years ago: Trigger. And her son's talented tongue and lips had pulled that trigger, making that gun explode from the base of her tingling clit to every nerve ending of her body.

"YESSSSSSSS," she hissed loudly as her orgasm had her shaking and twitching, paroxysms of ecstasy racking her body with luxurious tremors.

Elliott was thrilled. He couldn't believe how fast he'd made his mother come. Her lower body was bucking up against his face as he kept his mouth plastered to her twitching form, his tongue swirling and sucking at her pulsing clit. He could feel the lower part of his face awash with her warm nectar as she squirted. She came for a long time, but he never let up his assault on that fiery red nodule, teasing it mercilessly with his lips and tongue. Finally, as her orgasm waned, she took his head in her hands and held him still, letting him know

she wanted him to slow down. He gave her puffy clit a tender kiss and then sat back slightly, his chin dripping with her juices. He looked down and saw that the deep red sheets were already stained and damp from her spurting juices. Elliott thought it was one of the most erotic things he'd ever seen.

"Oh baby, that was perfect. You made Mommy feel so good."

She had that glassy, dreamy look in her eyes that warmed Elliott's heart. He knew he'd pleased her, and he wanted nothing more than to know she was happy with him. He watched as she reached down between her legs once more, her talon-like red fingernail tracing teasingly along the length of her greasy slit.

"But Mommy still feels a little bit sore. Do you think you could kiss it better one more time?"

Elliott smiled inside as he nodded and moved back into position between her creamy thighs, lowering his face to her steaming box.

One more turned into four more, with no complaints from Elliott, or his mother. His lips, jaw, and tongue were almost numb, but he'd never been happier in his life. The sheets were an absolute mess beneath her, but he felt like he'd swallowed a bellyful of her deliciously warm cunt-honey.

After her last climax, she'd slid forward in the bed and pushed some of the pillows out beneath her. As Elliott continued to tenderly nurse at her seeping slot, she'd mumbled something about, "What a day," and then he'd heard her breathing become slow and steady as she drifted off to sleep.

"Mom?" he softly called out, but she was dead to the world. Elliott looked down at her, her gorgeous body attractively on display in the bright white chemise. She was still wearing her high heels, which made her look even sexier. Elliott had been hard as a rock the whole time he'd been servicing her pussy, and now, seeing that his mother was totally out of it, he figured there was no time like the present to get his satisfaction. Making sure her chemise was pushed up out of the way, he kneeled between her spread thighs and fished out his cock. He looked down at that beckoning wet pussy, her big clit sticking up like a lighthouse, calling sailors safely to shore. He thought of her taking on a boatload of sailors who'd been at sea for years, fucking one after the other. He wasn't sure why he thought of that, but the idea of it fired Elliott's perverted brain instantly. He'd only taken a couple of strokes before he started to go off.

"Fuck, yes...fuck her, all of you," he mumbled quietly as he shot rope after rope onto his mother's exposed pussy. He jacked his turgid prick furiously, dousing her with cum. He surprised even himself with how much he shot, painting her mound with his milky-white seed. When he was done, he flicked the last drops of jizz onto her body before tucking his dick away and zipping up. He looked down at her messy cunt and, with a pleased look on his face, he dropped back down into position and brought his mouth forward, sucking and licking up every drop of evidence. With every last drop of boy-

juice sitting comfortably in his belly, he climbed off the bed. Elliott looked down at his mother's passed-out body. She looked even more beautiful than he remembered. He tenderly reached forward and drew her sexy shoes off her feet and placed them at the side of the bed. He reached down and pulled the covers up to her chin. With a final look at the soft contented smile on her pretty face, he turned off the light on the bedside table and made his way to his own room, wondering what kind of new excitement the visit from his bullies tomorrow would bring.

Chapter 5

Elliott woke up to the sound of his phone pinging. Blinking against the warm light drifting in around the curtains, he reached over and picked up the phone. The first thing he saw was the time. It was later than he thought. On Sundays, he usually heard his mother get up and go downstairs, but not this Sunday. He hadn't heard anything. They both must have slept later than usual, which was understandable after what had happened yesterday.

As he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, he saw that the text had come from his mother. He felt a shiver trip down his spine as he read it:

MOMMY'S STILL A LITTLE BIT SORE THIS MORNING. CAN YOU COME AND HELP WITH THAT?

Elliott responded immediately:

BE RIGHT THERE.

In his favorite old t-shirt and boxers, he scrambled out of bed and hurried to his mother's room. She was propped up against the headboard again, with the sheets pulled up to her midsection. Her hair was dishevelled and she was still wearing the silvery-white chemise, making it evident she hadn't gotten out of bed yet. But as Elliott looked at her, she looked happy and totally refreshed.

"Did you sleep okay, Mom?"

"Like a stone," she replied, a broad grin crossing her face. "I don't think I moved an inch all night. Did you take my shoes off for me?"

"Uh, yes. They're right there beside the bed."

"Thanks, baby. I can't even remember saying goodnight. I must have been really out of it."

Elliott shrugged, but he was thinking about that last load he'd jerked off onto her pussy after she'd fallen asleep. "You were pretty tired. You kind of had a FULL day."

They both smiled at the emphasis Elliott put on the word 'full'. "You can say that again," his mother replied as she pushed the sheet down and off her toned legs. "I think that's why I'm still a little bit sore this morning. Do you think you could help Mommy and kiss it better before the boys get here?"

As she finished talking, she drew her legs up and let them drift apart, giving Elliott a perfect view of her pretty peach-like mound. It was already glistening, and he wondered if she'd had her fingers down there getting busy. He simply nodded and crawled onto the bed, taking what he hoped would be his usual position whenever they were together from now on.

Ten minutes later, he'd kissed her better...twice.

"Oh, baby, you make Mommy feel so good. I love the way you do that for me," Tanya said as she tenderly ran her fingers through her son's hair. She looked at his young face, which was a sticky mess of her juices. She saw the love and caring in her son's eyes, but she saw something else there too. "But what about you, sweetheart? Did you jerk off this morning yet? Mommy knows that boys need to do that, even her own baby."

Elliott shook his head. "No, I uh...I was still sleeping when I got your text."

"Oh dear. We better figure out some way to take care of that for you. I don't want my boy getting grumpy. Why don't you start by taking your boxers off?"

Doing as his mother told him, Elliott shucked off his boxers and tossed them aside. As soon as it came free, his surging prick sprang up at full erection, pointing to the ceiling.

"Oh my, look at how hard you are," Tanya said as she looked down lasciviously at her son's throbbing cock, which looked as hot and hard as a branding iron. "Did you get that hard just by giving Mommy those sweet kisses down there?"

Elliott nodded. "Yes. I'm pretty much that hard for as long as I'm doing that." He paused before deciding to come out with what he was feeling. "I love doing that for you. I could do it all day long."

"That's so sweet, but just all day long? What about all night long?" She gave him a teasing wink as she slid one hand down over her toned stomach, one fingertip toying idly just above the top of her slit.

Elliott gulped as he looked at where that finger was heading, his favorite spot in the whole world. "As long as you want Mom. I'll do that for as long as you want, anywhere or anytime you want."

"Mmm, that sounds like something I'll have to remember. Now c'mere, baby, bring that hard cock up close to Mommy." As she directed him, Elliott crawled up on his knees between her spread thighs. "That's it, sweetheart. Now wrap your hand around that hard cock of yours and show Mommy how much you love her." Tanya continued to slide her hand lower, her fingertip diving right inside her gooey slit. She curled it inwards, making her finger disappear from view.

With his heart pounding with excitement and his eyes glued to his mother's hand as she started to finger herself, Elliott took his throbbing rod in his hand and started jerking it. He saw a nasty smile come over his mother's face as he vigorously pumped his hand back and forth, precum flipping every which way from the dripping tip of his cock.

"That's it, baby. Pump that cock for me. Jerk that load off all over Mommy's pussy." She was still flexing that finger, sliding it provocatively between her shiny pink labia.

Elliott was so excited that he knew he wouldn't last long, and he was right. He'd barely been beating his needy cock for more than a minute before he went off, spurts of semen shooting all over her shiny mound, including her hand, since even as he shot, she kept her finger busy twiddling inside her creamy snatch. Elliott came and came, spewing what felt like buckets of cum onto her beautiful pussy. When he was finally done, he continued to kneel there gasping as he started to recover. He looked down at her cum-covered flesh, knowing that, for him, it was a huge load. Even though he felt proud of himself, he knew his loads were nowhere near as big as any of the three bullies, especially Jamal, who seemed to shoot a gallon of the stuff every time he came.

"Does that feel better, baby?" his mother asked as she drew her sticky finger out of her twat, the back of her hand covered in spunk.

"Oh God, yes. That was amazing, Mom," Elliott replied, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath.

"That's a lot of cum you shot, sweetheart. I think you need to clean that up for me, starting with this." She held her hand up teasingly in front of his face, one sizable wad of jizz starting to dangle lewdly from her fingertips. She moved her hand, the shimmering strand of semen waving back and forth.

Like a patient getting mesmerized by a hypnotist's watch, Elliott could only do as she told him. He leaned forward and offered her his mouth. He noticed that sinfully illicit look in her twinkling eyes as she fed him the cum, letting him suck in the dangling wad of cum before making him lick every last drop off her hand.

"That's my good baby boy. Now you've got to clean up the rest of this," his mother said as she laced her fingers behind his head and drew him down into her lap. He eagerly opened his mouth and pressed the flat of his tongue against her warm mound, gathering up the puddles of cum. "Mmm, that's good, sweetheart. Take your time and make sure you get it all, and then I want to feel your tongue on Mommy's clit again. I'll tell you when to stop."

Elliott let her guide his head exactly where she wanted it, moving his mouth over her warm needy flesh. When he'd licked up every drop of his spunk, she set him to work on her big throbbing clit, which he was already in love with. She worked his mouth slowly over the fiery little spire, until she pulled his face hard against her as she bucked through another intense orgasm. She absolutely flooded his face with warm cunt-honey. Elliott loved it.

"Mmmm, what a way to start the day," his mother said, purring like a kitten as she tenderly ran her fingers through his hair as he nursed at her drooling hole. "What do you say, baby, do you think we should start every day like that?"

"I'd love that," Elliott instantly replied as he looked up into her sweet blue eyes.

"All right then," she said as she patted him on his shoulder, letting him know she wanted him to move. "I'm gonna take a shower. Can you be a dear and get something started for breakfast?"

"Sure, Mom." Elliott climbed off the bed, suddenly shy as he pulled on his boxers. "I'll grab a quick shower too, and then get something ready."

"Did the boys say what time they were coming over today?"

Elliott noticed how anxious she was at the idea. Not anxious in the nervous way, anxious in the excited way. "I'm pretty sure Jamal said he'd contact us and let us know. I don't think he said any specific time."

"Okay, at least I've got time for a nice long shower. I'll be down in a little bit."

Elliott knew he was dismissed. He left his mother's room and took a shower in the main bathroom off the second floor hallway. With his mother always using the big glass-walled shower in her en-suite, this was basically his personal bathroom. Not wanting to disappoint his mother, he hurried through his shower and then pulled on a clean t-shirt and underwear, along with a fresh pair of jeans.

He smiled at the bounce in his step as he bopped down the stairs and made his way to the kitchen. He got the coffee pot going, put some croissants to warm in the oven, and then set the table with a choice of jams, marmalade, and jellies, along with a bowl of fresh fruit for each of them. He noticed that glasses of orange juice seemed to be the only thing missing, and he quickly had that problem taken care of. The timer dinged a few minutes later and he was just setting the croissants on a serving dish when his mother came down the stairs, her body wrapped in her fluffy white robe.

"Thanks, sweetie, everything looks wonderful," she said as she leaned into him and gave him a peck on the cheek.

Elliott caught the scent of her shampoo and body wash, the warm citrus scent hitting him almost as powerfully as her perfume. He knew he'd never lose that feeling of arousal any time he came within sniffing distance of her.

"You're just wearing your robe?" he asked, happy that she didn't seem too worried this morning about keeping it tightly knotted. As she sat down at the table, he was treated to nice view of her sumptuous tits as the robe gaped open.

"Yes. Jamal told me he'd usually let us know what he wants me to wear before they come over, so I figured there was no point in getting fully dressed until we hear from them."

Elliott nodded as he set a cup of coffee in front of each of them. He too wondered what Jamal had in store for her today. He figured having her dress in something sexy would be item number one on Jamal's list of the day's activities.

"So, do you have any ideas for those tutoring lessons yet?" his mother asked as she speared a piece of pineapple and stuck it in her mouth.

They talked about Elliott's plan for the tutoring lessons as they ate their breakfast. He could clearly see how happy his mother was, much happier than normal, and he hoped that what he had done for her with his mouth was at least responsible for some of that joy that seemed to radiate off of her. They were just finishing the last mouthfuls of coffee when Elliott's phone buzzed, this time indicating a real call, not just a text.

"It's Jamal," Elliott said as he picked up the phone he'd had sitting next to him on the table.

"Put him on speaker again," his mother said, clearly keyed up as she sat forward, elbows on the table.

Elliott hit the speaker button. "Hello."

"Smallcox, it's me. How is everything over there?" The deep resonant timbre of Jamal's voice came clearly through the phone.

Elliott looked over at his mother, who he thought seemed a little fired up at just hearing the young black man's voice. "Everything's fine here. We just finished breakfast, actually."

"Good. That's perfect timing then. We'll be there in ten minutes."

As his mother sat back, Elliott saw the confused look on her face. He knew she was thinking that however Jamal wanted her to look, it would take her longer than ten minutes to do her hair, do her makeup, let alone get dressed. "Uh, ten minutes? I don't know if we'll be ready," Elliott responded. His mother seemed to like what he said because she nodded in agreement.

"Naw, it's only gonna take us ten minutes to get there from where we are now. But listen, I just want your mother in that white robe of hers."

Elliott and his mother both looked down at her robe, both of them surprised by Jamal's request. "Uh, just her robe? Is that what you said?"

"Yeah, just her robe. That's it. No makeup, no lipstick, no shoes. She can put her hair up or leave it down. It doesn't matter."

Elliott read the perplexed expression in his mother's eyes. "Uh, okay."

"All right then. Nine minutes now." And with that, Jamal hung up.

"I wonder what they want," Tanya said, clearly confused. She'd been ready to put on some lingerie and high heels, or at least a sexy bikini. But here was Jamal saying he wanted her in nothing but the robe, and he clearly said no lipstick as well. And yet yesterday he'd said he expected to see her in that bright red lipstick every time they came over. Her heart kind of did a flip, wondering if they were done with her already. Maybe they were throwing her over for that Mrs. Tremblay woman, that teacher of theirs they were fucking.

"I don't know, but it is kind of surprising, especially after all those things he said yesterday about how he wanted you to look and dress. Just the robe? I don't get it."

"Well, there's no point worrying about it," Tanya said, although she clearly was worried. She felt like she'd barely gotten a taste of their big cocks, big hard teenage cocks, one of them deliciously black. Were they really going to take them away from her? She shook her head, trying to get the disturbing thoughts out of her head. "Let's clear this stuff away. They'll be here soon."

The two of them set about putting the dishes in the dishwasher and the other food back in the fridge. Elliott turned off the coffee pot just as the doorbell rang. Tanya looked up at her son, nervous.

"Maybe you should answer the door, Elliott. I'll...I'll just wait here."

"Okay, Mom." Elliott made his way to the front door. He glanced back and watched as his mother smoothed back her hair and straightened out her robe as she stood next to the dining table, clearly worried.

As soon as Elliott opened the door, Jamal strode past him in a rush, Gunner and Zeke right behind him. As Elliott closed the door, all three boys stopped in the entryway and kicked off their running shoes. All three were wearing baggy athletic shorts, slung low on their hips with fitted boxers showing. Jamal had his white t-shirt already in his hand, his impressive muscular torso glistening with perspiration. His face was covered in sweat too, as were his legs. Elliott looked at the other two boys and saw that they were the same, their t-shirts stained and damp. Obviously they'd been doing some sort of exercise. Either that, or they'd run over.

"Where's your mother?" Jamal asked, barely glancing at Elliott.

"She's uh...she's in the kitchen," Elliott replied as he pointed down the hallway.

"Good," Jamal said as he turned and spoke to Zeke. "Make sure you bring that." Elliott hadn't noticed the big gym bag that Zeke had been carrying when they came through the door. The wiry boy had set it down while he'd taken off his shoes. He picked it up and followed after his two pals, Elliott bringing up the rear.

"Well, well, if it isn't our favorite MILF," Jamal said, a broad grin on his face as he walked into the great room.

That smile alleviated Tanya's worries somewhat, and she relaxed even more as the bare-chested young man tossed his t-shirt onto a chair and swept her up in his arms. He brought his face down to hers, giving her a deep passionate kiss. She found herself instinctively kissing him back, her tongue dancing with his.

"Hmm, something's not quite right, woman," Jamal said as he pulled his face away from hers, a grim expression on his face. "You've to learn how to greet us properly. Every time we come into this house, your hand should automatically go to our cocks. Make us feel welcome, let us know how much you want it." He paused as Tanya guiltily nodded in agreement. "All right, let's try that again."

Jamal drew her into his arms again and brought his face down to hers. Her hand slid down the front of his body, until it found the long limber snake lying against one thigh beneath his clothes. She felt a shiver run down her spine as her fingers curled around the slab of meat and stroked back and forth, once more amazed at the size of it.

"That's better," Jamal said as he pressed his mouth to hers in another searing kiss. He pulled her closer and she felt his big hand slip inside her robe. His long fingers circled around one heavy breast, cupping and hefting it. At the same time his hand was busy groping her, her slender fingers worked their way back and forth over the front of his shorts, the heat from his huge prick coming right through the material into her stroking palm.

"Mmm," she moaned hotly into his mouth as her hand felt that huge rod start to stiffen. And then he was gone.

She was left gasping as Jamal stepped back, his place quickly taken by Gunner.

"C'mere, blondie," Gunner said as he wrapped her up and kissed her, his warm tongue sliding deep into her mouth. As they kissed, he too started to grope her, his fingertips tweaking one rubbery nipple into hardness. Tanya didn't make the same mistake twice. Her hand went directly to Gunner's groin, her fingers settling over his sizable bulge.

He drew back and Zeke took his turn, kissing her and grinding the log beneath his shorts against her hand as his own hands roamed over her chest, squeezing her heavy round tits.

When Zeke was finished and let her go, Tanya was gasping, overwhelmed by the kissing whirlwind that had just overtaken her. She realized being told by Jamal to greet them with her hand as well as her lips had her pussy dripping already. The size of those young cocks had her juices stirring within seconds. She tried to catch her breath as she pulled her robe around her, the boys having loosened it as they took turns groping her.

"Tanya, I love the nails," Jamal said, taking notice of the new red polish she'd used at his request. Tanya instinctively looked down at

her fingernails and toenails, as did the other two boys. "You're learning fast. I like that."

"Uh, what were you guys doing?" Elliott asked after seeing his mother was too agitated to make any kind of conversation right now.

"We were out shooting some hoops with some of our boys," Jamal replied as he faced Elliott. "It was pretty hot out there on the court, as you can see." Gunner pulled off his t-shirt now, his linebacker-type torso gleaming with sweat as well.

Elliott looked over at his mother, who had composed herself by now. He saw her look at the glistening bodies of the two muscular boys, that hungry look in her eyes once more. He didn't blame her. With their impressive physiques, all three of the boys, but especially Jamal and Gunner, could have starred in one of those all-male strip shows, the Chippendales, or whatever it was they were called. And with those huge cocks of theirs, there was no doubt they would have been popular stirring drinks for the ladies.

