

## 6 Times 101

### Chapter 101 Another Intense Session

Alan looked down at himself. His weary penis had been flaccid seconds before, but now it was rigid again. This is insane! I'm sorry, Mom, but I have to fuck you right here and now! I don't care if this is called motherfucking; I don't care about anything anymore but fucking you! You're begging for it! I'm going to give it to you!

He stood up. His erection was pointing towards his mother, and it seemed to have a will of its own. It was homing in on her pussy as she writhed on the floor. He got down on his knees and began moving in over her. He had a very depraved and lusty look in his eyes.

She suddenly looked up at him and immediately sobered up. "Tiger! What do you think you're doing?!" She could tell he intended to fuck her, and she realized she had to do something fast to stop him.

She lunged forward as if she were attacking him. Her mouth aimed for his boner and it connected; she took his erection into her mouth as he fell backwards towards the bed. The gobs of cum that remained on her face and tits flew in every direction.

Alan hit the floor on his butt, and then his back hit the side of the bed. His mother still had her mouth wrapped around his cock. He was somewhat surprised that she had managed not to bite it or otherwise hurt it as he fell.

As they both adjusted and recovered, she thought, Oh my God! I have my son's member in my mouth! Actually, I should call it a cock now because I'm cocksucking! I'm a naughty, big-titted cocksucking mommy, hee-hee! It feels so GOOD! So THICK and BIG!

MMMM! Suzanne was so right about this! I can tell right away that I love it! Mmmm! I can barely stretch my lips around it. Hey, Suzanne was right about that too! She's such a genius!

Her entire body trembled with lust as she focused fully on the feeling of having her mouth filled with her son's cock. Everything about it was too thrilling and arousing for her to handle. She had to take some moments to adjust to breathing through her nose, but even that excited her beyond belief.

She felt as if she'd had an epiphany. This is major! Somehow, I can tell that this is a major turning point. It just feels so right to have my mouth stuffed with my son's massive cock! So wrong, but so right too! I'm going to suck him off to completion now, as best as I possibly can. But I can already sense this isn't going to be the only time. Oh no! In fact, what if... what if I were to start stroking and sucking him all the time?! What if I totally fall in love with doing it?! OH GOD! Suzanne would approve, but it's just so naughty! But I can't help it!

She placed her hands on his knees and immediately began sucking vigorously. It was clear she was inexperienced in cocksucking, because at first she gagged repeatedly. But after a few attempts she learned not to try and take it in so deep. Her tongue and hands weren't really doing anything, because sliding her lips back and forth over his sweet spot while creating considerable suction took all her concentration.

He didn't care how clumsy or inexperienced she was. The mere fact that his prudish yet super sexy mother was the one blowing him was such a rush that he was nearly delirious. He grabbed her by her long, dark brown hair, and yelled, "Yes! Yes! Suck it! Like that! Keep sucking!"

With one hand he reached down and tried to grasp her boobs, which were now swinging wildly backwards and forwards in time to her bobbing head. But he was moving and so was she, and he couldn't concentrate, so all he could manage was some rough groping.

Still, he found that extremely exciting, since it was the first time she'd ever allowed him to touch her bare boobs with his hands.

Susan didn't like that though, fearing a repeat sexual escalation. So she paused long enough to help him sit up on the edge of the bed. She figured that her rack would be more out of reach if she sucked him while kneeling between his knees. Besides, there was something about that position that turned her on even more, at least in part because Suzanne had been hyping it so much of late.

He readily accepted the new position, reclining until his back rested against the wall. While it would have been nice to grope at the huge breasts he'd secretly lusted after for years, he was so far gone with pleasure from her steady cocksucking that he could hardly focus on anything else, let alone think clearly.

As she resumed her bobbing, she thought, Suzanne is a fellatio expert; that's obvious. She's got plenty of experience, that extra-long tongue of hers, and a naturally sexy attitude. I'm not about to embarrass myself compared to her. This may not be the right or moral thing to do. I don't know. Sometimes, the

good Lord just doesn't give a clear sign. But it's what I'm doing, and darn it, I want to be as good as Suzanne is! I'm gonna put all my reservations aside and suck this fat cock like my life depends on it!

Susan quickly learned that a good technique was to suck as deeply down his shaft as her mouth could manage and then pull almost all the way off, and repeat, in an imitation of fucking (even though her definition of deep at this point wasn't very deep at all). Normally this would have set him off quickly, but since he had just cum twice in the last half hour he found that he could keep going and going.

Susan's whole body began bucking wildly again as she was wracked by more orgasms. Her private parts weren't being stimulated directly, but the sheer thrill of sucking her son's cock had aroused her more than anything in her entire life. All her reluctance and resistance vanished as she totally succumbed to some kind of cocksucking mania.

She tried to remember and implement the blowjob advice that Suzanne had given her, but it was hard to do. She was loving every last aspect of the experience, and she was as happy as she could be merely from having her son's cock filling her mouth. But from time to time she remembered her desire to become as good at this as Suzanne. She still was too far gone with lust to try out Suzanne's tips, but she did remember to focus more on his frenulum, the "sweet spot" on the inner side just below his cockhead.

She mostly kept her eyes closed to help her focus fully on what she was doing. Besides, that reduced her embarrassment a little bit. But from time to time she would peek up at him and see the rapturous expression on his face, which delighted her to no end. Before long he was continually moaning with pleasure, and that truly was music to her ears. Gosh, this is such FUN! Tough, but fun! I'm making Tiger so happy that I can't believe it! He's practically going out of his mind, thanks to ME!

After a few more minutes, she removed her mouth from his soaked boner and began jacking it off instead. For one thing, her jaw had grown tired surprisingly quickly, and for another she was eager to talk to him. Her eyes sparkled with delight, and there was cum and saliva drooling down her chin. "Tiger, Mommy is a real cocksucker now! What do you think of that?"

"Oh, Mom!" He was beyond speaking. There were no words to convey his joy. He was riding along the edge of orgasm, yet somehow he wasn't cumming quite yet. It was incredible.

She panted, "It's so good! It's just like Suzanne said it would be. Better, even!"

Her whole body bounced up and down like a pogo stick in time to her stroking. She sat on her legs with knees bent, with one foot between her legs where she was trying to press it into her pussy. As she bounced, she was able to gain a small measure of satisfaction by using her heel to rub against her clit. She could tell she'd be having more powerful "tingles" soon.

Then she had the great idea to lick around his cockhead (and especially over his sweet spot) while her hands stroked the rest. Her lips had been very busy, but her tongue hadn't really gotten involved before that.

She took to that combined action like a duck to water. She loved it so much from the get-go that she was frustrated that she hadn't started licking his erection years earlier. Mmmm! Mmmm! MMMM! So good! So yummy! He has such a POWERFUL and THICK cock! It's like I'm trying to tame it with my tongue by making him squirt, but that's no easy task, that's for sure. I could keep at this all day long! Mmmm! And it seems that every time I lick right... here, I'm rewarded with one of Tiger's lusty moans. Mmmm! Especially when I lick him right HERE! She lapped fervently all over his sweet spot.

He thought, Holy fucking hell! That feels AWESOME! Mom's even better at licking than she is at sucking! Dang! Mom is licking my cock! I can't believe it!

Meanwhile, her hands flew back and forth over his turgid pole, even as she kept on licking all over his most sensitive spots.

Both mother and son were now truly beyond coherent speech, so they just screamed and moaned unintelligibly.

Finally, with the loudest groan yet, Alan began to shoot his seed.

Susan rapidly put her mouth back over his erection and prepared to swallow it all. Feeling him cum in her mouth had been a great fantasy of hers for days, ever since Suzanne had started talking about it, and now it was actually happening to her. She felt like she'd just won a million dollars.

He came, and came, and came again.

She rubbed her clit against her heel and had another orgasm, her best one yet.

She was amazed at the sheer amount of cum that rocketed into her mouth. But her inexperience betrayed her again; most of it dribbled out of her mouth and down her cheeks and chin.

Both of them finally fell back in exhaustion.

Alan almost passed out on the spot, he was so spent, but he managed to stay conscious. He again looked at his mother. Now most of three loads of cum had landed on her face and chest, minus all the gobs that she'd eaten or swallowed directly.

She was rubbing his hot cum all over her face, working it into her skin. Then she took her cum-soaked hands and rubbed the rest all over her body, writhing like an exotic dancer.

"Oh!" she cried. "Tiger! My special son. You've covered me! Covered me in cum! So good!"

Her body bucked with erotic spasms, and he wondered if she'd orgasmed yet again. But eventually her hand movements became slower and slower, and finally stopped altogether.

## Chapter 102 Boundaries

They lay in silence for a few minutes. The only sound was their heavy breathing. It was as if both of them had just run an exhausting race.

The only thought going through Alan's mind was wondering how long it would take for his dick to recover, so he could give his mother the proper fucking she so richly needed. Looking at her massive boobs heave up and down with every heavy breath, he figured it wouldn't be long before he was hard again and he would be inside her.

Although she'd had some intense orgasms of her own, she wasn't feeling much of a post-orgasmic letdown. Everything was still too exciting to believe. She thought, Okay. Wow! I've gotta just chill out and stay calm. But how can I?! That's like living my entire life and only now discovering what color is. Or FOOD! This is practically as big as discovering how good it is to eat food! But perhaps that's not far off, because this kind of feels like the first REAL sex I've ever enjoyed. I know I've done things with Ron,

letting him fuck me from time to time. But all of that pales in comparison to THIS! So it's like I've just discovered what sex is about, and it's as big as food. WOW!

The problem is, I'm going to want to do this all the time now. But I can't! I'm still his mother. I'm still a married woman. The Bible doesn't exactly approve of this. Besides, I have to be careful of the slippery slope. We very nearly went way too far! My task has to be helping with his visual stimulation and letting Suzanne stroke and suck him all the time. Every day. Darn. What a lucky girl she is!

She sat up and looked at him. She spoke calmly, if a bit raggedly. "Tiger, I enjoyed that" - that was a gross understatement, they both knew - "but it wasn't exactly what I had expected would happen here. To say the least! Remember. You have to remember, we have to have limits. Just like you have with Suzanne. If I didn't know better, I was afraid for a moment there that you were going to cross a line. We can't have that, can we?"

