

Description: A complete collection of my Bleached World Africa series. I will keep this file up to date for those who only want one file for the series.

Series: Bleached World

Kinks: Bleached, Slurs, Mother/Son, Sister/Brother, Brother/Brother, Sissy, Muscles, Bondage, Mind Break, Raceplay, Trans-Woman, Sissy, Bimboi, Hung Shota, Teen Tattoos, Quadruple Amputee, Rough Sex, Shorty, Anal, Spanking, Hung Femboy

## **Bleached World: Africa**

### **Prologue: Bleached Future**

It is the year 2140 and the Council just celebrated over a century of world control last fall, but that is not entirely the case. While the entire world answers to the Council's judgement, many pockets of resistance still exist. Not fighting for any specific country or colours, but simply to unseat their local satraps or governors. Seeing them as the main source of the many white power structures keeping them down.

These various insurrectionist cells aren't massive continent-spanning groups. More like small localized pockets of resistance, each with vastly different ideologies and practices, which give them little impact on a larger scale. Yet, they do cause local and regional law enforcement a lot of trouble, committing all manner of crimes: from petty theft to acts of arson and grand theft auto. Which can get rather dangerous without swift human intervention, since mechanical police can only do so much. Jennies and similar service bots are programmed for simple tasks and are proven ineffective as combat models, even after major tweaks in their programming.

So, it is up to the brave members of the ACPF (African civil police force) to protect the city and they could always use more members. Many propaganda videos are produced by the state with the noble purpose of getting more Africans to take up the green. However, it's officers like Miranda Togo that prove you don't need flashy special effects and heavy stylized editing to inspire people. All you need is someone to demonstrate the strength and power of African mettle.

### **Chapter 1: Protect and Serve**

It was a scorching day in the coastal city of New Novo. The city was rebuilt on the ashes of the old city during the founding of the west-African province in 2080. The dilapidated old-world buildings were replaced by stunning metal structures, with shining glass curtains that covered them from base to roof. Their tight alignment combined with cutting-edge heat absorption technology made the hot sixty-degree (celcius) summers more manageable for those who worked in such buildings, but the weather would be the least of Officer Miranda's problems.

The officer wasn't just out on any normal patrol today, she was getting geared up to show a Quibi-B news reporter robot around her patrol circuit. Miranda had always wanted to do one of these public recruitment videos but was always too shy, the idea always made her knees weak. However, her son's career day was coming up and it gave her just the push she needed. Miranda wanted something to show her son's class and lucky for her a Quibi-B was free.

Miranda drove up to the New Novo News Network or quad-N(?) station for short. The building was yet another cloud-piercing skyscraper, the roof littered with various satellite dishes, and the second she parked in the visitor parking she was approached by a QU181-Bot model news bot or a Quibi as they were known throughout Africa. They were much like the Jenny maid bots; a machine that very closely mimicked a person in form and function, but the Quibi's were much more professional and business-oriented. With an even more advanced A.I that could process and organise information that they captured at incredible rates.

This Quibi was made to replicate a small Spanish woman. Her humanoid robotic body was tight and athletic in build. Her pink pencil skirt clung to her slightly tanned legs and hips. Her blazer was undone, but her white collar shirt was done up to the last button and nicely tucked in. She approached Miranda's car window with excitement, her heels clicking against the pavement with each of her quick steps.

"Hello, you must be officer Miranda?" asked the Quibi.

"Yes, and you must be my escort. You're quite the quick bot."

"Of course," responded the Quibi with giddiness in her voice. Her rounded face and big green eyes made her adorable smile look even cuter as she continued, "We noticed your car on our cameras and they sent me down right away. I don't want us to waste a second!"

“Well don’t just stand there,” Miranda unlocked the doors, “come on in cutie.”

“Thank you,” Quibi got in the vehicle, placing her little purse on her lap as she buckled herself in, but after she took a look at Miranda she commented, “You’re quite the cutie yourself, Mrs. Togo. Are you sure you’re not one of our models?”

Miranda was quite beautiful. Long curly black hair was tied off in a large bun behind her head. Her deep green eyes and pointed smooth cheekbones were flawless, and her thick black lips were covered in a sparkling pink gloss.

Though Miranda got rather flush at the compliment, responding, “Please call me Miranda, and thank you, dear.”

“Alright Miranda,” responded Quibi, taking note of Miranda’s softer features. They all looked restricted by that tight green police uniform. Her wide curves, huge perfectly round breasts, and plump thighs weren’t being done justice in the unflattering dark green collared shirt and those frumpy black police slacks. They hid what appeared to be perfectly toned thighs, but the greatest crime was her chest. Her breasts were clearly restricted by her current uniform, straining against the tight cloth. Her perfect chocolate milkers must be two or three cups larger than she was letting on. However, Quibi wasn’t here to address Miranda’s sexual features, but she couldn’t help thinking that the police need skimpier uniforms.

The pair stayed quiet for a moment as Miranda drove her police van onto the highway. Cruising into the oncoming traffic with ease, and when they finally merged into the slow lane Quibi spoke up. “Would you mind switching to automatic while I ask some questions?”

“Of course,” Miranda took one of her hands off the wheel and with one gloved finger she switched her car to auto-drive with a quick flick of her car’s touch screen. “Ask away.” continued Miranda as she faced Quibi.

“Sooooo, what made you decide to join the force?” Asked Quibi, her chirpy mechanical voice feigning fear as she continued, “I’d be spooked having to risk my life each day, and you only have this van to protect you.”

Miranda laughed dismissively, “It’s not always life-threatening, Quibi *buuuuut*,” Miranda paused gesturing to her police vehicle, “Don’t let its outward van-like appearance fool you. This vehicle is basically a tank.”

The vehicle in question did look like a large angular van fitted with tinted black windows, but its unmistakable green colour with two white stripes down the middle clearly identified it as a police vehicle. Its interior was split by a large piece of thick bullet proof glass. With the passenger seats on one side and the large mostly empty back used for storage of equipment, and people on the other.

“Well please go on Miranda.”

“First, all ACPF vehicles are practically immune to weapons below 80 caliber, and these windows can take a point-blank shot from a 12-gauge without breaking. I have personally seen the widow take a grenade without breaking.”

“Oooooo, very impressive,” responded Quibi.

Miranda held up a second finger, “Second, small explosives and some RPGs have no effect on the vehicle and third, unlike mine, all ACPF vehicles have heavy riot suppression gear. So you’ll never be outgunned.”

“Fascinating, but I’m a bit confused about the last part.”

“About?” asked Miranda.

“You implied you didn’t have any weapons in this vehicle.”

“That is correct Quibi, not a single suit of riot armour or rubber bullet. I don’t even carry a firearm.” Responded Miranda with hints of pride in her voice.

“Then how do you do your job, Miranda?”

“With enhancements,” Miranda rolled up her long sleeve revealing an arm covered in slick black metal. It had an oil-like shine to it and when Miranda took off her glove the mechanical nature became apparent. In Miranda’s joints was a flexible but durable carbon skin, plated in the same smooth and shiny black metal in her arm. Yet, despite her metal plates, Miranda’s arm still looked very sleek and slender.

“Oh my,” commented Quibi, “Does it hurt?”

“Nope, but it did take some getting used to, not having any feeling in my entire arms and calves.”

“Both your arms and legs are gone?!”

“Not gone, Quibi, augmented,” Miranda made a melancholy sigh, “I had an accident during the great grease fire of 2118. I was still a teenager, but the fire took both my arms and most of my legs.”

“That fire was no accident, it was caused by the Anarchist Freedom Militia.” The disgust in Quibi’s voice as she spoke the former name was a sharp contrast to her former chipper tone; almost like it was a very personal insult. Yet, she sounded quite prideful as she continued, “Though, I’m happy to say those rabble-rousers have been punished for their terrible actions.”

“Just another example of the ACPF dishing out justice,” interjected Miranda, “but we deeply believe in reformation. It is important to know every surviving member of the Anarchist Freedom Militia was reformed into valuable members of society.”

“Does that make you angry?” Asked Quibi, “It seems they got off easy for their crimes.”

“Maybe,” responded Miranda, “But I would’ve never met my husband if I wasn’t hospitalised.”

“Please expand on that juicy detail!”

“He was also Injured, but luckily it was only broken bones and he recovered within a year.” Miranda rubbed her chest, “Though during our extended recovery times we got to know each other very well.” Miranda looked like she was consumed by a flood of memories as a soft smile grew across her face, but she shook herself out of her reminiscing, continuing, “But personally I’d prefer seeing all my lost African brothers and sisters reformed, before being killed or...”

“ATTENTION ALL NEARBY UNITS,” Miranda looked down at her vehicle’s touch screen as an alert played, “10-65 IN PROGRESS. THREE SUSPECTS ON FOOT. HEAVILY ARMED.”

Miranda pressed on the corner of the touch screen and announced, “Send me the details and I’ll detain them.”

“127 OFFICER. SENDING DETAILS”

Within a second Miranda's vehicle sirens turned on and she took manual control of her van. "Hang on Quibi this is going to be a little rough," were the last words she spoke before she made a hard right into the off-ramp of the highway. Quibi had to hang onto her seat as Miranda sped down the mostly empty city streets. Quickly the reason for the lack of people would be apparent.

Signs of a firefight and regular fires were apparent everywhere. Bullet holes in scattered barrels, garbage cans, fences or walls were beside smouldering coals, and blackened burnt slag. The industrial street was a mess, but luckily some of the fire drones: small quad bladed helicopters were already putting out what flames were left. The Quibi started to film them; her internal eye-cameras more than capable of capturing a great degree of detail. Miranda could even see some of her fellow police officers setting up a perimeter around the district, but she was going deeper.

"Take it in Quibi." Miranda's voice was flat, with a bit of disappointment as she continued, "This is what happens when just one small insurgent group causes a ruckus and just think, there are at least forty-nine active cells in this city alone."

"Terrible," sighed Quibi with a sorrow oozing from her voice, "But at least my viewers are going to see you in action."

"Sorry, Quibi but that is a bit too dangerous."

"Oh don't worry," Quibi produced a little golden sphere from her purse around the size of a baseball. It revved up like a helicopter taking off, internal mechanisms spun and whirled but it didn't leave Quibi's hands.

"My little drone will follow you where I cannot."

"Excellent," responded Miranda slamming on the brakes outside a dilapidated industrial building. The old dilapidated concrete structure appeared to have two floors, and a wide gate that was left ajar. There weren't any cars around, and no sign of people aside from a barrel fire down the street; though, Miranda noticed movement around the second floor.

"Now watch me, kids. Miranda is going to show you how she catches perps!" Cheered Miranda looking at Quibi's little golden drone, but the second she went to open the door the van was immediately pelted with bullets. They bounced harmlessly off the car's exterior or ricocheted off the car's windows. "See kids, just like I told you. Low caliber

weapons wash off the van like water.” Miranda moved to exit her vehicle and Quibi asked, “Are you really going out there without armour?”

Miranda turned and said, “Of course!” A big smile on her face as she continued, “Just make sure your cute little drone can keep up.”

Miranda sprang out of the car, the little golden drone hovering behind her as she turned back at the drone and said, “Now kids I am a trained professional with many mechanical augments, so don’t try this at home.”

Miranda peaked around the corner of her car up at the window as her van was pelted by bullets. She smiled muttering, “They didn’t bring masks,” before she raised the palm of her hand and pointed it at the window. Her enhanced eyes quickly looked for areas of weakness, and they located a crack near the bottom corner.

“Firing gas grenade,” Miranda’s mechanical palm opened to reveal a large opening and with a loud *THUD*, a small circular metal ball shot out of Miranda’s hands. It spun through the air crashing through the window and landing on the second floor. Then within a second, the room was filled with thick grey smoke. Miranda observed for a moment, waiting for her opportunity.

Then, the second the gunfire stopped Miranda bent her powerful knees and jumped up towards the window. Her powerful mechanized legs launched her twelve feet in the air, sailing the thirty-foot gap between her Van and the window in a few seconds. She covered her face and balled up her legs as she smashed through the window like a wrecking ball before making a perfect three-point landing. The sound of glass crashing on metal echoed through the smoke-filled room and Miranda heard the sounds of frenzied coughing as people shouted, “*Whu- Ack-huuuhgg* the fuck was that!”

“*Haaacckk, uhh-aagguff!* I... I don’t know, but it was just one cop, odds are she’s not immune to bullets.”

The first girl’s voice was high-pitched and she was clearly afraid and the second one was deeper, but much more commanding. However, the debriefing mentioned a third girl, and Miranda didn’t hear a third... *Oh, lucky me*, thought Miranda as she looked to her side, noticing one of the resistance members was knocked out, and limp on the floor. A surprisingly small, but plump woman, clad in a simple bulletproof vest and armed with a... AK-47?

*Now isn't that amusing*, thought Miranda as she giggled to herself before calling out, "I know I'm supposed to be detaining you for robbing a bank, but I didn't realize you also robbed a museum."

"*Haackk*, Fu-fuck off, pig!" Shouted the deeper voiced woman as she fired blindly towards the window.

"*Hehe*, how silly." Miranda giggled to herself as she dropped onto all fours, and started sneaking. It was extra amusing for Miranda to observe all the strange or crude weapons from ages past these groups carried. She was even charged with a spear once, and one very confused boy tried a boomerang, but she couldn't dwell on such silly memories for too long. These silly kids packed a little more than fancy sticks and Miranda had to focus or risk letting them hurt themselves or someone else.

Miranda moved across the grated metal floor, silently creeping around the dilapidated machinery. After the initial lucky knockout with the gas grenade the terrorists moved to the back of the room. However, it didn't do them any good, thanks to a lack of good cover and the simple fact their whispers carried extremely far. She could hear them, the high-pitched one sounded like she was hyperventilating, but the one with a heavier voice was calm or her breathing was at least.

Miranda focused on the pair's breathing and slowly moved through the machinery. Her smoke grenade would only give her another two minutes before dispersing, maybe three if the airflow is stale, but that was double the time she needed. Her mechanical feet were utterly silent on the sheet metal floor like a predator she stalked in the smoke. The first girl, the one hyperventilating was an easy takedown. Miranda knocked her out in a second by covering her mouth as her other hand discharged an electrical pulse like a taser; however, the second girl gave Miranda a bit more trouble.

"Got you bitch!"

As Miranda laid down the second target the third one appeared, bull-rushing her. Miranda was taken by surprise and was sent flying through the air, but she recovered and stuck a landing, only to be greeted by a six-and-a-half-foot-tall monster of a woman. Clad head to toe in tight riot gear. Her tight undershirt and pants clearly showed off her muscled legs and thick heavy arms. Her heavy helmet only left her mouth and chin exposed.

The woman had skin as black as night, with thick lips that curved into a sadistic smile as she spat, "Now let's see if those augments can stop hollow-point bullets!"



Miranda immediately sprang forward as the woman levied her assault rifle at her. Before she could pull the trigger Miranda had already at her feet. It took a moment for Miranda's speed to register, but it was too late for her to adjust her aim. Miranda's jump had turned into a sweeping roundhouse kick that collided with the terrorists calves with enough force to immediately sweep her off her feet.

"You fucking *niigggaaah!*" screamed the perpetrator as she crashed to the floor with a loud metal thud. Her AK-47 scraped across the floor into the dissipating smoke cloud.

"Phew, you got some fight in you." Commented Miranda standing up, "Now are you going to come quietly or are you going to make this more painful than it needs to be."

"I like a bit of pain, *phteew!*" The woman spat a loogie of blood onto the floor as she threw a hunting knife at Miranda, but it was easily caught. *This one has more skill than the average insurgent*, thought Miranda as she threw the knife to the side. However, her inattention cost her as the perpetrator pulled out a cattle prod and pressed it against Miranda's thigh; one of the few places where she was still mostly flesh.

"And I love frying up bacon," cackled the woman as she shot a couple hundred volts directly into Miranda.

"Nyygghhaaa!" Miranda's eyes fluttered as her brain shot adrenaline in a desperate attempt to keep Miranda conscious. She looked down at her assailant, even while kneeling her head reached Miranda's stomach, which was lucky. Miranda jerked her leg, hitting the woman's chin hard enough to send her riot helmet flying. Creating a rather nasty gash that quickly bled over her vest.