"Yeah, so as you can see, we're pretty sweaty," Jamal continued. "But then I remembered that great big shower your mom has in her bathroom. So, me and the boys thought it would be a good idea to come over, save some time rather than going home, and shower here."

Elliott exchanged a look with his mother, who turned and spoke to Jamal. "Uh, sure. That'll be fine. There's lots of towels on the rack just outside the shower. Help yourself."

"You can show us yourself, because you're coming into the shower with us."

"But I...I just got out of...," Tanya stammered.

Jamal shrugged his shoulders. "So what? Another shower won't hurt you." He grabbed her hand and led her away. Gunner and Zeke followed right behind, with Zeke carrying the oversized gym bag. They were starting up the stairs when Jamal looked back over his shoulder. "Well, Elliott, are you coming, or what?"

"Uh, sure," Elliott replied. He scampered after the group of them, not wanting to miss a thing.

Jamal still had hold of Tanya's hand as he led them into the big ensuite. He gazed at the enormous glass-walled shower with multiple shower heads. "That'll be perfect." He motioned to Zeke who put down the gym bag in front of his friend. Jamal turned his attention to Tanya as he reached down and unzipped the bag. "We stopped before we came over and picked you up something to wear in the shower." He stood up with a small bag in his hand.

"Something to wear in the...?" Tanya said, clearly confused.

"Yeah. Start with this." Jamal reached into the bag and pulled out a tiny pair of silky white panties. "Go ahead, put them on."

Tanya took the panties and stepped into them, pulling them into place beneath the robe. As Elliott watched, he could tell they were similar to ones she'd worn yesterday. They were cut very high on the hip, the style emphasizing her wide hips and making her legs look delectably long.

"And now this to complete the outfit." Jamal reached into the bag again and pulled out another white garment, which was kind of balled up. Elliott couldn't tell what it was until Jamal held it up for all of them to see. It almost took Elliott's breath away when he realized what it was. It was a men's singlet, what a lot of people refer to as 'wife-beater', with narrow vertical ribs the main part of the fabric. It was small, and Elliott figured it was probably a men's size X-SMALL. When he saw it clearly and realized what it was, it had almost taken his breath away because he knew how incredible it would look on his mother. Her tits would cram full and stretch that singlet spectacularly, and then when it got wet in the shower...fuck, Elliott was getting hard already just thinking about it.

"Here, I think this should fit you." Jamal handed the singlet to Tanya, who took it tentatively. Feeling shy for some reason, she turned and slipped off her robe, letting it fall to the floor. With her back to the boys, she pulled the singlet over her head and down over her body, adjusting it over her curvy form as she pulled the bottom edge down over her hips.

"It looks great from this view," Gunner said. "Let's see the front."

Elliott agreed with Gunner. The view from behind was fantastic. Those high-cut panties fit his mother perfectly, showing off her big curvy bum and wide hips, a backside and hips that Elliott thought were made for bouncing on a bed all night long. And as she'd been pulling the singlet down into place, he'd caught glimpses of those big tits of hers in profile, the voluminous mounds wobbling teasingly as she fit them in place beneath the soft white fabric. With the singlet in place, Tanya turned around to face them.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Zeke muttered as four sets of teenage eyes zeroed in on the MILF's sumptuous chest.

Elliott felt his cock give a lurch as he looked at his mother. Her huge tits filled and stretched the tight-fitting undershirt. The ribbed material followed the contours of the big round orbs, the vertical lines flowing in and out around her breasts provocatively. Her nipples were already somewhat stiff, evidence of her arousal. Her areolae were partially visible through the thin white fabric, with her nipples thrusting forwards, teasing shadows being cast beneath the rubbery buds. The tremendous shelf of her imposing tits cast a heavenly shadow on her midsection, emphasizing the impressive size of them. The singlet fit her like a second skin, attractively showing off her womanly hourglass figure. Slim at the waist, with magnificent swells at the hips and breasts. Elliott knew now why Jamal had chosen this for her. And with the young black man making

her wear it in the shower...fuck, Elliott couldn't wait until that undershirt got wet.

"Oh man, what a set of tits," Gunner said as the boys started to shed their clothes.

"I think that's the best set we've ever had. I thought Mrs. Tremblay's were nice, but she's got nothin' on this one," Jamal added as he pushed his shorts and underwear to the floor.

Unsure of what was expected of him, Elliott stood there and watched. Once again, he was both envious, and frightened, by the size of the boys' cocks. It was obvious all three had started to become aroused by looking at his mother in the form-fitting singlet and tiny panties. Their peckers were already on the rise, with all three of them touting poles standing at about half-mast. All three stiffening pricks looked powerful and menacing, and they were still only half hard. Elliott couldn't help but be jealous, especially knowing what those massive cocks had done to his mother yesterday, and were likely to do today.

"Let's go, sweetheart," Jamal said to Tanya as he gestured towards the shower. "You've already got us turned on, so get that thing turned on."

Gunner and Zeke chuckled at Jamal's little joke as Tanya opened the glass door and reached in, turning on the water to the multiple shower heads. The boys moved closer to the shower as the water

heated up. Jamal turned to Elliott, who had been standing just inside the bathroom door. "Have a seat, Elliott," Jamal said, nodding towards the closed lid of the toilet. "You might learn something."

Elliott compliantly nodded and sat down, adjusting his stiff dick inside his jeans. He watched as Jamal stepped into the big shower stall and took his mother's hand, drawing her in next to him.

Jamal turned to Zeke and gestured towards the gym bag Zeke had put on the floor. "Zeke, don't forget our stuff."

Zeke nodded and reached into the bag and pulled out a couple of colorful plastic bottles. To Elliott, they looked like bottles of shampoo or body wash, similar to those his mother already had on the shelves of the shower stall. He figured the boys must have brought their own stuff, knowing they'd be showering somewhere after their basketball game.

"C'mere, sweetheart."

Elliott's attention was drawn back to Jamal, who pulled his mother close to him beneath the pelting spray. The young black man drew her body against his and, as she turned her face up towards his, he brought his mouth down to hers, their lips meeting in a searing kiss. The white of the singlet was starting to get spackled with drops of spray, the spots dark and becoming translucent within seconds.

"My turn," Gunner said as he reached forward and circled his big meaty mitt around the MILF's arm, pulling her away from Jamal and against him.

Elliott wondered if Jamal would be angry at having his tender kiss interfered with, but he surprised Elliott by simply turning and stepping right beneath one of the pelting shower heads, a contented smile on his face. He turned his attention back to his mother and Gunner, just in time to see Gunner give one of her breasts a squeeze as his mouth met hers. Elliott saw his mother kiss him back eagerly, her arms slipping around his neck as she willfully let him grope her.

"Here, let me have a shot at that gorgeous mouth of hers," Zeke said as he stepped next to Gunner. Gunner pushed Tanya back from their embrace and turned her towards Zeke. As she seemed to melt into Zeke's arms too, Elliott saw that Gunner's thick, meaty cock was on the rise, the boy obviously getting aroused from his mother's hot kisses and from feeling up her big tits.

Gunner then stepped under the second shower head and turned his face upwards into the spray, letting the pelting bullets wash the sweat off his muscular body. Jamal had been doing the same, and he saw the young black man rubbing a big bar of soap over his body, the soap turning white and frothy as his hands moved over his shiny ebony skin. Elliott recognized the soap as one of the oversized bars of lemon-scented soap that his mother favored, a scent he'd loved for years.

Jamal tapped Gunner on the arm and passed the soap to him, and then reached over and pulled Tanya out of Zeke's arms. She came away gasping, and then as Jamal pulled her close to his soapy body, Elliott saw a lusty smile come over her face as she eagerly turned her face up to his, her lips parted and waiting. They kissed again, her hands sliding up through the soapy plate-like muscles of his pecs to slip around his neck, pulling his mouth down to hers.

Elliott saw the other two boys soaping themselves up, both of their cocks hanging out heavy and half-hard at about ninety degrees to their bodies. Once they were covered with soapy foam, the two of them nodded to each other and moved close to Jamal and his mother. As the two approached, Jamal noticed and broke the kiss. He turned Tanya around, giving Elliott a perfect view of his mother's front.

"Oh fuck," Elliott muttered, his eyes open wide as he looked at his mother's huge tits, the front of the singlet thoroughly soaked by this point. He could clearly make out the outline of the big round spheres, with the areolae and nipples dark patches beneath the soaked white fabric. Her nipples were clearly stiff as bullets, thrusting provocatively against the thin cotton material. The singlet hugged her curvy form spectacularly, and with it now being wet, it looked even sexier. Elliott knew if his mother ever entered a wet t-shirt contest, with those perfect 34Es of hers, well, the other contestants might as well not even show up.

"Here, blondie, we need help washing these," Gunner said as he passed Tanya the big bar of soap, at the same time nodding to their rising pricks.

Elliott saw her almost lick her lips with anticipation as she took the soap in her hands and worked up a frothy lather.

"Here, give me that," Jamal said as he took the soap from her once her hands were covered with foam. "We'll wash you at the same time."

Elliott watched Jamal lather up his hands as his mother reached for his cock, and Gunner's. Elliott thought he heard her give off a soft moan as her slender fingers circled each of the prodigious members. As she worked on the two, Zeke leaned in over her shoulder. The MILF turned in his direction, letting him press his lips to hers as his hands came around from the back and cupped her massive breasts. Whether Jamal had set things up this way on purpose or whether it just worked out that way, the group were facing directly towards Elliott, allowing him to see everything.

As his mother's hands worked over the two stiffening cocks, Jamal passed the soap to Zeke, who got his hands all soapy and then handed it over to Gunner. Soon the boys' hands were roaming all over the MILF's lush curvy body, at the same time each of them took turns kissing her. She let go of Gunner's stiffening pecker and gave Zeke some attention. Her foamy hands looked wickedly erotic as she stroked all three of the teenage cocks.

With steam rising from the hot bullets of pelting water, Elliott thought the scene happening before him looked like something out

of a high-class porno film. Just knowing that it was his mother stroking those three huge cocks, which had quickly become rock-hard under her soapy pumping hands, made it so much better than any porno film could be. And that look of pure desire on her face as the three boys kissed her and passed her back and forth as they groped her made it even better. Elliott knew that look of wanton rapture he saw in her eyes was real, not something a porn actress would put on for the camera. No, this was the real thing. Her hands readily moved from one prodigious cock to the next, their rigid erections hard as stone pillars beneath her eagerly-stroking hands. Elliott's own cock was as hard as can be, pressing painfully against the front of his jeans. He felt like he wanted to whip it out right there and jerk off as he watched, but he didn't know if that would meet with Jamal's approval or not. So he continued to sit there and watch, hoping he wouldn't go off in his pants.

Elliott saw Jamal speak quietly to his two friends. They both nodded and then the three of them led his mother over to the marble sheets lining the side wall of the shower. Elliott still had an almost perfect view, even though they had moved to the side. Gunner and Zeke stood on each side of her, rivulets of soapy water running off her stunning body and slithering snake-like down the drain. Jamal moved in front of her. Elliott saw her look down at Jamal's cock, which was thrusting up, his stallion-like erection looking angry and menacing as it bobbed up and down with each powerful beat of his heart. Elliott realized the look in her eyes was much like his own, full of both excitement, and fear.

Jamal said something to his friends that Elliott couldn't hear. Gunner and Zeke moved in close on each side of her and reached down, each

of them slipping a hand beneath her thigh closest to them while their other arm circled around her back. They lifted her up and, as they did so, she instinctively put an arm around each of their necks. Once they had her up and in position with her back to the wall, they pulled her legs apart. Elliott saw her panty-covered mound come clearly into view through the hazy steam. The tiny white panties they'd brought for her to wear were soaked to the point of being almost transparent. Even from across the room, Elliott could make out the defined line of her slit beneath the sodden fabric. He wondered how much of that wetness was from the spray of the shower, and how much was from it being soaked through from the inside out. He looked up at his mother's face. It was clear that she didn't know what was happening to her, but Elliott could see that she looked more excited than frightened by what they doing to her.

Jamal moved in close between her widely-spread legs. He reached forward and traced his long black middle finger over the front of her panties, from the base of her slit up to the pronounced nub of her swollen clit.

"Unhh..." Elliott clearly heard the soft moan that escaped his mother's lips as Jamal toyed with her. He pushed his finger inwards slightly, the wet material being pushed between her pouty labia. Jamal then moved his finger up and down again, causing her to give off another moan of pleasure. Jamal set his feet a little further apart as if to steady himself, and then he reached forward with his other hand as well. He gripped the leg openings of her panties with both hands.

RRRRIPPPPPP!!

Elliott gasped as the sound of tearing material reached his ears. He saw the look of shock on his mother's face as she looked down between her legs. Jamal pulled his hands further back while Gunner and Zeke held her in place. The damp material stretched and then broke free, each of Jamal's hands holding a piece of shredded fabric. He tossed them carelessly onto the floor of the shower and then reached between her legs again, grasping the waistband. Elliott could see the main part of the panties had been torn away, exposing her succulent pink pussy. But apparently Jamal wasn't done. He yanked at the waistband with both hands, stretching it until it broke loose with a snap. He tossed it to the floor as well, her shaven pussy as bare as the day she was born. Her warm pink mound was glistening, and Elliott knew that shininess he was seeing had come from inside her.

Jamal reached over to the shelf beside Zeke and picked up one of the bottles they'd put there, a purple plastic one with some form of white writing on it. He poured some of the fluid onto his thrusting cock, and then into the palm of his hand. He put down the bottle and wrapped his fingers around his surging prick, making it glisten erotically.

Elliott was surprised that the greasy-looking fluid hadn't become frothy and soapy, like he'd expected from shampoo or body-wash.

Jamal moved in close between Tanya's spread legs again, firmly setting himself in position once more. With one hand steering his raging cock, he brought the tip of the greasy-looking knob to her

beckoning pussy lips. He rubbed the huge purple crown up and down between her slippery petals of flesh, making her moan. Elliott could see her trying to flex her hips forward, wanting more of Jamal's huge member inside her. Jamal said something quietly to his two friends. They both nodded and then lifted her thighs up even higher. Their movement caused her pelvis to tip upwards. With her in the new position they wanted, they pulled her legs even further apart. Elliott saw a big smile come over Jamal's face as the young black man looked down between his mother's widely-spread legs, the winking pink button of her bum-hole turned up in his direction.

"OH NO!" Elliott thought to himself. "He can't be going to..." He couldn't even bring himself to finish his thought as he watched Jamal take hold of his monstrous prick and bring the gleaming tip to her bum-hole, precum drooling from the tip. He did the same thing as he'd done to her pussy. He rubbed the tip all around that tight pink hole, making it shine with his juices. Elliott immediately realized that what Jamal had poured onto his cock and hand had been some sort of lube. That's why the viscous fluid hadn't turned into a foamy lather, he'd been planning all along to fuck his mother in the ass! And now he was getting it lubed up by rubbing the head of his greasy cock all over tight puckered hole.

"NO, PLEASE. I...I NEVER..." Elliott heard his mother say as Jamal continued to press the enflamed crown of his dick against her tight little starfish.

"Hmm, an anal virgin, eh? Well, there's no time like the present to start," Jamal said as he planted his feet wide apart in a sturdy stance.

"I love busting cherries. You may have never taken it up the ass before, but you definitely will now."

Jamal pressed the engorged knob against the tight pucker and pushed. He barely made any headway before Tanya gave a groan of pain.

"I'm goin' all the way in," Jamal said firmly. "So you better get used to it, and get used to it fast. Every last inch of this cock is going all the way up inside that sweet ass of yours. We can either do it the easy way, or the hard way. It's up to you." Jamal paused as Tanya looked him the eye, and then she gave him a slow nod. "Good. The next time I push, just concentrate on relaxing that hole. I guarantee you're gonna love the feel of this big black cock way up in your guts."

He set his feet and flexed again, pressing the lemon-sized knob against her puckered flesh. Elliott watched as she looked down at their connected bodies and blew out a long slow breath. At the same time, he saw her hole relax, and Jamal didn't waste a second. The young black man slowly pressed forward, his huge cockhead stretching her tight ring almost to the tearing point. Her little pucker seemed to open up like it was a mouth waiting for a kiss, the pink ring following the contours of the enormous glans of his surging black cock.

"OH FUCK...OH FUCK..." Tanya moaned as the club-like knob made its way into her. She blew out another long slow breath and pushed down, relaxing her sphincter as much as she could. Jamal smiled as he felt that tight muscle relax, and he forced more of his rigid prick

inside, the tight ring finally closing down behind the thick rope-like ridge of his corona.

"OH MY GODDDDDDD..." Tanya hissed, her body trying to get used to the huge invader lodged in her bum.

"You've got the thickest part inside you. The rest should be easy," Jamal said before looking over his shoulder.

Jamal was looking straight at him, and Elliott realized he'd been almost hypnotized by the lurid spectacle going on before him.

"Go ahead, Elliott," Jamal said, his voice ringing out clearly from inside the shower stall. "Take it out and jerk off while I'm fucking your mom's ass. You know you want to."

Elliott felt himself turning beet red, but he couldn't deny that Jamal was one-hundred percent correct. And it made Elliott feel even weaker knowing his black bully could read him like a book. It was scary actually, and he knew not to cross Jamal. As the others watched from the shower stall, he sat forward on the edge of the toilet. He undid his pants and whipped out his needy cock. His hand quickly found his throbbing prick and started stroking it, his eyes once again focussed on the thick black wand plugged knob-deep in his mother's shiny pink hole.

"There, that must feel much better. It looks like that little cock of yours was set to break off in those pants of yours." Jamal turned his attention back to Tanya. "Now, like I said, you've got the thickest part inside you, so now it's only a matter of me feeding every inch into that nice round bum of yours. I put plenty of lube on my cock, but it's still gonna hurt a little. This first time anyway. But then once you're used to it, you're gonna wonder why you weren't taking big black cocks up your ass years ago." He paused as he set his feet firmly in position and rolled his hips slightly, making her anal lips pucker as his knob moved back just a touch inside her. Satisfied he had his huge black prick lined up just the way he wanted, he gave her one last instruction. "I'm gonna give you all of it in one long slow stroke, so just try and relax and enjoy the ride. Okay?"

Elliott saw his mother bite her bottom lip nervously as she looked down between her splayed thighs. Gunner and Zeke continued to hold her spread wide open, their big hands holding her body in place against the shower wall, allowing Jamal to fuck her ass unhindered. She nodded.

"Good," Jamal said as he took a firm hold of her hips. He turned and looked right at Elliott, a wicked smile on his face. "Here we go." As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he started to flex forward. An inch of thick greased-up black cock slid into Tanya, and then another.

"Oh Godddd...," Tanya moaned, her tender chute being forced to open up as Jamal started to penetrate her.

Elliott was shocked that Jamal kept his eyes on him the whole time, that lurid smile on his face as his powerful hips pressed forward, sending more of his thick black cock into her tight bum.

"OH FUCK...SO FUCKING BIGGGG...," Tanya groaned loudly.

Elliott could see the insides of her thighs trembling, and her body was starting to gyrate as she twisted back and forth against the shower wall. He saw Gunner and Zeke instinctively hold her tighter as Jamal went deeper. Slowly, mercilessly, deeper. From the corner of his eye, Elliott could see Jamal still looking directly at him through the hazy steam that enveloped all of them inside the sauna-like stall. But Elliott couldn't take his own eyes off of that engrossing connection of his mother's body with Jamal's. It looked like Jamal was shoving a black gnarled club up her ass, her brilliant pink pucker stretched to the point that it looked like it was going to start shredding, just like the panties Jamal had torn off her.