When he didn't answer, she answered for him. "No! We can't!"

She held his hand and tried to convey the seriousness of her words with a stern expression. Somehow her panties were still on, even though they were completely soaked. Both of them were drenched in sweat. "Do you understand me? Do you have the willpower to maintain limits?"

He suddenly felt very ashamed. His passion was rapidly abating in the wake of the change of mood, and he grappled with hiding his true feelings. He lied blatantly, "Yes, Mom. I would never think of such a thing."

Neither would even state what that thing was, but both knew they were talking about fucking. Mother fucking.

She was still worried. "You weren't planning to..." She couldn't say the words.

"No, Mom, of course not. Really. I don't know what I was doing; I just wanted more. But not that. Never!"

His lies apparently eased her concerns. And it was true that he was suppressing those particular incestuous desires, for the time being. He didn't want to take her forcefully or without her permission, and he was horrified that he'd just come so close to attempting to do that.

"Good." She was happy to hear his response. "If you realize and respect the boundaries, then there's no reason why we can't do this kind of thing more often." A LOT more often! Why should Suzanne have all the fun?! "But you have to remain detached, and remember that this is just a medical procedure."

He nearly laughed out loud at that, until he realized that she was dead serious.

She did mean it, sort of. She still needed some kind of fig-leaf excuse to justify doing something like they had just done, so she clung to the medical-procedure excuse like a life preserver in a raging sea. "Tiger, as long as you have to ejaculate, there's no reason why we can't have some fun in the process, right? I know you and Suzanne have a lot of fun. God, how I know that; she tells me every last detail. But I don't want you to even think about crossing the line. Do I make myself clear? For instance, you shouldn't have tried to grope at my breasts. Suzanne should have taught you that that is off limits. Didn't she teach you that?"

"Yes, she did," he replied, though he recalled that that particular boundary and quite a few others were already sometimes being violated when he was with Suzanne.

But he thought, I still don't understand why I can't touch or kiss, even as I'm getting my cock sucked! Talk about strange rules. But then he remembered, Well, I suppose the whole point is for me to ejaculate. Cocksucking helps that a lot more than kissing or tit-fondling would, so it makes sense in a weird kind of way. Plus it feels really, really, really good! He chuckled silently.

"Good," Susan said, fondly rubbing the top of his hand with her own. "That's a good dear." She was surprisingly firm about not wanting him to touch her breasts simply because she was so very sensitive there. She worried she'd lose all control if she let him fondle her tits extensively, and she'd wind up getting thoroughly fucked before she knew what was happening. Despite her rapidly evolving beliefs about sex, she still considered that a grave sin, on top of which, it would be incest.

She said, "Now let's get things cleaned up here. I'm sorry I got carried away and got you too excited. I will - we will - do better next time. And look: it seems your mommy has made a mess on the carpet. A very big mess!"

Suzanne had been calling her "Mommy" sometimes during their more excited conversations, so she had started using that term in her own thoughts. It had been years since she'd referred to herself like that to Alan, but some part of her was still feeling very naughty and she'd discovered that saying it turned her on.

The two of them started cleaning the mixed fluids that had dripped and splattered everywhere. (In fact, the fluids were almost all from Susan's leaky pussy.) Their raging urges gradually came under control, even though Alan still only wore a T-shirt and Susan just her soaked panties.

Even then, Susan was still riding an erotic high, although it wasn't the off-the-charts all-out lust she'd felt when she'd been bobbing on and licking him. She deliberately delayed putting on any more clothes, reveling in the freedom of staying nearly naked (due to her soaked panties) in front of her studly son. She felt a never-ending "pinch me; I'm dreaming" joy. She had yet to be wracked by serious guilt or regret.

Susan grabbed herself at the crotch when Alan wasn't looking and swished her panties around. Her sticky juices made lewd squishing sounds, but she found the sound delightful. She'd never been so wet in her life. She touched her clit and nearly screamed because it felt so great. Wow! This definitely blows sex with Ron out of the water. I feel kind of bad enjoying this so much, but Suzanne says that sometimes it can't be helped. I've never been so impressed by my brilliant best friend. If she says it's okay, it must be.

Alan dampened the towels in Susan's adjacent bathroom and rubbed the carpet with them while Susan changed the bedspread, since a lot of his earlier loads of cum had gotten onto it. They even found bits of cum that had been splattered many feet away.

He didn't get that much cleaning done, since he was transfixed watching every move his nearly-nude mother made. Although his penis was flaccid for the moment, it was as if he was enjoying a continuing mental orgasm. He simply couldn't get over everything that had happened since he'd come home from school.

After a while, she asked him in a much more subdued and contemplative (but still horny) mood, "Tiger, do you think that what we did was okay? Are you sure that this is ... okay?"

"Yeah, Mom. We just have to maintain those boundaries. After a while we'll become more used to this, and with routine it will be easier to maintain those limits." He fervently hoped that he was wrong, since he was already keen on crossing those boundaries, but he figured that was the best thing to say.



"You're probably right, Tiger." She sighed, now very serious. "I wonder if I'm being a good mom, letting you put your... member... in my mouth... and other things. The way you looked at me just before I sucked you... Tiger, you looked like a real tiger! You scared me! Promise me that you won't ever do that again. I don't know how strong my willpower will be. I'm not as strong as Suzanne. Promise me that you'll be strong for me, and that you will never, ever cross the lines I've set. Do you promise that, with all your heart?"

He thought about it seriously before replying. "Yes. Of course I promise. I would never want to hurt you." He took that kind of promise very seriously. He'd never broken such promises to his mother. But on the other hand, after all that had happened, he wanted nothing more in the world than to fuck her. He wanted it even more than his great desire to fuck Suzanne.

So he mentally searched for a loophole. "But like yesterday, you had me put suntan lotion on you, even though I'm not supposed to touch you. What if something like that happens?"

"Of course, Tiger, in a situation like that, that's different. If I say it's okay, then it's okay. But don't do anything otherwise, okay? Not even in your thoughts, if you can help it."

"Okay." He'd found his loophole, and it was a big one. She's not saying that I can't go further or even fuck her, but that she has to give permission first. That's only fair. I'm not a bad person; I'm not a rapist. I swear to myself I'll never violate that rule and do something against her will.

They finished cleaning up. The whole time they had been cleaning, Susan had still worn nothing but her panties and Alan just his T-shirt.

The more Alan recovered from his last orgasm, the more he grew distracted by her luscious body, especially her continually jiggling boobs.

She seemed to take her sweet time cleaning up, purposely shaking her rack as she rubbed the carpet with a damp towel. Now that she'd gotten started, all she wanted to do was make her son hard and then suck, lick, and stroke him until he was empty, over and over again.

She enjoyed the constant sight of his penis, and the fact that he wasn't wearing shorts. But she was extremely frustrated that he was still flaccid. She was tempted to up her sexy teasing to get him stiff once again.

As they finished up, she pulled her panties down a bit and said, "Look, they're still wet!"

He drew close, ostensibly to check out the wetness of her panties, although many other aspects of her naked body caught his interest. Once he stopped looking at her exposed bush and pussy lips, he noticed that, sure enough, there was a large puddle of cum collected in her absolutely soaked panties, and more of the fabric was thoroughly wet.

He inhaled deeply, savoring the aroma of her musky snatch; it was a smell he was growing to love. He saw from mere inches away that her slit was still leaking copiously. He watched a rivulet of her pussy juices drip down her thigh.

She bemoaned her soiled panties as she pulled them the rest of the way off. "Oh dear. So sorry for making this mess, Son. It was very improper of me. I guess I'll have to go put these in the wash."

She tossed them away and stood there in her naked glory. She didn't even attempt to cover her pussy with her hand. Yes! Mmmm! This feels GOOD! Taking my panties off might not seem to make a big difference, but it does. This is totally naughty and yet total ecstasy. Freedom! This is how I should be all the time: completely naked for my son! I don't know why, but it just feels so good and so right, like I BELONG like this forever! The only thing better would be to be naked AND have his great fat stiffy in my mouth. Oh dear. Susan, get a hold of yourself!

She looked at his crotch yet again, and licked her lips with delight. He was trying to hide the fact that his penis had re-erected. Since he still wore only a T-shirt, he had to keep a hand on his lower abdomen to keep his newly raging hard-on hidden under his shirt, pushed up towards his stomach. However, there was no way for him to conceal it, not under those conditions.

She added huskily and knowingly as she pointed at his crotch, "That is, unless you need some more help down there."

He realized with a start that her cleaning in the nude and the display of her panties had been a calculated ploy to get him hard and ready again. But he was tired, so tired that he was afraid of a

complete collapse. "Thanks, Mom. I'd love that, but I gotta take a nap first. We should do that first thing when I wake up."

She hugged him and tenderly kissed the top of his head. As she'd recently grown so fond of doing, she delighted in rubbing her hard nipples in circles around his chest.

He again felt the desire to throw caution to the wind and kiss and grope her wildly. But due to his tiredness he could only take so much excitement.

She said as their bodies stayed pressed together, "Thank you for your willpower, my big strong son. Mommy loves her Tiger so very much." She kissed the top of his head once again, and held him some more, but this time her hug was just tender, rather than an overwhelmingly erotic assault.

He smiled widely. "You know I love you too."

Her face practically glowed with delight upon hearing that. "I do. And what's so great is that we have a new way of expressing our love for each other." She reached down to his crotch and took his boner in her hand. "Just look at you, Son. Look at this! You're a real man now. There's no doubt about it! Such a BIG man!"

He groaned lustily, because she'd started jacking him off again. He thought, Oh, man! What a dilemma. That feels so dang good. But my body is crashing. If I don't leave to take a nap, I'm gonna fall asleep on my feet. But my dick IS erect, and I can tell she totally wants to suck me again. How can I turn that down?! But I have no choice.

He said, "Mom, sometimes after a guy has an orgasm, his body pretty much shuts down for a while. Even though my dick is stiff, as you can see and feel, I've just gotta take a nap right now or I'm gonna collapse. You understand, don't you?"

She pouted, "Oh, poo!" She was still sliding her fingers up and down his thickness.

"We can pick up right where we left off when I wake in a little while, okay?"

She let out a heavy sigh and nodded reluctantly.

He hurried back to his room, where he immediately fell into a deep, deep sleep.