"Ahhhggg, fucking whore," seethed the woman, her sadistic glare accented by her faded brown hair and sculpted cheeks. She took a moment to draw yet another knife as Miranda leaned on one of the dilapidated machines. "You fucking race traitors never go down easy." Continued the woman, "But you always go down don't- yo-uggghh!"

Within a second Miranda jetted forward, and buried her fist square in the centre of the woman's vest, leaving a fist-sized dent in her riot armour. "Uhhggguuu," the woman vomited a spew of sludge over the floor, her eyes bulging in pain and Miranda was far from finished. The now recovered police officer grabbed the woman's head with both hands. Her mechanical finger's clamping down on the woman like a vice as she spat, "*Hu-uugggh, how te-fusshh dissh yo-doossheehh, AHHHHHGHHUU!*"

The woman's eyes rolled up into her head as Miranda sent a shock straight through her body, causing her to go limp within a second. Miranda took a moment to inhale before checking her body and sighing, "Uhhhhgg, another new uniform ruined." Her once clean-looking green vest and black slacks were now torn messes, revealing her slick sweat-covered eight-pack and smooth plump thighs. Miranda pouted to herself for just a moment before she noticed Quibi's drone.

"Oh, hi kids," Miranda immediately straightened herself out, and waved at the drone with a cute smile on her face, "I hope the little trick this insurgent pulled didn't scare you but don't worry Miranda is A-okay..."

Miranda took a moment to wink at the camera before she knelt beside the heavily muscled woman. At worst she probably had a broken rib and the shock was only enough to knock out. Miranda grabbed hold of her arm, continuing, "I can monitor vitals with just a touch and don't worry all three girls should make a full recovery. Remember even detestable criminals like this deserve a chance at redemption!" Miranda pulled her hand away from the woman's neck and as she stood up she heard a noise coming from the stairwell. Immediately Miranda dived for cover, assuming that her intel was wrong and there were more insurrectionists on the premise buuuuuut...

"Officer Togo," Miranda heard the all too familiar voice of a Jenny service bot echo up the stairs. She made a sigh of relief as a quartet of Jenny service bots walked up the stairs. All dressed in pristine ACPF uniforms. "Your Quibi informed us that you required assistance. Have you been harmed?"

"Nothing I can't handle with some rest," Miranda took a look at Quibi's little golden drone, continuing, "I hope you have a little more faith in me now Quibi."

"Officer Togo, shall we help you detain the perpetrators?"

"Well since you're all here you might as well help carry the other two." Responded Miranda as she picked up and slung the six and a half feet tall woman over her shoulders. Easily lifting the massive black woman before continuing, "Bring the other two down to my van, and make sure they have no severe physical trauma. Then locate the stolen goods."

"Yes ma'am," responded the Jenny's before they went to work.

For the next ten minutes, the Jennies helped Miranda bring the trio of knocked-out girls into her police van. It wasn't too hard with Miranda's super strength and the Jennies'

help. They even found the stolen cash stashed in an empty barrel on the first floor, and every dollar was accounted for. Then all that was left was securing and identifying the criminals. Though in the middle of the last few processing stages, Miranda was approached by Quibi.

“Miranda, I’m sorry for calling for more officers. I should’ve had more faith in our augmented police.”

Miranda waved off her concern, responding, “No problems at all Quibi, I was just teasing ya. I’d be concerned too if I saw someone take two-hundred and forty or so volts.” Miranda flexed her mechanical bicep, continuing, “Good thing I keep in shape and have more augments besides my limbs.”

“It is very impressive, and I am sure it’ll get our viewer’s blood pumping, but I’ve got a few more questions before we finish. Are you okay to keep answering?” asked Quibi.

“Of course, ask away.”

“So what happens to these three now.”

“Well first I’d normally verify their identities, but even if they aren’t the perpetrators detailed in the report. All of them are guilty of assaulting and attempted murder of an officer, at minimum. So restricting their movement is a top priority.” Responded Miranda as she reached into a small leather pouch in the back of the Van, producing three small metal triangles. “These things make the binding process much easier.”

Miranda placed a triangle on each of their chests and in an instant metal coils wrapped around their bodies, binding the girl’s joints and completely restricting movement. Miranda let out a satisfied exhale before going to the front of her Van removing the tablet from the front of her car before continuing, “And this little beauty makes things a lot easier.”

“To me, it just looks like a standard black tablet, Miranda.”

“That’s because it is, but it’s hooked up to the entire ACPF database, and I can verify all their identities in seconds.” Miranda swiped the screen holding it up to the largest girl’s face, and with the phrase, “Scan” uttered by Miranda the woman’s face was scanned and a matching profile came up.

“Yetuma Chinsomo... Yup, she is one of them.” Cheered Miranda, but as she put down the tablet Miranda noticed something. Without her helmet, Yetuma looked more like a twenty-four-year-old and a pretty one at that, but her scars betrayed her age. She had quite a few small ones and a large pink scar over her eye. No wonder this woman was so heavily muscled, her file detailed her participation in numerous skirmishes and firefights over the past decade or so. She had seen a lifetime of combat already. .

“Hmph, what a shame to see such potential wasted on pointless fighting. Hopefully, you’re not a lost cause...” Commented Miranda as she moved to the other two girls. Correctly identifying the smallest one as Efe Fatoumata, a rather small woman, her thin body was clad in rather thick armour that hit her more delicate curves. “Wow, only twenty, and this one... twenty-two! And neither one has any prior convictions.”

Miranda shook her head as she examined the third and final woman, Chika Monu. An extremely thick woman. Her fat jiggly thighs and wide hips could not be hidden by the body armour and her massive breasts rivalled Miranda’s. Plus she had a nice pair of lips, and lucky for her the smoke grenade just grazed her head; odds are she just fainted from the shock.

“These insurgent groups are so corrupting. Hopefully, a white master will set you all straight very soon.” sighed Miranda, a warm smile on her face that contrasted what she just said.

“Ummmm, Miranda I don’t know what you mean by “white master”, remember you are...”

“Quibi, I thought you weren’t going to underestimate me anymore.”

“Miranda I...”

“Did you think I was just some dumb nigger with her head in the clouds? I’ve got far more responsibility and you should really know that.” Miranda smiled back at Quibi, hearts in her sparkling green eyes as she pulled down the front of her pants to reveal a pure white queen of hearts tattoo.

“It seems like my superiors did not inform me of your status. I’ll make sure to cut this conversation from the video.” The Quibi took a bow as she continued, “I hope you can forgive this silly bleached bot for her error.”

“Don’t worry about it,” giggled Miranda, “but I should really get going. I’ve still got some work to do back at the station and I’m sure my little master needs me.”

“Oh yes! Quite a bright boy, you’re a very lucky slave.”

“Oh don’t I know it.” Miranda gestured to the car the Jennies arrived in, “ And I’m sure they’ll be more than happy to take you back.”

“Why thank you and please tell me if your master has need of a silicone sex sleeve. I do not wish to be a reporter forever.” Quibi pulled her blouse to the side to reveal the hint of a queen of hearts grapevine tattoo.”

“*Mmm*, thank you Quibi, I just might,” responded Miranda with an impish grin, “And if your station needs help inspiring dumb niggers like her, I’d be more than happy to help.”

“Are you not a policewoman first, Miranda?”

“Of course not,” Miranda flashed a double peace sign, “I’m a slutty cumdump for my master, first and foremost!”

“So devoted,” commented Quibi with awe in her voice. “This video is going to be amazing and I’ll get the final copy to you very soon. Which will be cut and edited to meet your clearly high standards.”

“Thanks, Quibi,” responded Miranda as she waved the bot goodbye. Though she couldn’t waste any more time with pleasantries, her master needed her!

Miranda quickly buckled her prisoners in place before making her way back to the station. Luckily the fires started by her captured insurgents kept the urban roads clear in this city section, but of course, the fires were already taken care of by the time Miranda passed by. Only smouldering coals remained, and very little of the local properties were damaged. Miranda felt pride well up in her chest, being a part of such an efficient civil service brought her great joy, but these insurrectionist groups tainted that pure feeling of service she felt.

Miranda looked back past the bulletproof glass that separated the passenger seats from the hold. “Disgraceful,” muttered Miranda, she’ll have to ask corrections officer Davis to give the girls an extra hard punishment for their crimes. Nothing less would be necessary to reform such violent niggers, especially Yetuma but Miranda still hoped they’d turn over a new leaf.

Arriving at station-001, a rather long structure. The station was more of a large rectangle designed in the revival styles of the 2090s'. Large concrete columns designed to mimic Roman coulombs held up the large rectangular overhang of the entrance. The columns were also spaced around the building, along with engraved murals of the police force fighting crime or enforcing the law. The architecture was viewed as a little old-fashioned by the standards of 2150; Roman revival was a little dated even when this building was constructed, but Miranda liked it. The pillars gave her police hall a strong and protective look and Miranda was proud to work inside.

Upon entering the station grounds Miranda was instructed by radio to go to the second processing bay. After parking, a trio of Jenny bots approached the vehicle with dollies in hand. "Hello officer Togo, we are here to help you process the perpetrators, Chinsomo, Monu and Fatoumata."

Miranda stretched her back letting out a satisfied sigh, "Uhhhgg, thanks I need it."

Despite her enhanced strength and stamina, she could still get tired and was overjoyed when the Jennies did most of the heavy lifting. Wheeling her perpetrators down the hall in dolly carts like they were boxes. Secured in a standing position with bungee cords and kept from moving thanks to their metallic restraints. If the three girls were awake they'd probably be humiliated and furious, but in their current half-conscious state, they could only groan through their gags as the officers mocked them.

"Afternoon, Miranda."

Miranda turned to see officer Davis, holding a cup of coffee for her. "What a pleasant surprise. I wasn't expecting to see you for another few hours, sir." Miranda happily accepted the cup and knocked back the entire beverage in just one swig.

"Whooa, pace yourself Miranda," commented officer Davis.

He was an older white man in his late fifties, but he looked good for his age. His black hair combed back was only starting to grey, but his walrus moustache was almost entirely grey, showing signs of white. His well-muscled body looked good in his police uniform and his exposed forearms had quite a lot of silver hair.

"I don't need you choking before you hand over your perps." Davis's voice was smooth and he gave Miranda a small smile before taking a sip of his coffee. "I heard you took quite the hit, are you alright?"

"I'm a tough bitch, Davis." Miranda gave him an exaggerated double flex with her sleek black limbs, "I just need a new uniform and I'll be good as new."

"That's good to hear," responded Davis, taking a sip of his coffee.

"As for you Girls," Miranda turned to the largest woman Yetuma, continuing, "Corrections Officer Davies is your last chance and is a lot more than you nappy little coons deserve. Don't give him any trouble or I'll throw you in the darkest pit I can find."

"Now Miranda, don't be so harsh," responded Davis, putting a hand on her shoulder, "I'm sure they'll come around quickly with Officer Yan's help."

"You're right Davis, I guess I'm just a little frustrated. It's been ages since I've been able to spend any time with my master."

"Speaking of, your son is here to see you, Miranda." Responded Davis, "He has been waiting at reception for the past ten minutes. I just told him you were busy, and you'd be free soon, but he seemed antsy to see you."

Miranda immediately lit up and she cheered, "My little master! He's such a sweetheart thinking about his mommy." Miranda skipped off and shouted, "Thanks Davis," before rounding the corner.

"Alright ladies, I'm sure you have a lot of worries and questions about what will happen to you, but don't worry..." Davies paused and rubbed the bandage on Yetuma's cheek, "We'll make sure you girls understand your place very quickly."

The Jennies followed Davies down the tiled halls of the police station. Passing by a myriad of officers which all gave the trio a bunch of coy smiles as the Jennies wheeled them. Yetuma couldn't stand it and struggled against her binds to no effect.

"Don't get too excited now," commented Davis as he opened a door with his police badge. Tapping it against a small square mechanism as he continued, "We are just getting started."

As soon as Davis opened the door the trio of Jennies rolled the three women into the room, and it was not what they expected. Chika and Efe were expecting some kind of dank concrete cell, fitted with steel bars and an oppressive atmosphere. Instead, they got a nice hotel room? Well, that wouldn't be entirely correct, across from the nice bed,

wall-mounted, T.V and wardrobe were stalls; three of them, and Yetuma knew exactly what they were for.

“Get’em secured Jennies, and please send for Jr. corrections officer Yan.”

The girls were placed along the wall and starting with Efe they were each secured in the stalls, beneath them the chrome floor opened two foot holes and from the roof descended two cones for the woman’s hands. Then one by one the Trio of Jennies imprisoned the four girls starting with Efe, then Chika and finally Yetuma. It wasn’t even a challenge for the Jennies to unbind each of their limbs from the confines before securing them in their new confines. Even strong Yetuma, who was quick to snap at her captors, was easily placed in her manacles by the Jennies. In their new confines, the girls couldn’t see each other, their gaze blocked by large tinted glass dividers.

“Great work Jenny.”

“Thank you, sir,” responded the trio in unison. Though only two spoke up next, “Please don’t hesitate to summon us if you need more assistance, sir.” And with a small bow two of the three left the room while the third produced a pocket tablet. A long and skinny white cylinder that when pulled apart produces a paper-thin screen. “Ready to start processing when you are sir.”

“Very good,” exclaimed Davis as he undid his tie and sat on the edge of the bed. “Now all we need to do is wait for Judie.”

“I’m right here sir! Jr. corrections officer Judie Yan reporting for duty.” Another officer entered the room, a policewoman with dark brown skin, but she wasn’t dressed in a traditional uniform. Around her neck was a tight velvet red collar, it pushed up her pointed chin. Her pouty black lips were painted a lovely shade of red, her cheeks were done with a blush slightly lighter than her face and her deep brown eyes screamed “fuck me”, but the rest of her body probably did that just fine.

The rest of Judie’s body was completely naked save for a pair of fishnets that covered her thick brown thighs, the tops squishing slightly into her dark brown skin. Judie was more bottom-heavy, her thick thighs propped up two thick globs of dark brown ass meat, each cheek a perfect jiggly mound of flesh. Her plump hips curved into a tight tummy with a pierced navel and doily styled dark red queen of hearts tattoo right above her freshly shaved pussy. Judie’s perky c-cups jiggled slightly with each step, her puffy nipples both pierced by glimmering metal barbells that squished her nipples slightly.



"I just had to get into uniform." continued Judie.

"Good girl, if only all niggers were as dedicated as you."

"Thank you, master," Judie saluted and stayed at attention. A slight smile grew across her lips as she heard her orders.

"Why don't you stand beside me and inform these girls just how they'll be reformed."

"Yes master," responded Judie with giddiness in her voice. She strutted across the room and quickly the three noticed something affixed to the back of her collar. A long red leash that sunk between her thick oiled ass cheeks. "Don't worry girls, you'll all get new collars too if you're good." Giggled Judie as she looked at the three bound women, her lips curving into a coy smile. "Master Davis rewarded me with this collar after I graduated from the police academy, and I always hate taking it off."

Judie leaned over and kissed officer Davis on his cheek, caressing the rough stubble on his chin. The three girls couldn't explain it, but there was something magnetic about the scene. They couldn't take their eyes off the pair as Judie's lips met his, and her hand slowly drifted down Davis's neck and then his chest.

"Oh, did you like that little display?" Asked Davis as she peered over to the three girls, noticing the blush on Chika and Efe's faces; yet, Yetuma remained stoic. "I guess there is still hope for you naughty girls after all."

"There is always room for reform, pet." Said Davis as he gave Judie a playful slap on the ass, continuing, "Why don't you show off your last gift."

"Excellent idea master," responded Judie as she bent over, leaning on the bed as she pushed her ass in the air. The perfect jiggling mounds of dark brown flesh glistened under the room's light, and Judie's slender hands sunk into her ass flesh as she spread her cheeks and revealed what the velvet leash was affixed to. A large white plug, buried deep in Judie's asshole.

Davis grabbed hold of the leash, pulling slightly on the plug as he said, "Let's get these girls re-education started. Jenny initiated phase one."

As Davis pulled on Judie's leash, her face turned sloppy. Her eyes went cross and her cunt began drooling as she begged, "Mmmm, please master, do it a bit harder, *ahhhggg!*" Judie let out a light moan as Davis gave her ass a much harder slap.