But Jamal didn't stop.

"Unh...unh...unh...," Tanya was moaning constantly, her head moving back and forth against the shower wall, her eyes closed tight against the pain, her mouth open and gasping. And still, Jamal didn't stop.

Elliott's eyes were glued to Jamal's cock and his mother's tightly-stretched hole. It looked like Jamal still had about four inches to go...and now three...and now two...

"OH FUCKKKK...PLEASE...PLEASE..." Tanya let out another low animalistic moan, but to Elliott, her tone sounded more like 'please keep going' as opposed to 'please stop'. Elliott didn't think it mattered to Jamal at this point, the determined look on the young black man's face as he continued to stare right at Elliott made it clear that he was intent on getting every last inch buried inside Elliott's mother's virginal ass.

Elliott was sweating and his hand was now jacking furiously at his prick as he looked at the scintillating sight of those two opposite-colored bodies, connected cock to ass. One inch left to go now...then half an inch...then...

OH MY GOD...OH MY GOD...SO FUCKING BIG," Tanya groaned loudly as she continued to thrash about, Gunner and Zeke holding on to her tightly.

"Oh fuck, yeah. You've got it all, baby," Jamal said, finally turning his gaze from Elliott to Tanya. The smooth skin of his shaven groin was pressed flush up against Tanya's exposed flesh, every inch of hard black cock buried in her steaming guts.

"AAAAHHH...AAAAHHH," Elliott's wail of pleasure made everyone look over. He'd been so turned on ever since he'd seen his mother in the singlet and panties that it had hardly taken any time for him to climax once he'd started tugging on his dick. He'd felt his pleasure level rising with each inch of Jamal's cock that disappeared

from view. The pure lewdness of knowing his bully was assaulting his mother's untouched ass had sent illicitly thrilling thoughts ping-ponging back and forth in his perverse mind. The result was that he'd been incredibly turned on, and when Jamal's cock ended up buried balls-deep, that was all it took to send Elliott right over the edge.

He came like a racehorse, volleys of teenage spunk shooting out and splashing down on the bathroom floor, glistening ropes of cum shooting further than Elliott had ever shot before. With his eyes looking at his mother's obscenely-stretched hole, he shot again and again, gobs of jizz flying every which way. His hand continued to pump like crazy as he jerked out every last drop. As the last drops of boy-slime dripped from his cock, his hand finally stopped. Elliott leaned back against the toilet tank behind him, totally spent and blissfully happy.

"Well, now that the opening act is over," Jamal said as he turned away from Elliott and spoke to Tanya, "let's get on with the main part of the show. How you doin', sweetheart? Do you like the feel of that big black cock in your ass?" He wriggled his hips, stirring Tanya's insides like a batch of wet cement.

Tanya had never felt anything like it. She'd never felt so full of anything in her life. It was similar to when the three of them had filled her pussy with cock the day before, and yet different. It had been incredibly painful when Jamal had slowly made his way into her bum, and she felt the muscles inside her tender chute spasming at the unexpected intrusion. But already, she could feel the uncomfortable feeling dissipating, replaced by warm full luxuriance.

The strange, yet pleasurable experience, was washing over her in soft waves of surprising delight, and she felt that telltale itchiness deep in her loins as Jamal rolled his hips, his massive erection rubbing over untouched flesh deep inside her. Those feelings made her wonder if she was as sensitive in her bum as she was in her pussy and breasts. She figured she was about to find out. "Yes, I...I'm okay. I've never felt anything like that before. I feel so...so full," she gasped out, her chest heaving beneath the soaked undershirt as she quickly got accustomed to the uninvited black guest who had arrived via the back door.

"You're gonna feel really full after this. All three of us are gonna fill that pretty ass of yours not only with cock, but with cum. There's gonna be enough of that gravy running out of you to give junior there a full meal." Tanya's eyes flicked over fearfully to the boys on each side of her, leering smiles on both of their faces. "But something's not quite right," Jamal continued. He reached behind Zeke and grabbed the big bar of soap, lathering up his hands until they were a frothy mess. He set the soap down and slid his hands up the front of Tanya's body, squeezing and groping her big tits as he lathered them up. All of a sudden, he gripped the front of the singlet with both hands and pulled them viciously apart.

RRRIPPPPPP!!

Elliott found himself gasping again as he watched Jamal. Like he'd done with her panties, he tore the flimsy garment to pieces right off her body. The singlet came apart right in the middle where he was pulling, and once the tear started, he yanked the two parts far out to

each side. Elliott saw his mother's glistening wet breasts spring free from beneath the confines of the tight undershirt. In the position the boys were holding her in, her magnificent tits were tilted upwards, the cherry red nipples thrusting right up towards Jamal's face.

"That's better," Jamal said as he released the torn pieces of material he had clutched in his hands. The shredded garment dropped to each side of her, the shoulder straps still in place. The torn fabric hung erotically from each side of her body, her voluptuous tits fully exposed for Jamal to do with as he wished. He reached forward with his big soapy mitts and started mauling them, her whole chest quickly becoming covered with slippery foam. Elliott thought it looked incredibly sexy, and the other boys must have too, since their eyes were glued to her sumptuous orbs as Jamal squeezed and groped them.

"All right then, let's see how good that pretty little ass of yours feels."

Elliott watched as Jamal slowly drew his hips backward, his long hard cock coming out of his mother's bum. The stretched lips of her bum puckered outwards, following the retreating shaft as if they never wanted to let it go. Elliott saw her gasping, her mouth open and her soapy tits heaving as she looked down at the glistening shaft being drawn out of her. Elliott swore he saw her shiver, and he knew whatever she was feeling must have been more intense than he could ever imagine. Jamal kept retreating, until he felt the delicious resistance as his flared coronal ridge bumped up against her constrictive ring.

"Okay, here we go," Jamal said as he flexed his hips forward, a little faster this time.

"OH GODDDD," Tanya moaned as Jamal drove his thick hard cock balls-deep with one merciless stroke. He quickly withdrew and then fucked way up into her guts with the next stroke, his body slamming up against her bum with a noisy, wet slap.

"OH FUCKKKK...SO BIGGGGGG..." Tanya moaned as her head flipped from side to side, the new sensations she was feeling overwhelming her. She'd wondered after he'd gotten his huge cock into her the first time whether her bum was as sensitive as the rest of her, and that question was quickly being answered, and that answer was a definite "YES!" She couldn't believe how aroused she was becoming, and how quickly. The intense feeling of being stuffed so full was more than she'd ever imagined, and she felt those nerve endings lining the hot wet tissues of her bum sending tingling messages to her brain and that trigger point at the base of her clit.

"OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD, I'M GOING TO...AAAAAHHH," Tanya wailed as she started to climax. Her body was thrashing about like a wild-thing as the boys held her tightly. And all the time, Jamal kept pounding his cock deep into her hungry ass. She was twitching and convulsing as the powerful tremors of a shattering orgasm coursed through her. And still, Jamal never let up, his hips a blur as he thrust vigorously back and forth, pounding her up against the marble wall.

"How is it, man?" Zeke asked as he looked at Jamal, his arms holding onto the spasming MILF tightly.

"It's fuckin' amazing," Jamal said, filling his soapy hands with her tits as his hips continued to lever back and forth, his taut abdomen slapping against her turned-up bum with each powerful thrust. "It's so fuckin' hot and tight, you wouldn't believe. It's like a hot buttery fist gripping my dick and jerking it off inside her. I won't be much longer and then you guys can give it a try."

"OH FUCK...AGAIN...I'M COMING AGAIN," Tanya groaned loudly, her body twisting and writhing crazily.

Elliott watched, totally aghast, as his mother came for a second time. He then saw the taut muscles in Jamal's butt tighten, the flexing sinews beneath his smooth black skin rippling as he buried his huge cock in her ass and held it there. Jamal threw back his head and growled deep in his throat as he came, and Elliott knew his black bully was shooting torrents of cum deep into his mother's bum.

"OH FUCK...YEAH..." Jamal moaned as he flexed his hips against the gyrating MILF, filling her ass with a huge load of sizzling teenage cum. "SUCH A TIGHT FUCKING ASS."

Jamal kept his hips pressed flush up against her steamy flesh as his climax continued, pasting her virginal ass with his potent seed time and time again. After what seemed like a full minute to Elliott, their

mutual orgasms finally seemed to wane, and he saw his mother slump at the same time as the flexing muscles in Jamal's butt relaxed.

"Oh man, you guys gotta try that," Jamal said as he backed away, his still turgid cock coming out of Tanya's ass in a slippery rush. Elliott saw a huge gob of milky cum slide forth and drop onto the floor in a nasty puddle. "Go ahead, Gunner. Get your cock in there. You won't believe how tight it is."

Jamal and Gunner exchanged spots, with Jamal slipping his hand beneath Tanya's thigh and holding her wide open for Gunner's assault. The muscular blonde youth quickly moved into position, his hand wrapped around his rigid erection as he placed the big mushroom head up against her dripping bumhole.

"Aren't you gonna lube up your cock?" Zeke asked as Gunner seemed ready to go.

Gunner shook his head. "Nah, Jamal's got her already lubed up for us. Besides, I want her to really feel what my cock can do to her." Gunner steadied himself and started mauling her soapy tits as he rolled his hips, forcing the head of his throbbing dick into her tight pink hole.

"AAAHH," Tanya gasped once he had the broad flared crown locked inside her tender chute.

"Oh fuck, yeah. Is that ever tight," Gunner said with a smile to his friends as he pressed forward, sending his cock as far into her guts as he could get it, in one slow, insistent, ass-stretching stroke.

"OH GODDDDD," Tanya moaned as the blonde youth filled her ass once more. Like he'd done before, Gunner was rough, slamming her against the wall with thrust after vigorous thrust.

But Elliott could see that his mother wasn't bothered by it at all. In fact, she seemed to like it. Even with Jamal and Zeke holding her, Elliott could see her starting to buck her hips forward, meeting Gunner stroke for stroke.

"YESSSSS," she hissed loudly, starting to shake all over again as paroxysms of ecstasy overwhelmed her. Another orgasm came right after that one, and her tight gripping chute must have done its thing, because Gunner came at the same time. He thrust his hips forward, smashing his groin up against hers as he filled her with cum.

"Fuck, Zeke, this ass is unreal," Gunner said once he'd finished. He pulled out, another sizable gob of spunk dropping to the shower floor. "Plug it for her. She loves it."

Gunner took his friend's spot as Zeke moved into place in front of her. He soaped up his hands and went after her tits as well, his hands running up the front of her soapy body and squeezing the big mounds. He plugged the head of his sizable cock into her flushed pink hole, wriggling his hips as he forced it past the tight ring.

It was the third cock in a row, and yet clouds of steam still billowed around the four of them. Elliott remembered the conversation his mother had had with his father when they'd built the shower. She wanted the biggest hot water tank available in the market. She liked long leisurely showers, and hated the idea of running out of hot water. Well, this shower she was currently taking was definitely long, but definitely not 'leisurely'. Elliott didn't think anybody would use that word to describe getting your virginal ass impaled by three huge teenage cocks in a row.

"Oh man, you guys are right," Zeke said as he drove the full length of his cock into her. "It's so fucking hot and tight, I could tap this ass all day long."

Elliott saw Jamal and Gunner silently smile to each other as they pulled his mother's legs far out to each side, giving Zeke total access to her tight ass. The slimmest of the three boys was really giving it to her now, long-dicking her with each thrust. He'd pull as far out as he could with each stroke, and then ram his hips forward, sinking the entire shaft into her waiting guts.

"OH FUCK...NOT AGAINNNNN!" Elliott heard his mother wail as she climaxed again. Her arms tightened their grip around Jamal and Gunner's shoulders as she twitched and bucked through another anal orgasm, her hips thrashing back and forth against Zeke's thrusting erection as she came.

Tanya came a second time on Zeke's cock, a deep throaty growl signalling her orgasm as she gyrated and twisted about, her bum on fire from the delicious abuse the boys were giving it. She'd never had anal sex before, but after this three-part initiation, she couldn't see going without it again. That full feeling of being stuffed with cock where none had gone before was more intense, more wickedly sinful than she would have thought. And overall, it just felt so good, so abso-fucking-lutely good, she never wanted it to stop.

"Fuck...fuck me harder," she gasped out, and Zeke did. He slammed his hips forward, making her squeal with delight time and again, and then she started shaking all over again, orgasmic tremors shooting throughout her entire body.

Zeke felt the hot walls of her chute grip him tightly. It felt like it was trying to pull the very life out of him through his cock. And it was so hot, so fucking hot in there. It felt like molten silk wrapped around his buried prick. Her puckered ring seemed to nibble at the base of his cock every time he bottomed out, and when she started shaking and bucking through her third orgasm, that was all it took to send him over the edge too.

"FUCK YEAH. TAKE IT, BABY, TAKE IT," Zeke said as he fired rope after rope of teenage spunk into her welcoming bum. His two friends held the MILF's twitching body in place until he'd dumped his full load into her.

"Oh man, what a hot fucking ass. I think we're going to be making use of that a lot from now on," Zeke said as he slowly withdrew from her clutching ass.

Elliott saw another heavy gob of milky jizz slither out of her abused hole and drop to the floor before her tiny pucker winked shut. Gunner and Jamal lowered her shaky legs to the floor. Elliott saw his mother slide down the wall as they guided her, sitting right down on the floor of the shower, leaning against the wall with her legs splayed out in front of her. Her eyes were half closed as she sat there, the torn undershirt hanging in tatters from her shoulders, her big tits heaving as she fought to recover from the erotic ordeal she'd just been through. Having seen that the woman was basically okay, the three youths turned away from her and stepped into the spray from the multiple shower heads. They passed the soap between them, washing off their tumescent dicks. As they did, they laughed and talked amongst themselves, ignoring Tanya and Elliott.

Jamal looked at her a final time before the three of them stepped out and left the shower running. As they grabbed three of the fluffy towels from the rack outside the glass stall, Jamal turned to Elliott. "Hey, Smallcox, it looks like your mom might need some help in there." He flicked his head in the direction of Tanya, who continued sitting on the floor of the shower, pellets of water raining down on her. "We've gotta take off, so I'm leaving you to take care of her."

"Um, you're gonna go?" Elliott asked, both hopeful and yet perversely disappointed at the same time.

"Yeah, we've gotta go pick our mommas up from church, and then they all want us home for Sunday lunch. It's kind of a tradition." Jamal paused and nodded towards Tanya once again. "You guys should eat too. We'll be back after lunch and I want her fuelled up and ready to go. She's going to be using up a lot of energy again this afternoon."

"Oh...uh, okay."

"I've got a little something I'll leave on her bed to wear. I expect her to be in it when we get back. And you might want to do something with these." He tossed his used towel onto the floor. Gunner and Zeke did likewise and then the three of them pulled on some fresh clothes, with Zeke grabbing the gym bag on the way out. They were at the door of the en-suite before Jamal stopped and turned to Elliott. "We'll leave the Astroglide here. Make sure you put it somewhere handy in the bedroom. I think we're going to be using a lot of that from now on." He had a nasty smile on his face as he turned and followed his two friends out the door.

Unsure of what to do, but seeing his mother sitting on the shower floor in what appeared to be almost a stupor, Elliott rushed into the shower stall, fully clothed. He crouched down next to his mother, the spray from the shower raining down on him. "Mom, are you okay?" he asked as he reached out and touched her arm. His words and touch seemed to wake her from the bewildered state she seemed to be in. He was happy to see that she seemed to snap right out of it and looked up at him with a smile on her face.

"Elliott, what are you going in here in your clothes? You're getting all wet."

"You kind of scared me, Mom. You looked kind of out of it after...after what happened. I thought you might be hurt."

"No, I'm fine. Here, help me get up."

Elliott thought she was surprisingly steady for somebody who'd just taken three huge cocks in a row up her ass. Once she was on her feet, she took notice of the torn undershirt she was still wearing. She peeled the tattered garment off her shoulders and tossed it onto the floor with the other pieces of shredded material, from both the singlet and the panties she'd had on earlier. "Well, I guess those aren't going to be of much use anymore," she commented off-handedly as she turned and leaned forwards against the wall beneath one of the nozzles, letting the spray beat down upon her.

Elliott stood towards the back of the stall, keeping himself as much out of range of the splashing pellets as he could. He watched the water run down her back and over the curvy spheres of her round bum. He could see her breasts partially in profile as she leaned forward, the massive guns hanging pendulously beneath her bent form. "Fuck, what a body," Elliott thought to himself as he let his gaze run blatantly over her gorgeous hourglass figure. The way it glistened as the streaming water ran off her smooth skin made it look even sexier than usual.

She grabbed the big bar of soap and quickly lathered up her body. Elliott was envious of her slender fingers running over her skin as they moved over every supple curve and teasing valley. She turned her back to the spray and tipped her head up, letting the water run through her hair. Her eyes were closed as she raised her hands and ran her fingers through her hair as she rinsed it. With his eyes blatantly focussed on her huge soapy tits, Elliott was totally agog as he watched the slippery foam run down her lush curvy body in slithering rivulets. With her arms raised above her head, her magnificent breasts were titled up, her bright red nipples thrusting up provocatively, beads of soapy water clinging to the stiff buds. Although he'd just come like a race horse a short time ago, Elliott's resurgent teenage cock was rapidly on the rise once again.

"Could you grab me a towel, sweetheart," his mother said as she finished rinsing off and turned off the taps.

Elliott stepped out of the stall and grabbed a clean towel off the rack. As his mother stepped out onto the small mat, he wrapped it around her.

"Thanks, baby." His mother took the towel in her hands and quickly dried herself. Elliott stood a step or two away, unsure of what to do or what was expected of him. "What...what did the boys say they were doing? I only caught something about them having to go away?"

"Jamal said they had to pick their mothers up from church, and that they were all expected home for Sunday lunch. Some family tradition, or something like that."

"But they are coming back, aren't they?"

Elliott could see that his mother had that anxious look on her face again. He was quickly learning that meant she was worried she might not get any more big teenage cock today. "Yeah, they said they'd be back after that."

"Okay," she replied as she continued drying herself, relief washing over her. "I'm sorry I had you worried about me there. I guess I kind of wasn't with it there for a couple of minutes."

"I was just worried that you were hurt. I'm glad to see that you're okay."

"Thanks, sweetheart," his mother replied. "I guess I was just overwhelmed by what happened." She paused, and Elliott saw that faraway look in her eyes again. "And especially by how my body reacted to what they were doing."

"So you...before...you never..." Elliott stammered out, his eyes gesturing towards her backside.

His mother shook her head. "No. I've always wondered about it, but it's not something your father ever wanted to try. A couple of guys in college tried to get me to do it, but I never really liked either one of them all that much, so I never did. I thought it would hurt—and trust me—it really did, at first. But after I got used to it, I couldn't believe how good it felt. Really good. It's kind of a full feeling that's hard to describe. It's different than, well, you know..." It was her turn to nod, this time towards her midsection. "But it was just as nice—different, but really really nice." Elliott saw that lascivious twinkle in her eye once more. "And you know how I was telling you how sensitive I am in my boobs, and my...you know." Again she nodded between her legs. "Well, it looks like I'm just as sensitive in my bum, which reminds me, I've got something for you."

"Something for me? What?" Elliott asked, totally confused.

His mother looked up and down his lean form. "Take off those wet clothes before you catch a cold. Take everything off and then I'll give you your present." Elliott obediently peeled off his clothes. "Underwear too." He shucked off his underwear, his throbbing cock coming free. "Mmm, my little boy's excited again. Just lie down on the floor and Mommy'll give you your present. I have the feeling you're going to really like it."