## Chapter 103 Things Are Going In The Right Direction

When Alan awoke, he remembered in a flash what had just happened with his mother. His penis was already erect, and he was overcome with extreme horniness. He felt the need to share another climax with Susan without any further ado. He began stroking his hard-on beneath the sheets of his bed.

He heard a soft feminine voice say the word "Tiger." He figured that it was his own imagination, a fantasy of his mother calling for him out loud as he fucked her. But then he heard it again, and realized it was actually coming from somewhere in his room. He opened his eyes in shock and fear, let go of his erection like it was a hot poker, and looked around.

There was his mother, sitting on a chair right next to his bed. She was smiling at him patiently. She apparently had taken a shower, because she looked clean and smelled fresh, with a faint peach scent this time. She wore an oversized T-shirt that was literally only the thinnest pretext of wearing any clothes at all. She wasn't wearing anything below her waist except for a pair of panties, and the same pair of red high heels as before.

Alan could clearly see her hard, dark nipples through the white shirt. His fear of hearing a stranger in his room dissolved into lust as he saw how horny she was.

She said jokingly, "Tiger, you did say that you needed help as soon as you woke up. If you remember, we have some unfinished business."

His mind boggled as he struggled to wake completely. He felt shivers race down his spine as he recalled her briefly jacking him off just before he staggered to his room to take his nap. Though his dick was already erect, it quickly grew so stiff that it created a large lump in his bed sheets.

Susan stared at the obvious lump, and then came back to his face. "Tiger," she said in a more somber tone, "were you serious, what you said about maintaining self-control? Were you serious about your promise?"

"Of course, Mom. I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it."

She crossed an arm under her rack, for no good reason except to make her great globes thrust up and out. "Well, then why were you doing that to yourself? Are you planning to spill your seed upon the ground?"

He said, "I keep hearing that phrase lately. The words are so weirdly formal, like they're from the Bible or something. What do they mean?"

"They ARE from the Bible. Don't you remember from your Sunday school lessons? Or maybe you heard Suzanne talking about it lately?"

He shook his head 'No.'

She found it strange to talk about Scripture when she had such an itchy need in her pussy and nipples. Nevertheless, she explained, "That's the story of Onan, from the Book of Genesis. He spilled his seed upon the ground and God got so mad at him that he struck him dead with a lightning bolt. That's why you should always try to cum on a woman's skin or in my mouth, er, I mean her mouth, to avoid sinning. In a way, what we were doing earlier is blessed by the Lord."

He just nodded, but he thought to himself, That wasn't in any Bible story that they ever taught me! Actually, I do vaguely remember the story of Onan, but I'm pretty sure Mom has her own unique interpretation. Hey, if it works for her and makes her feel okay about playing with my dick, I'm sure not going to disagree with her about it!

She smiled. "Given that, don't you think it would be better if I helped you out instead of having you do it yourself and getting God angry at you?" She pulled his sheets back, letting his erection spring straight up in the air.

He smiled at that. "Mom, I would really love it if you did that for me."

She pulled the T-shirt off over her head, which set her huge knockers jiggling, then knelt at the edge of his bed.

His mind boggled. Oh MAN! She's naked! Totally naked. Well, not counting her panties. And those are kind of see-through anyway; I caught a glimpse of her bush and pussy right through them! Unfortunately, once she rested against the edge of the bed, he could only see her from the waist up. Still, that much was a very inspiring sight.

"Scoot over closer to me," she commanded. "I think I need more practice with my blowjobs. Practice is important. We may just have to practice this every day from now on."

He was shocked that she'd go straight to that. But she'd been waiting impatiently while he took his nap, and her desire to suck him some more had reached such levels that she couldn't delay it any longer. He replied, "Um, I'd absolutely love that, but you can't possibly want to touch me. You just showered but I'm all gross and sweaty."

"Nonsense. That just makes you smell more manly. Today, this afternoon in fact, I finally realized just what a manly MAN you are, and I love it!"

He could hardly argue with such eagerness, especially when she knelt there with her chest thrust out, proudly showing off her amazing rack. He scooted over to the edge of his bed.

She took his boner in her hand and caressed it gently. My Lord, I am going to suck this cock with such passion and love! I can hardly wait!

She gave it a tender kiss, right on his sweet spot. Then she placed it against her cheek and caressed it some more, purring with delight. "I'm so lucky to have a wonderful son with such a lovely penis. Suzanne is so right. It's an endless joy to make a REAL penis throb with pleasure!"

He asked, "The way you're saying that, are you implying that Ron doesn't have a real penis?"

She grimaced. "Oh, please. Don't mention him and ruin my mood. Let's just say that you're a real man, and real men know how to use a penis to pleasure a woman. Actually, I should call it what it is: a cock. I love how nasty that sounds. Such a BIG cock! And your cum is so yummy! Mmmm! Your SPERM! That sounds so nasty. I think your energy problem is the best thing that ever happened in the Plummer household, don't you?"

As she spoke, she kept running his erection around her face as if she were using it to apply facial cream everywhere. And that was fitting, since he was starting to leak pre-cum, which was getting smeared into her skin. When his hot pole got near her mouth, she sometimes stuck her tongue out and playfully licked it as it slid past.

"Mmmm-hmmm," he replied languidly. Strangely, he felt relaxed and yet wildly excited at the same time. "And I'm lucky to have the hottest, sexiest, bustiest, most beautiful mother in all of California. In the entire world, probably! And I'm really lucky we've found a way to do this without fu- ... Uh, without going too far."

She pulled his cockhead to her mouth and started licking it non-stop, with a focus on his sweet spot. "That you are. MMMM!" She shivered all over with pleasure as she luxuriated in her cock-licking. "But what about Suzanne, Son? Don't you think she's hot too? I think she is."

He was flying high with arousal, making it a struggle to think straight. Whoa! What does that mean? Why the heck is she hyping up Aunt Suzy while licking my boner?! How bizarre is that?

Meanwhile, standing outside the door, Suzanne's ears pricked up at the mention of her name. She had just arrived a minute or two earlier to spy on them, because curiosity had finally gotten the better of her. She knew that Susan had an "abnormality check" to do, and when she'd talked to her earlier she knew that Susan had gotten extremely hot and bothered. So Suzanne had been fairly certain that the "check" had been eventful. But she'd tried calling Susan several times to learn how it had gone and no one had answered the phone. (Susan had been busy with Alan, then she'd taken a long shower during his nap, which resulted in lots of powerful "tingles" for her.) Suzanne's frustration at not knowing finally drove her to go next door to find out what had happened.

Susan went on as she licked and slurped, "And isn't she just as helpful? I get hot just thinking about her sucking your tasty cock, and I've been thinking of that a LOT lately, since she talks about it so much. I imagine her pale body all naked and on her knees between your legs, those big tits of hers dangling down and swaying as she sucks you off. Do you like to have a busty, naked, older woman on her knees, licking and sucking your cock?"

He chuckled. He realized she was playfully teasing him, because at this very moment she was doing that which she was describing. "You know it!"

Susan thought with glee, That's me right now! This is so debauched and even wicked, but I just can't help myself! It's only my hands and mouth on his cock, but I feel tingly all the way down to my toes. I've never felt so completely ALIVE!

Suzanne chuckled quietly to herself. You go, girl! This is an unexpected bonus, having Susan hype me like that. But what is she DOING?! With her ear held directly to the door, she could just barely make out the words that were spoken, but she couldn't hear anything aside from that. She decided to ever so slowly open the door just a crack.

"Mmmm!" Susan started licking down to the base of his shaft, fully exploring his entire erection with her tongue for the first time. "Tell me, have you hosed down her face and chest with your cum yet?" She was talking about Suzanne, but she was mostly thinking about herself. She was hopeful that if he'd thoroughly drenched Suzanne in cum, her turn would be coming soon.

He thought, FUCK ME! Painting Mom in my cum?! Is that really going to happen?! It's like I've died and gone to porno heaven! He tried hard to keep calm as he responded, "Well, 'hosed down' might be overstating it, but yeah, I've done that."

Suzanne had the door open a tiny fraction of an inch, but it was enough for her to hear much better. Suddenly, all of the slurping sounds became crystal clear. Oh my God! Susan's doing it! She really is licking his cock! YES! She was so thrilled that she nearly swooned. She sensed that this was a pivotal development that would permanently alter all their lives.

Susan answered her son enthusiastically, "Oh God! So hot! I wish I could see her big breasts and mine! all covered in your potent seed! I think you're going to be doing a lot of that to us from now on, aren't you? After all, the Bible clearly states that spilling one's seed on the ground is a sin. That's why your cum should always end up on or in her, or me!" She fondled his balls, since her hands otherwise didn't have much to do while her tongue slowly slathered up and down all eight inches of his hard-on.

Suzanne practically fainted all over again from the confirmation that Susan was not only licking and sucking Alan's erection, but she was doing it with great gusto. Suzanne was a very experienced and even jaded woman, but this was the most exciting thing she'd ever heard. It wasn't just what Susan was doing at that moment, but rather the dazzling set of long-term possibilities that Susan's new attitude made possible.

Hearing Susan talk repeatedly about letting him cum on her and on Suzanne was such a mind-blowing idea that he would have found himself on the brink of orgasm from that alone. What was even better



was how she sounded excited rather than repulsed by the idea. When the pleasuring by her hands and tongue was included as well, he felt as if he might have lost his mind to a total erotic fantasy.

Nevertheless, he was fighting hard to maintain control to prolong the joy. In an attempt to keep the conversation going, he asked, "So you find her large breasts arousing?" That wasn't a logical follow-up, but he was thinking of shooting his cum on their massive racks, maybe even while they were pressed closely together against each other.

Susan pictured Suzanne's breasts. She was surprisingly aroused by that image, because she was imagining them covered in her son's creamy sperm. She finally replied, "Not exactly. It just makes me so happy knowing that your cock is getting sucked by someone who loves it and you. I know you're a breast man, so it makes me extra happy to know that someone so well endowed, talented, and all around sexy is helping you. My son is the best and deserves nothing but the very best!"

Susan went back to just licking around his cockhead, enabling her hands to vigorously stroke his shaft at the same time. She was eager to get back to sucking his cock, like she'd been doing before his nap, but first wanted to savor this experience for a while. "Helping you with this. Mmmm. My big son's special cock. I think it needs to be sucked and stroked a lot! You know, for your treatment."

