

Burping Frog Publishing \$4.95 U.S.

Black Panther Part 1

an erotic novel by

Jack Allen

Black Panther Part 1

I never thought of my Mom that way. After all, she was my Mom, you know what I mean? I never looked at her like I did the other girls in school, at least not until that day.

I brought my friend Mark home with me after school. We were gonna get something to eat then go up to the LAN center and play games for a few hours. We were standing in the kitchen drinking Mountain Dew's and waiting for the Hot Pockets to get hot in the microwave. Mark was looking out at the back yard.

"Jamie, dude, your sister is hot," he said.

I looked at him like he was crazy.

"What? I don't have a sister."

He pointed out the window. "Then who's that?"

My Mom was on the back porch in a white bikini, arranging a towel on the lounge chair to work on her tan.

"That's my Mom, not my sister."

"No way. She's too hot to be your Mom."

And just then I couldn't say anything. All I could do was stare at this woman on the back porch. I never paid much attention because she was my Mom, you know what I mean? Now I was trying to get a better look at her. For a second I was able to imagine that she was not my Mom and began to realize that Mark was right, this woman was really hot. I stared at her legs and her flat belly and her big boobs and I started to get stiff, until the microwave beeped.

"Good. I'm starving. Let's eat and get going," Mark said.

The picture in my head burst like a bubble, just before I got to the part where my Mom was taking her bikini top off right in front of me.

We took our Hot Pockets and walked up to the LAN center where we played games for like three hours. We even got pizza when we got hungry again. But the whole night I was getting my ass beat by everyone else on the network. My mind was not on what I was doing. I had something else to think about.

And I was hard the whole night. That made it really difficult to sit in one spot for three hours. I'm glad there were no girls there that night. I always get so embarrassed when a girl sees my thing when it gets hard, which is like, all the time.

I was glad it was dark when we went home even though I didn't pass anyone, anyway. If I was walking funny because of my thing, Mark didn't say anything.

When we got to Cowen Street we split up and he went on to his house. Mom was in bed when I got home. I watched tv for a little bit and had some leftover macaroni and cheese, then I got bored and went to bed.

In my room, I took off my shirt. It felt good to walk around without a shirt. Since I started lifting weights I was beginning to like the way I looked. When I got my own place I could go all the time without a shirt, maybe even without pants. But not while Mom was around.

My thing was finally getting soft until I thought about Mom, and it got hard again. I closed my eyes and let out a long, deep breath. Sometimes that helped me relax when my thing got hard. It wasn't working that night.

In the bottom of my desk drawer I had an old Victoria's Secret catalog that I dug out of the trash when Mom threw it out. All of the girls in it were hot and most of the pages were wrinkled or folded. I spent a lot of time looking through that catalog and it didn't do a lot to help.

I unzipped my shorts and took my thing out. It stretched all the way to the desk and touched the catalog, which was open to page 38, my favorite page. I wish I knew the name of the girl. In

the picture she was wearing thong panties and was standing with her back to me and looking over her shoulder. I could see part of her chest under her arm. She was looking at me like she wanted me to do something to her. And her butt, that was the best part. I pressed down on my thing and that made me moan.

“When did you get that?” Mom’s voice said behind me.

I froze. Did I leave my bedroom door open? I was glad I had my back turned. I put both hands over my thing and said, “What?”

“That tattoo on your back. When did I give you permission to get a tattoo?”

“Uh, I didn’t ask.”

“I know you didn’t ask. What is it?”

“It’s a black panther.”

I tried to look over my shoulder but I didn’t want to turn around. My thing was throbbing in my hands and it was starting to hurt.

“What are you doing?” she said.

“Nothing.”

“Turn around.”

I turned around slowly, trying to keep my thing covered with both hands. It stuck out too far. Mom’s eyes looked down at it and her eyebrows went up. She was wearing a short, loose night shirt that covered everything about her except her legs. Even in that she looked great.

She shook her head.

“You’re built like your father. He used to jerk off all the time, too,” she said, and walked away.

I took my hands off my thing and stared at it. What did she mean I was built like Dad? And what did she mean by jerk off all the time?

That was the day I began to realize I had something special.

* * * *

The new guy was getting on my nerves. I think he was getting

on everybody's nerves. His name was Ricky, or Ricardo because he was from Puerto Rico, and he thought a lot of himself. He had been working at Ted's Pizza for only about two weeks and everyday he talked about how great he was.

Ricky was the new delivery guy. I worked in the back making pizza dough, cutting toppings, folding boxes. The other guys made the pizzas. Only once in a while did I get to do that, when we were really busy.