Wondering what his mother had in mind, but knowing it could only be good for him, Elliott subserviently got down on the floor and laid on his back, his cock pointing straight up towards his face, the tip already oozing precum.

"No, spin around," his mother said, drawing a circle in the air with her fingertip. "I want your head right in front of me." Elliott did as he was asked, ending up with his body pointing away from his mother, his upturned face a short distance in front of her. Elliott looked up as she tossed her towel to the side, the imposing shelf of her tits looming over him. She looked down past her massive breasts, her eyes twinkling sinfully. "That's perfect."

With his heart starting to hammer away in his chest, Elliott watched as she stepped forward, putting a foot on each side of his body. She started to sit down, the beautiful enticing lines of her slit and the crease of her bum opening up slightly as she sat right down on his face. As she felt Elliott's face against her body, she wriggled forward a little bit, arranging herself so her tight bumhole was right over his mouth. "Come on, baby, I think you know what to do," his mother said as she sat right down in the saddle. "As soon as Zeke was done, I closed my hole up nice and tight. I figured you wouldn't want to miss out on a creamy treat. I've kept it nice and warm for you."

Just her words had Elliott's cock twitching and throbbing. With her big curvy bum almost smothering him, he eagerly extended his tongue, pressing the tip against her tiny pink pucker. It felt wickedly hot against his tongue, and his mind was swirling with excitement as he realized his mother wanted him to worship her ass, her beautiful curvy ass. And an ass that was full of hot bully-cum at that. He pushed a wad of saliva to the front of his mouth, using the tip of his tongue to bathe her little hole with his spit, his tongue rolling in slow circles over the hot ring.

"Mmm, that's perfect, baby, perfect," he heard his mother say from above him as she rolled her hips, working with him as he probed at her tight little orifice. "Now, Mommy's gonna relax things a little bit back there so she can feed her baby. Would you like that, sweetheart?"

"Mm-hmm." Elliott was able to mumble out his response while he kept his mouth pressed up against her bum, his comment vibrating right up through her body. With the tip of his tongue running tenderly over her puckered hole, he felt it start to ease open. As he held the flat of this tongue against the opening, he felt warm fluid start to ooze out onto his tongue. It quickly built into a small pool. He drew it further into his mouth, his taste buds recognizing the masculine flavor of semen, something that had been new to Elliott less than 24 hours ago, but had quickly become a staple of his diet. And if he knew his three bullies at all, he expected that to continue, at least until they tired of his mother, which was something he knew would never happen to him. He knew he'd never tire of wanting to please such a beautiful woman.

"Is that good, baby?" his mother asked as she pushed down with the muscles inside her, thick creamy boy-cum slipping from inside her tender chute right into her son's waiting mouth.

"Mmm," Elliott hummed back as he swallowed, drawing the warm, yogurt-like clumps of seed into his belly. It was so thick in his mouth, that Elliott thought back on that first time when he'd watched his mother jerk the boys off all over the table, and how brilliantly white Jamal's cum was, and thinking how chock full of sperm it must have

been to be so white. And that's what this mouthful of spunk tasted like, thick, creamy, and sinfully alive, the viscous cum full of potent little swimmers. As the first batch of jizz hit his stomach, Elliott pressed his lips against his mother's tender hole and sucked, wanting more.

"That's it, baby, suck it out of Mommy. I can tell there's a lot in there. Those boys really filled me up."

Elliott could tell she was right. The amount of spunk sluicing out onto his tongue was incredible. He kept sucking, and swallowing, wad after wad of teenage baby batter sliding down his throat.

"That's the way, get it all." His mother rolled her hips as he eagerly sucked and licked. Eventually, there was no more cum, he'd sucked out as much as she had to give. But he kept his lips and tongue working, loving the feel of having his tongue inside her delicate little hole. The boys had been right, her tender chute was steamingly hot, and oh so soft. He rolled his tongue over the velvety tissues lining her bum, his tongue probing as deep as he could get it, his mouth pressed up tightly to her hole.

"Oh fuck, yeah, that's so good," his mother said, her voice taking on a growly tone as she rolled her hips, obviously loving the feel of his tongue inside her. "Like I said, I think I'm just as sensitive in there as everywhere else."

Inspired by her words, Elliott re-doubled his efforts, pushing another wad of saliva inside her and swirling his tongue in slow probing circles, laving her rectal walls with his spit. It was only about two minutes after she'd made that comment that he felt her start to tense, and then as he thrust his tongue as far inside her as he could get it, she started to come.

"OH MY GODDDD, THAT'S SO FUCKING GOOOODDD..."

The gasps from above him were accompanied by the feeling of a warm spray coating his chest as his mother climaxed, squirting all over him. She was rocking back and forth, and he could feel the muscles on the insides of her thighs twitching against him as her orgasm rolled through her like a blissful tsunami. He kept his tongue sweeping over the hot tissues inside her until her luxurious tremors subsided and she sat back, totally content. Elliott remained in place, his lips kissing tenderly at her now closed hole. She must have liked what he was doing, because she kept sitting where she was, her big curvy bum all but smothering his face.

"That was nice for Mommy, but it looks like my baby still needs to come. You're really throbbing, sweetie. Do you need to get something out of that cock of yours, hmmm?"

Elliott had been rock hard the whole time he'd been servicing her bum, and he knew his stomach must be coated with precum by now. He felt like he was going to burst right there on the spot. "Mm-hmm," he hummed in agreement.

"Let me see you jerk it off, baby. Jerk it off for Mommy," she said as she continued to roll her hips, pressing her wide round bum down on his face.

Elliott didn't have to be told twice. With his face buried beneath his mother's steamingly hot bum, he wrapped his hand around his rigid pecker and started pumping it. It didn't take more than a few strokes before he felt his load of jizz start to speed up the shaft of his cock.

"UNGGGHH," he was able to moan out against her succulent bum as he came, his cum shooting high in the air before landing with a noticeable splat all over his stomach. He kept stroking as those delicious sensations coursed through him, wad after wad of boy-cum spewing forth. Finally, the last oozing dregs slid forth, and he stopped, his spent prick slowly starting to deflate.

"Oh my, you've made quite a mess," his mother said as she lifted her leg and hoisted herself off him. He took in deep breaths of cool air after coming out from the sauna-like conditions of having her big curvy bum almost glued to his face. "Look at all this cum. How are we ever going to get all of that cleaned up? Oh, I know..."

Elliott drew his elbows back and raised his head up as he watched his mother crawl over top of him on her hands and knees. Her big breasts hung down pendulously beneath her, swaying back and forth hypnotically as she moved her body over his. He watched as

she lowered her upper body slightly, her stiff nipples dipping into the gobs of spunk covering his stomach.

"Mmm, it's nice and warm" she cooed, moving her body back and forth, her rubbery nipples drawing teasingly erotic lines through the milky pool of cum. Elliott could only watch in awe as she lowered her body a bit more, her breasts mashing down and spreading out to each side. She rolled her shoulders from side to side, rubbing her voluminous tits all over his stomach. He could see them glistening with a shiny coating of his spunk as she moved back and forth. She looked up at him, that bewitching twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Here, baby, Mommy's got a little cum more for you," she said as she moved up over top of him, her massive shiny breasts dangling right over his face. She moved her body slowly back and forth, drawing her stiff gooey nipples teasingly over his parted lips.

Once again, Elliott didn't need to be told what to do. He eagerly latched onto one stiff bud, his lips closing possessively around the swollen pebble. He could taste his spunk on her flesh, and he enthusiastically sucked it off and went for more. He swirled his tongue all over her slick orbs, gathering in the sticky goodness.

"That's my good boy, get Mommy nice and clean," his mother cooed as he drew the flat of his tongue salaciously all over her succulent breasts, licking and slurping up his own nasty cum. "Mmm, that feels so good. Keep doing that while you slip a finger inside me. Mommy needs to come one more time."

Elliott saw her part her knees as she continued to kneel over him. He reached out with his hand and quickly found her warm mound. Her pussy lips were soaking wet as he slipped a finger inside, his finger getting instantly coated with her honey-like juices. He concentrated on the hot folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, rubbing his fingertip over the trigger spot he knew she had beneath the base of her clit.

"Ohhh, you really know what Mommy likes, don't you?" she said, rolling her hips against his probing finger as she continued to let him worship her breasts. Between Elliott's talented mouth and teasing finger, it was only a couple of minutes before she shook through another orgasm. He felt her spraying his hand as she came, her whole body shaking. He never once let go of her breasts, his lips and tongue sucking at her stiff nipples slavishly as she quivered through another climax.

"Mmm, that was good, baby, but we better get ready for when the boys come back."

Elliott reluctantly let her pull her tit out of his mouth as she got to her feet. She grabbed her towel and quickly wiped herself off. When she was doing that, Elliott got to his feet and sheepishly gathered up his clothes, still feeling awkward being naked around his mother when they weren't...well, getting busy, as he thought of it. They were just about to leave the room when, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted the purple plastic bottle on one of the shelves in the shower. Remembering what Jamal had said, he stepped into the shower and

grabbed it. He looked at the label, and smiled to himself, remembering how he originally thought that the boys had brought in their own shampoo. How foolish he had been. He should have known better.

ASTROGLIDE...PERSONAL LUBRICANT.

His mother was already in the bedroom, standing next to the bed and rubbing a small towel through her hair as he opened the drawer of the bedside table and put the bottle of lube inside. He saw that his mother had seen what he'd done, but she didn't say a word. It was obvious she knew why that bottle had come into her bedroom. Elliott saw her turn slightly and stop, her eyes looking down at her bed as she lowered the towel she'd been rubbing through her hair. His eyes followed hers, and he took a quick breath as she saw what she was looking at.

"What's all that?"

Elliott gulped. "Jamal...Jamal said he was going to leave an outfit for you to wear on the bed. I...I didn't know..."

They both stood still for a second until Tanya reached down and traced her fingertips over what they'd been looking at. She turned to Elliott, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Well, this should be interesting."

Chapter 6

Jamal dished out some of his Mama's homemade apple pie and passed the plates around to his younger siblings, as well as to the adult family members in attendance. His mother made a big deal out of these family lunches on Sundays after church, but other than requiring his presence for that one time during the week, his mother basically stayed out of his face, and out of his business, for which Jamal was eternally grateful. He couldn't begin to count the meals he'd missed, or the nights he'd arrived home late, or not at all, when he'd been out tom-cattin' around, looking for some needy white pussy to stuff his big black cock into. And once he'd found out how crazy white women got once they got a taste of the licorice stick, there was plenty of opportunity to partake in his favorite hobby, which he called DUMPIN', as in "dumpin' loads". It didn't matter if it was a mouth, a pussy, or an asshole, Jamal loved dumpin' in whatever hole was available to him. And if those holes belonged to a hot white MILF, Jamal found that just so much more exciting than girls his own age. There was something secretive and nasty about it that got him all revved up, because those white women never wanted anybody to find out how much they loved black cock, especially their husbands. Fuck, once he'd had his first white MILF, one who'd begged him to fuck her and feed her his cum over and over, well, that was about it. White MILFs were basically all he wanted after that. Girls his own age, whether they be white, black, brown, yellow, whatever fuckin' color they were, those girls no longer held any attraction for him. Oh yeah, he'd let a young girl give him some head, or occasionally he'd fuck them, if there was nothing else going on, or if a friend asked him to. But given the choice, no, give him a sexy white MILF any day of the week, that's what really got his juices going.

Jamal knew they'd hit the jackpot with Tanya Cox. Yes, indeed. Who'd have thought the mother of nerdy little Smelliott Smallcox would be so fucking hot. As soon as he'd seen her that first time in the variety store parking lot, looking all sexy in that tight little golf outfit, fuck, he knew he had to bury his cock in that curvy powerhouse body of hers. Those big tits, that perfect round ass, those full sexy lips just made for sucking cock, fuck, he'd known it right then at first glance; this was woman who had a body made to take big cocks. The little fuck, Elliott, had asked him to explain what he meant when he'd commented on it to Gunner and Zeke, who'd readily agreed with Jamal's appraisal, but he knew Smallcox had understood what they meant, especially once he'd seen the way his mother had eagerly taken all three of their cocks, and that impression had been reinforced when the little fuck had seen them take turns stuffing her ass just a short time ago. The little dork had loved it, jerking off a load once he's seen her take every last inch of Jamal's horse-cock into that hot little bum of hers.

It made Jamal smile to remember the look of awe and envy on the dweeb's face as they'd taken her, using her mouth, pussy, and asshole as their own personal cum receptacles. Yes, they'd be doing a lot of dumpin' in the sexy blonde MILF from now on. They'd give that hungry body of hers as much big cock as it wanted, and needed. Yes, between he, Gunner, and Zeke, there'd be white stuff running out of each hole of hers every day from now on.

Gunner and Zeke, his boys. They all lived within spittin' distance of each other, and all had the same kind of dysfunctional upbringings. But they got along like brothers, which had all started when they

were in the ninth grade. They noticed the other boys in gym class seemed to give them a wide berth in the locker room, which it didn't take them long to figure out why. Even though Gunner and Zeke were white, they were both hung. They didn't quite measure up to Jamal's impressive length and girth, but they were pretty fuckin' close. Fuck, even most of the black guys at school were envious of Gunner and Zeke. It wasn't long until the three of them started sharing tales of their escapades with the opposite sex. At first it seemed like a lot of bragging or bravado, but once they started going out on double or triple dates, it became obvious that all three of them were telling the truth. Within a short time, they started sharing their dates, passing the girls around, or most of the time with it being the three of them on one girl, taking turns until the girl would usually pass out from exhaustion, but usually with a blissful smile on her face. They'd become best friends, and Jamal had no doubt that Mrs. Tanya Cox, and that body of hers just made for taking big cocks, would have no problem with getting filled with thick creamy boy-cum from all three of them. The more he thought about it, the more eager Jamal was to finish his lunch, make his excuses, and duck out of there and get back to filling that perfect MILF's body with cum, to do some more DUMPIN'.

But he couldn't be too obvious about it, or his mama would kick his ass. And really, since this was the only time of the week she insisted on him being home with everyone else, he couldn't complain. It really wasn't bad at all. The food was always good, and the visits from his relatives (a few of whom always seemed to show up for Sunday lunch) made it a fun gathering. Jamal had especially liked the Sunday lunches even more the last three weeks. The reason was simple, his dad, Brock, or who Gunner and Zeke called "Mr. S", was in attendance. He'd been released from prison less than a month ago,

his stretch for grand theft auto reduced due to 'good behavior'. Jamal really liked his old man, he looked up to him. And it made Jamal's mama a lot happier to have her man around again, and when Mama was happy, everybody was happy.

Jamal was clearing away the dishes when the doorbell rang. His little brother bolted out of the room and came back with Gunner and Zeke following close behind.

"Mr. S, nice to see you home," Gunner said as he and Zeke both crossed the kitchen and gave Jamal's dad a clenched-arm hug.

"Nice to be home. Very nice indeed," Brock replied, giving the boys a big grin.

"Just leave those dishes, Jamal," his mother said as she waved her hand at him, a smile on her face as well. "You've put in your time here. You can go off with your friends, if you like."

"Thanks, Mama."

"What are you boys up to this afternoon?" Brock asked. "Staying out of trouble, I hope."

Unsure of what to say, Gunner and Zeke looked to Jamal to take the reins on this one. "Actually, one of the smart kids in our class is giving us some tutoring lessons this afternoon."

"What the fuck?" Brock said, his face showing the surprise that had come out in his voice.

"BROCK!" Jamal's mother reprimanded her husband as she pointed to her younger children.

"Sorry, babe. I guess I been in the joint longer than I thought."

"So yeah, this kid is like real smart and everything, and he said he'd tutor us," Jamal continued.

Brock didn't look convinced. "This kid from around here?"

Jamal shrugged. "No, he's from across the river."

"Across the river? White boy?" Jamal nodded. "What's a white boy from across the river doin' tutoring the likes of you three?"

"I don't really know. It's kind of like he and his mother are out to save the world one person at a time."

"His mother?"

"Yeah, you know, one of those 'do-gooder' types. Wants to help out the poor and disadvantaged."

Brock nodded. "Yeah, yeah, I know the type. But if this boy is willing to help you with your schoolwork, well, just behave yourselves and let him do his thing." Brock paused and pointed his finger at Jamal. "I don't want you to end up like me. They'll probably tire of it and move on to something else, those kind of people always do. But learn what this boy has to teach you now. And if this woman or this boy asks for help with anything, God almighty, you do what you can to help."

"We already have," Jamal replied as he gave his two friends a knowing glance.

"You already have?"

"Yeah, we've done a few little chores for her already. Her son's one of those smart kids who isn't too handy at anything. Their house is pretty nice, but there were a few things that needed attention."

"Her husband couldn't do it?"

Jamal shook his head. "She's divorced."

"Huh," Brock said as he looked from Jamal to his two buddies, wondering if there was more to this situation than his son was letting on. He knew that his son, like himself, was constantly on the lookout for pussy, especially white pussy. "What kind of things needed attention?" Brock was curious now. He still hadn't landed a job since getting out of prison, and if there was decent paying work to be found, he'd be all over that, especially if it was for a sexy white woman.

"Just small things, Dad. Things that you wouldn't be interested in," Jamal said, picking up on his dad's interest. "Like down on her lower level, er...I mean, down on THE lower level, she had a crack that needed to be filled, and she had nobody to help her with that until we showed up. The three of us worked together and we took care of it for her, got that crack filled up nice and tight, and she seems pretty happy with the job we did."

"And don't forget the painting," Zeke added. Jamal and Gunner both looked at him, wondering what he was talking about. "Yeah, she wanted a table painted and we did that for her too."

Jamal and Gunner could barely keep the smirks off their face, remembered how they'd pasted Mrs. Cox's dining table with puddles of cum two nights ago. Gunner composed himself well enough to add to the conversation. "We fixed her back door as well. It was pretty sticky, so we oiled it up, gave it a few hard goes, and now it opens and closes real easy."

"Well, that's good," Brock said, clearly disappointed that there weren't any bigger jobs that needed taking care of. He waved his hand at them as he nodded towards the door. "Go on then. Go to your tutoring lessons. And behave yourselves around those people."

Jamal kissed his mother on the head and the boys scurried out. They barely made it to Jamal's van before they burst out laughing.

"Fixed her back door?" Jamal said as he punched Gunner in the shoulder.

"A crack that needed to be filled?" Gunner replied as they continued to laugh. He then turned to Zeke. "I had no idea where you were going with that painting thing you were talking about."

"Well, it's all that popped into my head. And I couldn't very well say we painted her face, could I?"

They laughed again as Jamal put the van in gear and pulled out into the street. "C'mon, assholes, we've got more dumpin' to do."

*

A nurse's uniform was the last thing Elliott had expected to see on his mother's bed, but there it was. Not a nurse's UNIFORM exactly, it was more like what he'd describe as a nurse's COSTUME. He

couldn't see any real nurse being caught dead wearing what was lying on his mother's bed, not without the hospital being rushed by patients demanding to be cared for by the nurse wearing it, especially if his mom was that nurse.

"C'mon, baby, let's go have some lunch before the boys get here. I think I'm going to need all the energy I can get." His mother reached over and grabbed her fluffy white robe, wrapping it around her naked body and cinching it tight. She nodded towards the nurse's outfit on the bed. "I'll get dressed in that later."