Meanwhile, Jenny made a few motions on her touch screen as she prepared the girls for the first stage. "Don't worry you ladies will not be harmed." Commented the Jenny as Mechanical arms descended from panels in the roof. The intense whirling motion that accompanied them made the trio tremble as they groaned obscenities and pleas into their gags, but instead of some kind of physical punishment their clothes were torn off. It was such a quick motion that Efe missed it when she blinked.

"They look like a promising batch, but what do you think, pet?" Asked Davis as he scanned the group.

Efe's thin athletic body was fully on display, her perky D-cups, tight tummy and sculpted heart-shaped hips laid bare. Chika's body was a lot plumper, with thick thighs that squished together, jiggly wide hips that lead up into a plump belly. Her massive black milkers sagged slightly, but her large palm-sized areolas hardened as they were exposed to the cool air in the room, becoming almost an inch long, greatly embarrassing her.

Though both girls didn't compare much to Yetuma, both look rather small compared to the African superwoman. She had at least a foot of height on both girls, her broad frame supported two perfect orbs of dark black tit-flesh like someone attached two soccer balls to her chest. Her puffy nipples were a light shade of brown and glistened with sweat; their size putting Chika to shame. Her sparkling eight pack; perfectly toned, but covered in half a dozen small pink scars. Her smooth curves displayed similar damage, but they didn't detract from their curvy heart-shaped form. Her muscled thighs could've been sculpted from stone, and they might be just as hard, but the feature that truly set her apart was her face. Yetuma was young, yet unlike her companions kept a stern look, portraying no shame or fear. She just coldly looked at the pair of cops.

"Mmmm, I-mph! I agree, master but Yetuma seems to have an attitude, shall I..."

"No Judie, you shall not. You're needed right beside me." Responded Davis pulling up the plug by the leash. It stretched Judie's ass, causing her to grit her teeth as she spat a muffled, "*Yeessh, sssiiirr,*" along with moans of strained pleasure.

"Now Jenny, why don't you start preparing the girls." continued Davis.

"Yes master," responded Jenny and out from the back wall all of the girls heard a mechanical humming and then an insertion. "Mmmmgghaaaa!" Groaned the trio in unison as they felt a large white dildo insert into their pussies. They all looked to their

sides, assuming that the others must be experiencing the same thing due to the groans. The ultra thick white dildo wiggled its way into the depths of their cunts, stretching them out. Lucky for Yetuma it was moving at a snail's pace and the vibration was quite weak. It was a small mercy in Yetuma's mind, but for Chika and Efe it was another story. The two girls didn't have any sexual experience (outside of watching porn) and the second that thick white dildo started to vibrate they drooled. Their tight pink pussies dribbled from the "intense" vibrations, and it was only going to get worse.

"You ready to give these nappy niggers a show, pet?" The fat white plug popped out of Judie's asshole with a sloppy wet sound. Leaving her tight pink confines gaping and twitching. The trio could almost see into her lower intestine as she screamed, "Ahhgg, fu-fuck yes, master!"

"Good," said Davis as he stood up, and started to strip, revealing a broad chest, covered in greyed body hair. His toned stomach and muscled thighs didn't reflect his age at all, and could easily be on a man a decade younger. "Now spread those cheeks and present like a proper police pig."

"Hehe, yes master! Your dumb little slave obeys..."

Each word Judie spoke was drenched in lust. Her hands spread her gaping twitching hole for her master who tossed his briefs off letting his massive white meat flop out. Davis smiled smacking Judie's cheeks as he commented, "Judie is one of our stations' finest fuck slaves."

"Mmm, yu-you flatter me, master! Without your guidance, I'd be no better than the brain-dead sluts we process!"

Davis gave her ass another cock slap, his length easily hitting both cheeks as he rescinded, "Is that so, pet." Davis looked over his shoulder as Judy shivered, her body trembling as she drooled on the velvet sheets. "Did you hear that perps," Davis chuckled as he pressed his cock tip inside Judie's asshole, continuing, "If you start obeying the natural order, you can be just like HER!"

"Nnyyyyyy-yeeeeesshh!" Judie screamed, her eyes going crossed as Davis plunged his cock meat into her gaping asshole, instantly filling up the space left by the buttplug. Judie's brain melted as she felt her master's meat scrap against her insides, creating a visible stomach bulge.

Davis looked back for a moment, "I hope you girls enjoy the show. After I finish with my sloppy bitch," as Davis spoke he pulled Judie's hair back, "I'll give you girls an opportunity to join." At that moment the trio got a look at Judy, her sloppy o-face was plain to see. Lips puckered and drooling, her eyes were rolling up into her head as she spat unintelligible gibberish. It made Yetuma's heart sink to see her fellow African brought so low; even if she was a race traitor pig.

However, for Chika and Efe, it was an intense and eye-widening experience. The pair could feel their cunts throb as they watched Judie squirt, her cunt honey coating her thighs as she screamed, "Fuck *meeeh masssaa, fuuuccck meeehh!*" Her drooled words of desperate lust brought the girls back to times when they would rub themselves raw to bleached pornography, provided by the underground and obscure Bleached World forums.

The memories of looking up thick white poles in dark-skinned holes just flooded back into their minds and it was a wonderful feeling. Efe and Chika's minds both drifted back to the hours of white worship they witnessed. However, a little voice of resistance and doubt remained. Over a year ago both girls attended a rally. The speaker was kept anonymous, but he claimed that all these social structures exist to keep black people as obedient, and subservient sub-humans, slaves with no chance to escape...

But the look on Judie's face...

*She didn't want to escape....*

Thought Chika and Efe as they watched her cum again. Her cunt squirting as officer Davis brutalized her asshole, his heavy white nuts slapping against her cheeks with each powerful thrusts. Despite being an old guy he knew how to fuck and with each pump he made into Judie's ass he eroded a little bit of Efe's and Chika's resolve. Quieting the voice of resistance that meekly moaned in the backs of their minds.

"Good work Judie, usually you'd faint right after the anal-gasm."

*"Thuss-sh-thanssh yoosss, maaassaaa, l-l..."*

"Please!" Screamed Efe, "Let me join, I promise to be good!"

Yetuma growled when she heard Efe break so fast and Chika wondered what she was doing still resisting. "Not just her, sir!" Added Chika, her voice desperate and slightly slurred as she asked, "Please let me join tooooo! I promise I'll be a good girl!"

*"Fuuccssshin theeiivvinssh nigggaass!"* drooled Jodie.

"Now Judy," Davis slammed his cock to the base in her fat ass, continuing, "They deserved a second chance just like you, and you're just about done."

"Nyhhggaaa!" Judie's tongue fell out of her mouth and her eyes fluttered as she felt a thick load of thick white cream flood in her insides. Bloating her toned tummy as Davis grunted, "Guuuh-mph, you two can clean me up."

The binds locking Efe and Chika's limbs in place upended and the dildo's teasing their cunts retracted back. The pair emerged from their booth and saw each other's faces for the first time in what felt like hours. Each one saw the feral smile and desperation in the other ones' eyes and they laughed. It was all such a joke, their little attempt to rebel was just a cry for attention, and now they both knew it.

Efe was the first to drop onto her hands and knees, quickly she crawled across the carpet, moaning, "Thank you, sir. I'm happy to get this second chance."

"Me too!" added Chika as she dove to the ground, her fat black udders dragging across the carpeted floor as she mewled, "Please let us repent for our hideous behaviour!"

Davis pulled out of Judie's ass causing her to let out a soft moan as his thick cum leaked out of her ass and down her taint covering her cunt and legs in a thick waterfall of cum. "Why don't you girls crawl over here," Davis sat at the edge of the bed, his knee-length white meat throbbing, covered in his cock cream as he continued, "I could use a set of thick lips to clean me up, and this," Davis slapped Judie's ass, "little slut is in no condition to do a proper job."

"Yes sir!" cheered the pair as they crawled to his knees.

Yetuma watched eyes wide, she'd heard rumours, but she never directly saw what happened when her fellow Africans got dominated by a white man. She figured the new recruits would last at least a few days, but they hardly lasted a couple of hours. It was hard to admit, yet Yetuma couldn't deny her newest sisters were gone. Both looked only concerned with serving the creamy white behemoth before them.

Chika's fat tits pressed against Davis's calves as she started licking around the base of his cock. Her nose greedily huffed his heavy musk, while Efe took the tip. Efe's cute

kissy lips became a slutty duck face as she started sucking Davis's tip, sucking with all the might her melted brain could muster.

"Mmmm, this tastes soooo much better than I imagined!" Moaned Chika, her nipples getting hard as they pressed against Davis, "Why the fuck did we bother joining that African resist... whatever, Efe?"

"Nyyyyggghhh!" groaned Efe, her nostrils flaring as her tongue made circles around Davis's cock head. She wanted to answer, but she couldn't peel her lips off this white man's filthy cum covered cock. It was delicious, his manly musk filled each of her breath with increasing ardour. Efe was falling in love with Davi's thick heavy meat and Chika was unwilling to be outdone.

"Your sack is incredible, sir." Chika cupped his heavy nuts, each one slightly larger than an egg as she moaned, "They're still so full, mmmm," Chika kissed the underside of his exposed cock, "Please don't hold back, blast your thick white seed over us!"

Efe's eyes twitched as she squirted a jet of clear cunt honey over the carpet. Her lips sank deeper on Davis's cock, while Chika buried her face into his heavy nuts. "Good, very good," commented Davis, petting both the girl's heads like they were police dogs. "I'm impressed you girls turned over a new leaf so quickly, but you'll have to lick faster than that if you want me to cum."

"Mmmmmmm!" groaned the girls, their tongue movements speeding up at Davis's comment. They didn't want to disappoint so early in their reformation, but Yetuma was still watching. Here cold eyes stared down the slutty black race traitors with a malice that was getting increasingly hard to keep buried. The stimulation of her cunt was increasing at a concerning pace, and Yetuma didn't want to end up like the other two girls. *I've been in worse situations and I'm not a sloppy weak-willed race traitor!* Yetuma repeated this phrase to herself over and over again, but the reality was setting in that this all felt really good.

Yetuma's thickly muscled black body was covered in glistening sweat. Her pussy trembled and leaked down her perfect thighs as she shuttered slightly, trying not to show any signs of weakness. Though of all things the Jenny bot noticed her straining to stay strong. Staring Yetuma down with those chirpy mechanical eyes, mocking her struggle with a cool dismissal. Yetuma felt disgusted that a machine with no thoughts or feelings could make her feel so defeated. Then she heard Jenny announce, "Entering phase two, master."

“Proceed,” grunted Davis as Jenny initiated the second phase of conditioning.

From the roof descended two mechanical arms with brushes attached. Four long black fingers each tipped by a small brush pressed into Yetuma’s skin. They were soft, and surprisingly didn’t irritate, but this feeling would be short-lived as they started spinning. Teasing Yetuma’s nipples, causing them to harden almost immediately. Which wouldn’t be so bad, Yetuma had experienced something similar during her last imprisonment, but Efe’s and Chika’s moans were the worst part.

A symphony of pleasure-filled groans and squeals assaulted Yetuma’s ears as they licked Davis’s massive white cock. Worshipping it like it was their god, their bodies trembling as his cock let out thick ropes of pre-cum. Yetuma couldn’t look away, it was the only thing she could see. Their disgusting worship of her white oppressors made her stomach sink, but her cunt couldn’t help but drool.

Then without warning she saw it, Davis’s orgasm shot directly into Efe’s mouth, but it was like his load shot up into her brain. Turning her thoughts to mush as her arms went limp, her eyes fluttering as she drank back oodles of thick cum. She didn’t even bother resisting as Chika threw her off, shouting, “MY TURN!” Her thick black lips slurped the cum ropes Efe couldn’t finish. Chika’s pupils went wide as she sucked back her fill of Davis’s nut while Efe gurgled a weak, “Thanshh yooossh.”

The large feral smile that grew across her face while she thanked Davis was the last straw, and something in Yetuma broke. She couldn’t sit silently for a second longer, and so she gave in to her deepest desires. “Please sir,” moaned Yetuma in a soft smokey voice. “Fuck all my silly nigger thoughts out of my head, teach me my place like those girls. I’m sorry for being so stupid...”

Davis looked over to his Jenny and she gave him an affirming nod before he responded, “Of course Yetuma, we’d be happy to give your life purpose. No need to add to those scars.”

Yetuma walked out of her binds and watched Efe and Chika worship Davis’s thick dick. Their lips scraping cum off his massive throbbing white pillar, they didn’t even look at Yetuma as she approached and only stopped worshipping when Davis commanded, “Step aside sluts, it’s your sisters’ turn.”

Yetuma walked forward, swaying her hips as she licked her voluptuous lips. This was the first real-time her expression changed since she was captured. It was surprising for officer Davis, but she nodded to officer Judie and she stepped aside, letting Yetuma

lean in. Her massive breasts pressed against Davis's chest. He could hear her breathing get heavy as she asked, "May I serve you master?"

A nod from Davis was all Yetuma needed. She eagerly leaned in, wrapping her arms around his burly chest before tossing Davis into Judie. Sending the pair tumbling down against the large dresser, causing the wood to splinter as their bodies collided with the furniture. Her former companions tried to crawl over to Davis to see if he was okay; an instinctual reaction, but Yetuma blocked them, spitting, "Fucking race traitors deserve nothing less." Before kicking them both square in the stomach, causing them to retch in pain as Yetuma swiped Davis's key card.

"Dumb fucking white boi, you'd believe anything said with a heavy voice wouldn't ya?" Laughed Yetuma, regaining her mocking tone quickly, but she knew she would not have the advantage for long. Davis was already pulling himself off the ground along with Judie. Yetuma was happy to wipe the smug grins off their faces, but now they looked ready to kill. Davis was getting ready to charge her, but Yetuma saw a handgun in the dresser drawer Judie just opened, and she was recovering from the hit faster than Yetuma expected.

*Old ass prune, I'm surprised he can walk after that,* thought Yetuma as she turned and ran for it. She could go two on one, even naked, and even if one of them had a gun, but that wouldn't help her escape if more arrived. Yetuma turned around and rushed past the stalls towards the door. She heard a trio of shots fire off behind her but the adrenaline was pumping and she was sure they missed as she jumped through the door frame.

"I fucking hate these places, now where is....*ahhhggg!*" As Yetuma locked the door, she shifted her weight just enough to feel it. A sharp searing pain from her hip and the second she saw the bleeding hole at her side she knew one of the shots landed.

"FUCKING RACE TRAITORS AND FUCKING PIGS URRRHGGGG!" Screeched Yetuma, slamming her fist against the wall. One of the shots must've bounced off the wall as she stepped out. Yetuma grabbed her hip, putting as much pressure as she could on the wound.

Luckily there was no exit hole, and the handgun couldn't be more than a nine-mm so odds of death were on the lower side. However, the quickly increasing pain and excessive bleeding probably meant the bullet shattered or hit something important. Yetuma wasn't a doctor, but the warm blood flowing through her fingers and down her muscled leg was enough indication that her first priority was bandaging this up.



Breaking into the police hospital was probably too risky, but most bathrooms in these places have a first aid kit. If Yetuma could find that she might have a chance at freedom.

## **Chapter 2: Mother Son Bonding**

Miranda was in very high spirits, her darling little boy had come to visit her after school, but she couldn't let her see her covered in filth and tattered clothes. She quickly washed her body as best she could in the locker room and put on fresh clothes; she didn't want her boy to worry because of her tattered clothing. After cleaning Miranda rushed to the front foyer area, which was mostly empty. A few citizens were strewn about the foyer, occupying the various seats, but right now she only cared about one person.

"Mom!" A little white boy no older than eleven years old jumped out of his seat. His skinny body was clad in a pair of beige shorts and a green t-shirt with the letters ACPF on the front. His face was slim, his hair blond; his small lips were curved into a big smile and his deep green eyes fixated on his mother as she greeted him.

"Leon, come give Mommy a hug!"

Leon embraced his mother, his face squishing between her massive breasts as his arms struggled to wrap around her thick body. Miranda lifted Leon off the floor and held him up as she asked, "Did Mommy's little man have a good day at school?" Leon nodded as Miranda placed him back down, responding, "Good, my you're growing up so quickly."

"Mom, stop babying me!" Pouted Leon, shouting, "I'm going to be eleven tomorrow."

"Right, you are sweetie."

Miranda paused, running her hand through her son's short blond hair as she inquired, "And you still haven't told me what you want."