One of Ricky's favorite things was to drop hints about his equipment. A few nights ago Ted was out of the shop for whatever reason I don't know. It was a pretty slow night. I was working with Tina and Marie, and of course Ricky. I was in the back as usual, folding boxes for pizzas because there was nothing else to do. I could see the girls, they were working behind the counter making pizzas and answering the phone, but I couldn't see Ricky.

I could hear him, though. He spoke loud enough for the people in the laundromat next to us to hear, over the noise of the washing machines. All he could do was stand there and talk his bullshit about how big his dick was and how much it drove girls crazy. The girls would just look at each other and laugh. I wanted to tell him to shut the hell up, but he was a few years older than me and a little bigger. So I just kept my mouth shut and folded boxes.

Rick would take his pizzas out to deliver and when he got back he'd start in again on his dick. He kept bugging the girls to go out with him, promising they wouldn't be disappointed. Finally at the end of the night, when we were closing up, Marie told him she'd go out with him just to find out if he was telling the truth.

That was when I gave in and walked out to the back, shaking my head, to throw the trash in the dumpster. The whole idea of it made me pissed off. I mean, Marie was probably the hottest girl in school, and Ricky, he had to be the biggest jerk in the city. I was the nice guy. Why wouldn't she go out with me?

I forgot all about it over the weekend, until Marie got to work on Monday after school. I was sweeping in the back and she and Tina walked right past me to the store room. The door

was open and I could hear everything, but I guess because I was just a freshman they didn't think it mattered. Anyway, I stopped sweeping to listen.

"So? Come on, you gotta tell me. What was it like?" Tina said.

"Oh my God. He was like so telling the truth," Marie said.

"No way. How big was it?"

I was standing outside the door and couldn't see what Marie did, but whatever it was, it made Tina gasp.

"Oh God. That's like huge," she said.

"I know it."

"So ... How was he?" Tina said.

"He was ok, you know," Marie said.

"Oh well. At least he had a big dick. You mind if I try him out?"

I was just about to hear her answer when Ted, the owner of the pizza place, walked by and told me to get back to work. The girl were giggling in the storeroom. He never yelled at them.

For the next month, all the girls talked was Ricky and the size of his dick. Ricky didn't talk so much anymore. Mostly all he did was grin, like everybody knew what he had going on and he didn't need to brag about it anymore, which I guess he didn't. I hated him even more because he was so smug about it.

One time on this Thursday night when it was kind of slow, Tina and Marie took a break from making pizzas while Ricky was out delivering half a dozen of them. I was chopping onions and mushrooms and Marie sat on the edge of the front counter. They started talking to each other like I wasn't even there.

"This one time I sucked a seven inch dick," Marie said. She had a packet of gum and took out a piece for herself and gave one to Tina. "He was like normal thick and it was like no big deal. But with Ricky I was like really high when I found out he was packing for real. We were in the front seat of his Camaro and he told me to put my hand on it and I couldn't wait to get it out so I could start sucking on it."

"Yeah. Me too," Tina said.

Marie's legs were swinging back and forth and she was staring up at the ceiling like she was remembering a dream. I kept cutting the onions, but I went real slow because I wanted to hear everything. It was a good thing my back was turned. My thing was getting hard in my jeans and I didn't want it to show.

"I just like leaned over his lap and started doing it. I started at the head, of course. I got it like really wet and he's moaning like how good it feels and how he wants me to suck him so bad and all that. So then I like begin sucking more and more every time I go down on him. And he was like moaning and saying fuck and shit and all that stuff. So like, after a few minutes I got his whole shaft down my throat and my nose is like stuck in his curly pubes and I got my chin right on his sac."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Marie working her hand up and down like she was holding a dick while she told the story. I closed my eyes and groaned silently, and nearly cut my thumb off. My thing was so hard it felt like it was going to rip through my jeans.

"No way. You got it all the way down?" Tina said.

"Yeah. He about fell out of the car. He says he had never had that happen before. He says most girls usually only get like halfway down on it before they gag so bad. It was like truly an experience to feel such a long fuck meat slide down my throat."

Tina was shaking her head.

"I went to suck him really deep and it just made me gag. He was just too big for me like that."

"Not me. I love to gag on a big cock. It's like the hottest thing like ever. It especially get me off if I'm like making progress on choking him down. I don't really gag, even on a big cock like Ricky's. I just like the feel of choking on a large unit. For me, it's like an incredible turn on when a guy pushes my head down on his cock. I enjoy when I have to struggle to like get it all the way. It makes me so hot when a guy stands over me and holds my head down. I actually like get off on choking on a big dick when it starts to go down my throat."