With Elliott decked out in a dry pair of jeans and clean t-shirt, the two of them made themselves a lunch and ate together at the table. They talked about a number of different things, with the topics being similar to what they'd normally be talking about, prior to the intrusion of the bullies into their life. His mother led the way in the conversation, and Elliott was happy to follow, finding the idea of what to say about what was happening in their lives right now somewhat difficult to talk about.

His mother took a quick look at the clock after they'd finished cleaning up. "I better go get dressed. They'll probably be here soon. Honey, maybe you should get your books out and get ready for those tutoring lessons."

"Uh, sure, Mom," Elliott replied, even though he wondered how much tutoring was actually going to happen today, if any.

The two of them went upstairs and as his mother disappeared into her room and closed the door, Elliott went into his own room and started gathering up his textbooks. He remembered that Jamal said he needed to work on his grade in English, and that both Gunner and Zeke needed help with math. He'd taken a quick look at those books yesterday afternoon, while the three of them had been taking turns fucking his mother. From the way they seemed to know their way around the female body, obviously they didn't need any help with Anatomy. He figured he'd let them guide him as to what areas they needed the most help with. Tucking the books under his arm, along with a couple of notebooks and a pen, he made his way back downstairs and set things up on the dining table. He was looking over a section on geometry in his math book when his phone pinged. He saw it was a text message from Jamal.

B there 5 min

It was obvious that a response wasn't necessary, but he sent a simple "OK" anyway. He turned and looked up the stairwell. "Mom," he yelled up, "I just got a text. They'll be here in five minutes."

"Okay," her voice came back. "I'm almost ready."

Elliott got up and went to the front of the house and watched from the window there. He felt like an expectant father, edgy and pacing back and forth as he waited for the boys to show up. He found it funny that just a couple of days ago he would have absolutely dreaded encountering any of the three boys, and now, fuck, he

couldn't wait for them to show up and start putting his mother through her paces again.

His attention was diverted back to the window as he heard Jamal's old van pull into the driveway. He got the door open just as the boys walked up, all of them decked out in their standard low-slung jeans and torso-hugging t-shirts.

"Elliott, my man." He was surprised to hear Jamal say his real name as the black youth slung an arm around his shoulders and led him into the great room at the rear of the house, the large open space containing the kitchen, dining area, and soaring two-storey high family room. The back wall contained a huge bank of windows that overlooked the pool and the hot tub, where the boys had first started making use of his mother's body.

"Hey man, it's after one o'clock. You don't have the game on?" Jamal pointed to the big TV on the opposite side of the room.

Elliott gestured to his school books strewn out across the table. "Oh, I uh, I thought we were going to start with the tutoring."

Gunner stepped over and grabbed the remote off the coffee table. In less than a minute, he had the football game on, with the sound level muted to fairly low.

"Yeah, yeah, we'll get to that soon enough," Jamal replied as he waved his hand dismissively at Elliott's menagerie of books and papers. "Where's our nurse?"

The boys exchanged a knowing glance and looked at Elliott questioningly, sly smiles on their faces.

"Uh, I think she's just finishing getting ready."

"Get her down here. We don't like to be kept waiting," Jamal said.

"MOM," Elliott turned and called up the stairs. "The guys are here."

"I'll be right down," her voice came back to them from upstairs.

"Good. We might as well get comfortable." Jamal plunked himself down in the middle of the couch straight across from the TV before turning to Elliott and gesturing to the dining table where the boy had his books spread out. "Grab a seat, brother." As Elliott meekly sat down at the table, Gunner and Zeke grabbed seats in the two big easy chairs at each end of the couch. The three youths all slouched down and spread their legs out, as if they owned the place. All three had their eyes on the TV as they followed the football game in progress.

"Where uh...where did you get that outfit for her?" Elliott asked Jamal.

"I know a guy who knows a guy who owns one of those adult shops. You know, the kind that sells artificial dicks, love dolls, movies, that kind of shit. They've also got a bunch of adult costumes. I called him and he let us in this morning to check things out. We all liked that nurse's one. We thought it would be perfect for a woman who likes to spend a lot of time getting up close and personal with big dicks."

A noise at the top of the stairs drew their attention and four sets of eyes turned in that direction as Tanya started down the stairs.

"Fuck me," Elliott said to himself as he took in the sight of his mother dressed in the nurse's outfit Jamal had left for her. The first thing he noticed in the white dress part of the get-up was that there were oval cut-outs on each side of the bodice portion. Her smooth skin could be seen where the openings started near the top of her wide hips and ended just beneath the swells of her huge tits. The edges of the openings were trimmed with red piping, which was also at the bottom edge of the short sleeves, the lapels of the uniform, and at the hem, which was incredibly high, ending just an inch or two below her pussy. There was a broad red zipper which ran all the way down the front, from where the diving V of the neckline started at the base of her cleavage to the middle of the bottom hem. A large circular ring operated the zipper and was currently at its highest point, zipped all the way to the top between her heavy breasts. To Elliott, it looked like a zipper you'd find on a scuba diver's wetsuit.

As usual, Elliott's gaze immediately went to his mother's chest. The dress fit her so snugly that her tits were pushed up and together

spectacularly. Her massive breasts filled the front of the outfit, stretching the material until it was taut as a drum. They filled the deep V above the zipper, the swells of flesh wobbling salaciously as she glided down the stairs. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Her big nipples were clearly defined beneath the tight fabric, provocative shadows being cast on the smooth white material by the protruding buds.

Elliott's eyes moved from her mesmerizing tits downwards. From each side of the hem in front, red garters stretched downward about four inches below the hem of the dress, where the tiny clamps bit into the broad top bands of sheer white stockings. The whiteness of the stockings made his mother's tanned legs look beautiful, her creamy golden thighs clearly on display. Elliott's gaze drifted down the length of her shapely legs, until he focussed in on her shoes. They definitely weren't the standard shoes that any nurse he knew would wear. They were red high-heeled pumps, with pointy toes that looked wickedly sexy. The shoes had been left on the bed by Jamal too, who'd obviously raided his mother's closet when he'd set out the outfit. Elliott had seen the shoes a couple of times before, when his mother had worn the pumps with a white pencil skirt and red blouse she sometimes wore for business meetings. Elliott remembered thinking the shoes were really sexy with that outfit, but this was completely different. He was sure she'd never have thought she'd be wearing them with an outfit like this.

As she approached the bottom of the stairs, Elliott looked at her face. Her hair was pulled back and pinned up in a loose bun, drawing your attention to her long regal neck and lovely features. She'd done up her eye makeup in those deeper sexy tones that Jamal said he

liked, and her lips had a fresh coating of the bright wet-look lipstick. To Elliott, those softy pouty pillows seemed to glow, and he almost imagined the words "fuck my mouth" coming off them like a bizarre cartoon bubble.

Two other things completed her outfit. On top of her piled-up blonde hair was some kind of nurse's cap, that he could see was more like a hair band that gripped the sides of her head with a white panel that extended upwards at the top, almost in a fan shape. A red semi-circle went from side to side just below the top edge, and beneath that, a red heart, with a white cross in the middle. The last item was a cheesy red stethoscope that circled her neck and hung downwards, the listening device at the end swaying provocatively back and forth as her hips shifted from side to side as she came down the stairs.

"Well, well, if it isn't Nurse Cox," Jamal said as Tanya reached the bottom step. "Come over here and let's take a look at you." Jamal gestured to his two friends. "Guys, get this coffee table out of the way. Give the lady some room." Gunner and Zeke quickly got to their feet and shifted the coffee table over towards the TV, clearing the space in front of where Jamal was sitting in the middle of the couch.

Tanya made her way across the room, with the bullies blatantly staring at her curvy body lusciously on display in the trampy costume. She couldn't believe how excited she'd felt after she put the outfit on. The dress part fit her like a second skin. She was barely able to fit her girls into it, and even she was impressed by the way they stretched the fabric almost to the bursting point. The cut-outs above

each hip made it look teasingly sexy, as did the exposed red garters built right into the hem of the dress. And what a short hem it was. The red piping marking the edge of the hem just barely covered her bum, not to mention how much of her thighs it left exposed.

Jamal had set out her red pumps to go with the outfit, and she had to admit they complimented it to a tee. With the white stockings, the red shoes matched the red piping and accents on the outfit perfectly. She hadn't been sure what to do with her hair. She wasn't sure whether he would want her to have it up or down. And then she'd found a note he'd tucked under the nurse's cap. He'd scrawled it on a scrap of paper using one of her eyebrow pencils, which he'd dropped right there with the note.

NO BRA. HAIR UP, LIPSTICK ON. I'LL BE USING THAT SWEET MOUTH OF YOURS FIRST.

Tanya had shivered when she'd read the note, remembering how incredible it felt to have her mouth on Jamal's huge cock. She thought about not only how big it was, but how hard it got, how incredibly fucking hard, and yet the surface felt so velvety smooth in her mouth at the same time. There was so much power in that cock that it had taken her breath away, and then when he'd come in her mouth, she'd thought she'd pass out from the intense feelings of excitement coursing through her. She'd had one of her mini orgasms when he'd started flooding her mouth with cum, and she knew she wanted more, a lot more. And Jamal definitely had more to give her. Fuck, he'd come like a fucking racehorse, almost drowning her with his load. But she'd loved taking every last drop of his thick, rich cum,

and she knew she'd never deny him the use of her mouth anytime he wanted.

With those lurid thoughts running through her mind, she'd done her makeup and pinned her hair up tightly into place, wanting to make Jamal happy. She waited until after she'd put the sexy outfit on before applying her lipstick, and then she took her time, letting the application brush leave a thick, glistening coating of the brilliant red lipstick. She'd puckered up as she smiled at herself in the mirror, knowing the boys would be fucking her mouth soon enough.

"That's the way, nurse. Bring that sexy body over here," Jamal said as he nodded to the area in front of him where the coffee table had been. From his slouched position, his eyes roamed over her lush form as he blatantly ran his hand over his crotch and down the inside of one thigh, his hand rubbing against the meaty pipe lying beneath his jeans.

Tanya walked a step or two past him and then turned in a slow circle as she came back to stand in front of him, letting each of the boys view her curvy body from every delicious angle.

"Nice, very nice," Jamal said as his eyes went to her huge tits, which were all but bursting out of the top part of the outfit. "Put your hands on your hips and face me directly." Tanya obediently complied, which brought a sly smile to Jamal's face.

"That's my good girl. Now, put your feet about shoulder width apart." Again, Tanya did as she was told and stepped slightly to each side. As her sexy high heels went further apart, the hem of the dress grew taut across her thighs, and even slid up a fraction of an inch. Her creamy thighs now formed an inverted 'V', like an arrow pointing to her treasure cove.

"That's the way. Now pull your elbows back. Try and touch them behind your back."

Tanya did, pulling her elbows in and back as she kept her hands on her hips. Just as Jamal had hoped, her actions caused her breasts to thrust forward and up, the voluminous spheres filling the deeply-scooped neckline even more. As the big red zipper fought to contain the thrusting mounds, all eyes opened wide as soft piles of tit-flesh threatened to spill over the top edge of the dress.

"Oh fuck, man, look at those tits," Zeke said, groping his own cock openly as he stared at Tanya's impressive shelf, his view coming in profile, where he could really see how much those spectacular globes were thrusting forward.

"Jesus, they're perfect," Gunner added as his hand rubbed over his crotch as well. His view was the same as Zeke's, except from the other side.

"They are perfect, aren't they," Jamal agreed as he slid his zipper down. He reached into his open fly and drew out his tumescent cock,

which was already half-hard. Her slowly stroked it as he rolled his knees apart and nodded to the floor in front of him. "Get down here on your knees, nurse. I need to give you a sperm sample."

Gunner and Zeke chuckled as Tanya's eyes immediately went to the lengthening snake growing beneath Jamal's stroking hand. As if mesmerized, she obediently dropped to her knees and shuffled forward. The young black man's huge knob was already drooling precum, and she felt herself grow hungry as she looked at the teasing web of cock-sap filling the wet red eye at the tip.

"You want that, don't you, sweetheart?" Jamal said as he waved his rising prick teasingly in front of Tanya's face.

"Yes sir," she said in a soft breathy voice, her eyes glued hypnotically to the young man's swelling cockhead.

"Come closer, baby, come and get a taste of that cock-sap you love so much." Jamal gripped his swollen dick firmly and took a long slow stroke from the base upwards, stopping with his hand just beneath the purple rope-like ridge of his corona. His sliding hand had forced a sizeable dollop of precum to ooze from the tip of his cock, the slimy web of discharge starting to distend downwards. It quivered erotically, the teardrop-shaped gob of syrupy precum at the tip hanging lower and lower, but the thickness of it kept it from breaking free.

"Ohhnn," Tanya gasped with a plaintive moan as she dove down and extended her tongue. Four sets of teenage eyes watched, all of them turned on by the MILF's lewdness as she let that clingy web of cock-honey settle on the flat of her tongue. She moved her mouth upwards, gathering it all in before slipping her shiny red lips right over the head of Jamal's surging cock.

"That's it. Suck that cock. Suck that big black cock. If you do a good job, I'll let you take that sperm sample all the way into your belly."

Jamal released his stiffening prick as Tanya reached up and slipped her hand around the burgeoning shaft. Her red-tipped fingers looked wickedly sinful against his black skin as she shucked it up and down, pumping more of his flowing precum onto her tongue. She started bobbing her head. Her bright red lips were pursed forward, and as she moved her mouth up and down, her lips and working tongue left a shiny red residue on his now rock-hard cock.

"That's it, work that cock. Get it nice and wet. Slobber all over it."

Under Jamal's instructions, Tanya pushed a big wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, bathing the huge black cock filling her mouth. It didn't take long until her gooey spit oozed out around the circle of her sucking lips. The glistening fluid was becoming frothy as it slid down his upright shaft to coat her pumping fingers.

"That's enough for now, you've got me good and hard," Jamal said. "Sit back for a second."

Reluctant to let the beautiful black cock out of her mouth, Tanya swiped her tongue over the drooling tip one last time before sitting back on her haunches. She kept one hand wrapped around the long thick shaft, slowly pumping it back and forth.

"Let's take a look at those tits of yours," Jamal said as he sat forward and reached for the ring at the top of the zipper on Tanya's outfit. He slowly pulled it downwards. As he did, her breasts swelled forwards to fill the gap opening up as the zipper descended. As Jamal kept going, the insides of her areolae came into view, and then her budding nipples almost seemed to burst forth as the tightly-stretched material opened wider. The pert red buds seemed in their glory at gaining their freedom from the confining dress, as if begging for fingers or a mouth to reach out and caress them. Jamal lowered the zipper to the point that her huge breasts were totally exposed, with the panels of the dress supporting them from the sides only, pushing them forwards and together. Her cleavage was a mile long, and enticingly dark and deep.

From his spot at the table, Elliott stared in awe. He'd seen his mother's tits a lot in the last day or two, but right now, as she kneeled before Jamal, they looked amazing the way sides of the tight dress were making them thrust out from her body. Her massive breasts looked like they were being offered up as a gift of respect to a Nubian king, which Elliott figured was about right, with the role he knew Jamal now held in their lives.

"You like those, Elliott?" Jamal said as he looked over to see Elliott staring at his mother's tits, his eyes open wide and his hand unconsciously rubbing the crotch of his jeans. "You like your mama's big titties?"

Struck dumb, and with his eyes locked on those spectacular breasts, Elliott could only nod.

"Well, I've got a little treat for you. I'm gonna let you watch while I fuck those titties." Jamal turned towards Gunner. "Get him a glass from the kitchen."

Gunner nodded and rose from his seat. He strode into the kitchen and tried a couple of cupboards before he found some drinking glasses. He grabbed a mid-sized tumbler and set it on the table next to Elliott before retaking his seat, his own eyes zeroing in on the MILF's huge tits.

"What...what's that for?" Elliott asked as he looked down at the glass.

Jamal nodded towards Elliott's crotch. "From the way you're rubbing at that cock of yours, I figured you need to get off. So take it out and whack off while you enjoy the show. When you're ready to come, shoot it into that glass. I'm sure your mom won't mind getting an extra dose of cum." He turned back to Tanya. "Will you, sweetheart?"

"No," Tanya said as she flushed, a guilty look on her face.

"Just no? No what?" Jamal's voice took on a stern tone.

"No sir. I'm sorry," Tanya replied meekly.

"That's better, that's my girl," Jamal said, a big smile on his face as he continued to slowly stroke his drooling erection. "You like it when we feed you all that gravy, don't you?"

"Yes sir." Tanya could feel her face flushing with arousal. She couldn't help herself as her tongue slid out and circled her mouth as her eyes stayed glued on the dripping tip of Jamal's cock.

"That's what I thought." Jamal continued to wave his throbbing erection at her teasingly, his hand wrapped around the base. "Drool some of that hot spit of yours on my cock. I want this black barrel nice and slippery before I fuck those big tits of yours."

Doing as she was told, Tanya leaned forward, her red lips formed into a kiss as she positioned her mouth over the angry purple knob of Jamal's cock. She let her lips open, and the boys all watched as a frothy ribbon of saliva slowly oozed forth, the gooey wad of spit slowly descending before it hit the puffy cockhead and slid provocatively down the veiny shaft. They watched her work up another mouthful, and then drool that one over Jamal's surging erection as well, the ebony prick glistening nastily.

"That's the way," Jamal said, a lecherous smile on his face. "Now bring those big tits over here and wrap them around that cock. Work that gun real good for me."

Tanya leaned forward as Jamal held his throbbing erection upright, the bulging veins in the stiff shaft pulsing erotically. She placed her hands on the sides of her breasts and pressed the soft mounds against his rearing dick. The black stick looked wickedly sinful against her pale white skin as she moved forwards until it was almost totally buried within her cleavage. The engorged head stood well up above the encompassed shaft, the purple knob almost hitting her in the chin. Not needing to be told what to do, she started to move her body up and down as her hands kept her warm breasts pressed tightly against his meaty dong.

"Oh fuck, yeah. That's good, sweetheart. Real good," Jamal said as he removed his hand from his cock in order to let the slippery channel between her tits move up and down over the full length of his prick. "Drool a little more spit on that dick. I want it wetter."

Tanya drew her chin back and turned her mouth downwards, letting another shiny strand of gob drip down onto his cock. She moved her body slightly from side to side as her hands kept her boobs pressed against his rigid member, coating it from top to bottom with her slimy spit.

"That's it, baby. That's the way. Now work that cock real good with those tits."

Tanya kept her hands pressed against the sides of her breasts as she moved up and down, Jamal's huge cock sliding luxuriously between the massive swells. She kept this going for the next few minutes as each of the boys watched, their hands rubbing their own dicks.

Elliott had done as Jamal instructed, and as soon as his mother had drooled that first gob of spit onto Jamal's cock, he'd whipped his out of his jeans and started jerking off. From his spot at the table, he had a perfect view from the side of the lurid events happening before him. It was incredibly erotic to see his mother on her knees, servicing his black bully, her huge tits wrapped around his long ebony cock. As she started moving her body more vigorously up and down, Elliott found his hand pumping at the same rate, in rhythm with the tit-fucking happening on the couch.

"Jesus, those tits are fantastic, you've got me ready to blow already," Jamal said. "Keep doin' that with your tits, but take the tip in your mouth. I want to feed this load right into that pretty mouth of yours."

Tanya kind of hunched her body as she tilted her head down, wrapping her lips around the engorged knob of his cock in a loving kiss. A wet sucking smooching sound came from her mouth as she drew on the seeping tip, already slurping up his flowing precum. As she worked on the head of his cock, she kept it enveloped between her spit-soaked tits, her soft mounds of flesh giving his prick a slippery hot sheath to fuck.