"Hmmm, I'm not sure..." Mumbled Leon.

"Well, you have to want something, maybe a new game or clothes?"

"Ummm, I just wanna spend time with you, Mommy. You've been at work too much!"

"Awww, what a sly boy, then let Mommy spoil you." Miranda turned and walked back towards the offices, "I need to stay for a while longer, but you can stay with me in the barracks, okay?"

Leon nodded and they made their way back through the halls of the police station. Leon walked closely behind his mother. He'd been to the police station before and enjoyed his time here, but the other officers seemed to give him strange looks; which he now understood to be lustful. Though Leon's mother told him that there was no pressure to reciprocate their feelings if he didn't want to...

"Don't tell me this cutie is your latest perp, Miranda."

As Leon was thinking his mother had stopped and greeted another officer. A short but very muscled woman, with curves just like Leon's mommy. Her long black curly hair reached her shoulders and she gave Leon a very lustful stare as he poked his face from behind his mother's hips.

"This is my son, Leon," responded Miranda before turning back to face her son, "Say hi to officer Brook, Leon."

"Hi Brook..." he said, stepping out from behind his mother.

"He's still a little shy," giggled Miranda.

Brook took a step back, a look of surprise grew across her face, deep brown eyes going wide as she asked, "He's as white as snow and you're black as night, Miranda! Is he adopted or something?"

"Something like that. I applied for one of the Council's breeding programs and offered to be a surrogate mother after having three kids with Tami."

"Aw how sweet," commented Brook folding her arms over her tight chest as she looked at Leon, "It seems like the process was very rewarding." Brook bit her lower lip, her eyes fixated on Leon with an almost animalistic desire.

Leon blushed as Miranda responded, "Extremely." She paused and leaned in close to Brook before continuing at a whisper, "Keep up the good work and I'm sure you'll have a white baby just like me; but, you better not do more than look at my son, understand?"

"I... I, ummm yes ma'am!" Brook instinctively stood at attention as Miranda walked into the nearby barracks. Though before they entered Leon saw Brook rubbing her cheeks with a big woozy smile on her face. She looked at Leon, big brown eyes filled with hearts, and Leon gave her a little wave before following behind his mother.

A surprisingly large rectangular room greeted them. At the back, there was a large kitchen separated from the bunks by a large island. Each wall had ten beds with thick metal frames and a metal locker to their side. Miranda walked to one of the middle ones and opened it by pressing her mechanical thumb against a keypad.

"Take a seat on Mommy's bed, Leon. I'll only be a minute," she said, patting her bed.

Leon quickly hopped up on the bed and looked at his mother as she stripped down out of her uniform. Her massive dark chocolate milkers were straining against her black bra, the tops of her pink areolas peaked just above the cups. Her six-pack and tight tummy glistened with sweat and her wide hips went down into a shapely set of thick jiggly thighs. "Now, sweetie," Miranda turned around as she spoke. Her fat ass cheeks were bigger than basketballs and bounced as she bent over to look in her locker, continuing, "Do you remember what Mommy taught you?"

"Yes mom," groaned Leon, he wished she'd stop treating him as a child. Though, he didn't fully express his frustration, distracted by his Mom's new tattoo. Above her perfect globes of ass flesh was a large white Queen of Hearts tattoo, just like his school teacher. A simple heart with space for a capital Q in the center, but unlike Leon's teacher, the words "Leon's Bleached Meat" were written over the top.

"Mommy, when did you get that tattoo?" asked Leon.

"Oh, I got this two days ago when your father told me about your perfect report card." Miranda knelt in front of her son resting her rack on her son's thighs, smothering his legs in tit flesh as she asked, "Do you like it, Baby? I've been waiting for some free time to show you."

Leon nodded quickly, shouting, "Yes Mommy! That tattoo looks great and makes me feel... good?"

"Hehe, I understand Baby," she said with a voice of sweet satisfaction, "You've never had a nigger brand herself as your property yet, right?"

“Actually, other mommy got a similar tattoo last week while you were gone!” Cheered Leon, a smile growing on his face, “He wants to show it off during my birthday!”

“Is that right,” she said, trying to keep a smile, but she was clearly a little pissed. “I’ll have to have a chat with Mommy later, but first....” Miranda pulled down Leon’s baggy shorts revealing the massive cock bulge they’d been hiding.

“Mmmmm, yessssss,” Miranda buried her face into her son’s crotch and was greeted by the heavy musk of his cock sweat; it was divine. After so many days without any sexual stimulation, Miranda was ready to cream herself from the scent alone.

“Mom!” Shouted Leon, drawing Miranda’s woozy gaze. “If you want to umm... service me, you have to ask properly. You and my teacher said so, right?” ordered Leon, his voice was a bit squeaky but his aura of command made Miranda cunt gush.

“Mmm-oh, I... sorry, Master,” moaned Miranda before getting on her hands and knees. “Please Master, your naughty nigger Mommy needs your thick white dick. It’s been too long since I’ve tasted your superior seed and Mommy’s very hungry!”

“Good Mommy,” he said, grabbing the elastic waistband of his boxers, and kicking them off within seconds.

“That’s Mommy’s big boy!” moaned Miranda as she saw her son’s massive white meat flop out. He’d already reached a full thirteen inches long, with a pair of heavy white nuts the size of apples. Leon stood proud as Miranda swooned, “Ahhhhnngg, I forget how fast you’re growing...”

Miranda climbed back on the bed and sat on the edge. “It feels like only yesterday you were my baby, but now...” she paused, grabbing Leon’s thick dick and slapping it against her face, “But now you’re by big dick white Master!”

“Hehe, you get so silly when you smell my cock Mommy,” he said.

“Can you blame me baby, you’ve got such a thick meaty white cock, mmmmp!” Miranda kissed the underside of her son’s cock as she continued, “You’d convert so, mmmm... many perps if you worked here. Nyghuu, I bet some nasty street thugs would commit crimes just to have a few moments mewling at your feet.”

“Kinda like what you’re doing Mommy?” asked Leon, a big smile on his face.

“Cheeky brat,” spat Miranda, “You know Mommy does a lot more than mewl, guuuggh.” Within a second Miranda took the first few inches of her son’s dick down her throat, nearly choking as his thick tip pressed against the walls of her throat.

“I know Mommy, but mmm you suck harder when I tease you, mmm...”

Miranda looked up as her son’s face melted, displaying his obvious pleasure. *He’s becoming more dominant by the day... I can’t wait to see how he handles his niggers after his next birthday,* thought Miranda. Her eyes fixated on her son’s face as she grasped his small thighs, taking extra care to be gentle with him as she brutally throated his cock. Miranda’s gags filled the room as she choked back all thirteen inches of her son’s massive white meat. Her thick black lips pressed against the base of his cock and her big desperate green eyes were begging for some compliments.

“Good job Mommy,” moaned Leon, grabbing onto her head for support, “You’re the best cock sucker in the family, I love you Mommy!”

“Ghhuugghh!” groaned Miranda, she felt so slutty getting her cock sucking abilities praised by her son. She could feel her cunt drooling, staining her panties as she pulled her lips back and started bobbing her head. Her thick lips kept a vacuum seal around her son’s thick white dick. She could feel Leon’s shaft throbbing as she moved up and down his cock. *Mmmm, that’s it baby... give Mommy that thick delicious cum,* thought Miranda, her eyes fixed on Leon’s face.

Though her son wasn’t content to sit back and enjoy mommy’s blowjob. His fingers instinctively grasped Miranda’s hair and he started pumping her throat, causing Miranda’s eyes to go wide. “Nhhg, su-sorry Mommy!” he groaned, pumping her throat, “I can’t sto...mmmmph!”

Leon bit his lower lip, thrusting his little hips as hard as he could, bashing his fat nuts against his mother’s chin. Miranda’s throat was being used as a pussy and she was thrilled! *Yeeeeesssss maaaasssa! Pump Mommy’s throat as much as you like, please don’t stop <3!* Thought Miranda, keeping her throat nice and relaxed for her son. Air was a secondary concern, the most important thing in Miranda’s mind right now was making sure Leon’s cock was easily gliding in and out of her throat. Each heavy thrust Leon made caused the sound of brutal ball slapping to echo through the empty barracks. Leon was pumping his hips in a frenzy happily pumping Mommy’s sloppy throat.

“Mmmm... Mommy it feels sooo goood!” he moaned, rutting inside his mother’s throat.

*Yes, Master, rut in Mommy's throat. Use my windpipe as your sex toy and don't hold back. Blast a thick tasty load of white cum down your niggers throat!* Thought Miranda as she supported her son's hips, keeping him stable as she choked on his dick. Her thick black lips desperately sucked his massive white meat. It had been too long since she tasted her son's sweet white cum and each throb of his meat was a tease. She wanted so desperately to feel her son cum inside her again.

"Nuguhh, mu-mommy I'm gonna!" Leon plunged his cock down to the base bulging Miranda's esophagus. Her eyes watered and she squealed like a sow as Leon dumped an extra thick load of cum down her throat. His thick throbbing white cock poured tons of thick nasty ball cream into Miranda's stomach. She eagerly swallowed it all, happily choking every last yogurt thick drop into her gullet before Leon let go of her head.

"Whooaa," he said, stepping back, his cock flopping out of Miranda's mouth. Ropes of thick spit and cum still connected Leon's thick dick to Miranda's thick pouty lips. The sloppy spit ropes broke, landing on the bed as Leon fell onto his back. Exhaling a sigh of relief, "Thanks Mommy, I felt super backed up today..."

"Mmmm, my pleasure sweetie. It's my job as your nigger cumdumpster to milk you, buuut," she said as she crawled over to her son squishing his slick cock between her breasts. "You shouldn't be this backed up after one day at school, mmmm."

"Normally Amanra or Izula would milk me during lunch, but..." Leon sighed, "They've been busy."

"Mmmm, well that won't do," Miranda kissed Leon's cock tip as she softly continued, "I'll talk with your sisters. You're the white man in their life and they should really be prioritizing their little brother." Miranda's tone changed from smoky to motherly as she continued, "So it's going to be your job to keep them from monkeying around, understand?"

"Yes, Mommy," he responded.

"Good boy, now let me get you nice and clean."

Miranda got to work, slurping and squeezing her son's shaft. Her long pink tongue quickly scraped the leftover cum into her mouth. Leon watched her intently, he wanted to be a good master; a title that still felt weird but less unfitting as he wore it. In the past he was always treated nicely by his teachers and classmates, but only now did he realize the expectations on his shoulders. At this point, all he needed to do was shake

his cock at his teacher, family, friends or anybody really and they'd be happy. Yet something felt off to Leon like he wasn't really doing anything. That's why Leon dreamed of joining the police force, so he could meet everyone's expectations and give back to the people he loved in a way that carried some meaning.

Leon kept pumping, mustering all the authority and strength he could to satisfy his mother. Trying to match Mommy's movements, gyrate his hips to hit her at different angles and all while trying not to cum too early. However, in between the heavy pumping and groans of pleasure, his thoughts drifted. Thinking about the words his mother and father told him after he first fucked them.

*After all;*

*A good master knows how to properly train his niggers...*

*A good master knows how to love his niggers...*

*A good master knows what his niggers need...*

And Leon couldn't do any of that acting like a kid. He had to man up and be a good master for his family. They needed him to be because who else will, but he still wasn't sure how to do it. His teacher certainly loved to talk about different ways to punish naughty niggers, but often Leon was left wondering how to properly be his mother's master. She didn't deserve to be punished, she was his mom, but maybe she deserved a reward...

"Mommy stop," he asked.

"Mmmm, sorry baby," Miranda was panting hard, her lips slick with drool. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, it's not that..." Leon looked at his mother, he could feel her soft black tit-flesh squeeze his cock, and her sloppy drool drip down his tip. He wondered how he should say it to make her happy, so he just remembered what his teacher said and continued, "I want you to hop on my cock and ride me until I cum, nigger!"

Miranda paused her jaw-dropping slightly before she cried, "Master you've become so nasty!" Miranda's lips curved into a woozy smile, "You're becoming a bigger man by the day."

“Hehe, thanks Mommy,” he said, cock pulsating as Miranda stood up and slowly started taking off her panties. “I know you love it when I give you orders.”

Miranda tossed her soaked black panties onto the floor and squatted over her son. Her bald cunt appeared freshly shaved, and her lips drooled as she pressed her son’s tip against her pussy. “Mmmm, yes massa,” she moaned, slowly pressing her hips down, “Your naughty coon Mommy loves being your cumdumpster, *nyggghh!*”

“And I love cumming in my coon!” spat Leon as he bucked his hips up finding more confidence. Inserting the first few inches of dick into Miranda’s cunt.

“Nyyggghh-fu... fuck me,” moaned Miranda as her knees gave out. Her hips slammed down on Leon’s cock, and her greedy hole took his entire shaft. Leon moaned softly as his tip pressed against the back of Mommy’s cervix. He could feel his entire length getting squeezed by her tight folds. Miranda’s muscled tummy was obscenely bulged by her boy’s cock.

“Mmmnnngguuhh, Yuh... you’ve become such a... st-strong man, baby,” she moaned, bending over.

Leon’s face was smothered between his mother’s breasts. His little hands embraced her milkers, wrapping around the sides as his face was smothered by tit flesh in the center. Leon couldn’t see it, but his mother was cuming hard, her face a dirty ahagao as she covered her son’s crotch in cunt honey.

“Mmm-mooooom!” cried Leon, poking his head from under her breasts. “You stopped moving, are you okay.... Oh,” Leon paused as he saw his mother panting, her lips curved into a big smile.

“Su-sorry mu-master, Mommy is just recovering,” slobbered Miranda, drooling as her cunt kept shuddering around her boy’s cock. “I... I’ll be fine, juh-just gimme a second.”

“It’s okay, Mommy. I know you get tired when you cum too hard. You’ve been working hard so let me take care of you.” Responded Leon, pushing upon his mother’s breasts to little effect. “But first get off me and lay on your back!”

“Mmmm, yes master,” moaned Miranda, laying on her back. She spread her mechanical legs revealing her soaking cunt and sweaty dark chocolate abs. They trembled as her son got on his knees. His thick throbbing pillar of white meat sent shivers down her spine every time she looked at it.



Leon grabbed her thighs for support as he pressed his fat cock tip against her pussy. “Nngh, I’m going to get better and stronger quickly Mommy. The-then I’ll be able to lift you up, nymmphh... without your help,” he said slowly sinking his cock into her easily spread lips.

“It, oooohh... please master!” squealed Miranda as her son’s innocent mind hit upon using her like a fleshlight. “I’m your mother and your loyal nigger slave, I’ll serve you for as long as you waaaahnncchs!” Miranda’s voice cracked as she felt Leon’s tip press against her G-spot. He easily scraped out her depths and brought her to the edge; without even trying, and was quickly surpassing her in terms of sexual stamina.

“Well I want you to enjoy this,” Leon started pumping his hips. Slow deep thrusts as he continued, “I want Mommy to feel good, too!”

Miranda’s face melted at her son’s words. *Little white devil, I fucking came again...* She thought as she muttered, “Hehe, thank youushh babbii!” Her words became slurred as Leon rubbed his tip against the back of her cunt. It was getting hard to think as her little master forced her to cum over and over again. He probably didn’t even fully realize how much hold he had over his mother, she couldn’t even get wet without his wonderful cock. Her husband and his white dildo, porn, or other hunky white men couldn’t compete with her master’s fat white boy dick.

“Nyyggghh, muh-master I... I’m going to go crazy! You’re gonna make me a brain dead niiiiiggaaa!” Miranda’s eyes rolled back as her son grabbed her large tits. His hands grabbed her areolas, squeezing them with all the force he could muster.

“Then go crazy Mom,” he chuckled, looking at his mother’s sloppy face. “I’ll just do all the thinking for you if you get too dumb!”

Miranda’s head whipped back as she screamed, “Yeeesshh, maaasshgerr!” She couldn’t hold on any longer, the pleasure was killing her and it got worse when she felt the first few ropes of cum erupt into her womb.

“Mooooom I can’t... mmm!” moaned Leon. embracing his mother’s chest. His head was right under her boobs as his hands wrapped around her. Miranda arched her back and screamed as her son filled her to the brim with superior white seed. Painting her womb white with his thick and nasty genetic spew. Miranda nearly passed out as her boy pumped her full, bloating her perfect abs as she cried, “Yeesssshh masssaaa fiiiiiis

meeeeh!” And Leon did, panting hard as he dumped days worth of cum in his mother’s needy womb.