As she said this, she suddenly remembered that there was a medical reason for what she was doing. That reminded her that, according to her moral beliefs she wasn't supposed to be enjoying it so much, except perhaps by accident. Right at that moment there was a heck of a lot of accidental enjoyment going on, but she told herself that couldn't be helped. She sensed she'd be able to cum instantly if she so much as touched her clit, but she was in no rush to do that.

She stopped to slather his entire cockhead with her saliva before continuing with a sensual purr. "It looks like I'm going to be helping you out a lot from now on. With my hands... and my mouth!"

The hearts of both Alan and Susan skipped a beat as they reveled in the implications of that statement.

Suzanne was so overcome by delight upon hearing that from the hall that she wanted to scream and yell and celebrate. But she forced herself to stay calm so she could continue her eavesdropping.

Susan added, "But I can't always be there for you. Maybe... sometimes, when she does it... I could watch, to pick up some tips? Now that you've started me cock-stroking and cocksucking, I want to do it as best I possibly can."

"Yes!" Having his mother heartily approve of Suzanne helping him turned him on even more. "I have the help of the two most all-around amazing mothers in the world!"

"Awww, thanks. By the way, do you like it when I fondle your testicles?" One hand went back to doing just that, while her other hand kept sliding up and down his long shaft.

"Hell, yeah! It feels great! Mom, you're incredible!"

Suzanne was still listening intently. My God, she is incredible! Go, Susan, go! She chuckled quietly to herself. I can't believe my plan is actually coming to fruition. This is so key! Her progress here is a life-changer for us all!

Susan replied, "Tiger, I would love to hear you say more nice things, but instead of us talking I'd rather be sucking your cock again. So help me God, this is the BEST!" She wrapped her mouth around his stiffness and began slurping and sucking her way to his sweet spot.

He arched his body backwards and his mind reeled as a tremendous surge of arousal washed over him like a tsunami. The ecstasy was so intense that he didn't understand how he was managing to hang on without cumming. Actually, the only reason he succeeded was because his desire to feel her sucking him was so great that he kept straining with all his might to hold back just a little longer.

That initial lusty surge passed, but both of them continued flying high with total arousal. He thought, That feels so fucking GREAT! I seriously can't even believe it! She's talking with such a sexy and even dirty mouth! My super prudish mom! No way! And the things she DOES with her mouth?! Whoa! Oh shit, like what she's doing with her tongue right there. Yow!

It took her a couple of minutes to readjust to sucking on his thick erection. But while he'd been napping, she'd spent a long time trying to recall Suzanne's cocksucking tips, and she'd resolved to try harder to apply them at her next opportunity. She knew her best friend was much more talented at this, but she wanted to at least be good enough for her son to want a lot more cocksucking help from her and not

just from his aunt. So, with that in mind and for the very first time, she licked his erection while her lips sucked on it at the same time.

It took her about a minute to get the hang of doing both things at the same time. But once she did, she discovered that she loved cocksucking even more than before. What she had started doing was just the right level of difficulty to make it continually challenging and interesting.

Her lips and tongue were focusing on his sweet spot, driving him absolutely insane with pleasure. He didn't think he'd be able to stave off his climax much longer, nor did he really want to. Who is this vixen and what did she do with my conservative mom? Seriously. Today has been out of control, and it keeps getting better!

Suzanne's curiosity was killing her. She'd been planning Susan's change-of-heart for months. It was beyond gratifying to hear evidence that her plan was working, but she wanted to see it as well. However, she was afraid to peek in for fear that Susan would catch her, which itself might trigger a dramatic reversal. However, eventually Suzanne realized that the two of them would be so involved in what they were doing that they probably wouldn't see her, so she decided to open the door just a little more, just enough to peek in.

She did that, but immediately she was so stunned that she unthinkingly opened the door a good deal more. Then she simply gaped in disbelief.

My... GOD! Seeing is believing! Susan is really doing it! She's got his entire cockhead in her mouth, and then some! Not only that, but she's naked except for one flimsy pair of panties! And she's LOVING IT! That's the really amazing thing! She's so clearly enjoying herself; it's as if she's trying get her tongue and lips on the entire surface of his cock simultaneously!

WOW! I still can't believe my eyes! What happened to the prudish Susan I've known all these years?! It's like she's lost all control!

Suddenly, she realized how wide the door had swung open, so she closed it almost completely, leaving space for just one eye to peek through. She breathed a sigh of relief that her carelessness hadn't interrupted them, because she knew that Susan had to be feeling conflicted and would be easily spooked.

Suzanne felt thrilled down to her toes. The feeling was so overwhelming that she stepped away from the door for a moment to calm herself. She wanted to bounce around like a human pogo stick and punch towards the sky repeatedly. This is it! This is it! This is far better than anything I'd dreamt might happen! I'd hoped she'd get just a little carried away stroking him. But this! It'll move my plans forward by weeks, if not months!

She rushed back to the door to peer within and see what would happen next.

#### Chapter 104 Another Orgasm

Susan stopped abruptly just as Alan was hitting an erotic high. Sitting back up, she asked him, "Since you promised to be so good, do you mind if I... I feel so embarrassed to say this, but I'd like to, to ... put my hands down there. You know, on my most private place."

She knew that was against her own rules, but she was so very turned on that she couldn't help herself. In fact, she'd already been touching herself there occasionally, but she hoped that she'd been surreptitious enough that he hadn't noticed. She thought that if she got his okay, that would make it more permissible somehow.

He was extremely grateful that she was taking a break from her blowjob, since that allowed him to retreat from the brink. He waited some long moments before he responded. Finally, after getting his wild panting under control, he said, "Well Mom, I think it's a given that I'm going to shoot my cum all over your beautiful body."

"Yes. And?" She resumed jacking him off. She would have much preferred more sucking, but she needed her mouth to talk until their discussion had ended, and besides, she needed to give her tongue a break from all the licking and her jaw some relief from all the sucking.

"Well, we got lucky the last time and none of my cum got on your panties, but I think you should take them off just to be safe, don't you? Besides, the house 'no underwear' rule really requires it."

She gave him a naughty grin. "What an excellent idea! There's no telling where your sperm shooter is gonna hit me next." The concern over him getting his cum on her panties was absurd because they were already soaked from her own juices, even though she'd put on a fresh pair while he was sleeping, immediately after her masturbatory shower. Still, she liked having the fig-leaf excuse much more than

having no excuse at all. She immediately pulled her panties down and off her legs, then threw them across the room. All the while she kept one hand stroking Alan's erection.

For a moment Suzanne froze in fear, with her heart nearly thumping out of her chest, because when Susan tossed her panties away she had partially turned so that she almost could see the open door. Suzanne decided that she was risking too much by keeping the door open, even if only an inch, so she pulled it almost closed. The razor-thin crack that remained still allowed her to hear almost everything that was happening.

Recovering from her fright, she thought, Phew! That was too close! I'm still reeling in total disbelief! Susan just took off her panties?! Pinch me; I must be dreaming! But I'm cursed too. I get to see her perfect body in the nude, which I've longed to do for years, and then I get to drink in the sight for only a couple of seconds before I have to close the door. Maybe I'll just take one last little peek... No! I can't. It's too dangerous; I can't risk ruining all my plans! What if she were to see me? In fact, even listening to them like this is dangerous. I really ought to go. ... Well, in a little while. This is too great to miss!

Susan looked at Alan's bugged-out eyes staring at her bush and grew a bit concerned, so she covered it with one hand and said, "Son, you're not thinking of you-know-what, just because your busty mommy is totally nude and jacking off your hard cock, are you?"

He answered, "Mom, I promised I'd be good, and you know I keep my promises. But can't I look? You look so sexy down there."

"Nonsense. It's a big hairy mess. You don't want to look there." But even as she told him to look elsewhere, she was grinning madly.

He could tell that she was so horny that she actually wanted to show off her pussy, so he said, "Come on, Mom. Please?"

That wasn't an excuse at all, but even so she wavered. "I don't know. It's embarrassing! The problem is, it's all, well, kind of wet and sticky down there."

"So what? You know what that means to me? That's a sign of your love. It makes me really happy and proud to see you wet down there. It just shows what a caring and loving mom you really are."

"Really?"

"Really!"

In fact, he couldn't really explain how her wetness was a sign of caring and love if she had challenged him, but it sounded good anyway and he had realized that Susan wasn't thinking logically. Hearing that, she took her hand away from her pussy.

"Oh, WOW!" His eyes bugged out in genuine awe.

She asked shyly, "You're not grossed out?"

"No way! It's beautiful!"

Very pleased at his apparently sincere reaction, she spread her legs wider to give him a better view. However, her hand hovered nearby, ready to cover her pussy again at any moment.

Still feeling bashful, she asked, "How does it compare to Suzanne's?"

He noticed that her pussy and bush looked almost exactly the same as Suzanne's. Maybe Suzanne's clit was a little bigger and her lips were a little pinker, but that was about it. Their hair color was almost exactly the same there too, except for Suzanne's reddish tint. Both bushes were thick and full, but nicely trimmed. Dammit, one day I just know I'm gonna get to know that secret place. I just know it.

He finally responded, "Mom, you know Suzanne is like some kind of unbelievably perfect goddess, right?"

She nodded.

"Well, hers looks just like yours. That means yours is unbelievably perfect too."

She smiled and turned away, pleased as she could be. "Awww. You're just saying that."

He suggested as he nodded at her pussy, "Don't be afraid. Touch it. I wanna see you play with it."bender

"Well, okay." I can't believe I just said that! What kind of shameless hussy am I turning into?!

However, even as she was chiding herself, she brushed her fingers up and down her soaked slit. Curiously, she kept on complaining, "But really, I feel a little guilty. Suzanne says that it's no sin for women to masturbate, but deep down it feels wrong. I'm so used to thinking it was a sin, you know? In the Book of John, it was said that-"

Before she could get started quoting scripture, he interrupted, "Mom, you're not really masturbating; don't think of it that way. You're providing visual stimulation. This is all part of helping me. Things like watching you play with your pussy or shake your rack, it all helps keep me hard so I can have my orgasms after prolonged stimulation, and do it six times a day, just like the doctor ordered."