"OH FUCK! HERE IT COMES. GONNA FEED YOU THAT GRAVY," Jamal moaned as he started to go off.

"AACKK..." Tanya made a small gagging sound as the first shot of spunk rifled right down her throat. It had happened so fast that she wasn't ready for it. That first huge gob of cum backed up and slid out the sides of her mouth and drizzled down his upright shaft, sliding lasciviously right off his cock and into her cleavage. The first shot was followed by more as Jamal filled her sucking mouth with a torrent of cum, jet after jet of liquid protein filling her oral cavity. She swallowed, and swallowed again, but as she was quickly learning, with the amount Jamal shot, it was all but impossible to keep up.

As soon as that first volley of jizz dripped out of his mother's mouth and slid nastily down the pulsing shaft of Jamal's cock, Elliott lost it right there. He could feel his own climax come over him like a crashing wave. Not wanting to make Jamal angry, he quickly grabbed the empty glass and stuck the end of his twitching prick past the rim. He looked down as his spunk shot forth, the white rope splashing against the side of the glass before pooling in the bottom.

"FUCK YEAH, WOMAN, GET IT ALL," Elliott heard Jamal say. He quickly looked up as his hand pistoned rapidly back and forth, jacking his prick like a madman into the glass. He saw the muscles in his mother's neck contract as she swallowed, and he heard a nasty gulping sound as she swallowed the black boy's teenage cum, but still, Jamal continued to fill her mouth, with the overflow slipping out and down her chin. The black boy's brilliantly-white cum looked wickedly sexy as it dangled from her chin and dropped onto the soft

flesh of her tits, the spunk looking like drops of tapioca splashed on her body.

"Ungghh," Elliott groaned as he continued to come as well, his prick spewing wad after wad of milky boy-cum into the glass. Finally, he could pump out no more, but Jamal was still going, feeding his mother a massive load. At last, Jamal too felt the last tingling shivers of his orgasm pass through his body, and he sat still as Tanya continued to nurse at the seeping tip of his cock, wanting to get as much cum out of him as she could.

"It looks like our boy is finished too," Jamal said as he looked over at Elliott with a knowing smile on his face before turning to his friend. "Gunner, now that I've given Nurse Cox that sperm sample, I think she needs something to wash it down with."

Gunner simply smiled and rose from his chair. He stepped over to the table and as Elliott sat there as if stunned, one hand wrapped around his shrinking cock and the other one holding the glass, Gunner snatched the glass out of Elliott's hand and strode across the room, where he handed it to Jamal.

"That's quite a load for a little guy," Jamal said as he swirled the copious amount of milky fluid all around the bottom of the glass. "Yes, very impressive." He turned and looked at Tanya as he held the glass out to her. "But I think we all know where you want this to go, don't we?"

Tanya sat back slightly as she guiltily nodded and took the glass, strands of Jamal's semen dangling off her chin. Without a word, she brought the glass to her mouth and tipped it up. All four boys watched, totally enthralled, as the pearly wad of jizz slid teasingly along the side of the glass and right into her waiting mouth. She swallowed, and then set her tongue inside the rim as she rolled the glass all around, licking up the cummy residue.

"That's it. That's the way, get every last drop of your baby's cum. Swallow it all," Jamal said encouragingly.

And Tanya did. Her tongue reached into the depths of the glass as she licked it clean, and then her hands went to her chin, where she gathered up the clinging wads of spunk, feeding them to herself. As she licked her fingers clean, the three bullies watched her intently, contented smiles on their faces.

"Jesus, she really loves the shit, doesn't she?" Zeke said, his rigid dick pressing needily against the front of his jeans.

"Fuckin' right she does," Gunner added as he groped himself as well. "And we're gonna give her as much as she can handle. But right now, I want to play doctor with Nurse Cox. I've got a nice big thermometer and I want to take her temperature, the proper way—in the ass."

"But just to make sure we get an accurate reading," Zeke said, "I'll use my own thermometer and take her temperature orally at the same time."

Tanya looked from one boy to the other, unsure of what to do. Jamal stood up right in front of her and quickly drew the tip of his heavy member once more across her lips before tucking it back into his pants and zipping up. "That's fine," he said as he addressed his two friends. "But take her upstairs first. Elliott here's gonna give me my tutoring lesson, and I don't want to be distracted by you two pencil dicks fuckin' around."

Zeke and Gunner hurriedly stood up and helped Tanya to her feet. With her big tits still sticking out of the unzipped front of the nurse's outfit, they each took a hand and lead her up the stairs. Elliott watched as the bedroom door closed.

"Put that dick away, Elliott. I don't want that little pea-shooter aimed at me while we're having our lesson," Elliott heard Jamal say and turned to see the young black man standing next him. Jamal nodded to Elliott's crotch, where his hand was still wrapped around his spent member.

In the flurry of activity, Elliott had been struck dumb by the various emotions that had overwhelmed him. When Jamal had started fucking his mother's tits, Elliott had come faster than he'd expected. The blatant way his bully had used his mother's body for his own perverse desires had struck Elliott with a testosterone jolt as well. His own dick had been hard as rock as he'd watched Jamal slide his massive prick up and down between his mother's voluptuous breasts, the teasing channel between her tits made slippery and illicitly erotic by a shiny coating of her own spit. Elliott's prick had

responded by throbbing with need, and he'd beat it mercilessly until he'd spewed that milky load into the glass. And then his mother drank it down—no—she gulped it down. Her desire for cum apparently knew no bounds. She was as happy swallowing her own son's cum as she was from the three bigger boys. It had all been too much for Elliott, and he'd sat there in a daze, until Jamal's words broke him out of his trancelike state.

"Oh, uh, sorry," Elliott said as he quickly stuffed his softening dick into his pants and zipped up.

Jamal pulled out a chair at the table and sat next to Elliott. Being this close to the big black youth made Elliott realize how small he really was. "Like I said, you and I are gonna help each other out here," Jamal said. He nodded towards the books on the table. "I need some help with that shit we're doing in English, and you need help understanding your way around tits and pussy, right?"

Elliott felt himself flushing, but he nodded nonetheless.

"Good," Jamal continued. "Now, what is that ancient Greek shit the teacher wants us to read, 'Oedipus the King', or some such shit?"

"Uh, it's actually called 'Oedipus Rex', but that does mean Oedipus the King, yes."

"And this Oedipus dude, he's the one that wants to be a motherfucker, right?"

Elliott couldn't help the smile that came over his face. "Well, yes," he replied with a nod.

Jamal grinned broadly, his pearly whites beaming like a toothpaste commercial. "That is kind of appropriate, based on what's happening in this very house, don't you think?" Again, Elliott could only nod in agreement. "Yes, but in your case, he should be called 'Eat-a-puss the King'. Yeah, that seems right, because between us and your mama, we're going to keep you busy enough slurping at that cum-filled pussy of hers that you'll definitely be the king pussy eater."

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

They both looked up as that tell-tale noise of the creaking bed came down to them from upstairs. It was quickly followed by a steady thumping that filtered rhythmically through the floor.

"Yeah, they're gonna be keeping her busy for a while, so let's get down to it," Jamal said as he sat forward and pointed to the books. "Teach me some shit so the teacher doesn't think I'm such a dumbass all the time."

Elliott opened his books and started talking. Jamal listened intently, and Elliott was surprised by how quickly the boy picked up on some

concepts, and how insightful and pertinent the questions he asked were. And as the lesson moved along, the incessant squeaking and rhythmic thumping from above continued. About a half-hour into the lesson, the noise stopped, but resumed less than a minute or two later. Elliott realized they must have just changed positions, and he wondered who was using which hole of his mother's now.

About fifteen minutes after that, the bedroom door opened and Zeke came down, dressed only in his jeans. The bed continued to squeak in protest as Zeke came down the stairs, and Elliott knew Gunner was still pounding it into his mother.

"You're up," Zeke said to Jamal as he pointed up the stairs over his shoulder. "Fuck, that woman loves cock. I don't think she'll ever get enough."

"Well, we'll try our best, won't we?" Jamal said as he got up from the table and gave his friend a fist-bump. He turned to Elliott and gestured to the books. "We'll continue with shit tomorrow. You did good, Elliott. Real good. See if you can do the same with this dipshit."

Elliott was thrilled by Jamal's words of praise. Based on what the young man had promised him about being able to eat out his mother, he definitely wanted to keep on his good side. And it wasn't just his words of praise that made Elliott glad, he was happy to have heard Jamal actually call him by his real name, which he usually held in check for only when Elliott's mother was around. No 'Smelliott', no 'Smallcox' this time, just 'Elliott'.

Jamal bounded up the stairs and into the master bedroom as Zeke crossed behind Elliott and made his way to the fridge. "Yeah, I'm gonna need one of these to keep up with that mother of yours," he said as he pulled out a can of Red Bull and came back to the table. As he sat next to Elliott in the seat Jamal had vacated, Elliott saw the fine sheen of perspiration on the boy's muscular chest, and he could definitely detect the smell of sex coming from his body. It was an intoxicating combination of the three Cs: cock, cunt, and cum. If he could smell that coming off of Zeke, he wondered what his mother's room smelled like. Probably like a cheap whorehouse. Just the thought of that had Elliott's perverse mind spinning.

"Yeah, math," Zeke said after popping open his can and taking a big gulp. "I've always sucked at math. And my mother'll kick my ass if I don't even get a fifty. Do you think you can give me a hand?"

Elliott shrugged and reached for his books. "Uh, sure. Let's give it a shot." As he opened his math book, the sounds coming from above seemed to change in volume slightly, the squeaking and thumping getting louder, as if someone had turned the knob up a notch or two. The change caused Elliott to instinctively look up at the bedroom floor above him.

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

"Don't worry about that," Zeke said. "That's just Jamal puttin' it to your mom. You'll get used to it."

Wondering if he would ever get used to the erotic sounds of his powerful black bully pounding his mother into the mattress, Elliott did his best to try and tune out the lewd noises. He started in on some basic geometry problems with Zeke, who, surprisingly, did seem willing to learn. Elliott didn't know if it was because the boy was relaxed from having dumped a load or two into his mother, or what, but he was able to concentrate on the math problems Elliot gave him.

They kept at it for close to forty-five minutes before he could see Zeke was starting to zone out. His brain was shutting down due to information overload. Just as those thoughts were going through Elliott's mind, the bedroom door upstairs opened and Gunner came out. Like Zeke, he was bare-chested with only his jeans on. Through the floor, the sounds of the noisy bed continued, with Jamal working Elliott's mother over on his own.

"Oh fuck, that woman is so fucking hot," Gunner said as he went to the fridge and pulled out a Red Bull as well. He popped it open and took a big slug right there on the spot, almost draining the can in one fell swoop.

"Good, I need you take over here," Zeke said as he got up from the table. It was clear that he was happy that his lesson was done. "Just listening to you assholes giving it to her has got me all primed to give her a few more loads."

"Don't worry, pal," Gunner said as he took his spot in the seat next to Elliott. "She can take all we've got to give, and still want more. Man, what a hot piece of ass."

"That mouth of hers is something else, eh?" Zeke said, shifting from foot to foot, clearly itching to get back upstairs.

"Oh fuck, it's not just her mouth. Her pussy, her ass, those huge fucking tits. It's not only that she's got a gorgeous face and a perfect body, it's what she can do with it. You definitely need some of this stuff just to keep up with her." Gunner held up his can of Red Bull and then drained it before setting it down on the table with a firm slam as he gave off a contented burp.

Elliott noticed how casually the two boys talked about his mother in that way right in front of him. He realized they didn't care what he thought at all. The truth was, he loved hearing them talk about her that way. He felt himself flushing as waves of excitement flowed through him as they discussed what an amazing fuck she was.

Zeke bounded up the stairs, his fingers already working to undo his fly as he entered the bedroom and closed the door behind. Gunner flicked his hand casually toward the books in front of Elliott. "Well, Smallcox, go ahead and teach me something. If the other two can sit through this kind of shit, I can do it too."

Elliott was quickly getting the picture that Gunner was the biggest hardass of the group. Jamal could be, but Elliott could see already

that Jamal only did that when necessary. The black youth could definitely turn on the charm when it suited him, which Elliott realized he'd done with his mother, and he'd likely used on Mrs. Tremblay. But with Gunner, it was different, definitely different. There was no 'Elliott' when he spoke to him by name. It was 'Smallcox', this time anyway. He was sure 'Smelliott' was the other option that had run through Gunner's pea-brain prior to him speaking.

"Uh, you're having trouble with math too, right?" Elliott asked.

Gunner laughed. "Trouble? I guess you could say that. Math, fuck...I hate that shit."

"Um, well..." Elliott said, unsure of even how to continue.

Gunner could see the hesitation in Elliott. He sat forward and tapped the open textbook that Elliott had been working from with Zeke. "Like I said, if those other two can do it, I can do it. So let's get started. I want to get this over with so I can go back and fuck your mother some more."

Well, you can't really put it more blatant than that, Elliott thought to himself as he pulled the book closer. He went back to the same place he's started with Zeke. It only took a few minutes before Elliott realized Gunner was basically dumb as a post. He did listen, and he did try, but he wasn't all that successful, especially at first. Elliott could see that for Gunner, it was more a pride thing. Like he'd said,

"If the other two could do it, he could do it." It was almost like he was doing it out of spite. Given the choice, Elliott knew Gunner wanted no part of this tutoring business. But Jamal was their unspoken leader, and he knew Gunner didn't want to cross Jamal, especially when Jamal was letting his pals use Elliott's mother as their personal cum-bucket whenever they wanted. Elliott guiltily had to admit it was the same reason he himself was going along with the whole tutoring business as well.

Just under a half hour into their session, they both looked up as the incessant thumping and squeaking noise from upstairs stopped. Gunner had been working quietly on a problem Elliott had given him and they both sat there, struck by the roaring silence from above. It only lasted a few minutes before it started up again.

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

"I guess she wants some more," Gunner said, a sly smile on his face. He stood up from the table and dropped his pencil on the notebook, the problem half done. "And who am I to deny a lady of what she wants."

With that nasty lewd smile on his face, Elliott sat there as Gunner turned and walked back up the stairs, once again closing the door behind him once he'd entered the bedroom. Resigned to the fact that the tutoring lessons were over for the day, Elliott stacked up his books and carried them upstairs. He stopped on the way past his mother's room and listened at the door. The relentless creaking and thumping continued, but he was able to hear his mother's distinct

moans and groans, which definitely sounded more like moans of pleasure than pain. The boy's voices were reduced to mere mumbles by the solid wood door, but as he listened closely, he did hear Zeke's voice raise in volume, and Elliott was able to make out what he said: "Fuck yeah, that's it. Swallow it. Swallow all that shit."

It wasn't hard for Elliott to figure out what was happening at that moment. With a sad sigh that he'd been shut out at this point, he went into his room and put his books on his desk. He sat down and booted up his computer. Usually when he was home alone with his mother in the middle of a weekend, he'd pull up some of his Photoshopped pictures of her and jerk off. But today, with his bullies fucking her every which way just down the hall from him, jerking off over pictures of her just didn't seem like the right thing to do. He wasn't sure why, but deep down he was hoping that Jamal would call him in, that they'd need their 'Cleanup Boy', and make him do his thing. As had happened before when they'd made him do that, they'd let him get off himself by using his mother. He didn't want to waste a load by jerking off if there was even the slightest chance that might happen in the near future.

So he played his new video game instead. And all the while, the sounds of the relentless fucking continued to seep through the walls from his mother's bedroom. It made him restless, and he didn't know what to do with himself. Feeling confused and antsy, he shut off his computer and tramped downstairs. He plopped himself on the couch and turned on the TV, where he eventually found a favorite old movie that had just started.

The movie was almost over when he heard a sound from upstairs and saw Zeke stick his head around the corner of the door. "Hey Elliott," he yelled down.

"Yeah," Elliott said as he got up from the couch and looked up at the boy.

"Grab us some cans of Red Bull, would ya?" Zeke said as he gestured towards the fridge.

"Uh, sure, okay." Elliott stepped over to the fridge and grabbed three cans before turning around.

"No," Zeke said as he held up his hand, stopping Elliott after he'd only taken a couple of steps. "We need four cans."

"Four?" Elliott asked, clearly confused.

"Yeah, your mother says she wants one too." Zeke gave Elliott a crooked smile and shrugged his shoulders, making it obvious that no further explanation was needed.

"Uh, okay." With his own face flushing with illicit arousal, and some degree of guilt he felt on behalf of his mother, Elliott turned around and grabbed a fourth can. When he got to the top of the stairs he was hoping to catch a glimpse of what was happening inside, but Zeke

reached around and grabbed the cans from him and closed the door before he'd been able to see anything. The only thing he heard was his mother speaking before the door closed completely, her voice low and breathy, "Oh God, so big, so fucking big..."

With the door shut right in his face, Elliott went back downstairs and watched the rest of the movie. And then found another one that was just starting. And the bed continued to creak and the constant thumping sound went on and on, interrupted with only brief silences every now and again. About an hour after he'd delivered the Red Bull, the door opened again, only this time Jamal stepped out completely naked, his majestic dick hanging heavily between his legs. He came and stood at the top of the stairs as Elliott looked up at him. He leaned against the stair guardrail while he reached down and scratched idly at his shaven groin, just above the root of his dangling phallus. Even from downstairs, Elliott could see his mother's juices shining nastily on the black youth's ebony prick.

"Everybody's getting hungry," Jamal said. "Your mom said she wants you to take some money from her purse and run down to Robbie's." Elliott knew what Robbie's was, a mom and pop takeout place that made the best burgers and dogs in town. It put McDonalds, Burger King, or any other of those shit chain fast food places to shame. Nobody could compete with Robbie's. "She said for you to grab some burgers and fries for us. Get some drinks too. Coke's will be fine this time. And yeah, get something for yourself too." Jamal paused as Elliott nodded. Elliott felt himself wincing inside at that last comment, as if including him had been an afterthought. "I asked your mother if she wanted one of Robbie's foot-longs, since she seemed to like ours so much." The look of surprise on Elliott's face brought a

big smile to Jamal's. "But I guess she's happy with ours, since she said a burger would be just fine."

"Uh, what do you guys want on them," Elliott asked, again wanting to make sure he didn't come back with something that would make Jamal upset with him.

"Gunner and I take 'em fully dressed, but that fuck-up Zeke likes his with just ketchup. I don't know, maybe it's got something to do with him always wanting to earn his Red Wings."

"Red Wings?" Elliott asked, his eyebrows arching up questioningly.

"Yeah, it's a Hells Angels thing. They say you earn your Red Wings if you eat out a girl that's on the rag."

"Oh," Elliott replied, his mind picturing what Jamal had just said.

"Yeah, Zeke's dad's in the Angels and I know he's got a Red Wing patch on his leather vest. Zeke's probably doing his best to be like his dad. So anyway, he likes ketchup only on his burger, that's it. Kind of fucked up, eh?"

"Uh well..." Elliott shrugged.

"Yeah, well, get out of here. Your mom wants us to have more fuel, and she wants some too. We're not done with her yet, and I guess she's not done with us either." He winked at Elliott as he reached down and hefted his tumescent dick, his hand starting to slide provocatively back and forth. He turned and went back into the bedroom, closing the door once more.

Having been dismissed once more, but not wanting to miss anything that might happen that would include him, Elliott grabbed some bills out of his mother's purse and drove to Robbies. He prayed he wouldn't be pulled over by the cops for speeding, but he made it to the restaurant and back in record time.