Leon panted for a moment, exhausted, but satisfied to see his mother’s fucked silly face. He slowly pulled out, his cum spilling onto the sheets as his mother panted like a bitch from the harsh womb pounding she experienced. Though there was a small problem that Leon quickly felt as his cock went soft.

“Ummm-Mommy, where is the bathroom?”

“I... *ahmmm*, it’s just down the hall baby do you need me to...”

“No, it’s fine Mom, take a break and I’ll be back really quick,” he responded, hopping off the bed and heading towards the door.

“Gu-good boy,” muttered Miranda as Leon left.

Leon hurried down the tiled floor of the police station. His slightly sweaty athletic body and massive cum coated cock was on display, but no one was around to see it? According to his mother, the police station was full of black sluts that would be more than happy to help him, but the hallways were completely empty now. Not a single officer was in sight, and by the time Leon got to the bathroom a red light filled the hallways, and a familiar voice echoed.

*“All officers are to be on high alert, an insurgent named Yetuma Chinsomo has escaped their conditioning and injured two officers. She is currently unarmed, but the k4TT7-MK2 security bots have been deployed to subdue her. All active officers are to secure the exits and those unarmed are to take cover in the nearest room.”*

The announcers’ voice was unmistakably a Jenny service bot, and Leon quickly darted into the bathroom locking the door behind himself. Leon was about to let out a sigh of relief, but then he heard something.

“*Ghhaaagg* fucking... I can’t, *ghaaaa!*” Echoed a voice from one of the back stalls.

Leon’s attention immediately turned to the empty bathroom, save one stall. He could barely see hints of a person and he stepped forward, asking, “Hello, are you okay... ew.”

Leon stepped forward and felt something wet touch his foot and it was blood. He recoiled for a moment nearly slipping on the shiny white tile as he realized the trail led to the back. He'd never seen so much blood before and it frightened him, he could feel his heart pumping in his chest, but he pushed past it. There might be an injured officer and Leon did know first aid.

Leon quickly approached, trying not to step on any of the blood drops and noticing the first aid case had been forced open. He peered into the open stall and saw a very muscled brown woman. Her body was covered in scars, with a noticeable pink scar over her eye. Her massive soccer ball size breasts jiggled as her body trembled with pain and Leon could see why. There was a small bleeding bullet hole in her hip that she poked a pair of tweezers inside, trying to grab something as she spat, "Shitting fuck-pig I'm gonna... ghhuugggh!"

She dropped the tweezers, her arms going limp as she cursed under her breath. Her deep violet eyes rolled up into her head, her long black hair reached her lower back and fell forwards as her body slumped. Leon wasn't sure what to do, but then he thought about what his mother said, *A good master knows what a nigger needs.*

With those words and the confidence high of using a woman like a sex doll buzzing through him. Leon ran back to the first aid kit and grabbed a metracarbonate patch. Ripping the paper open with his mouth as he swung the stall open and looked at the half-conscious woman, muttering, "Sorry this is going to hurt a bit." Then he pressed the patch on the outside of her wound.

"Ahhhgggg-FUCKING BITCH!" She shouted, her body trembling as the patch sizzled and seeped into her wound. Sealing the entrance shut, while cleansing the wound.

"Sorry, but now you won't bleed out, and hopefully the bullet won't move," he said exiting the stall.

"Hell, I've hallucinated a naked white boy now. What's next?" she sarcastically asked, rubbing the patch and to her surprise, it felt dry, but rough like leather.

"I'm not a hallucination and my name is Leon, not white boy," he said with assertiveness he didn't feel.

"Yu-yeah, what fucking ever," she groaned as she tried to stand. Using the side of the stall for support. She could barely move, but that was enough for her. Yet before she

could make another move Leon stopped her putting a hand against her sweaty stomach.

“Don’t touch me!” she spat. “If yu-you think so-mmmph, white bitch boy is gonna stop me...”

“But if I don’t give you an injection you might die,” interrupted Leon as she pushed against his body, but she was too weak to move him. She leaned heavily on the side of the stall, aiming all her hatred at this small white boy, but she couldn’t refuse him. He was right, she’d lost more blood than she’d care to admit and she took comfort in his scared look that she was still strong and independent. While trying not to dwell on the feeling of being overpowered by a white boy.

“Muh-make it quick,” she muttered, leaning back on the toilet and looking away. Ashamed to accept any help from a white man; even if the man in question was a child.

Leon leaned over, the needle was small and all he had to do was insert it near the entry sight. The clear liquid is supposed to numb the pain and shrink blood vessels using some nano-chemical reactions beyond Leon’s current grade level, but not by much. However, his mother completely trusted the medicine and so did Leon. Remembering her lessons, he slowly injected the fluid into her hip.

“*Hghyynn...*” she groaned as Leon injected her.

It was strange for Leon, he’d only practiced this in VR-simulations, and the stakes were a lot higher, but that wasn’t the strangest part. As the woman groaned he didn’t see a steely angry glare looking him down, but a scared woman. She even looked way younger than his mother when she wasn’t keeping a constant gruff demeanor. Leon found himself feeling bad for her, even though it was likely she was the insurgent.

“Ummm, I know needles are scary, but you should feel better now...” Yetuma’s lower lip quivered and she shrank as Leon removed the needle. She expected some kind of lordship, for this child to sneer at her and degrade her like a piece of meat like she was used to, but...

“Ah good you look less pale,” continued Leon, giving her a little smile. “I know you’re probably the woman they are looking for, but...”

*Oh here it comes,* thought Yetuma.

"I think you deserve another chance!"

"What?"

"I mean... I just don't think you deserve to die even if you are an insurgent. My Mommy says anyone can be reformed, so maybe there is hope for you..."

"I don't... what the fuck," muttered Yetuma.

"So, you should turn yourself in!" shouted Leon, his voice concerned. "The numbing agent will only last eight hours if you are lucky and the patch..." Leon paused to think before continuing "Maybe an hour longer? You will need surgery as soon as possible, but ahggg..."

"Shut it, white boy," spat Yetuma, pushing Leon out of the way as she walked out of the bathroom. "You're another fucking white rapist, no matter how sweet you act, and I'll never sign my freedom away."

"I mean Mommy tells me I have to help niggers, but I dunno how to do it sometimes. I just try to keep my family happy."

"Fucking brat," spat Yetuma stepping towards. She assumed he'd get what's coming to him one day. All these white fucks just looked at her like she was meat, but he did save her life and was kind to her; a rare occurrence in Yetuma's life. Yetuma turned back to face Leon who was looking at her with big deep green eyes.

She sighed, continuing, "You might be a filthy white boy, but you did right by me, and for that..."

*SMASH\**

The bathroom's wooden door was turned to splinters and from the entrance shot out two electrodes that hit Yetuma's back and fried her. Shooting enough volts to make her mouth foam, and her legs crumbled beneath her. Her body slumped on the floor as a large woman stepped through the shattered door frame, and Leon immediately knew what she was.

"A Katty security bot, mother mentioned they were fierce but..." he muttered, keeping his eyes fixated on the robot.

She was a little over six feet tall, built skinny with tanned brown skin. Her ACPF uniform clung to her slender curves and her long red hair reached her upper back. Though her face was much more menacing. Made to mirror a beautiful redhead, sculpted cheekbones, slim nose and red eyes that literally scanned the room as she entered.

The Katty robot looked down at Yetuma's body, announcing "Target neutralized, lowering security status." At her words the red lights bathing the hallways shifted back to their normal hue.

"Ummm, you're a Katty bot, right?" asked Leon, stepping forward.

"That's right, young master, new models with advanced programming. May I answer any of your questions?"

"What is going to happen to her?"

"Assault of one officer, and one account of violent robbery in the past twenty-four hours earned her a reconditioning. Which she rejected by assaulting two more officers. That earned her two years of personality reconditioning in solitary confinement." Leon winced at Katty's words. Two years of solitary re-conditioning would reduce Yetuma to a babbling slutty mess, but her punishment was only goign to get worse

"However, Yetuma Chinsomo is out of second chances. She has escaped custody twice in five years for federal crimes and has committed thirty-six separate minor infractions. My superiors are not recommending another chance for her to assault anyone else. She will receive life in prison, followed by-"

"Wait, aren't you going to try reforming her?"

"Sorry young master, but that isn't an option. She's too dangerous and-"

"No, I want to give her another chance. She just seems a bit scared," responded Leon.

"Young master, I..."

"Mother says you bots need to listen to me," shouted Leon, trying to look as tough as possible before the curvy Katty bot. Who looked down at him like a small animal.

“And I order you to give her a second chance.” Leon stood beside Yetuma and puffed out his chest at the Katty-bot. Who had over two feet of height over Leon and a military-grade stun gun.

“Young master, I am required to take your suggestion into account but this woman is...” The Katty seemed ready to reject his order, but her eyes flashed red for a moment and she smiled, “You are in luck, young master. I can fully comply with your command. I’ll make sure she gets another fair chance with one of the best masters we have,”

“Th-that’s good,” sputtered Leon, surprised she listened to him.

“Now young master if that is all.” The Katty slung Yetuma over her shoulder with ease. Supporting her entire weight with just one arm as she continued, “I will be off and make sure to return to your mother and inform her that you’re unharmed.”

The Katty’s heeled footsteps made a loud clacking sound that echoed down the hall as she left Leon naked in the bathroom. Leon took a moment to stand in place, still processing what had just happened. He wasn’t sure he had it in him to treat a bleeding wound, but he’d just saved a life, and he wondered what else he might do. He felt a profound sense of satisfaction and wondered if this is how his mother felt...

“Oh no, Mom is going to be pissed.”

### **Bleached World Africa Ch.3**

Miranda had just finished escorting her son out of the police station. The business with the terrorist Yetuma had caused quite a stir, but Miranda was granted some time to take her son home early today. It was getting dark by the time Miranda and Leon started going home. The final hints of orange sky were being swallowed by the night as the cool sea winds flew through the mega city. It was a calm night and yet, all Leon could do was think about what just happened.

He had no idea the lady he helped was a notorious terrorist! Though luckily, his mother wasn’t too mad but she did smother Leon in a protective hug for a good thirty minutes before she was calmed down by corrections Officer Davis. His only punishment (if you could call it that) was answering a few questions, though Miranda got a little mad at Leon when he asked them to be lenient with their sentencing. .

Miranda wanted her thrown in a pit if not killed but Davis seemed pleased by Leon's answer and told his mother he'd "see what he could do and wait for more news by the weekend". Leon was a bit nervous for a bunch of different reasons which he had trouble sorting out, but at the moment he mostly felt smothered by his mother who still worried for him. The trip home was mostly highway, meaning the car could self drive for them, leaving Miranda to focus on important things.

Like giving her son a sloppy titjob!

Miranda was half naked, laying on her back in the reclined seat. Her police uniform unbuttoned and bra tossed on the passenger seat. While her son Leon sat on her stomach and pumped her fat black titties. His small hands grasped Miranda's puffy pink nipples as he pumped her sweaty black milkers. At least half his long white shaft poked from between the big black fuck mountains. However, instead of worshipping her son's exposed shaft Miranda was scolding him.

"I never want you to scare me like that again baby!"

"But Mommy, she was bleeding, and probably would've died if I didn't-"

"Hush baby, she was a nasty nigger gorilla and would be better off dead. Besides I wouldn't know what I'd do if you got hurt." Miranda reached out and cupped her son's cheeks, "I'm just glad we'll never see her again, now let Mommy spoil you until we get home."

"Alright, but you're not asking properly, again."

"Oh sorry baby, Mommy was just flustered. Can your silly nigger milk your dick, massah?"

"Yes you may," sighed Leon as his mother got back to work.

"Thank-ya *maassah!*" Moaned Miranda with an exaggerated giggle.

"That's a-*ahnn-mmm*, a good Mommy!" Leon bit his lower lip as he groaned, humping his mother's massive ebony mounds. He bit his lower lip, his face melting as his cock pulsed and leaked precum that his Mommy greedily gobbled up.



Miranda's lips extended into a sloppy duck face as she sucked all the sweet pre-cum out of Leon's cock. It oozed down her throat and directly into her gullet, but it was nothing compared to a real load. Her baby boy could cum like a fucking horse and Miranda was desperately milking Leon, moving her lips up and down his fat white donkey dick, every pulse of his penis a hint she was bringing him closer to cumming.

*"Mmnnnggh, I am getting close."*

"Don't hold back Master! Just dump-*ghhhnnkk!*" Miranda felt her throat bulge as Leon shoved his meat into her mouth.

*"Mmmnnnggh, swallow iittssh!"* Grunted Leon as he shoved his shaft down her throat. His hands squeezed her tits hard as he blasted a thick load.

*Yes massah, your silly nigger obeys,* thought Miranda as she cried, *"Mnnnggghhh!"*

Her son's spunk clogged her airway and started to spill out of her lips and nose. Thick nasty ropes of her son's sweet white molasses leaked out of her lips and nostrils as she came. Miranda soaked her pristine green police shorts, the crotch darkening as her cunt honey seeped through, but she didn't care. Her son's cum was just too good!

*"Ahhhhgggh, baby you came so much."* Drooled Miranda after she pulled her lips off of her son's tip. His fat cock was still drooling cum over her chest, and Miranda wanted it all.

*"Mmmm, do you want to keep pumping Mommy's throat?"* Miranda licked her cum coated lips as she reached past her tits and cupped her son's still heavy nuts, "You're so very backed up and despite being tired, Mommy will milk you dry!"

"I think we better stop for now."

"But why?" Miranda asked, as she gave her son a pouty look.

"Because we just got home." Leon turned to look outside to see the quiet of the New Novo Suburbia around him. It appears the car's A.I managed well enough without his mother's input.

The two story homes were built for those whose homes were destroyed in the great grease fire. Leon remembered hearing from his mother that it destroyed most of the old Portuguese and Brazilian inspired architecture. What they got was a very western inner

city that housed most of the workforce and visitors. While people like Leon's family got to live in the suburbs, which took design inspiration from the old architecture and were a literal jungle these days.

It was difficult to grow grass in the climate but some managed. Though most opted to grow trees; some Gmelina trees, but mostly oil palms. They grew close to each other and formed a rather large canopy over most of the space between the homes. The garden association hoped to grow a canopy over the streets though Yateni (the head of the garden association) said that would take over a decade. Leon fully expected it would happen, this was the kind of place where everyone knew everyone and got along. There was little in the way of property dividers beyond the fact you weren't supposed to walk into each other's homes; unless there was an orgy happening. In that case it was encouraged that you join and do your communal duty to clap black cheeks.

All the homes were quite spacious. Miranda had mentioned a few times they were much larger than the old homes, nicer too. They were built in the same portuguese style as the old town. Every home was built with a material made to look like tan or beige stone infilled by a nice white lime, giving the cylindrical house a nice white facade. The front door had a large overhang which was supported by a trio of arches which ran the length of the entire wooden porch. Though Leon's eyes fixated on the front door as his other mother Tami threw it open.

"Baby! I'm so happy to see you home." Cheered Tami as she strutted towards the driveway barefoot with only a white apron covering her voluptuous bimbo body.

"Hi, Mom." Said Leon as he lowered the window and stuck his head outside to meet his second Mom.

Tami was the biological father of his siblings. Though over the past twenty years she'd started feminizing herself to the point Tami didn't have a shred left of her former masculinity; which wasn't much according to Miranda. She always thought her husband would make a much better shemale than male and was very supportive of the transition, and Leon agreed. He encouraged his new mother to behave in the manner he expected, which now involved her being a bubbly bleached whore.

With perfect dark brown skin, long and straight bleach blonde hair, and even more thickness packed into her hips than Miranda. Tami had two fake plastic dark chocolate mountains of tits flesh that easily reached double-J sizes with fat beefy dark brown nipples to match. Unlike her wife, Tami's body was smooth and soft, with gentile muscle contours around her extra wide hips and double stuffed thighs that squished together

when she stood. Leon could already see her body glistening with oil, meaning she was probably getting ready for a stream soon.

"I see you've been playing with Miranda. I hope she hasn't milked you dry yet."