Tina laughed. "Oh God yeah, I know what you mean. That

so makes my pussy wet. You know what? This one time I was doing Jesse at his Dad's house and I made him cum when the head of his dick was pressing down, like all the way in the back, and his cum went like shooting out of my mouth. It was so cool. But I couldn't get it down my throat."

"I bet you can do it. Just try to relax," Marie said. "I think of it like I'm surrendering to the cock. It's easier when it's like really long and fat, you know? You just have to love doing it enough to surrender to it and enjoy it being inside you."

I groaned again and rolled my eyes shut. It was going to be a long night.

When I finally got home I was too wired to sleep. It was a good thing I had no school the next day for some teacher development day. I think they all just got naked and jumped in the pool. There were one or two of the lady teachers I wouldn't mind seeing naked, like Miss Toscott.

I stayed up most of the night flipping through channels and eating leftover macaroni and cheese. Mom had gone to bed before I got home and it was a pretty warm night, so I was on the couch wearing just a pair of shorts.

Part of me like being alone, without anyone to see me walking around the house almost naked. Another part of me wished Mom would come down to join me. Since that night a couple of months ago I couldn't get her out of my mind, and what did that mean? I mean, she was my Mom for crying out loud. I wasn't supposed to get hot for my Mom like I got hot for Sue Novak down the street.

Even so, when I thought about Mom's legs and her ass, I got really turned on. I had always noticed her big tits but I never paid attention to them before. Now I couldn't help but notice the way they stretched the front of the tight t-shirts she always wore, or how her nipples got hard and showed through her blouse when she was getting dressed for work, or how they would bounce and shake when she was vacuuming or putting away groceries.

Just thinking about Mom like that got me hard. And she was

right upstairs. It wasn't like she was one of those hot looking girls at school in the tight jeans and short shirts, the ones I could never approach because they would just laugh at me if I tried to ask them out. No, Mom was just at the top of the stairs, where I could go up and talk to her and sit next to her and touch her. I started to rub my dick, but not too much because I didn't want to shoot my stuff all over the couch. I just pulled up the leg of my shorts and let it stand straight up.

Was it as big as Ricky's? Probably not. Would Tina or Marie like mine as much as they liked his? Probably not. Was there any girl out there who would even look at my dick if I asked? I'd probably never know.

But Mom had seen it. I closed my eyes and imagined her coming down the stairs, wearing just that short nightgown. "Why are you still up?" she would say.

"I can't sleep," I would say.

Then she would notice my dick all hard and sticking up out of my shorts and my hand moving up and down on it.

"What are you doing with that?"

I would look at my dick, then at her.

"Nothing. Just jerking off a little bit."

That's what I would say, because she called it jerking off and she told me Dad did it all the time, so I might do it all the time, too. Besides, I was watching a show about Spring Break girls in bikinis and wet t-shirt contests, so that gave me a reason to jerk off.

But Mom would just nod and sit down next to me. She'd watch tv with me for a little bit, then watch my hand moving up and down real slow. Then she would smile at me.

"Would you like me to help you with that?"

"Sure," I would say, and take my hand off my thing.

And when she would put her hand around it, that would be the most exquisite feeling in the world. It made me groan. I didn't actually know how it would feel because I never had anyone else's hand on my dick but my own, but I knew it would be exquisite.

"Jamie, I want you to make love to me," she would say.

Look for these other erotic ebooks from Burping Frog Publishing:

Dans le Murs Part 1
Culture Shock
Lessons In Bondage
Confessions of a Cunt
Sexcapades
The Disturbing Tale of
Michelle and Bryce
Dominique
A Night In Jasmy'n's Garden
Home Sweet Home
Den of Iniquity
Christine is Cherished
Shadow of Doubt
Daddy Helps Out
Yule Tied
Under The Bridge
A New Haunt
Come For Dinner
Gentle Persuasion
The Hazing

Ethan & Carrie
South Carolina for the Summer
The Third Pact Part 1
The Third Pact Part 2
A Proper Baptist
Blood of the First Night Part 1
Two Thirds Virgin Part 1
The Lust Factor
Molly's Little Sister
The Handyman Part 1
Good Girl Bad Girl
Girls Not Named Mary
Desire & Regret Part 1
Desire & Regret Part 2
Desire & Regret Part 3
Grant's Big Day Part 1
The Bigger They Are
Black Panther Part 1
Thumper's Friend Part 1

Also look for these mystery novels by from Burping Frog Publishing:

Change of Heart
An Innocent Among Them
Widow of Calcutta
The Lennox Conspiracy
Breathe of the Flesh

Please contact Burping Frog Publishing to receive sample chapters and to place an order for any ebook.

Burping Frog Publishing
burpingfrogbooks@yahoo.com
burpingfrogbooks.blogspot.com
www.burpingfrog.com