The idea that he needed help to stay erect while his naked centerfold mother was jacking him off was absurd, but again it was the fig-leaf Susan needed for her own peace of mind. "Well, if you think it helps..." She began fingering her labia in earnest.

However, she realized she'd be having double the fun if she was stroking her son's boner at the same time. So she shifted positions and used her other hand to do that too.

Pretending to be clueless, he asked, "What's that little bump, right above your nether lips?"

"Oh, that? That's my very special, very naughty spot. It's called a clitoris. Whenever I touch it... oh my goodness! It really makes me horny!"

"Then touch it! I want to see you horny."

Susan had never been so horny in her life, but even so, she did as she was told. She started alternating between rubbing her clit and caressing her wet pussy lips. Within seconds, she began writhing around as

if she was about to climax. "Goodness gracious, that's GOOD! Mmmm! MMMM! Oh dear, I'm such a naughty mommy!"

She suddenly realized that she would be peaking soon. In an attempt to hold off, she tried not to touch her clit so much, instead focusing more on stroking her son's erection. But she loved doing that as well, so much so that it didn't do anything to cool her ardor.

A minute or two later she did climax, although it was only a medium-large one this time. She had to stop stroking and just grasp his hard-on as her body trembled all over. Since it was not a titanic orgasm, she was able to resist screaming like a stuck pig. Instead she just let out a series of erotic grunts and moans.

She thought, Mmmm! So intense! That must be God's way of rewarding me for helping Tiger with his special needs.

Since she'd never let go of his boner, she resumed stroking it.

He thought, Man, that's cool. I'm pretty sure Mom just had a big orgasm. Neat! I wanna give her lots of those! And now I can!

## Chapter 105 Mommy Loves To Suck Tiger's Cock!

As much as Alan was enjoying everything Susan was doing, he was eager for more oral stimulation. He also noticed that the hand that she'd been using to stroke herself was now free. He pointed out, "You know what? I think we're done talking here for a while, don't you? And if your mouth isn't busy..."

"Gosh! Where are my manners?" She giggled and winked at him. "Look at all that appallingly-neglected cock." She bent over and took his cockhead back into her mouth while her hand continued to stroke the base.

He laughed. "Where are my manners" was a very rare joke from Susan, since she just wasn't the joking type. He realized that her comments boded very well for the future. Wow! All of a sudden Mom seems to think that it's a problem if my cock is NOT getting sucked! And she'd never even done it before, up to an hour ago. Talk about a changed attitude. Heh! This is just too much for me to take!



Considering that it was her first day of cocksucking, Susan was surprisingly good at it. Mostly that was because of the tips Suzanne had given her, plus her determination to do the best job she could. She continued her approach of using her tongue, lips, and fingers all at the same time, which wasn't that easy to do.

After a few minutes, he grabbed Susan by her long brown hair and pulled her head away.

"What?" she asked, a bit irritated. Clearly, she resented being interrupted from her happy sucking.

"Whoa! Hold on, please! It's just that everything you do is so arousing that I feel like cumming already and I want this to last. Can we rest a minute?"

"Oh, poo." But reflecting on his compliment, she grinned. "Really? Am I that arousing?"

"Mom, you don't have any idea, do you? Just because you hang out with Aunt Suzy all day, you probably think you're not sexy, 'cos you compare yourself to her. Maybe the old you wasn't that sexy since you went out of your way to bundle up and put on a frumpy attitude to boot. But the new you is right there with Aunt Suzy, completely off the sexy scale."

"Oh, poo! You get me so excited with talk like that, and then you say I can't suck your cock anymore. How 'bout now?"

He laughed. "No."

She waited about ten seconds, and then asked, "How 'bout now?"

He laughed harder. "God, Mom, you sound just like I did as a kid when we'd go on a family trip. 'Are we there yet? Are we there yet?'"

"Perhaps," she replied inscrutably. Then after waiting a few heartbeats, she asked even more eagerly, "How 'bout now?"

He laughed still more. But he still needed to stall for time so he wouldn't cum on the spot, so he asked, "So, Mom, I take it you like cocksucking. What do you like about it so much?"

Her face lit up. "Oh my! Where to begin? At first, jacking you off seemed strange and I didn't know what to think about it. I mean, I knew I liked it because it was making you happy, but I didn't know if I loved it. But then when you sprayed your hot seed all over my face, I was sold! It just made me feel... Well, it's hard to explain. But happy to make you so happy, for one."

As she talked, she was slowly leaning in closer to his erection. But just when he was about to stop her, she halted with her mouth an inch or two from his cockhead.

She continued, "And Suzanne's right: there's some kind of special connection that happens. Seeing your cum all over me, I feel like I belong to you. It's almost like... Well, I guess the only way to describe it is that I belong to you. I feel all warm and fuzzy inside, knowing that you're in charge and that you're going to take care of me. I've never felt that way before."

Suzanne was still listening through the slight crack in the door. She thought, Very interesting. Very interesting indeed! It's remarkable enough that she's pretty much begging HIM for permission to suck his cock. That shows how much she truly loves it. But what's even more important is her comment that she loves knowing he's in charge. I've long known that she's generally pretty submissive, and I'm really glad to find out it includes sex. That's really critical for all my plans!

Alan couldn't help but notice that Susan was talking right into his hard-on, which meant that she was continually blowing air onto it. He wanted to tell her to stop because it wasn't giving his dick much of a chance to recover, but first he needed to ask, "What about Ron?"bender

"Ugh! I told you not to remind me of him; that only makes me feel guilty. I so want to be a good wife, a loyal wife, but your cock... I just can't resist it! You know, like, next time he comes home, if for some bizarre reason he'd actually get the urge to fondle my breasts, I'd be able to suffer through it because I'd think, 'Oh, hubby, you like those breasts, do you? The ones that your son has spilled gallons of his cum all over in the months since you've been gone?'"

"Whoa!" he said in amazement. Needless to say, that kind of talk wasn't helping his hard pole recover, especially since she kept blowing air directly onto it. At first he thought her doing so was inadvertent, but now he could tell from her playful grin that it was intentional.

She explained, "It's like you're marking me as yours. I can't explain it any better than that. I suppose Ron can still touch me, since I'm his wife and owe him that, but I belong to you now."

"Wow, Mom. That's pretty intense."

The still-eavesdropping Suzanne thought so also. Yeah, that IS pretty intense! Excellent! Sweetie and I will lead this new family I'm creating, and Susan will be our submissive sex kitten, just as I've always dreamt and planned! And Angel may be our sex kitten too, if my suspicions about her being somewhat submissive are correct as well. I'm so happy right now that I could fly to the moon!

Susan replied to her son, "I know it is, but I'm feeling pretty intense right now. And that's not even counting how much I love eating up your spermy cum. My goodness! I'm addicted already! All I can think about as we're talking here is how good it'll feel to have another hot load of your cum shoot down my throat."

"Jesus! Well, if you put it that way, let's get to it! I'm certainly not getting much of an arousal pause with you talking like that, especially WHERE you're doing the talking."

She smiled bashfully as she repositioned to take his erection between her lips. "Sorry 'bout that."

Her pussy was still feeling overly sensitive after her recent orgasm, so she devoted all her energy to sucking his cock for a while. Her skill was improving by the minute. She felt that since she seemed to have mastered the basics, she could try out some of the more advanced techniques that Suzanne had mentioned, like vibrating her mouth around his cock or sucking with a simultaneous twisting motion.

She also was feeling much more relaxed and at peace about the whole thing, which helped her confidence and stamina (and his too).

For a long while, her tongue focused on his frenulum, the sweet spot just below his cockhead that Suzanne had told her so much about. She really went at it, constantly varying her technique.

Eventually, he had to shout out, "No, Mom! Stop! Too good!"

She paused, chuckling. "So you like that, baby?"

"Oh Mom! Please don't do anymore, or I'm gonna cum too soon!"

But she was feeling delightfully naughty, so she went right back to that spot, except that this time she was slower and more gentle.

His legs were writhing around on the bed and his heart was pounding hard as he struggled to "endure" this great pleasure. "Mom! Oh Mom! You're such a great cocksucker! Such a natural! Oh no! I'm gonna blow!"

Feeling his cock twitch and realizing that he really was about to ejaculate, she backed off from that spot for a while. As much as she would have loved another load on her face, she didn't want their fun to come to an end so soon.

She was giddy with the compliments and the feeling of power that she got from micro-controlling his level of ecstasy. So he says I'm a "natural," eh? The thing is, this DOES come naturally to me. Mommy loves to suck Tiger's cock! Hee-hee-hee!

They continued like that for a few more excruciatingly joyous minutes. But because Alan hadn't gotten much of a recovery pause, he started cumming before he really wanted to. Nonetheless, it was a great experience for both of them.

He again came in her mouth, even as her lips continued to slip and slide all over his cockhead.

As she felt the hot ropes of his cum splash on her tonsils, she thought, YES! This is what I'm talking about! It's so wrong, but that's part of what makes it feel so right! Mmmm! So good! I'm such a naughty mommy! I'm sure I'm gonna feel dreadfully guilty about this later, but save that for tomorrow. I love it for now!

He really let himself go this time, groaning so much that it was more like screaming. He was in heaven.

She loved hearing his rapturous enjoyment; it literally doubled her pleasure. She was a very giving person, especially when it came to her children: when he felt great, so did she.

After they were done, neither had the strength for another round; they were much too exhausted from all their previous times.

As Susan lay on his bed next to him, still proudly naked, she said, "You see? That's more like it. Instead of getting carried away, we had a nice little cocksucking. You behaved like a perfect gentleman and didn't try to touch me in any inappropriate places. We didn't even make a mess, because I took it all in my mouth."

She sat up and began putting her T-shirt on over her head. "I should be honest with you, in case it isn't totally obvious already: I want to help you more than just once a week. Much more. Abnormality checks are all well and good, but you need a lot more help than that, what with your daily six-times treatment and all. Any time you want that again, come to Suzanne or me with your tasty, cum-filled cock. Especially me." She giggled at that last comment.

He thought, Weird. Another funny from her. Does she turn into a comedian only when she gets aroused?

Susan took a very long time putting on her shirt, giving him another stimulating show. "I'm sure there's enough of you to go around. We're your personal twenty-four-hours-a-day cocksuckers now. Do you like that? Do you like the idea of having your own big-titted cocksuckers at your beck and call, even if one of them is your own mother?"