Not sure of what to do once he got back home, he put the bags of food and the tray of drinks he'd bought on the dining table. The constant thumping and creaking of the bed was still coming through the floor from upstairs. He looked up at the bedroom door, and then at the bags of food, and then back at the bedroom door again, wondering if he should go up and knock at the door, or if they were going to come down to eat at the table. Finally, he called out loudly, "HELLO? I'M UH...I'M BACK WITH THE FOOD."

He heard the heavy tread of footsteps on the floor and looked up as Gunner opened the door and poked his blonde head around the corner.

"Uh, I've got all the food right here," Elliott said, gesturing to the table.

"Great," Gunner replied. "Take your stuff out and bring the rest up here."

Saddened that they weren't coming out to eat, and hadn't even asked him to join them in the bedroom, Elliott did as he was told. He grabbed his own burger and a container of fries and set them on the table before bringing the rest up for them. Gunner was quick to take the bag and tray of drinks once Elliott made it to the top of the stairs.

"Good job, Smelliott. Close the door behind me, will ya?" Gunner said as he took a quick glance over his shoulder before turning back to Elliott, a big grin on his face. "My hands are kinda full, kind of like your mother's mouth and pussy is right now."

Elliott obediently closed the door once Gunner had retreated into the room, but not before once again hearing some low rapturous moans from his mother. The sound was partially muffled, and he knew, as Gunner had said, that her mouth must have been full of hard cock. He made his way back downstairs to eat his food. Within a few minutes, that symphonic squeaking and thumping finally stopped. The silence continued for about twenty minutes, and then started up again.

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

With a sigh, but with his eager cock still semi-hard in his jeans, Elliott plopped himself on the couch and watched another movie. Two

hours later, as dusk was coming on, the movie finished, and shortly after he'd started in on another one, the relentless creaking upstairs stopped. A couple of minutes after that, the three boys came out of the bedroom and made their way down the stairs, each of them doing up their pants on the way down. To Elliott, all three looked like they'd played a full game of football, with maybe an extra quarter or two of overtime thrown in, but all three had broad smiles on their faces.

"We've gotta get going," Jamal said as they approached Elliott. "It's a school day tomorrow, so we need our sleep. You know what I mean?" Gunner and Zeke chuckled at that. "So, Clean-up Boy, we'll leave you to it. I think you've got quite a bit of work to do upstairs."

Jamal gestured to the other two and the three of them strode to the front door and out, Gunner bringing up the rear. He purposely jostled Elliott on the way by and whispered into his ear, "I dumped my last load into her ass just a few minutes ago. I bet it's still nice and warm, just the way you like it."

Elliott was shocked to find that Gunner's comment didn't make him feel guilty or anxious, it made him surprisingly more excited. As soon as the front door closed, he rushed up the stair, stopping only when he reached the door to his mother's room. "Mom?" he said softly as he opened the door and stepped inside. The first thing that hit him was the smell. The smell of pure sex. It was even stronger than yesterday, the combined scents of cock, cum, and cunt hitting him like powerful wave. The intoxicating fragrance sent a rush of blood pulsing right to his midsection.

"Mom?" Elliott repeated as he walked further into the room. With night coming on, the bullies must have turned on the lights on the bedside tables. The light bathed his mother in a warm amber glow as she lay face down on the bed. Like yesterday, she was out cold. He could see she was breathing evenly, but she seemed dead to world, fucked to the point of exhaustion.

The bed itself was a disaster, with the new crimson sheets in total disarray. The fitted sheet had been pulled up from the bottom while the top sheet was a tattered mess. And the rich crimson color was stained and dotted everywhere with gobs of cum. Some had soaked into the sheets to become almost black in color, while some bigger gobs remained intact, the milky wads and white strands clinging lasciviously to the dark red fabric.

Elliott stood near the bottom corner of the bed and looked down at his mother's prone form. Lying on her stomach with her legs stretched out behind her, he was surprised to see that she was still wearing the nurse's outfit, well, what was left of it anyway. He could see the sides of her breasts through the openings in the sides of the outfit, which seemed to have been torn open, allowing more to be shown than the teasing cutouts had originally allowed. Her sizable breasts were mashed down against the sheets beneath her, with the swelling mounds of tit-flesh pushing out to each side of her body. He could also see that one sleeve had been torn right off and was lying on the ground next to the bed. Her high heels were lying at the side of the bed as well, but she still had the sexy white nylons on her legs. The clips of the garters that were built into the nurse's dress had been pulled free, but were still attached to the hem of the dress, the garters

dangling freely. The bottom of the dress was pushed up, gathered at the small of her back, her big curvy bum clearly on display.

Elliott looked back up towards her face, which was turned sideways towards him. Her lustrous blonde hair was a mess, swirling about her head as it lay on a cum-spackled pillow. Her hair looked wild and sexy, and even from where he stood at the foot of the bed, he could see that her silky locks were matted and sticky with cum, just like yesterday. There even seemed to be wads of the stuff clumped in the hair on the back of her head, and he wondered exactly how that had ended up there. He looked more closely at her face as she was lying on her side, one cheek pressed against the pillow. Wads and strands of white goo were all over the one cheek he could see, while still more seemed to be drooling from her parted lips and hanging off her chin. Like yesterday, the bullies had made good use of her mouth before leaving.

Elliott could see that she was breathing evenly, asleep and dead to the world. He wondered if she'd simply fallen asleep or if she'd passed out from being fucking over and over again by the monstrous cocks of the three boys. He took a step closer and took a good look at her upturned bum. Her legs were spread quite far apart, but not far enough to get a close up view of her bumhole. Elliott reached down and slipped his hands around each nylon-clad ankle. Being careful not to wake her up, he slowly drew her legs apart, opening her right up. She didn't stir one little bit as he manhandled her.

"Fuck me," he muttered under his breath as he gently set her feet down near each corner of the bed. He kneeled on the bottom edge of

the bed and took a good close look. Her bumhole was facing directly towards him. It looked red and puffy, and he knew it must have taken a lot of abuse over the past number of hours. He glanced over towards the night table, where he saw the top popped off the bottle of Astroglide. He could see through the plastic of the purple bottle, and it looked like they'd gone through almost half the bottle of the lube already. He looked back at her little pink hole, and saw that the tiny opening was leaking cum. There it was, just as Gunner had said. The blonde boy's last load was right there, slowly oozing out of her. But from the looks of things, that hadn't been the only load that had been pumped into her ass. The smooth cheeks of her bum had a shiny coating, which Elliott figured was likely residue from the Astroglide, but there were numerous gobs of semen clinging to bum as well. And besides the fresh load of jizz leaking from her puckered little hole, the area all around it was riddled with traces of cum too. As were the backs and insides of her thighs, as well as the mound of her pussy that he could see pressed against the sheets.

"Fuck, the sheets...look at the sheets," Elliott thought to himself as he looked at the patch of sheeting he could see visible beneath her midsection. It was absolutely soaked! Darkened by what he figured was partly the lubricant, partly the boys' cum that had soaked into the fabric, and likely partly from his mother's gushing juices, the sheets were a sodden disaster. Besides being stained dark from the semen that had already soaked into them, there was also a puddle of milky cum on the sheets between her legs at the apex of her sex and bumhole. Spunk was leaking from her pussy just as badly as it was slipping out of her ravaged back door. The stuff was everywhere, and he could only guess at how many loads they had pumped into her welcoming holes. They'd been going at it for hours, so he knew she'd taken plenty.

"If only those sheets could talk," Elliott thought to himself as he kneeled closer to her big round bum, his senses twitching with excitement as he breathed in the lurid scent left by the sexual exertions of the three bullies and his mother. The intensively perverse fragrance hit him like an intoxicating drug, making his already hard cock throb as another hot pulsation of blood flowed into his groin. With his mother all but passed out, and needing to get off so badly, Elliott figured now was his chance. On his knees between his mother's splayed thighs, he tore open his pants and whipped out his cock. He wrapped his hand around it and started pounding it like he was pounding a slab of meat in a butcher's shop. The engorged knob looked red and angry, evidence of how badly he needed to get rid of this load after hearing everything go on around him all afternoon long. In less than a minute he felt that thrilling sensation as the semen sped up the shaft of his cock. He pointed the enflamed tip down at his mother's curvy bum just in time. Jet after jet of milky spunk rocketed from the end of his cock and plastered itself against those soft bum cheeks. He directed the tip closer to her succulent crack as he kept jerking, flooding that inviting crevice with even more cum. He kept pumping, and kept shooting, unloading all over her sweet bum as he worked off the load he'd been suffering with for hours.

Finally he sat back and drew in deep breaths of air as he recovered, blissfully content, but still tremendously excited by the work he knew he had before him. Looking down at his own load of cum glistening lewdly on his mother's full round bum, he happily tucked his spent prick back in his pants and zipped up.

Once again fully dressed, Elliott didn't think she'd mind if he set about his business of cleaning up. And if she did wake up, he'd just tell her that Jamal had instructed him to do so. She'd made it quite clear that they needed to keep the boys happy and do as they were told, so if Elliott told her he was only doing as Jamal wanted, well, she couldn't argue with that.

With his own needs temporarily satisfied, Elliott lowered his face to her big curvy bum. He extended his tongue, running it over one soft cheek, licking up the shiny residue. When that cheek was clean, he moved to the other one, giving it the same treatment. She stayed perfectly still as he licked all the cum off her backside, her breathing steady and even. Satisfied that he'd gotten everything he could off her warm bum-cheeks, he lowered himself even further and started cleaning the backs and insides of her thighs. When that part of her was done, he felt a nasty shiver go through him as he looked down at the huge puddle on the sheets beneath her, the pool of cum stretching from her mound to more than halfway down between her spread thighs. With a rush of excitement, he extended his tongue and pressed it against the sheets. A wet slurping sound filled the room as he enthusiastically went at it, sucking and licking up the potent teenage cum from his three bullies. When he'd swallowed as much of that as he could, he carefully placed his mouth over her drooling pussy and slipped his tongue inside. Immediately he felt the now-familiar sensation of semen gathering on his tongue. He sucked with his lips and probed with his tongue, wanting to get every last drop. And still, his mother didn't move an inch.

With her pussy cleaned out and a growing bellyful of cum, Elliott sat back slightly and looked at what he had saved for last, her tight little

bumhole. Like he'd thought when he first saw it a few moments ago, it looked red and swollen from the abuse it had taken, but he was happy to see that there didn't appear to be any blood anywhere. He was somewhat surprised that she'd taken all three of them in her ass a number of times and nothing seemed to have been torn. It reminded him of the way the three boys described her before they'd fucked her for the first time, that his mother 'had one', the 'one' being a body made to take big cocks. And as he looked at the beckoning trickle of milky white semen oozing out of her puckered little hole, he knew they'd been absolutely right.

With a soft sigh of anticipation, Elliott leaned in close and puckered his lips, as if for a kiss. He gently pressed them right up against her puffy hole, and wriggled his head slightly as his lips met her warm flesh, creating a tight wet seal. Satisfied that he had his mouth in the perfect position, he sucked. He immediately felt the warm creamy sauce start to fill his mouth. He kept sucking at a steady pace, the thick potent seed seeming to flow on its own into his beckoning mouth. He swallowed, feeling a rush of excitement as the thick cum slid smoothly down his throat. But the stuff kept coming, the vacuum he'd created drawing more of the masculine seed into his mouth.

"Mmm," his mother started to stir beneath him, but still, he kept sucking at her oozing hole.

"Wha...Elliott, is that you?" he heard his mother ask as she lifted her head slightly and look back over her shoulder. "Are...are the boys gone?"

"Yes, Mom," he said as he reluctantly took his mouth away from her soft warm bum. With her head raised slightly, he could see gobs of cum clinging to the cheek that had been pressed against the pillow. Jesus, like yesterday, his bullies had really pasted her face before they'd left. "They left a few minutes ago. Jamal told me I needed to clean you up, so once I saw how much there was to do, I figured I better get started. I'm sorry I woke you up."

"There is a lot, isn't there. I'm pretty sure there's even more than yesterday. I can't believe how those boys can get hard so fast after coming." Inside, Tanya was thrilled by the stamina and endurance that the boys possessed. They had awakened a needy slut that had lain dormant for so long inside her. She couldn't believe how badly she wanted it, wanted cock, big hard teenage cock. And if they wanted her to take it, she was more than willing to let them use her body in any way they wanted. Yes, she was definitely making up for lost time for all those years she'd missed out on the intense pleasure her body, and theirs, was able to give her. "But what you're doing right now feels really good, baby. Mommy's bum is a little sore. I lost track of how many times each of them was in there, but your tongue is feeling so nice." She laid her head back down and arched her back slightly, bringing her bum up a little bit and allowing her curvy cheeks to open up more. "Keep going, baby. Let Mommy see what you can do back there with that sweet tongue of yours."

Inspired by his mother's words, Elliott dove right back in. He started by licking her cheeks again, to see how she liked that. Now that she was awake and could feel what he was doing, he let the flat of his tongue bathe her soft warm flesh. He then made his way into her steamy crevice, teasing it as he moved his tongue deeper into the

warm crack. Finally, he pushed a big wad of saliva to the front of his mouth and pressed the tip of his tongue right up against her tiny wrinkled pucker.

"Oh yeah, that' good, baby, real good," his mother cooed into the pillow as she slowly rolled her hips from side to side, almost working the tip of his tongue further into her bum. Elliott could tell what she wanted, so he pressed harder with his tongue against her tender hole. He felt it ease open right away for him, and he felt another rush of excitement as his tongue slid right inside. He wasn't sure what to expect, but what he did find was that her chute was absolutely full of cum. Her felt the gooey semen cover his probing tongue from all sides, so he started sucking at the same time. He drew the stuff into his mouth and swallowed, and swallowed again, and again, but the stuff kept coming. He wondered how many loads they'd dumped into that hot hungry bum of hers. Based on what he was swallowing, it was a fuck of a lot.

"Oh God, baby, that's perfect. Get that tongue way up inside there. Clean Mommy out," his mother said, her words accompanied by soft moans of pleasure. Elliott kept going, and eventually, her bum had no more cum to give. But he kept licking, his tongue rolling in slow teasing circles over the steamingly-hot tissues lining her delicate little chute. His mother was rolling her hips continuously now, pressing her curvy bum back against his working mouth at the same time.

"That feels so good, baby, so...fucking...good," his mother said, breathy gasps separating every word. "Keep doing that with your

tongue, but slip a finger inside Mommy's pussy at the same time, sweetie. Rub it over the spot. You know the one."

His face was pressed so tightly against her hot moist crevice that Elliott felt like he was in a sauna, but he was loving every second of it. He couldn't believe it, but his cock was once again on the rise, pressing painfully against the confines of his jeans.

Concentrating on the task of pleasuring his mother, while he kept his tongue probing deeply and rubbing against her hot slick tissues, Elliott reached down beneath her and slid his middle finger into her pussy, her slippery lips dripping with cunt-honey. He'd licked it clean of the boys' cum and her juices just moments ago, but she was soaked again already. He was quickly getting used to how rapidly his mother got stimulated. His finger slid in dead easy, right up the third knuckle. The inside of her pussy felt like velvety liquid butter as it seemed to close down on his probing finger. He pressed his fingertip downward and quickly found the spot she was talking about, the place on the inside of her vagina that was right beneath her big clit.

"That's it, yesss." Once his mother gave a satisfied hiss to let him know he'd found the spot, he started rubbing his fingertip slowly over that sensitive trigger. At the same time, he wriggled his mouth against her hot bum-hole, working his tongue as deep into her as he could get it.

"OH FUCK...YESSSS!!" Elliott had barely started moving his finger over the hot spot before Tanya started to come. She felt the climax hit

her like a ton of bricks as the delightful sensations tore through her body. Her boy's talented tongue had felt amazing in her bum, and once he touched that wicked little spot inside her pussy, she'd lost it. His rubbing fingertip had sent her right over the top, and she felt her body twitching and convulsing through paroxysms of pleasure. As he kept his finger rubbing hotly over that trigger point, she rolled her bucking hips back against his young face, wishing she could get that long hot tongue even deeper inside her. She knew right then that having her boy's sweet young tongue working inside her bum was something that was going to happen a lot from now on, just like she knew she'd be making good use of it inside her pussy.

Keeping his tongue probing deep inside that hot chute and his finger rubbing the delicate spot, Elliott felt the gush from his mother's cunt coat his hand. The warm fragrant juices seemed to almost bathe his hand, turning him on even more. When his mother finally stopped shaking and collapsed back down into the sheets, he withdrew his tongue from her tight little starfish and dove lower, lapping up her juices from his hand and her drooling mound. He wanted to stay there and drink that sweet honey from her hive forever, but he felt her hand reach back and run through his hair, and he sensed that she wanted his attention. He gave her slick labial gates a soft gentle kiss before he drew back and raised his head to look at her. She was looking back at him over her shoulder, a dreamy look in her gorgeous blue eyes.

"Oh, sweetie, you make Mommy feel so good. I love it. But right now, I need you to help me up. I've really got to take a shower."

Even though his cock was once again as hard as a steel bar in his pants, Elliott put his own feelings of arousal aside and helped his mother off the bed. It took a minute or so for her to fully stand. Her legs were wobbly and even with him holding her arm, her first few steps were like a sailor stepping ashore after months of riding the waves. Once she'd stood, he got a look at the front of the nurse's outfit. It was just as much a disaster as the back. Surprisingly, the two garter straps at the front were still connected to the white stockings, which was why they'd remained relatively in place, even though the garters at the back had been torn free. Her big tits hung outside the zippered opening of the top, just like they had when Jamal had tit-fucked her right after they'd arrived. Her nipples were red and puffy, and Elliott figured the boys must have been playing with them and sucking on them to get them in the abused condition they appeared to be in now. Besides that, her tits were coated with traces of cum as well. Elliott should have figured the boys would have given them just as much of their liquid tribute as they'd given the rest of her. As he looked her up and down, from her matted hair all the way down to her cum-stained nylons, there didn't appear to be patch anywhere on her where they hadn't sprayed. No wonder she said she needed a shower — she looked like a sexy glazed donut.

"Be a dear and throw everything in the laundry, will you, sweetheart," his mother said once he'd helped her into the en-suite and she'd peeled off the nurse's outfit. "I don't know if that can be saved after what they did to it, but we'll see." She gave him a shrug and a smile as he picked up the dress and nylons off the floor.

"What uh...what about the sheets?" Elliott asked as he gestured over his shoulder. He felt himself flushing as he asked the question, which

required his mother to think about how the sheets had come to be that way.

"Oh God, yes. They're quite a mess, aren't they?" She paused as Elliott nodded. "Can you take care of that for me, sweetie?"

"Sure."

"Thanks, baby. I need this shower real bad." With a nod to the door of the room, his mother turned and made her way over to the big glass-walled shower.

Elliott realized he was being dismissed so he quietly retreated from the room and tossed the soiled clothing into the laundry basket in the corner of her walk-in closet. He pulled the soiled sheets off the bed and stuffed them into the washing machine. He went to the hallway linen closet and pulled out another set of sheets, navy blue this time. He heard the shower running as he made up the bed and stacked up her decorative pillows against the headboard, just the way she liked. He checked the time and realized it was getting close to nine o'clock. After the day his mother had been through, he had the feeling that once she got out of the shower, she'd be done for the night. She must be exhausted. He thought about his own hard cock and the fact that he felt like he needed to get off again, but he decided not to do anything about it, not just yet anyway. He closed the door behind him to give his mother her privacy as he left her room, figuring that was likely the last he'd see of her for the night.