"Nope, I'm still good to go!" Cheered Leon as he hopped off his mother and out of the car window.

"That's my little Stallion!" Cooed Tami as she squatted and embraced her son.

"*Oooomnn!*" Leon groaned as he was suddenly squished into his mother's tit flesh. His face was swallowed by her big beach ball sized tits.

"How about I carry you inside and spoil you until we have to-"

"Wait a second!"

"Yes Dear," responded Tami as she watched Miranda climb out of the police vehicle.

"You've got a lot to answer for Sweetie."

"And you've got a fresh glaze of our son's sperm all over your tits."

Miranda puffed up her cheeks. Her robotic heels slamming against the pavement as she spat, "That's not the point!"

"And what is the point? I thought Leon was supposed to be shared between us?" Continued Tami as she let go of Leon, "But it seems like you've been monopolizing him lately."

"Then what about this!" Miranda reached out and pulled Tami's apron to the side, revealing her wife's caged flat topped chastity cage, smooth heavy black nuts with a big white queen of hearts ball tattoo and a large womb tattoo that matched Miranda's womb tattoo completely with the words "Leon's Bleached Bimbo" written underneath the heart.

"*Hehe*, Dear you're showing Leon my clitty. I'll start to leak if you do that."

"Cut the crap, Tami. You showed Leon your tattoo early didn't you!"

"But how would you know that unless you showed him yours?"

“Don’t change the subject, you ruined the surprise first.”

“I’m sorry Shnookums, your silly bimbo wife is a bit of a ditz and must’ve like... forgot.” Tami playfully knocked on the side of her head, “My brain just goes blank when our son shows me his big white dick.”

“Well then maybe you should take a break and share a bit more. You’ve been a greedy bimbo lately!”

“You’re completely right Miranda! Leon should give us hungry old whores a break.”

“Wait that’s not what I-”

Tami giggled as she looked down at her son, “Leon, your Sisters just got home and they probably want to show off their new tattoos.”

“Sounds good, just let me get my bag.” Leon smiled.

“Don’t worry,” Interjected Miranda, “I’ll get your bag dear. You run along while your Mommies chat about something in private.”

“*Haaaangh*, fine.” Exhaled Miranda, “besides I wanted to chat with you too.”

“Oh, how mysterious. I wonder what it might be.” Cooed Tami as she pressed her tits against Miranda’s big old milkers, meeting her wife’s intense look with a bubbly smile.

“Just try not to fight and tell Ekunda he can join us too.”

“Your older brother is out at soccer practice, but he’ll be home soon. Now give your Mommies a chance to talk seriously.”

Leon nodded and walked into the house. Still completely naked with his cock swinging between his legs. He entered the main hallway and b-lined down the nearby stairs. His feet scuttled down the steps quickly and he took a hard left into the recreation room, expecting to see his Sister’s watching T.V. However as Leon entered, he was immediately caught in a booby trap!

“Caught you!” Shouted Izula as she leaned over and squeezed her tits around Leon’s head.

Izula wasn't much taller than Leon; literally five feet of pure jiggly black thickness, with a pair of pillowy milkers that reached over a foot from her chest and sagged halfway down her soft belly. Izula had a round face with thick dark brown lips, cute brown eyes and a pair of pig tails which reached her shoulders. She'd boosted her breasts size in the past two years and was currently wearing a half bra to help lift the twenty pounds of tits attached to her chest. Yet the soft white fabric didn't cover her puffy dark brown nipples that hardened as soon as she embraced Leon. Her slender little arms squeezed her brother against her soft and pudgy tummy. Leon could immediately feel his hands sink into her extra wide hips as he tried to push himself out of the death grip.

"Not much of a trap since I can push myself out." Continued Leon as he managed to escape.

"And that's Amanra's fault!" shouted Izula, puffing out her cheeks, "she was supposed to squish you from the other side!"

Izula whipped her head around to the couch where her Sister was sitting, "That lazy nigger fell asleep!"

"*Hmmmmh Izuuuulaa!*" Whined Amanra as she slowly moved upright, rubbing her sleepy eyes, "Why *dib-yu...* *ahhhmmm*, why did you wake me up?"

Amanra almost seemed like a younger version of Miranda. A six foot two black woman with long curly black hair that reached her lower back. Her double-G cup breasts had a hypnotic bounce and yet, stayed perky above her well defined abs. With fat puffy pink nipples that matched her mother. Her statuesque muscled thighs were slick with sweat and between her legs was a perfect brown slit with just the hints of her pink insides shining through and standing out from her otherwise stubble dotted pussy.

"Morning Sis, did you get sleepy waiting for your little brother." Leon leaned over, an almost babying tone in his voice, "It must've been hard staying up past your bedtime."

"Oh?! Master!" Amanra immediately woke up, and jumped to her feet, "I'm so happy your home, did you see..."

"Mom spoiled the surprise, but I like the new tattoos." Leon took a look at his Sister's platinum white womb tattoos. Filigree stylized queen of hearts, dotted by little white crowns with the words "Leon's Bleached Bitch" written underneath.

*"Mmmm, thank you Master."* Izula leaned over and embraced her brother from behind as she cooed, "does it mean it's our turn?"

"Our Moms are busy, so I'd say that's a yes, and since you weren't ready for me." Leon turned to Amanra and pushed her back onto the couch.

*"Eeeep!"* she squeaked as she fell over instantly. She was helpless to resist her little brother and just lost all her strength at his touch.

"I think you'll make a good seat." Leon smiled as he sat on his sister's lap, resting his head between her tits as he continued, "Consider it a little punishment for falling asleep."

*"Mmmmm, oohmm thu-thank you Master."* muttered Amanra, "I'll do better next time."

"You better Sista, I'm not gonna cover for your pathetic ass." Spat Izula as she squatted at Leon's feet. Her massive tits covering her Master's legs as his cock poked through her cleavage.

"You're always so hard on Amanra, she's just a big softie." Said Leon as he reached to his sides and grabbed his big Sister's big pink nipples.

"She can't be so sheepish!" Pouted Izula as she kissed Leon's cock tip, *"Mmmmwaah, we're owned niggers now and have to carry ourselves above the common filth."*

*"Mmnngggh, yes little Sis."* She let out a soft moan as Leon pressed his fingers into her hardening nipples.

In the months prior Leon had been training Amanra to take small nipple insertions. A talent that he expected she inherited from her mother. At first she could barely handle the sounders Leon used, but soon she could take two of his fingers like a pro. Now the simple act of fingering her tits had become an easy way to push his Sister to the edge of orgasm with no real effort. A fact Leon often used to punish her for being naughty.

"Let's see if you can make me cum before Amanra squirts. If you can, I'll pound you first."

"Challenge accepted little bro!"

*"Mmnnggh, muh-my nipples are-mmnnggh, mu-eeellttinn!"* squealed Amanra.

“Stop being such a sissy and learn to hold back.” Drooled Izula after giving her little brother’s cock head another kiss, “Even Ekunda can hold back longer than you... *mmmmggh, suh guuudd!*”

Amanra’s face melted as she watched her little Sister’s eyes glaze over with love and deep lust. Nothing softened Izula more than her little brother’s big hard white dick. Even with her massive cow titties she still couldn’t completely envelop his superior white meat and had to use her mouth and throat to service the rest. Her head bobbing up and down as she sucked all of the left over pre-cum from his cock; she could still taste her mother’s throat slime, and it made her suck even harder. Determined to beat her mother out as the favored fuck sleeve.

“*Mmmm*, you’re getting so much better Sis... I mean, suck my cock harder nigger!” Ordered Leon as he fingered Amanra’s nipples harder, “Don’t you want to be better than Mommy?”

“*Ghhnnngggkkk!*” gurgled Izula, she started moving her head faster, sucking harder. She wasn’t going to be the second kora to her mother. She’d be Leon’s main suck-slut and didn’t need oxygen to do that! Izula happily choked herself as she felt her brother’s cock swell, stretching her esophagus to the point Leon could see his cock’s outline in her throat.

“*Mmnnnnnggh, buh-brother-*”

“It’s **Master**, Amanra.”

“*Mmuh-muh-maaaaassshhtterr!*” Amanra’s eyes rolled up into her head as she felt her pussy throb. She couldn’t take the nipple teasing, they were so sensitive and her brother knew exactly how to tease them. He pulled and penetrated her nipples with his fingers, giving his Sister a mind melting nipple finger-banging, until;

“*Cuummssssh!*”

“Awww, poor nigger, did you piss yourself again?” Added Izula as she saw her Sister’s juices leaking down the couch.”

“Did you Amanra?” asked Leon, “because Mom said I should punish you if you soaked the couch again.”

*"Nyyuuuh-nooooo!"* Tears streamed down the sides of Amanra's sloppy of face as she tried, *"I-I lsshh da qhu-ick shooooot!"*

*"Hmmmph, pathetic."*

"Sorry Izula but this quick shot slut is going to get my cock first. Better luck next time,"

Izula smiled as she licked her brother's tip, *"Aheeehn,* at least I get to taste the first load-*ggghhkhk!"* Before she swallowed his cock head, her tongue teasing her brother's fat pink cock tip, desperately trying to milk a load.

"Drink up Sis, and make sure to swallow every last drop." Leon grabbed his Sister's pigtails and slammed his meat down her throat.

*"Mmgggrrrrrrhhhhnn!"* Izula gurgled moans as her lips extended into a vacuum suck face. Her eyes crossed as she scarfed down all of Leon's thick white baby batter. She could feel it filling her stomach to the brim. Her brain tingled with every drop of nut sludge dumped inside her chubby tummy.

"And don't be so sad Sis," continued Leon as he popped his fingers out of Amanra's nipples, "You're getting fucked first.

*"Mmnnnn-yaaaaay..."*

Izula popped her lips off Leon's spit shined dick; not a single drop of cum was left, only a coating of her spit. Leon leapt off Amanra's lap and turned around, easily spreading her legs. Amanra still felt so light headed, her brain was buzzing in the afterglow of orgasm as her brother spread her legs, revealing her dripping cunt and the puddle of Sex juices running down her taint.

"Good girl," said Leon as he rubbed Amanra's abs, petting her like a dog as he continued, "You didn't lie about not soiling the couch again and for that I won't go too hard on you."

*"Mmmnnngghh, thu-thank you bro-Master! Thank you Master, I'll try not to be such a pathetic coon."* Amanra managed to catch herself and Leon seemed pleased enough by her mewls. He was so strong and she was completely helpless as pulled her forward and slapped his cock against her pussy.



"I do have my doubts about that, Sis." Leon cock squished against her pussy, creating a wet squishing sound as he teased, "Look at how wet you are, can you really last much longer?"

"Of course not, Master! That reated coon doesn't know how to hold back her natural urges, she's basically an animal." Interjected Izula as she reached around and cupped her brother's heavy nuts.

"Come on big Sis, you should be a little nicer to this big softie."

"*Mmmmm*, but you are too nice to this big dumb nigga!" Protested Izula with a pouty face, "It reflects poorly on you Master! If your nigger keep creaming herself at a bit of teasing, people will doubt the quality of your training."

"But I can't *heeeelp isssh!*" moaned Amanra, "little brother is such a stud, it's impossible to stop my body from reacting naturally."

"Poor pet," responded Leon as he started sinking his tip inside her slit, "It must be hard for you to concentrate at college. When all you want is your little brother's cock!"

"*Hnnngggh, yuh*-yes Master, I'm a big coon loser that loves your fat white shota cock!" Amanra

"That we agree on, Sis *mmmmwaah*." Izula leaned forward and kissed Leon's back as he sunk his meat into Amanra. The sound of wet squishing and sputtered groans filled the room as she continued, "May I help our silly older Sister, Master?"

"And how will you help her?" asked Leon.

"*Hehehe* like this!" Izula's lips curved into a slutty smile as she moved down and spread Leon's tight white boy bubble booty, revealing his sweaty little butthole.

"You take too much after Tami."

"And you should be glad I do!" Izula licked her lips before pressing them against Leon's sweaty asshole. Then she quickly ran her tongue up his taint, scraping his sweat onto her tongue before planting a sloppy kiss on the back of her brother's balls.

"*Mmmnnggh!*" grunted Leon.

*"Ahnnngggh, muh-Master your pre is so-mmmm, hooottssh!"* Groaned Amanra, her eyes fluttered as she felt ropes of thick white baby batter flood into her womb. It stuck to her walls and made her body shiver as Leon started rutting deep inside.

"Fuck!" drooled Izula as she pressed her nose against Leon's buttock before taking a big, *"Snnooooorrt! Hnnngggh,* I missed being your nigger, ass cleaner."

*"Mmmph dummy,"* grunted Leon, "It's only been a day since you kissed my asshole."

*"Hnnngggh, buh-but* it feels like it's been years mas-

"Then you should shut it and put those lips to work, right slave?"

*"Ahnnngggghhh! Yes massah! Your dumb coon is soooowwy!"* Izula's voice got sloppy as she obeyed her brother and started making out with his asshole. It was too fucking good hearing him act so dominant. He was six years younger but he new the exact words to make Izula's pussy melt. She couldn't help herself, and started rubbing her soaking cunt as she shoved her tongue up Leon's ass.

"As for you," continued Leon as he intensely stared into his Sister's eyes, "Don't get cocky just because you milked some pre-cum without creaming yourself. You've still got a lot-

*"Mmnnngggh-mmaaaaassah!"* Cried Amanra as she wrapped her legs around Leon's body.

"Such a bad nigger. Catching Master in that gorilla grip-*mmnnnnnggh!"* Spat Izula between sloppy anal rim kisses, *"Mmnnnggghh*

*"I duh-don't* want you to pull out!"

"Well I can't with these fat legs squeezing me!" Leon let out a grunt as he felt Amanra grip him tighter. Her legs wrapped tightly around his back and barely allowed him to keep rutting. Though to Amanra's credit she hadn't cum yet, but she was getting very close.

*"Hnnngggghh, soooowwwrry!"* squealed Amanra, her face melted, drool dripped from her lips onto her jiggling breasts.

"You're such a dirty nigger, Sis!" Leon reached forward and squeezed his Sister's tits, his finger's sinking into her sweaty flesh as he continued, "*Buuut*, I suppose you've done a good job holding back."

"*Nyyggggghhh!*" Her eyes rolled up into her head and Leon could feel her walls squeezing his cock like a vice. She'd probably cum no matter what Leon but he felt like going easy on his silly big Sister.

"So feel free to cum-"

"*Nyggghhhyyyeeessshhh!*"

Amara's legs tightened and she pulled her brother in close. Every single inch of Leon's fat white cock inserted inside her cunt, deforming her abs as his thick pre-cum leaked into her womb. She was milking every square inch of his meat, her tight folds gripped Leon perfectly and normally Leon

"*Mmmmm*, Master, don't hold back! Blast that hot white boy nut in that stupid gorilla nigga!" Added Izula with an impish voice as she returned to teasing Leon's shit-hole. Her long pink tongue pressed up against his prostate, while her lips formed a seal around his hole as his cock was completely squeezed.

"Fine! I'm gonna shoot-*mmmph*." grunted Leon.

"*Knooocckkk meeehh upsssh!*" she cried as he burst inside Amanra like a fire hose. His big white dick blasing a high pressure steam of hot nut jelly that saturated her womb. Amanra could feel his superior white seed swimming around her belly, trying to wriggle inside her eggs. She hoped to be the first one carrying Leon's mulatos, and from the way her stomach bloated that was a very real possibility.

"*Phew...* How do you feel, Sis?"

"*Haannggghhh....*" Amanra's body went limp, her legs slipped off Leon's back and hung off the couch as she exhaled sweet moans. Half conscious from cumming so hard, but a bit proud she didn't pass out half way through a fuck session, again.

"Congrats Amanra, you lasted much longer than last time." Leon rubbed his back as he sighed, "even if you did grip me pretty hard."

*"Hnnngghhhh... su-su..."* Amanra's voice trailed off as she started to pass out. The feeling of Leon pulling out was enough to make her cum, and the sudden rush she felt when Leon's cum started to spill from her was the last straw. She couldn't stay away any longer and started to pass out.

*"Mwaaah!"* Leon leaned forward and planted a little kiss on Amanra's cheeks before he continued, "have a good rest, Sis. We can continue your training later..."

"Come on Master!" Izula pulled her face out from Leon's bubble butt and fell to her knees, pressing her tits against the ground. She looked back at Leon, swaying her hips as she continued, "Come over here and dump that thick white seed inside me!"