"Mom, you're going to get me all horny again!" God DAMN! I'm already starting to regret my promise to not just up and give her a good fucking. Look at that cum dribbling down her chin. I think she likes to have it there. Weird.

"Oh no!" she said in mock fear. "Then I'll just have to please you with my mouth again. You're going to make me suck your cock." She spat out the word "cock" in a really nasty and sexy way that he hadn't even imagined she was capable of. "But I think I should go call Nurse Akami and tell her that your weekly penis abnormality check went very well."

"Although..." she ran her fingers through his hair. "I'm not completely sure. We didn't really finish that check, now that I think about it. Maybe we need to do some more checking tonight. I think the only way to be definitely certain it doesn't have an irregular bump on it is to repeatedly test it with my mouth every few hours."

His dick started to grow hard again in reaction to her eagerness.

She began fingering his penis as she watched it grow. Her shirt was still more off than on.

"MooooOOOOooooom! Please don't. Things are really sensitive there right now. Almost painful even."

"Oh, poo," she pouted. She let go of his dick. Then, brightening, she said, "Rest some more. When you're ready again, come and find me, okay? Tomorrow can be Suzanne's day, but today we're all alone so this is just our day. It's a good time for you to take advantage of your mommy and her cock-hungry mouth. She's so eager for it! It's a good thing they'll all be gone for a while longer, don't you think? To think that I thought this would just take a short time - shows what I know."

She got up and pulled her thin pretense of a T-shirt on the rest of the way. It just barely came down low enough to cover the lower part of her pussy.

She turned and wiggled her butt at him as she was about to leave. Her ass was also only half-covered by the nearly-see-through T-shirt. "I really enjoyed what you did to me here yesterday by the pool." She showed him what she meant by sensuously running her hands over her ass cheeks, which caused her shirt to rise up. Then she picked up her soaked panties, swished her sexy ass through his doorway, and left to take another shower.

Holy hell! he thought. Mom not only looks like a sex bomb, now she's ACTING like one too!

Suzanne had been eavesdropping up until the very end. It was only when she heard the rustling sounds of Susan putting her clothes back on that she finally decided to leave. Even then, she lingered until the last possible moment, because she was learning so many important things. She loved Susan's new attitude. However, since she knew Susan so well, she realized that Susan would later feel overwhelmed by guilt and regret and so backslide. Suzanne was determined to do all she could to make Susan's new sexually-liberated attitude permanent, so that it would completely replace her prior prudish one, preferably as quickly as possible.

Suzanne hurried back home. She knew she'd be spending a good while playing with her vibrators while celebrating all she'd just heard and learned and fantasizing about the sexual future that now seemed much closer to realization.

#### Chapter 106 Pleasure In The Kitchen.

Susan was in the kitchen, cleaning and doing dishes. She'd been hit by a big wave of guilt and regret. Her plan was to get everything back to normal, at least for a while, and doing routine chores usually helped her calm down. She'd dressed as she used to when doing kitchen duties, even wearing panties and a bra underneath her apron and heavy clothes. She knew that was in flagrant defiance of Suzanne's new house rules, but she wanted to make a firm statement to show that she wouldn't let lust get the best of her.

She vowed to give Alan a stern lecture about boundaries and not getting carried away as soon as he woke up and came downstairs.

But while she waited for him, she began thinking more fondly about all the sexual things that had just happened. I can't believe how I transformed into a shameless cock-er, member-sucking hussy in the span of a single hour! True, it was fun... Heck, it was more than just fun; it was glorious! But it has to stop. It feels TOO good. Things could easily get out of hand. We need boundaries! I should help him once a week with his abnormality check, and that's it.

But before long, she was daydreaming about sucking her son's erect dick even more, and she mentally made plans to do it again later that very evening. The truth was, now that the dam had broken, she was insatiable. She was still riding an erotic buzz that overrode her self-recriminatory thoughts.

More time passed, and she came to a conclusion. Okay, I lost control there for a while. But as Suzanne tells me a couple dozen times a day: it's not sex; it's a medical treatment. It's saving him from sin too: the terrible, dreadful sin of Onan! God actually struck poor Onan dead with a bolt of lightning. What if I just sit here, selfishly keeping my hands and mouth away from Tiger's delicious dick, and God strikes my sweet boy down in some way? I could never forgive myself!

She thought with renewed determination, I have to push my reservations aside and try to be a good mother.

About half an hour after Susan entered the kitchen, she heard Alan clomping down the stairs. She flew into a near panic since she hadn't expected him so soon. Her mouth began salivating as she imagined sucking on his erection again, and her nipples and pussy started tingling with need. The strength of her lusty reaction to the mere sound of his arrival shocked her.

At the same time, she belatedly realized that her outfit was downright frumpy. It was too late to change, but she quickly reached underneath her long dress and removed her panties. With Alan about to come into the kitchen at any second, she quickly stuffed the panties in the first drawer that she could reach. She turned her back toward where Alan would be entering the room so he wouldn't be able to see her flustered expression.

Alan was apprehensive about how his mother might react now that she'd had some time to think about what they'd done. When he walked into the dining room and saw her in the kitchen, wearing the same kind of prudish outfit she'd always worn, his worry increased greatly. He even started to feel guilty about what they'd done. Oh shit! Mom's gonna hate me now for sure. I'm gonna get a big lecture about the evils of loose living and the fires of Hell. The thing is, I deserve it! I should have stopped. I practically raped her!

He tried to find the right words to apologize, but he was having trouble. "Um, Mom? Uh..."

Susan didn't turn around, but just spoke straight ahead, pretending that she was still the only one in the room. "What was that? I must be imagining things, because I almost thought I heard my son speaking. But that can't be, because I'm the only one here. It's a good thing, too, because if he were to come near me, I don't know how I could resist putting that fat, thick thing of his back in my mouth."

He was extremely confused. It was obvious that she knew he was there, but he couldn't understand her unusually oblique manner. At first he thought she was so mad at him that she was refusing to even acknowledge his existence. But yet, there was an unmistakable eagerness and happiness in her voice.

Plus, there was her comment about her wanting to put his "fat, thick thing" back in her mouth. That was a pretty obvious clue, now that he thought about it for a second or two.

She continued, "Yep, Tiger's gonna need a lot of help getting rid of all that nasty cum, if he's going to make his daily target. I'm sure he's going to need more help tonight, and since I'm the only one home,



he's probably going to coat my throat with more of that yummy sperm of his. Who knows, I might just have to swallow a load or two before the night is through!"

Her excitement was so obvious by that point that he wasn't confused anymore. In fact, within seconds of realizing that she wasn't mad at him, his urge to apologize, and almost all of his guilty feelings, all but vanished. He found himself with a new and very urgently pulsing erection in about the same amount of time as it took to flick a light switch. He drew closer to her.

She said with even more obvious arousal, with her back still turned to him, "My only worry is that my Tiger won't realize that his mommy's mouth is ready, ready to feel a warm hard, um, member, slide between her lips. He might get the wrong idea from my rather prudish-looking outfit. I just hope he'll realize that I'm not wearing any panties. Maybe he'll check, while maintaining the proper boundaries." She reached around and raised her long skirt nearly to her ass.

He was confused again, because it seemed like his mother was inviting him to touch her ass, but earlier she'd also explicitly prohibited him from touching her in any sexual way. He crept up to her silently until he stood right behind her. He sensed she didn't want him to talk, so he just stood there hoping she'd clarify what she wanted him to do.

She was feeling nervous, but she relaxed considerably as she realized that he was waiting for more explicit permission before doing anything to her. The one thing she didn't want was for him to lose control, like he almost had earlier, so she appreciated his restraint.

"Is there someone there?" she asked innocently, still without turning her head. "I can almost sense there's someone behind me. Someone who wants to touch me in very private places. But I must be wrong, as I'm here all alone. Someone who needs to touch my ass to see that I'm not wearing any panties."

He got the message, so he slowly raised her dress even higher until he could see all of her pale ass. Her legs were closed together, but nonetheless he could easily confirm that she wasn't wearing any panties. Sensing no objection to the exposure of her butt, he reached out and put one hand on her upper thigh right next to her ass.

He brushed her skin so lightly that at first she wasn't even sure if she was being touched. She just felt the tiny hairs covering her ass tingle, but that was enough to send a rush of arousal down her spine. She let out a happy "Mmmm..." to let him know that she approved. Otherwise, she kept perfectly still, to make it easier for him to continue his feather-light exploration.

He raised his hand so that it was resting on her left ass cheek. She didn't protest. He gave it a good squeeze, and her only response was a contented moan. He thought, Holy cow! I'm fondling my mom's sweet ass! And I thought I was gonna get the big lecture. This has to be the greatest day in the history of the universe!

He brought his other hand up, then began caressing her ass more firmly with both hands. He lovingly ran his hands over her ass cheeks, and then sent a hand exploring down into her ass crack.

Luckily for him, her ass crack had been very thoroughly cleaned when Susan took her shower just before coming downstairs to the kitchen. In fact, about the only things she'd gotten clean during her twenty-minute shower were her ass, pussy, and tits, because she'd spent most of that time masturbating herself into a frenzy.

While she thrilled to his touch, she recalled what she'd done in the shower and thought, I've probably had more orgasms today than in all the rest of my life combined! The scary thing is, that's probably really true. And most of the others were in the past week or two. I never knew what it meant to really live until I fell in lust with my son! God forgive me, but I'm already on the verge of another big one. Oh, what he does to me!

The index finger on Alan's right hand had somehow found its way to Susan's pussy lips. As good as it felt to her, she couldn't ignore such a clear violation of the boundaries she'd set.

She said, "I must be dreaming, because it seems to me I'm feeling the hands of a young man. A young man who knows better than to put his hands anywhere other than my ass, including my special place. He knows the meaning of boundaries, and also knows not to kiss my butt, or stick his finger into any forbidden holes."

At first Alan thought she was encouraging him to do more, but then he realized that she was clarifying the limits to their game. He quickly withdrew his finger, then removed both hands altogether. Breaking his silence, he said, "Sorry, Mom."