Elliott made his way downstairs and made himself a bowl of cereal. He often had that for a snack before bed. He heard the water stop running in the shower as he sat at the table and ate. When he was done, he stuck his bowl in the dishwasher and turned off all the lights before heading upstairs. As he passed the door to his mother's room, he heard the sound of her hair dryer coming from within. He figured it had probably taken her a fair bit of effort to wash all the cum out of her hair, and she didn't want to go to bed with it wet. He pictured her sitting in her chair in front of her dressing table, hands raised above her head as she worked the hair dryer. Since she'd just gotten out of the shower, she was probably naked, and with her hands raised, those spectacular tits of her would be lifted up provocatively, those succulent cherry-red nipples pointing forwards and upwards, begging for a mouth to latch on. Elliott wished he was kneeling in front of her right now, leaning forward to slip his lips over those stiff buds, jerking himself off at the same time. Fuck, his mother was beautiful. Nobody could even come close to comparing with her, and it was starting to appear that Jamal and the other two felt the same.

Secured in the privacy of his room, Elliott booted up his computer and started in on his favorite hobby, Photoshopping his mom's face onto pictures of busty models. Well, it had been his favorite hobby, until the last couple of days, when having his mouth plastered against his mother's pussy and bum had booted that Photoshop hobby permanently down a notch or two. He'd just finished adjusting the skin tone of the second photo he'd been working on, one with a stacked model wearing a gorgeous black and red merry widow corset, when he heard his phone ping, signifying a text message. He looked down at the display and saw that it was from his mother. He picked up the phone and clicked on the message:

Elliott, if you're still awake, come and see me.

He put his phone down and rushed to his mother's room. Once again, she was lying propped up against the headboard. He'd made the bed up fully after changing the sheets, but he noticed right away that the covers were pushed down, with only the navy blue sheet covering her to the waist. His eyes immediately went to her massive breasts, which were provocatively on display in another one of the satiny chemises that she liked to wear to sleep in, this one in a glorious shiny baby blue. He could see her voluminous mounds hanging full and heavy against the smooth light-blue satin. The protruding buds of her nipples could be seen clearly, even from his spot fully across the room. The golden glow from the bedside lamps cast teasing shadows on her midsection, the bold difference between light and dark emphasized by the imposing shelf of her tits.

Elliott looked up at his mother's face, which she'd scrubbed clean in the shower. Even in its childlike state, with her warm blue eyes and full sexy mouth, she was still stunningly beautiful. She'd blown her hair mostly dry, and her golden locks framed her pretty face attractively. Her hair was still damp at the tips, the dark ends making her blonde hair appear sexily wolf-like as the damp tips fell teasingly on her shoulders.

"You uh...you wanted to see me, Mom?" Elliott asked as he stood inside the door, his hand still on the handle.

"Yes dear. Come over here and sit with me for a minute." Tanya patted a spot on the bed next to her. She waited until Elliott was seated and looking at her before she spoke again. "Sweetheart, I want to apologize to you."

Elliott couldn't keep the confused look off his face. "Apologize? What for?"

"Earlier, you know, after the boys left and you came in and, well, you know. When you took care of Mommy the way you do. Well, I forgot about you, and the way you must be feeling after doing that."

Elliott immediately started shaking his head. "No, Mom, it's fine. You don't need to worry about me at all. Like I said, I love doing that for you, and I'll do it any time you want, and you don't have to worry about what I might need at all."

"Oh, that's so sweet," Tanya said as she reached out and tenderly traced her fingertip along Elliott's cheek. "I know you've told me how much you like that doing that for me, and trust me, I love it too. But I realized this last time, I never let you...you know, take care of things down there." She nodded down towards his midsection.

"That's okay, Mom. Like I said, you don't need to worry about me like that." Elliott actually felt a little guilty. She had no idea he'd jerked off all over her bum when she'd been passed out.

"But you did get excited doing it, didn't you, sweetheart?" Tanya purposely took her index finger and traced the red-tipped nail down along the enticing line of her cleavage, getting Elliott's attention immediately.

Elliott saw that bewitching twinkle in her eye before his eyes were drawn magnetically to her hand. He felt himself gulp as he looked at her fingernail moving teasingly back and forth along that deep line between her huge breasts. "Yes, I uh...of course I got excited."

"But Mommy forgot to let you do anything about it," Tanya said as she put on a little pout, her full bottom lip pushed out as she looked at him with doe-like eyes. She brought her other hand up to her chest and cupped both her breasts, lifting them forward as if offering them to her son. "You can do something about that now, if you like?"

Elliott stared at her massive tits, mesmerized and in love with the voluminous mounds. "I...I can?"

"Sure, baby. How about you take our cock out and jerk a nice load out for Mommy all over these." Tanya reached inside the cups of the chemise and drew her breasts out one at a time, letting them settle over the full breadth of her chest as they sat outside her sexy nightgown.

"Are you sure that's okay, Mom? You sure you wouldn't mind?" Elliott said as he started to turn and get onto his knees beside her.

"Not at all, sweetheart. I'd love it, actually." With her tits fully on display, Tanya slowly ran her hands over them, caressing her heavy breasts and provocatively toying with her nipples as she watched her son tear open his pants and pull out his cock, which was already stiff and throbbing. She turned and looked directly at Elliott, that illicitly sinful twinkle in her eye once more. "You won't have a problem cleaning up Mommy's boobs when you're all done, will you, baby?"

"No, not at all," Elliott quickly replied as he got to his knees right beside her propped-up body, his hands working quickly to undo his zipper. He tore open the flaps of his pants and drew out his cock, the engorged tip already dripping precum.

"That's my sweet boy," Tanya said seductively as she continued to fondle her own breasts, her delicate fingers looking alluringly sex as she caressed her big mounds.

Elliott immediately started jacking his surging erection, his eyes glued to his mother's huge breasts. He watched her toy with her nipples, tweaking them into stiffness.

"Mmm, my nipples are so sensitive and they feel really hot and itchy." Tanya looked up at her son, a look of pure innocence in her eyes as she fingered her puffy red nipples. "Sweetie, do you have any kind of cream that I can put on them to help take care of that nasty little itch?"

Elliott had been incredibly turned on by her suggestive talk and behavior, but those last few words did it. "OH FUCK, MOM..." he gasped out as he started to come. He pointed the enflamed knob at her tits just in time. The first rope of cum shot forth and hit the breast nearest him, the milky strand reaching all the way over to the other one and beyond, the end dropping onto the sheet on the other side of her. Elliott quickly adjusted his aim, shooting the next bolt of spunk right into her cleavage, the heavy wad of semen landing with a noticeable splat on her soft flesh.

"That's it, baby. Give Mommy all that sweet cum of yours. Get it all out." Tanya held her hands with her palms up, beckoning her son to flood her chest with his youthful seed.

Elliott needed no encouragement as he continued to pump his throbbing erection mercilessly. Shot after shot of milky cum jetted forth, covering her chest with pearly boy-juice. He kept jacking his cock and spurting gobs of cum onto his mother's tits until he had nothing left to give. As the last tingling sensations coursed through him, he flicked the final drops of jizz onto her chest, one of the drops hitting her right on the nipple, where it glistened lewdly. Totally spent, Elliott sat back on his haunches, his chest heaving as he recovered from his intense orgasm.

"Oh dear! That's quite a mess you've made there, sweetheart," Tanya said as she coyly ran her fingertips over her cum-covered chest. She gathered up a couple of sizable clumps and took her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, coating the stiff buds with the silvery seed. "They still feel itchy, baby. I think you're going to have to put

your mouth on them and use your tongue to cool them off." She slid her hands to each side of her chest and cupped her tits, lifting them up towards her son.

Almost swooning with excitement, Elliott leaned forwards and brought his mouth to her offered breast. He slid his lips over the stiff nipple, clamping his lips down on the pebbly bullet and sucking gently.

"Mmm, that's better. I can feel that nasty itch starting to go away already. But I think you better keep doing that for a while longer just to make sure. Mommy'll tell you when to stop." Tanya was now cradling her son's head in her hands, moving his mouth from one sensitive nipple to the other.

Elliott was in heaven, worshipping his mother's tremendous breasts with his mouth. They were so incredibly soft and warm, it almost took his breath away. And so big, so fucking big. He knew he could never get enough of them. He let her move his mouth from one breast to the other, his lips and tongue constantly working to clean all of his cum from her voluptuous tits. She kept him there for a long time, smoothing her hands through his hair as he tenderly worshipped her soft warm mounds of flesh. A short time later, she let out a deep moan and he felt the tremors of an orgasm run through her. He thought she'd push away, but she kept him working away at her sensitive tits until she had one more, his lips and tongue pleasuring her massive guns slavishly.

"Mmm, that was nice, baby. You took care of Mommy's itch...there anyway." She looked down at him, a coquettish look in her eye. "But now I've got another itch somewhere else. Do you think you can take care of that one for Mommy too?"

Elliott nodded happily as he slipped his mouth off her breasts and sat back. As soon as he was out of the way, his mother drew the sheet down fully off her body and to the side. He looked down at enticing light blue color of her shiny chemise, the hem ending just below her pussy. He watched as she slowly drew her shapely legs up and let her knees roll open to each side. The hem of the chemise rose higher, exposing the warm mound of her sex, her pink labia glistening wetly. His mother gave him a sexy look that made him shiver as she crooked her finger and beckoned him to the place where they both knew he belonged, on his knees between her spread thighs. Elliott crawled over to that treasured spot on her bed and lowered his mouth to her steaming box, his tongue sliding deep into her bubbling gash.

"That's it, baby. That's the way. Put that tongue of yours way up inside there and take care of that nasty itch for Mommy," Tanya cooed softly as she slid her fingers into her son's hair and pulled his face flush up against her needy cunt.

*

One hour later, Elliott finally came up for air. His face was a sticky mess, totally covered with his mother's warm cunt-honey, evidence of the numerous orgasms he'd just given her. In the end, she'd had

five with him working on her pussy and clit, and three others when she'd made him worship her ass, his talented young tongue sliding deep into her tight little hole. Front door or back door, she loved all of it. But now Tanya was whipped, and totally spent after a full day of being fucked every which way by the three boys, and then another heavenly session of having her adoring boy tending to her sensitive pussy and backside with that sweet mouth of his, not to mention the heavenly little climaxes she'd had when he'd been worshipping her breasts. Her body was totally buzzing from the intense sensations that had coursed through her time and time again over the last hour and a half. Exhaustion had overtaken her during her last orgasm, and she felt on the verge of passing out. But she felt good, really really good.

"Oh baby, that was wonderful, but I need you to stop now," Tanya said as she shifted slightly backwards, propping herself up against the headboard. She looked down at her son, his face glistening with her warm juices. A soft smile played over her lovely features. She was thoroughly and blissfully content, and the look on her face showed it.

Elliott raised his eyes to hers and saw a look of pure rapture in those warm blue orbs. Her eyes were glassy and dreamy looking, and he didn't know if he'd ever seen her look happier. "I liked it too, Mom," he said, his tongue circling around his lips to get as much of her creamy cunt-honey off his face and into his belly. "Do you want me to keep going, Mom? I will if you want." His jaw was sore and his lips were numb, but he knew he was willing to keep servicing her for as long as she let him.

"I think that's enough for tonight. I love what you can do with that pretty mouth of yours, but right now, Mommy's worn out." Tanya paused as she saw the look of disappointment on her son's face. "But don't forget what I said this morning."

"This morning?" Elliott asked, not exactly sure what she was referring to.

"Remember when I woke up feeling sore this morning, and you came in and took care of me by kissing everything better?" Tanya paused as Elliott nodded. "Remember I said we should start every morning like that?"

"You...you meant it?"

"Of course I meant it, silly. Starting tomorrow. So why don't you go to your room now and set your alarm for a half hour earlier than usual. That should give us enough time to have a nice start to our day."

Elliott couldn't believe what he was hearing. He thought when she'd said it earlier in the day that it had just been something she'd said 'in the moment', that she wanted to start every day with him servicing her pussy. He never dreamed that another one of his favorite fantasies was about to come true. "You really meant it? You weren't just saying it to make me happy?"

"Yes, baby. I really meant it." She gave him a teasing wink. "And I think if we start our day like that it's going to make both of us happy. Now give Mommy a kiss and off to bed with you. It's a school day tomorrow after all."

After jerking off on his mother's tits, Elliott had never put his cock back into his pants. He'd immediately crawled between her spread thighs when she'd asked him to and laid down on his stomach. His cock had quickly come back to full erection while he'd been servicing her, and he'd been grinding it against the sheets for most of the last hour. There was a nasty wet spot beneath him where his precum had soaked through right into the mattress. Now as he got to his knees and shifted forwards to give her a kiss, his rigid member stood up proudly before him.

"Oh my, that looks painful," his mother said as she looked at his enflamed cockhead, slimy fluid drooling from the tip. "Do you need to jerk off again, sweetheart?"

"Yes...yes I do," Elliott gasped out, his swollen nuts badly in need of relief.

"Well, since you've been such a good boy taking care of me like that, why don't you straddle me and jerk that load off all over Mommy's face? Hmm, would you like that, baby?"

"Oh fuck," Elliott mumbled under his breath, his whole being overtaken by arousal as he listened to his mother's illicitly sinful

suggestion. Still wearing his jeans and t-shirt, but with his fly open and his rigid erection thrusting forward, he threw one leg over her propped-up body and shifted his knees closer, his steely prick pointed right at her face. With his heart racing, Elliott started jacking his cock like a madman. He'd needed to come so badly over the last hour, and now, after listening to his mother's provocative invitation to flood her face, he had no willpower to resist the overwhelming level of excitement that had his body ready to explode.

"OH FUCK, MOM, HERE IT COMES!" He'd barely taken any strokes before he felt that exquisite feeling of semen rushing up the shaft of his cock. With his brain swirling with incestuous desire, he pointed the tip of the engorged knob at his mother's face just as the first rope of white spunk shot forth. It hit her on the chin and rocketed upwards, leaving a nasty white ribbon that ran all the way up her face and into her hair. The second milky wad jetted forth, pasting itself heavily against one cheek. He aimed over at the other side of her face with the next one, covering that cheek with a pearly gob as well. Elliott's hand was almost a blur as he pumped his twitching prick, totally unloading on his mother's pretty face. When he was finally done, he took a deep breath and looked down at her, proud of himself for the amount of cum covering her lovely features.

"My, you really needed that bad, didn't you, sweetheart?" his mother said as she took her index finger and traced the red-tipped nail through the gobs of cum clinging to her face.

"Oh God, yes, did I ever," Elliott said, his chest still heaving as he slowly recovered from his intense climax.

"Well, baby, I think you know what you need to do about this big mess you made."

Elliott saw that nasty teasing look in his mother's eyes as she looked right at him and slowly stuck her tongue out one corner of her mouth, the tip finding a heavy clump of semen and drawing it back into her waiting mouth. Elliott knew she wanted him to do the same. After all, Jamal had made it clear that Elliott was their Clean-up Boy, and his mouth was there to lick up their cum anytime, and that included his own.

Feeling surprisingly guilty at his nakedness, Elliott stuffed his spent dick back into his pants and zipped up. He swung his leg off his mother's reclining body and kneeled down next to her, his face right above hers. Spotting that first thick white rope that ran all the way up her face and into her hair, he extended his tongue and pressed it against the top of her forehead. Applying a gentle sucking motion, he let his tongue run downwards over her face, drawing the ribbon of pearly seed into his mouth.

"That's it, baby. Lick up all that cum of yours. But let Mommy see it before you swallow it."

Once he'd gotten a good mouthful, Elliott sat back slightly. As she looked up at him, he tilted his head down slightly and opened his mouth, being careful not to let his treasure prize slide forth.

"Mmmm, nice," his mother purred as she looked at the pool of creamy spunk he was holding in his mouth. "But Mommy asked for a good night kiss, and now I think it's the perfect time for you to give it to her."

Elliott saw that sinfully wicked look in his mother's eyes as she tipped her head up, her warm wet mouth open and waiting. He lowered his mouth to hers, and as their lips meshed together, he felt the tip of her tongue tease at the opening of his lips, wanting entrance. He relaxed his mouth, allowing her tongue to slip right inside.

"Mmm," they both moaned at the same time as they shared a hot passionate kiss, their tongue pressing against each other's as they shared the mouthful of cum. He felt his mother suck inwards, drawing the heavy wad of jizz into her mouth. Her tongue beckoned his to follow, and he did, probing deep. He slowly rolled his tongue over the hot tissues of her cheeks as she let the masculine flavor of his seed sit tantalizingly on her taste buds.

"Mmm..." With another moan deep in her throat, she pushed the wad of semen back into her son's mouth, her tongue passing it back to him. It was his turn to savor the slimy wad of cum, and this time when he went to pass it back to her, she closed her lips, letting him know she wanted him to swallow it. Elliott drew it back deep into his mouth and let it slide smoothly down his throat, the heavy wad finding a welcoming home in the pit of his stomach. He lifted his mouth off hers and moved it to one of her cheeks, gathering up another thick ribbon of jizz.

"That's the way, get it all, baby. Lick Mommy's face until you get every drop."

Elliott did, loving the feel of her soft skin beneath his tongue as he ran it over her face, sucking and licking up the gooey seed. Every time he got a sizable wad in his mouth, he'd kiss her, their kisses hot, wet, and passionate. And each kiss ended with him swallowing the treasured load. When all that was left on her skin was the shining residue of his drying saliva, he sat back and looked down at her. That smile of blissful contentment was on her face again, her eyes half-closed as she appeared to be on the point of dropping off into a much-needed sleep.

"That was perfect, sweetheart. Now Mommy really needs to get some rest. Off with you now, and don't forget to set your alarm like we talked about." As Tanya finished speaking and Elliott shifted towards the side of the bed, she drew the covers over her body and reached over to turn off one of the lights.

Elliott did the same to the other light next to him, plunging the room into darkness as he got up from the bed and made his way to his own room. He carefully closed the door to his mother's room, but not before stopping to listen. He could already hear her steady smooth breathing. She'd dropped off to sleep within seconds. He wasn't surprised, after the day she'd been through.

He walked to his own room, his mind swirled as he thought about everything that had happened this weekend, and how much their lives had changed. Elliott thought about the way his mother was treating him, compared to the way she was acting with his three bullies. She had become their willing slut, and now, when it was just the two of them together, she had made him HER willing slut, using his mouth to service her in any way she wanted. She'd let him get his own satisfaction, she'd even shown a degree of guilt when it came to ensuring she let him have his pleasure. But so far, she hadn't invited him to use any of her three hot holes, like she'd eagerly offered up to the other three boys. No, she let Elliott jerk off on her, as long as he licked it up. She was treating him like a slave, getting as much pleasure as she could from him, but being generous enough to let him have a little of his own. And to Elliott, that was just fine. No, it was more than fine—it was absolutely perfect.

His perverted mind revelled in the fact that she was his mistress, and it was his job to do her bidding. His lips and tongue were meant for one thing, and one thing only—to pleasure her. He would have eagerly done it if there was nothing at all in it for him. The fact that she was allowing him to look at her and jerk off on her was a bonus, a bonus more than he could have ever wished for. No, he would be her willing slave, worshipping at her succulent pussy, steaming bum, mouthwatering tits, or any other part of her body she wanted.

He'd be her obedient slave any time she wanted, anywhere she wanted, for as long as she wanted. As those thoughts ran through Elliott's mind, a gentle smile of contentment came over his face, and he felt warm, the blissful warmth brought on by the comforting emotions he was feeling.

As he climbed into bed and turned off the light, he wondered what tomorrow would bring. It was a school day, after all.