Leon pulled out of Amanra's trembling body. His cock scraped out globs of his thick cum which spilled and oozed down her taint and over the front couch as he left Amanra a gaping mess. He turned to look at his Sister's sloppy display, her dark brown butthole gave him a cheeky wink with every clap of her fat black ass cheeks!.

"Come on little Master!"

*CLAP!*

*CLAP!*

*CLAP!*

*"Mmmm, come over here and fuck a real nigger's pussy! I promise I'll last a lot longer."* Amanra gloated, a smug smile forming on her lips as she saw her older Sister drool half conscious.

"Oh really?" Said Leon, sounding aloof as he knelt behind his Sister and grabbed hold of her ass cheeks. His hands were swallowed by the dark brown flesh as he spread them and slapped his cock between them.

"Yes really! My pussy's grip can be beat." Izula proudly asserted, "No bleached bot or nappy nigger hole can milk you harder, so just shove it in me Master and let me milk that fat kid dick dry."

"I'd like to see you try." Said Leon as he moved his hips back, then with one clean motion he...

*“Ehhnnnggh, whu-wrong h-hu-hooooole!”*

“I thought your Master was always right?”

*“Mnnggghh, buh-but-”*

“But nothing Sis, Mom said you were too weak to anal, and spend too much time gooning after school.”

*“Nygggghhh, buh-but it feels so... Unnggghhhnn,”* Izula bit her lower lip as she felt her muscles flex and tighten around her brother’s meat. Despite only being half inside her, his massive meat was already pressing on the back of her womb from her tight ass, and Izula wasn’t prepared for the rush of pleasure.

“Stop complaining, if Ekunda was here he’d beg to be in your place!”

“He’s a *suh*-sissy boi!” Objected Izula, her pussy throbbing, *“an-an-and he doesn’t have a trained puh-puuusssy!”*

“I don’t think you gooning for two hours a day with Tami’s favorite dildo “training” and besides Sis.” Leon shoved his cock deeper, his voice giddy as he continued, “As you’re Master I have to fix your poor anal performance or it will reflect poorly on me.”

*“Hnnnggh, buh-brat! I hope your nuts shrivel up after you cuummmhhh!”*

“Bad nigger!”

*Slap!*

*Slap!*

*“Hnnnggghh!”* Izula cried, clenching her teeth as Leon spanked her cheeks.

“I can’t tolerate such language. Sorry Sis, but I’m gonna have to punish you!”

*“Mnnnggh-nooooo!”*

Leon slowly pulled his meat back out of Izula’s asshole. Her anal rim tightly squeezed and stretched as slowly pumped his Sister’s asshole. He could tell she was trying to speak but his constant deep thrusts kept her a drooling mess. She could only sputter

out sloppy groans, spittle dribbling down her chin as Leon's big white dick filled her bowels up completely.

"*Mmm*, you're getting a bit looser. Have you finally learned to relax?" Leon asked, his voice a bit sloppy as his fat nuts slapped against his Sister's backside.

"*Hnnnggghhh, lssshh guh-gonna break!*" screamed Izula as her asshole clamped down on Leon hard. Her pink anal interior squeezed him with a lot more force than Leon expected her tiny body to have.

"Wow Sis *l-mmmnn*, was not expecting you to last this long. Especially after you fainted after a minute last time."

"*Uhhnnnggghh-uuhhnngg*," groaned Izula as her brother teased her mercilessly. Though she couldn't help but have a micro orgasm as he bullied her butt. With a barrage of;

*Slap!*

*Slap!*

*Slap!*

Leon beat his sister's cheeks, watching her sputter groans as she came her brains out. His lips curved into a giddy smile as he spat, "Since you've broken your previous record for anal, I think you deserve a reward!"

"*Nyyggggghhh!*" Izula's eyes went white and she bit her lower lip as Leon dumped an extra thick load inside her asshole. It felt thinner than the normal fresh morning cum production she normally got to monopolize, but ultimately it didn't matter. His hot spunk coated her anal walls, turning her bowels into a nasty cum saturated tanker. She felt her belly bloat and as soon as she felt the last nasty rope of ball grease leave Leon's cock she... passed out.

"Sis, you okay?" asked Leon as he popped his cock out of Izula's asshole.

"*Uhhhhnnggghh...*"

*Glorp!*

A thick glob of Leon's spunk flowed out of her now destroyed asshole. Her black cumglazed donut was oozing his thick white ball cream, but Izula seemed fine. She had an expression somewhere between exhaustion and bliss, with the drool to accent both looks. While Amanra was still passed out, drooling on her tits as her pussy leaked Leon's seed. He doubted either of his Sisters were capable of milking the last few loads from his dick, but maybe his older brother was home?

#### **Chapter 4: Size Matters**

Leon slowly climbed up the stairs to get to the second floor. Miranda was talking on the phone with someone in the kitchen, and she seemed rather annoyed about something. Though when Leon poked his head in she smiled and told him she needed a few more minutes. Which was strange for his mother because normally she'd try to monopolize him whenever his Sister's finished, but Leon could tell this was something serious and didn't pry; it was probably work stuff anyways and Leon could use a break from pumping needy holes.

Though he was still a bit horny. Maybe his older Brother was home and even if he wasn't, a nice cool shower should calm him down before bed. Perhaps he would mess around in VR-chat for a few hours before bed? In any case, when Leon climbed up the spiral stairs, he was greeted by the sound of an argument between Tami and Ekunda.

He'd never mistake his brother's soft girlish voice as he heard Ekunda cry, "But it looks kinda weird!"

"I keep telling you son! You've got a long way to go before you reach your prime, and this little thing will boost your desirability tremendously." Said Tami, her voice was surprisingly stern. The normal cheery hint was absent from her voice as she argued with her son.

"Stop it Mom, you're being a dummy!"

"Stop being such a prude and realize that Mommy knows what's best for her little sissy. Don't you want to be a good pet for your younger brother? He expects so much from you."

"Mmmm, yes but I just don't think it's a good idea!"

It was coming from the Tami's streaming room. Tami used to be a male model but had since swapped careers to a much more lucrative pursuit; bleached streaming. Ever since Leon took his place as the Master of the house she'd transitioned to a role as a stay at home Mom and worked as a bleached camwhore. Paying a surprising amount of the bills by doing bi-weekly streams. Which involved Leon stuffing her with dick until she was dumb, drooling and giggling like a brain broken bimbo. However, there was no stream tonight and Leon wondered what they might be arguing about.

Leon poked his head into the streaming room. It was one of the spare bedrooms which had been remodeled for streaming debaucherous acts for E-fame. The walls on one side of the room were covered in a black acoustic foam, with a boom mike and computer on a desk to the side. While the other wall had a green screen and a bed, with two dome cameras for filming angles. Standing in the corner was Tami, completely naked and blocking off Ekunda's escape with her wide form. Leon could only see hints of his brother and wanted to help, but he knew what he had to do.

"Does Ekunda need to be punished Mom?"

"Not yet Master but-" Tami turned to face Leon but frowned when she saw him, "But I see your sister's didn't clean your cock at all. I didn't think we raised such rude coons."

"It's fine Mom, Amanra actually improved a lot and Izula is getting better at butt-stuff."

"I'll default to your expertise-*Oh!*" Tami's expression lit up as she continued, "Speaking of your expertise. I need your objectively correct opinion on something."

"Mom, stop it! Brother probably wants-"

"Our Master needs to settle arguments between his niggers." Interjected Tami as she stepped aside "And set you straight, Ekunda!"

"*Mmmnnnggh*," groaned Ekunda as his mother pushed him forward.

He was Leon's older brother by a few years, nearly Amanra's age but you wouldn't be able to tell from looking at him. Ekunda had a very youthful look, smooth pointed face, short black hair he kept tied in a bun, cute dark brown lips and eyes the same shade as Tami's, and a petite little nose. He wasn't much taller than Leon, standing at five foot two with a very twinkish body. A slender chest with puffy pecs and well toned abs. Over his belly button was a womb tattoo which matched Tami's with the exception that he had



the words "Leon's Bleached Boi" underlining the heart. Below were a nice set of cum gutters and a wide set of twinkly boi-hips that lead down into his sculpted thighs.

Though unlike some of Leon's classmates his brother had a bitch breaker between his legs. A near foot long smooth black schlong with a dark circumcised tip. It swung half hard and pulsated as Leon entered the room. His two low hanging black testicles were the size of apples and completely hairless, but appeared to be the source of their heated conversation.

"Can you tell your naughty nigger slave that his oversized clit would look better stuffed into a cage like mine." Tami proudly displayed her flat topped chastity cage and heavy black nuts.

"Ummmm," muttered Leon.

"Look at how cute it looks, tattooed, caged and crushed. This is how a nigger's clit should look. Not like this," spat Tami, her voice mocking as she leaned over and grabbed Ekunda's shaft.

"Mmmggh-Mooooooooom!" shouted Ekunda as he felt her hand wrap around his shaft and squeeze.

"Calm down sweetie, I'm just making the point that a sissy like you can-"

"Ahnnnggghhhh!" Ekunda's cock hardened for a second before spewing ropes of cum over the floor.

"Wow already, I was expecting you to last a little longer, but you must see my point!" Tami folded her arms beneath her big bimbo breasts as she continued, "Nigger sissies have no need to use their little clits! Especially not with such a fine young stud around the house."

"Buh-but you didn't do any locking before we were-"

"Ekunda, I'll have you know that I had an interest in feminization before I met your mother. However, I was required to have some kids to help stabilize the population and would've made my little nigga clit limp decades ago if I could. Luckily you did not take after me in the size department, except for one notable flaw."

"It's not a flaw!" shouted Ekunda, puffing out his flush cheeks.

"It's your worst feature!" Spat Tami, her eyes narrowing on her son, "Unlike your mother you've got the chance to be the perfect nigger male; feminine, cute, obedient and most importantly, limp and cute. Though you are halfway there, now all you need to do is put on the chastity cage!"

*"Hnnngghhh,"* groaned Ekunda, clearly scared to talk back to Tami as she loomed over him.

"Mom!" interjected Leon as he sat on the edge of the bed, "Why don't you let Ekunda get a word in. He's only been able to groan in protest as you tease him."

"Thank you little brother!" Ekunda ran over and embraced his brother, squishing his face against his, "Mommy was being really mean to me!"

"Well that's just because you're such a big sissy. You're practically begging to be put in a chastity to help curb your whine-"

"Tami, please let him finish," Interjected Leon, "you can clean off my cock as Ekunda finishes his point."

*"Mmmmmm,* yes Master. I'll wait until you give me permission to speak." Tami fell to her knees, her tits pressed against Leon's calves as she happily took his cum coated cock tip into her mouth. The familiar taste of her son's cum was cut by her daughter's pussy juices.

*"Mmmmggghh... Mmmmmggh... Mmmmmmm,* so tasty." cooed Tami as she swallowed the first few inches of Leon's cock. Focusing on cleaning, over quickly milking her son's meat. She greedily scraped the cum left on his cock as Leon continued to speak.

*"Mmm,* now you were saying?" Leon turned to his brother who had finally let him go.

*"Ummm,* *yu*-yes little brother... I mean Master! I-I just feel, or I guess I need-" Ekunda sputtered, he was fidgety as he looked at Leon. His lower lip quivering as he hummed to himself, trying to think of what to say but he came across as even more nervous than usual.

"Calm down, brother and speak slowly."

"*Yu*-yes," muttered Ekunda, "I just think... I just think it's better!"

*"Mmmnnnggh!"* Gurgled Tami as she shot Ekunda a dirty look mid suck.

"I don't think size matters that much... Like I loved getting pounded by Leon's cock when he was smaller than me and now that we're the same size my feelings have changed."

"Me too big bro, I just like fucking your big black butt!"

"Yes exactly!" Blurted Ekunda, visibly getting excited, his cock pulsing, "It looks so fucking hot and feels too fucking good when your fat white nuts slap my hard black clit and it wags like a bitch tail! I doubt I could go on without the feeling of my fat clit leaning and squirting as you beat my prostate Master!"

"Well you convinced me, but what do you think, Tami?" asked Leon

Tami popped her lips off of Leon's now spit shined cock, and responded, *"Mmmnn"*, well Master, I think white is right, *haaaahnn...*" Tami sighed before she continued, "and my sissy son has convinced me for the Moment."

*"Yaaaaay!"* Thanks Mommy," cheered Ekunda.

"But I still think a small limp or even better, a caged black clit looks much better. We gotta make sure these nigger males know there place after all."

*"Ha"*, I wouldn't worry about that." added Leon, a grin growing on his face, "Ekunda's big black clit is completely useless. He could be two feet long and he still wouldn't want to use it."

*"Hnnnggghh, yuh-yes Master!"* sputtered Ekunda, he bit his lower lip and his cock pulsed as his brother spoke.

"Just look at how pathetic his cock is." Tami stood up and spread Ekunda's legs showing off his pulsating and leaky clit as she continued, "He's already leaking like a bitch in heat."

"We should re-measure." Leon teased as sat in front of his brother. Leon's nuts were clearly a few inches wider but their cock sizes were comparable, at least from a glance.

"What a great idea!"

*"Mnnngghh."* Ekunda groaned as Tami pushed him against his brother, their fat cocks slapped against each other and almost immediately a rope of pre-cum spurted from Ekunda's cock tip. Landing on his toned black pecs as he let out soft moans.

"Though I may need to get you one of those urethra plugs to stop you from leaking everywhere. You're such a quick shot big bro, maybe even more than Amanra."

*"Mnnnggh, y-yu-yes Master! I just can't help myself! You make me so sensitive,"*

"Don't blame the Master." Spat Tami as she grasped her sons' cocks with both hands and squeezed them together, "It's your fault you're such a quick shot bitch for big white dick."

*"Hnnnggghhh, sorry Mommy!"*

"Apologize to Master, he's the one that needs to put up with your pathetic ass every day!"

*"Su-suh-soooowwwyy!"* groaned Ekunda, his smile sloppy as he panted. The feeling of Leon's cock pulsating against him was edging him closer to orgasm. The forceful frotting session was only made better thanks to Tami's constant squeezing, and Ekunda's was beginning to feel fuzzy.

"Don't worry big bro, but you are getting pretty sloppy."

*"Hehe-yeeeeaaaah!"*

"Don't get too happy sissy. It looks like you're the little brother now!"

*"Mmmmnnnggh, r-ru-really?"*

"Despite the age difference you're clearly smaller by about half an inch!"

Ekunda had a big smile on his face as he watched his brother's cock tip peek just over top of his cock, shivering as he said, "You're right Mommy, brother is a little larger now."

"I guess that means I'm the big brother now?" Leon teased.

“Your completely right Master,” added Tami, nodding along, “You’re *waaaaay* more suited to be the big brother. You’re manly, strong and have such a thick white cock. While Ekunda is a soft boy with a feminine quick shot clit, I’m sure-”

“Yes big brother, you’re completely right!” Ekunda cock spurted ropes of cum over his chest as he drooled, “I’m a pathetic bitch! Clearly unfit to be the big brother, so please put me in my place!”

“Wow little bro you’re leaking like a broken faucet.” Leon was pretty surprised to see his older brother acting so slutty. He must’ve really activated some neurons in his brother’s head to get such an extra sloppy reaction.

“*Hnnngggghhh*, my pathetic gooner clit can’t properly cum anymore!” Cooed Ekunda, drooling as cum leaked down his shaft, “I can only leak like a dumb nigger bitch!”

“Finally Master flicked your switch.” Tami climbed onto the bed and knelt behind Ekunda. She rested her son’s head on her lap before grabbing his ankles.

“Though, I think your sissy little brother deserves a reward after such a lovely change in attitude!”

“*Hnnngggghhhhaa!*” Ekunda drooled out his groans as his mother pulled his legs back behind his head. Forcefully spreading his fat black bubble booty in the process. Leon could clearly see his little bro’s extra dark and puffy anal ring. It twitched and gaped slightly, practically begging Leon to pound it into mush.

“I completely agree Mommy!” Added Leon, he leaned forward and grabbed his brother’s thighs.

“*Hnnngggghhh, cummmssh!*” Ekunda drooled as he felt Leon’s cock tip press against his loose asshole. Years of anal training had turned his butt into a perfect sex sleeve, and Leon’s cock molded his insides into a hole fit for a white Master.