She laughed gaily, not upset at all. If anything, she was upset that he'd taken his hands off her butt. Since their shared pretense that he wasn't there had been broken, she twisted her head around to look him in the eye. "Tiger," she said softly, "I said some things earlier that, well, let's just say I got kind of carried away. I believe I said something about, um..."

She turned away again, this time out of embarrassment. "I said something about how Ron can touch me, but I really belong to you. Something to that effect, anyway. And something about being at your beck and call to suck your, uh, erection, twenty-four hours a day."

She paused, collecting her thoughts, and then went on. "I'm sure you realize that people say things when they're aroused that they don't necessarily mean. Obviously, I'm still Ron's wife, not YOUR wife." She felt a strange rush of arousal for imagining that the opposite was true, but she forced herself to avoid it. "It's just that you have certain unusual medical needs that I have to assist with. I mean, the very idea of your own mother marrying you, well, obviously, ... that's absurd."

She was trying to sound stern and motherly, but this talk about being his wife instead of Ron's got her so excited that she practically swooned. She had to struggle to go on. After another long pause to compose herself, she asked, "You understand?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Good. Well, since that's taken care of, I've noticed that a certain ghost around here keeps having trouble fondling my ass due to my long dress that keeps falling over it. And how can I know when my, er, member-sucking abilities are needed, if he can't get my attention to signal his need by fondling my ass? So, since he's been such a good boy who understands the boundaries, I'm going to make it a little easier on him."

She undid her skirt and let it fall to the floor. She untied her apron and let that fall too. That left her completely naked from the waist down. It rankled her that she was still wearing her blouse and bra, since she knew how much he loved her big breasts, but she left them on for the moment so he'd know to focus just on her ass.

He was in awe, both of her sexy attitude and of her firm, athletic legs and butt. There wasn't the slightest hint of flab to be seen. Getting back into their role-play of sorts, he registered his complete approval with a ghost-like "WoooOOOooooo," but at the end he turned it into a wolf whistle, "Woot-hoo!"

She had a good laugh at that. "Why are you...? I mean, why are the ghosts around here so completely adorable? Well, are you just going to stand there, you house spirits? There's a bare ass here that needs some serious fondling!"

Now it was his turn to laugh as he happily accepted her invitation. Even though he'd been fondling her ass a minute or two earlier, it was twice as good now that he could clearly see all of it while he was feeling it.

He firmly cupped an ass cheek and just held onto it for some moments. God, Mom's just totally letting me have my way with her ass. This rocks! Can the day get any better?

He brought his other hand up and began strongly kneading her other ass cheek.

Susan loved it. She fell forward and mashed her chest down onto the kitchen counter. She was so close to an intense orgasm just from what his hands were doing that she could practically taste it. My husband has cupped and fondled my ass at times, but this is different. Tiger's hands are so confident! He's not just holding it; he's taking possession of it! I swear, any time at all when he touches me, it gets me so darn HOT! Come on, Son: own your mommy's ass. OWN it!

Alan, too, was feeling increasingly overwhelmed and overjoyed. He was trying not to talk, but he couldn't help saying, "You know, as the house ghost, I hear a lot of things around here. I keep hearing your son say how much he loves you." He joked, "He seems like a really nice guy." But then he continued seriously, "He thinks you're really beautiful too. And you're just about the kindest, best mom any kid could ever have."

Susan was so blown away by those words that she was struck speechless. Ron had never been very giving with compliments, and neither had her parents, but Alan's words were obviously heartfelt. She wanted to completely merge souls with him and love him until the end of time, but since she couldn't do that, she absolutely had to do the most intimate thing that she was allowing herself to do with him.

She stood up and spun around. She stared at him fiercely and said in a mock scold, "Tiger, drop those shorts of yours right now. This very instant! Your mommy has some serious cocksucking to do!"

His erection had been painfully constrained by his boxers and street shorts, so he let out a great sigh of relief as he dropped them, leaving him wearing nothing but a white T-shirt.

She dropped to her knees. "Oh my, what do we have here?" she cried with a high voice like a delighted little girl. "It looks and feels like an extremely hard erection. But we know that can't be, since I'm all

alone. Since this is the kitchen, it must be a Popsicle. I like Popsicles. They remind me of cocks! I think I'll give this Popsicle a good suck!"

She began slowly, gently sucking his staff.

Alan, again, was in total ecstasy. He could never have imagined that a human being could feel so good. Actually, that wasn't quite true. Suzanne had made him feel as good in recent days, in a purely physical sense. But there was an extra kick because the woman loving his boner was his mother.

Susan thought as she sucked joyfully, What's gotten into me? Here I am, half naked and on my knees in my own kitchen, with my son's big dick tickling my tonsils! That's just so wrong! Mmmm! And he's standing there like some kind of lord while I'm on my knees, like I'm his personal cocksucking slave! Mmmm mmmm. MMMM! So yummy! Good God, that turns me on so much, that he's standing with his thick COCK shoved halfway down my throat and I'm helpless here! It's so wrong, but so right! I wanna do everything for him, everything! Mmmm!

bender

All those things Suzanne has been talking about lately, I wanna do them with him all at once, this very minute!

She had been repeatedly taking his shaft into her mouth as far as she could, but suddenly she pulled away and moved her mouth lower. She began licking his balls, and then started gently tugging and sucking on them.

She could tell that Alan loved her actions from the way he was moaning. She paused to explain, "Suzanne has been talking to me about this, about licking and sucking a man's testicles. I've never done it with your father and I really want to try it out. Is that okay?"

He managed to get out an "Uh huh."

After about another minute of scrotum-licking she added, "Goodness, just listen to me. I'm sucking my son's balls and I haven't even done it with my husband. You must think your mother is some kind of shameless slut!"

Alan's only answer to that was a loud groan of pure arousal.

She resumed her sucking, even fitting all of one of his testicles into her mouth just as Suzanne had counseled. All the while, she had at least one hand continuously flying up and down his slick shaft.

Alan, was again in total ecstasy. It was a near miracle he hadn't cum already due to her full-out assault, but that was only because he'd climaxed so many times in recent hours that his cock had unusual staying power. Nevertheless, there was only so much stimulation he could take, and the way she was fervently attacking his balls and erection with her lips, tongue, and two hands was irresistible. But it was her endless stream of happy, erotic sounding (and vibrating) "Mmmm" sounds that really took him over the edge.

His cries and groans grew louder and louder until he realized that he had lost it and started cumming. He found himself venting a full-throated roar as his ropes of cum nailed the back of his mother's throat yet again.

Susan sucked and sucked and sucked. She strove with every fiber of her being to show how much she loved him by giving him the best climax he'd ever had. She took in nearly all his cum, not stopping her rapid vacuuming even when his legs gave way and he crumpled to the floor in seeming slow-motion. She had a roaring climax of her own in the middle of his, but even that didn't cause her to pause in her sucking. She eagerly gobbled up every little bit of cum that had landed on her face during her climax, when some of it had escaped going straight down her gullet.

Then she licked his flaccid penis completely clean. She didn't know why she did that, but it just seemed right. It was almost as if she had to personally thank his penis for giving her the best day of her life.

Once she'd finished with her impromptu cleaning of his dick, she still didn't want the fun to end. However, Alan was sprawled on the floor and nearly comatose while recovering from his great orgasm, so she gently planted kisses all over his balls and flaccid penis, whispering "I love you," and sometimes "Mommy loves you," between each kiss.

When Susan's burst of energy finally faded, she collapsed on top of her son. She pressed her firm, blouse-covered tits into his chest. Her mouth was so close to his that he thought for sure that she would kiss him, but she held back. "Now remember, you're not allowed to feel Mommy's big naked hooters. But since I'm still wearing a blouse, it's technically okay to touch my clothing."

He played with her boobs through her clothes while he slowly recovered. In truth, he was too wiped out to do much of anything.

She just cooed happily while lazily running her hands over his chest. Her breasts and nipples were incredibly sensitive, so it felt great to have them fondled even through her clothing.

Paired like that, the two of them were so content that they both nearly fell asleep on the kitchen floor. The only thing stopping them from doing that was that Alan was fighting to stay awake. He wanted to make the most of this rare opportunity to play with his mother's bounteous chest, even if only in a sleepy daze and through her clothes. All of his fondling kept her somewhat awake as well.

Alan revived after a few minutes. He got smart and reached under her shirt with his hands and began kneading her breasts through just her bra. Actually, he couldn't feel that much since both of them were too squished into his chest, but he made do.

Afraid to push his luck, he asked, "Is this okay too?"

"I think I hear a voice!" she joked, pretending again that she was alone. "Is someone trying to cop a feel of their mommy's breasts? We've got some very frisky ghosts haunting this house."

Seeing that she was letting him get away with it and had even shifted position a bit to give him better access, he reached around and unclasped her bra. Then he pulled her bra cups away enough to reach in and grasp both her naked breasts with his bare hands.

The sensation of skin on skin felt so good to Susan that she sucked in her breath. Good Lord! What my boy does to me! Ron could never, ever stoke my fires like this. First, Tiger effectively takes control of my ass, and now he's relentlessly taking control of my breasts. What's next? Oh God, he's going to take control of his mommy's pussy!bender

She found that thought sobering. So although she'd been letting him roll her nipples between his fingers while she was thinking for some long moments, she belatedly but firmly responded to his question. "No, that's not okay. Show me your self-control and take your hands away."

He reluctantly did so. Dang! I pushed my luck too far.

In so doing, he passed another test, further proving to her that he could have the self-control to stop when she asked him to. She made sure he understood that. "That's a good boy. As long as we can retain self-control and stop when asked, then there's no reason why we can't have fun every day. Now, go take a shower and get dressed for dinner."

Shit! he thought, I blew a chance to fondle her tits by trying to bend the rules. She's teasing me so much lately with those damned monster water balloons of hers; she's practically rubbed my whole body with them, but I still haven't been able to really get my hands on them for long. Too many clothes. Grrr.

He still didn't get up - he couldn't bear leaving such a heavenly body, and in any case she was still on top of him. However, he did roll partly to the side.

"Such a naughty boy," she chided playfully, as she reached behind him and swatted his bare butt. "I told you to get up already." Her hand stayed on his butt and kneaded a buttock. "What if Amy and Angel come home early from shopping? What if they walk in and see us here on the floor in the kitchen? What would they think if they saw that your big, thick erection was lying on Mommy's leg, only inches from her naughty place? What would you do?"