“Stop being such a... *mmm*, quick shot. I only put in the tip.”

“Sorry Master, but my coon son was just born a leaky bottom bitch. Unable to hold back his useless nigga loads.” Tami tightened her grip on Ekunda’s ankles as she continued, “But don’t worry. My boy is a tough little butt slut, he won’t stop squeezing until you shoot that thick white nut!”

*"Hnnnggghh mooommmmy! Muh-mu pruh-state is breaakkiinnssh!"*

"Maybe after it breaks, he'll cum a little less," teased Leon.

"I doubt it, Master. Even if his useless black balls deflate, he'll still leak like a dumb bitch for his big brother."

*"Yeeaaaahh!"* drooled Ekunda, his eyes rolling up into his head.

Leon was settling into his place as a big brother rather nicely. Graciously giving his little bro's prostate an extreme flattening. His fat shaft squished Ekunda's swollen p-spot providing mind melting relief for his big broken clitty. Every thrust forced another rope of cum out of his cock. It landed on Ekunda's cock bulged belly, causing the sissy to tremble as his insides were stretched.

*"Mmmm,* I might shoot my load soon too, but I don't wanna be a quick shot like little bro."

*"Cummmmsssh!"*

"Your little brother is right, Master. We exist to be your sub-human cum tankers. Every drop you give us is a blessing." Responded Tami with a bubbly hint, "Unlike your little brother's useless sperm."

"Then take my load little bro!"

*"Hnaaaaaggghh!"*

Leon's fingers sank into Ekunda's soft thighs as he came. His cock swelled to even larger sizes as he started turning his brother's bowels into his personal cum tanker. Leon felt like he just dumped a week's worth of cum in his little brother's ass and he looked the part too. Even after Leon pulled out his meat, his brother was still backed up with his cum, and only a small stream of cream oozed from his gaping anus.

"Damn little bro," exhaled Leon as he slapped his meat against Ekunda's spurting shaft, "You almost look pregnant."

*Uhhnnngggh..."* Ekunda's voice trailed off as his brother's cum seeped deep inside his butt. It felt so warm, the hot load currently sticking to Ekunda's insides was a sharp contrast to the watery loads he had been leaking. His weak pathetic loads dribbled off

his cum belly and down his chest, while Leon's superior nut slop oozed out of him like a tar, he truly was the bigger brother.

"How about you relax for a Moment, you made your mother proud." Said Tami as she let go of Ekunda's ankles, finally allowing her son a Moment to relax his muscles.

"And Master, how about you sit back and let Mommy do all the moving? You've been working too hard and deserve a break."

"Okay Mommy." said Leon, he gave her a nod as he laid down on his back. His hard cock twitched and pointed straight up to the ceiling. A monolith of pure ecstasy that Tami needed inside her right now.

"Such a strong boy, Mommy's little white stud!" Tami licked her lips as she crawled over to her son. Her fat tits dragged along the sheets before she stood up, squatting right in front of Leon's cock. His cock pressed against her nuts and pushed against the top of her cage, making Tami leak from just a little bit of contact.

"Mmmmm, such a fat white donkey dick." Tami moved her hips up and pressed Leon's fat tip against her tight anal donut, lowering her hips as she continued, "It deserves to be serviced properly!"

Tami started bouncing her hips up and down her little Master's fat dick. She was more than well trained and unlike her son, could easily take Leon's cock for hours. Her tight asshole's pink insides knew exactly how to squeeze around his dick. Every flex she made was devoted to milking his dick with mechanical efficiency.

"Does Mommy's ass pussy feel good baby?"

"It's Master!" Shouted Leon as he thrust his hips up.

"Hnnnggghhh!" Tami's expression broke for a second as Leon's cock suddenly squished her prostate much harder than she expected.

"And you are to address me properly!"

"Yuh-yes Master!" shouted Tami, her movements had gotten a little sloppy. Leon's single surprise thrust had shaken her concentration and destroyed her resistance. Now every single movement up on Leon's cock was milking Tami's cum. A near constant dribble of clear pre-cum escaped from the hole on Tami's flat sheath.

“Wow Mommy, you’re almost leaking as much as little bro.”

“*Hnnnggh, su-sowwwy muh-Master*, I’ll try to hold back!”

“Good nigger, now move faster! I feel a nut cuming,” ordered Leon.

“*Mnnngggghhaa!*” cried Tami as she thought, *when did my boy become such a big white bully?!*

Tami could feel her brain cells popping as her son’s cock beat and squished her p-spot. His steel hard shaft felt like it was made by god to turn Tami into a sloppy whore. Her perfectly toned tummy bulged obscenely as her hips moved to impale her ass on Leon’s cock. It felt amazing being an anal only bleached bitch and Tami felt like she was doign a good job, until she felt a,

*SLAP!*

*SLAP!*

Duo of slaps on her thighs as Leon ordered, “Move faster Mommy! *Mmmph*, I’m getting really close.”

“Yes Master, I obey like a good *nigg-aaahhhnn!*” Tami’s eyes rolled up into her head as a hard anal orgasm rocked her brain.

It was immediately followed by Leon’s nut sludge filling her hole and she wondered; “how many loads did my boy cum?” Did Leon shoot a dozen loads, two dozen? In any case it felt like Leon was dumping the first load he’s shot all day inside her bowels. It flooded her insides and made Tami’s brain go blank for who knows how long, but eventually she was snapped back to reality.

“*Mooooooooom!* Keep moving, I need to cum again!” whined Leon as he looked up at Tami, who was all glassy eyes and drooling.

“*Hnnnggh-I-I cuh-chaaan...*” Tami’s words turned to slope in her mouth. The constant twitching of Leon’s cock made her brain melt, but eventually she managed a sentence.

“*Mnnnggh, muh-Mommy* needs a minute to-”



“Sorry Mommy, but I need to cum now!”

“Leon what are you, *ahhnnnggh!*” Tami couldn’t believe it, Leon had pushed her onto her side. She was still reeling from the last orgasm and took a Moment to gather her senses. Her gaping asshole leaked his seed for just a Moment before she felt him plug up her hole again.

“Just tighten up and be a good bitch!”

“*Hnnnggh, buh-but-*”

“Shut up Mommy, and take it like a good cumdump!”

“*Hnnngggh fuuuccsssh!*” Tami groaned, her lips making a sloppy o-face as her son started pumping who knows how much frustration inside her asshole.

It was too much, feeling her son grab her thigh and lift her leg up at a ninety degree angle as he bulged her belly with a clear outline of his dick. His fat white dick scraped even deeper now that he had control of the angle and it was constantly bullying Tami’s p-spot with every pulse, and thrust. She didn’t think Leon was capable of being so dominating, but she was so happy to be wrong.

“*Haaaaannggh, baby! Puh-pound my cheeks!*” Groaned Tami, nearly out of breath. *Damn I raised at least one child right!* Thought Tami as her testicles tensed and pumped more useless seed through her cage.

“I’m gonna make you my dumb bimbo cumdumpster!” Shouted Leon, trying to remember lines he’d heard the older kids use on their pets.

“*Nnnnyyhhh! Fu-fuck yes Master, make me like a stupid nigga-bimbo fuck sleeve-nnnngghhyy!*”

“*Mmmmnggh, you’re such a bimbo Mommy!*”

*Ahnnnggh, tuh-totally Master!* giggled Tami.

Tami’s face devolved into a sloppy ahegao as she started to speak like a sloppy bimbo. Whenever Leon got her cummign hard Tami became a dumb and pink stereotype. The holes in her cage were positively packed with her clear cum as she giggled and drooled. Leon’s cock was hitting her super deep at this angle and her prostate was melting into

slop with each heavy pump. Sweet numbing pleasure was all Tami could feel as her anal-orgasms all blended together.

“You already are one you dumb-*biitccch!*” grunted Leon, his attempt to please Mommy’s expectations and cum faster finally paid off as her tight ass-pussy squeezed another thick load out of his balls. Leon felt like he shot over half a pound of spunk into his mother. The area around where his cock tip bulged her stomach distended as his seed clogged her intestines.

“*Mmmm, baby you fuh-filled Mommy up soooooo much!*”

“You’re welcome,” exhaled Leon. He pulled his cock out of his mother’s ass. His cock tip was still spewing thick globs of pure white nut tar over her ass. Her perfect dark brown cheeks given a glaze as Leon took a Moment to catch his breath. Looking at his mother’s fat black booty cheeks jiggle like jello as a stream of clear useless pre-cum dribbled from her caged dick.

“Big brother, please use me again!” Shouted Ekunda as he climbed onto his mother’s butt. His thighs sunk into the tops of her cheeks and his calves squished the side. Somehow Ekunda’s cock was still hard and pressed against her right cheek, squishing it slightly as he made a sloppy ass stack.

“*Oooohmm*, good bitch, serve our Master while Mommy lays down... Though Master, be a dear and fuck that nigger until he goes limp.” Cooed Tami in a sloppy sweet voice, “His erection feels nasty.”

“*Ahhnnngghh!* Please big bro, do what Mommy says!”

“You’re such a needy little brother!” Shouted Leon, “How did you live without me?”

“*Mnnngghhh*, I was a bitch in denial! Gooning to the thought of being fucked *doowwwnn!*”

“And how does it feel to be a sissy bitch with an oversized clit?”

“*Ammaassshiinn!*”

Tears of joy flowed down Ekunda’s cheeks as the air was fucked out of his lungs. He could hardly breathe as his brother brutalized his insides. His big white conqueror that turned him from a sheepish beta-bitch into a silly sissy slut. Every shock that came from

his swollen prostate was a reminder that he belonged beneath his little brother, but his mother's ass definitely made good cushioning.

"You're totally fucking his brains out Master!" Cheered Tami, "Make sure my ditzy little boy's butt never closes!"

*"Ruuuiisssh meeeh-ahhnnnggh!"*

"I'll make you an anal only *nig-aahhnn!*"

Leon couldn't hold back, he'd been moving his hips so long his head was getting light. It was almost like he was pounding his brother on auto pilot. His body moving like it was his second nature to beat his brother's black bubble booty. The veins in Leon's cock throbbed, swelling him up to an even greater size as he started to cum. His tip blasting another load of cock cream into his brother to replace the last load that had mostly leaked out.

Yet, Leon could still cum more.

*"Hnnngggh, duh-*don't stop Master," begged Tami as Leon pulled his hard throbbing meat out of her son. She could feel the cum leaking down off her boy's taint before oozing down her fat jiggy butt, and she needed another load of her own.

"I am surprised you want more, mother." Exhaled Leon, catching his breath as he leaned forward and sunk his cock back into his Mommy's fat black ass. His shaft disappeared completely between her cheeks as Leon took the first thrust.

*"Mmnnnn, I like can't get enough of your big white dick Master! It makes Mommy's monkey brain go fuzzy."*

"I'll keep going until your brain goes blank!" Added Leon, trying his best to fill the shoes of a Master and Tami seemed to like it.

*"Yeessssh! Fucking destroy my nigga-pussy muh-ma-shhheer!"* She cried as her caged clit leaked more pathetic pre-cum. There was no stopping the worthless dribble cuming from Tami's cock and in this Moment she completely understood her son.

*"Buh-but don't forget about me, Master! Your little brother can cum lu-luh-loads more before passing out!"* Groaned Ekunda as he shook his butt, "so *puh-*please fuck my sissy boi-pussy even harder!"

“You’re both such greedy pets. Even worse than the girls at school!”

“Yes Master!” cheered the mother son pair as Leon started thrusting. His cock alternated between the pair's holes with each slow methodical thrust. It'd probably take the rest of the night, but he wasn't leaving until he fucked his families brains out.

After another half a dozen loads were dumped...

Leon was getting tired and his mother, and brother were thoroughly fucked. Their fat black booties were thoroughly glazed with his cum and they were both spent. Leon decided to leave them on the spare bed for the night. No use waking them up, just to shower and move to different beds. Besides, they would want to get dirty again very soon.

As Leon started walking down the hall he heard a familiar metal hiss from his parent's room. He poked his head inside to see his mother removing her right prosthetic arm. She had to remove them as she slept to avoid accidentally destroying something in her sleep; mechanical carbon steel limbs could be dangerous when combined with night spasms. It was tedious and involved using a remote to lower the limbs internal locks, so each one could be popped out manually without excessive force, but everyone in the family knew how.

“Baby, I didn't see you there.” Said Miranda as she popped her robotic arm out of its mechanical socket. Which was installed just below her shoulder on each arm.

“Could you ask your other mother to help me detach my prosthetics?”

“She's in a bit of a cum coma, but I'm happy to help you!” Leon entered the room and picked up the remote, quickly unlocking his mothers arms.

“*Mmmm*, you're just too sweet, baby.”

Miranda let out some soft groans as she felt her son's gentle hands slowly detach her limp limbs. She could feel her nipples hardening, her thighs trembling as his half hard, freshly cum slick cock pressed against her body. The intimate feeling of being at his gentle mercy couldn't be beat, but sadly it was over too quickly.

“All done!” chirped Leon as he placed his mother’s limbs in the wall mounted container.

“Why thank you baby, I was getting-*whooooaa!*” Leon interrupted his mother, pushing her back onto the covers before he jumped on top of her. His hands pressed into her breasts and massive white meat slapped against her abs, pressing down like a hammer as he looked up at her.

“Sorry Mommy, but I gotta punish you!”

“Oh why is that bab-”

“I’m not a baby!” Shouted Leon as he pushed back and pressed his cock tip against Miranda’s soaking pussy, “I’m your Master, and I should be addressed as such.”

“*Ahnnggghh, soowwwy masssah!* Your nigger Mommy is dumb and needs correction.”

“I know and I’m not gonna be gentle this time!” Leon puffed out his cheeks and gave Miranda his meanest tone (which was still pretty adorable) as he shoved his cock inside.

“*Nnnnyyggghh!*” sputtered Miranda clenching her teeth as her darling boy used her like a dumb sex stump. The sound of his heavy white cum factories beating her cheeks echoed in the room and got faster with each pump. His massive white meat easily reached the back of her pussy, and Miranda could feel his shaft deforming her tight abs. Stretching her out to fit his massive white donkey dick and all she could do was lay there and take it.

“*Duh-dat’s it maaassah!*” drooled Miranada, her eyes crossed, “*chu*-churn up my insides!”

“That’s much better Mommy, you’re learning!”

“*Mnnnggh, buh*-but! Don’t stop massa. This nigger cumdumpster needs to learn her place.”

“Good Mommy!” shouted Leon as he picked up pace, using Miranda even faster.

*My little boy has gotten so forceful.* Thought Miranda as she watched her tits jiggle from the force. He used to be so nervous, always asking permission to touch and fuck. She almost missed the times he’d look to her for ideas on what to do or say, but now he was

becoming a proper Master. He used her like a cheap sex bot or a sex toy. His massive meat churned up her guts, leaking tons of cum into Miranda's womb, but she wanted a real load so badly.

*"Ahhnnnggh, mu-muh-Master! Duh-don't hold back,"* sputtered Miranda, *"just use me I-lu-like a toy, dump your load when you want!"*

*"Thu-then take my load!"*

Leon was still sensitive from the prior fuck session and collapsed onto his mother's body as he came. His head rested between her massive milkers as his cum flooded into Miranda's womb. It was so hot and Miranda nearly passed out as she came from the raw pleasure of being her son's slutty sex stump.

*"Haaannggh... Hannnnngghh... Muh-massah,"* moaned Miranda, *"Your fuck sleeve is so happy you filled her up. Would you like to go to sleep now, ba-massah?"*

*"Nuh-no! I wanna keep going."*

*"Then feel free to-ooohhhmm! Keep rutting dis-this nigger sex sleeve-mmmnnggh."* Miranda bit her lower lip as she felt Leon keep grinding deep in her insides. He knew just how to bully her g-spot and Miranda could see fireworks as he churned up her womb.

*"I'm guh-gonna hump my new sex toy all night!"*

*"Ah-and don't rut Mommy for tuh-too long... Mmmnnnggh, I don't want you late for school in the mmmnnggh-mooorning!"* Miranda sputtered her words as her motherly concern washed away by another orgasm. Her son's cock leaked a waterfall of virile white ball cream over her insides without a care in the world and at this Moment, neither did Miranda.