Alan was feeling even more turned on. "What would I do? I wouldn't want there to be any misunderstanding. I just might have to show them what exactly it was that we were doing, firsthand! First I'd show Sis. Then I'd show Amy. Then maybe I'd show you again, just to make everything clear. You know, rubbing butts."

He began rubbing his hand on her butt again even as she fondled his more vigorously. "I'd fondle everyone's butts until they were moaning and dripping too much to complain."

"Son, you're such a bad boy! Thinking such dirty thoughts. You know you can't do that to your sister or innocent little Amy. If you really need to do that, do it to your mommy!" She squealed with uncontrolled



delight at that thought. "And just what, buster, do you think you're doing with your hands? We have rules, you know!"

But she didn't push his hands away - her adherence to the rules she'd just set was already crumbling. They were having a bit of an ass-fondling contest with each other.

He pointed out, "You said that I could touch your butt to get your attention when I'm horny. I'm horny again!"

"Hmmm. I did say that, didn't I? I have a feeling that's going to come back and haunt me."

He joked, "It might even come back and bite you in the ass."

She laughed gaily. "I think you already have my full attention, Tiger. Looks like I'm getting yours as well." She reached for his penis, but found it still flaccid. She understood that while he was fully aroused mentally, his organ could only take so much, and in fact had already performed heroically for the day.

She nonetheless held his penis and played with it while still lazily fondling his ass with her other hand. "I love your cock, Son. I love it even when it's down for the count. I'm just so hungry for cock today! I don't ever want the fun we've had to end. I have a feeling that I'm probably going to burn in Hell for having this much fun, but I just can't help myself." She sighed.

He said, "No you're not, Mom. You're helping me out, remember - with my medical treatment? How can that be a sin?"

"I know, but anything that feels this good just has to be wrong. I'm not supposed to enjoy helping you quite so much." In a sadder voice she bemoaned, "All those wasted years. It's like the veils have fallen from my eyes and now I see what a prudish fool I was."

Before he could reply, she went on in a brighter tone, "However, Suzanne's been talking to me about many things, and I'm feeling so horribly wicked that there's one I just have to try before you go. If this ghost is interested in assholes, there's a nurse who taught me a special trick. She's a pretty naughty nurse, and she's made me so very naughty too. I think she needs a spanking next time I see her!"

He thought, Is my mom talking about putting her finger in my ass, like Akami did? MY mom?! That's impossible, even after all the crazy stuff that's happened today. She's the queen of clean. She'd never touch someone else's asshole, no way!

Susan stopped, stood up, and went to the sink. She grabbed the dishwashing liquid and covered one of her fingers in it. Then she got back down on her knees next to where he still lay. She turned him over and moved him about, pushing him into the exact position she wanted as if he were a big ball of Play-Doh. He ended up on all fours with his ass in the air.

"I wonder what's in this hole." She poked the finger covered with dishwashing liquid into his anus. Her finger slid in nice and easily. "This is the little trick I saw Akami do. It looked like my son enjoyed it very much. Suzanne mentioned this too. She claims it can make a guy feel really, really good."

She began playing with his balls again, while the middle finger of her other hand plunged in and out of his asshole.

He was amazed at how aroused he could get from what she was doing, even though he was still completely flaccid.

She talked more excitedly as she sawed away at his asshole, "But that's okay. You'll just have to punish your mommy for her foolishness in having all kinds of silly rules that stop you from having fun, by stuffing your cock in her mouth and forcing her to suck on it a lot! Over and over. And spankings! I think she needs to be spanked some too."

He thought, Whoa! Spankings? What's up with that? He didn't consciously realize it, but on some level he was catching on that his mother was a sexual submissive.

After a while, she asked, "Does that feel good, my baby?"

He panted, "So good, Mom! So good. It's like I'm having a non-orgasm orgasm. But you probably should stop or else I just might get hard again."

Her frustration was palpable, since that was exactly what she was trying to achieve. But she took mercy on him, saying, "Oh, poo! But okay, then. Unless you want to force your mother to suck your cock yet again, please scoot your cute butt upstairs and go take a shower." She swatted him on the rear.

"We wouldn't want that to happen," he said with sarcastic delight. "All that arduous sucking." He got up and started to walk away.

He knew he could make his penis rise again if he let it - after all, there certainly was no shortage of mental or visual stimulation. The only reason he didn't take her up on her offer right then was because he could tell that his penis was on the verge of becoming very, very sore.

"Hey! Don't worry!" she yelled frantically, thinking she'd scared him off. "Where are you going? Don't listen to me! I didn't really mean that you should take a shower. Everyone else said that they wouldn't be home before six o'clock. That's an hour from now." She looked at him with pleading eyes. "Can't we play some more? Don't you want to play with me?"

"Mom, my dick really can't take any more. Seriously." Not only was it sore, but his whole body was worn out, and he was wiped out mentally as well.

But he could see her insatiable eagerness and he didn't want to disappoint her too much on such a pivotal great day. So he said in a more joking tone, "On the other hand, my dick feels very irregular. In fact, it suddenly feels like it has some very abnormal bumps. I think, to be on the safe side, you'd better perform another abnormality check or two on it after dinner."

She smiled along with him. "I think that can be arranged. Better safe than sorry! Oh, poo. I guess I'll just have to wait, but we can play later."

## Chapter 108 Banana - Suck

Alan was so exhausted from all the excitement and all the cocksucking that he fell asleep in his bed immediately after his shower and didn't wake until he was called to dinner.

He and Susan and his sister Katherine had a surprisingly uneventful dinner of falafel and toasted pita. Everything that evening seemed shockingly normal, considering all that had happened that afternoon.

The only reason Katherine might have thought something was up was because both mother and son behaved so completely ordinary, without any hint of the sexual teasing that had been evident the past few days at dinner times.

In the past week or so, Alan, his sister, and his mother typically would sit together and eat dinner, with both women wearing provocative clothing without any underwear.

For instance, several nights earlier Katherine had come to dinner wearing some kind of exercise outfit cut like a one-piece bathing suit. But unlike most outfits of that type, he could see the shape of her nipples and bush faintly through the fabric.

Susan, though, couldn't complain, because she'd claimed that all of her clothing was being washed or dried, so she had come to dinner wearing only underwear. Her excuse was obviously absurd, as there was no way all of her clothes could have fit in even several loads of wash.

Nevertheless, Alan didn't complain. He was happy that his mother's bra showed the shape of her nipples even more clearly than Katherine's outfit did.

It was clear at that particular dinner that both women were horny; both of them were getting up to refill Alan's glass or bring him another helping at the slightest pretext, just as an excuse to strut around and flaunt their bodies.

But at dinner in the past week, Alan had seen much more than just scantily clad women walking around.

Susan and Katherine had been seizing any opportunity to tease Alan whenever they thought the other wasn't looking (or sometimes even if they were). For instance, whenever Susan got up to get another dish, Katherine might blatantly pick up a phallic-shaped piece of food, like a carrot or asparagus, to nibble and suckle in a seductive way.

Similarly, Susan might cup one of her enormous breasts and start absent-mindedly rubbing it while she carried on an ordinary discussion, acting as if she were just scratching an ordinary itch. Apparently she'd figured that, after all, her actions were all for the greater good of helping her son reach his six-times-a-day target.

But that vibe wasn't there that evening.

Katherine therefore restrained herself as well. In fact, things were abnormally normal as Susan and Alan tried to behave like model citizens. Katherine was puzzled but didn't ask.

After dinner, all three of them watched an action movie, "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade." Suzanne and Amy joined them as well. They'd all seen it before but decided to watch it again anyway.

Alan figured that there was no way he could concentrate on his homework after what had happened earlier with Susan, so an escapist action movie might distract him for a while. He was actually grateful that it wasn't a steamy, sexy movie, because his mind needed a break from the intense, seemingly-nonstop lust.

Shortly after the movie began, Susan announced that she and Suzanne were going to the kitchen to get some snacks.

That left just Alan, Katherine and Amy. Katherine, seeing that Amy appeared to be fully absorbed in the movie, picked up a banana she had deliberately left nearby in the hope that such an opportunity would arise. She changed seats so that she was sitting right next to Alan, peeled the banana, then started sucking on its tip in the most suggestive manner possible.

Alan looked over at her and did a double-take, because he couldn't believe what he was seeing. It seemed that his world had suddenly become sexual everywhere he turned. He stared for a minute or so while she sucked on the banana adoringly (while never biting into it), but finally he turned back to the movie and stared at it with determination.

Katherine leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Brother, I'm hurt. Don't you like my banana-eating?"

He whispered back, "I like it - too much! Sis, if I keep staring, things are going to get very engorged down below, and that's bad. Very bad."

"Bad? Why? Isn't that what you need more than anything?"

"Well, yes, generally speaking, but Jesus! You have no idea what happened earlier today!"

"What?"

He suddenly had doubts about the wisdom of confessing what had happened with his mother to anyone, even to his sister, despite the fact that she was also his closest friend.

Amy gave them both a confused look, which gave Alan an excuse to change his mind. He said, "I'll tell you later."

Katherine stared at him intently. "You'd better, buster!"

He just nodded. Then the three teens resumed watching the Indiana Jones movie.

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A few minutes later, Susan grabbed Suzanne by the arm and pulled her into the study near the kitchen where they could speak alone. It was Susan's first chance to talk to Suzanne one-on-one since the big events earlier in the day.

In hushed but excited tones, she said to Suzanne, "You're so right! Giving Tiger a blowjob - it's so good!"

"You didn't!" Since Susan didn't know that Suzanne had spied on her and Alan earlier, Suzanne had to pretend to be surprised. However, she certainly didn't have to pretend to be excited for her best friend, because hearing Susan confess thrilled her all over again.

"I did!" Susan was beaming with pride and joy.

Suzanne still had a hard time believing that Susan had actually pleased Alan orally, even though she'd seen it with her own eyes. She had tried for years to get Susan to loosen up sexually, but all her efforts had been in vain, and she'd feared that this, her latest and most audacious scheme, might fail as well. As

a result, the incredulous look on her face wasn't totally feigned. She said, "That's GREAT! Did you do it just the one time?"

Susan proudly held up three fingers. "Three times! And two handjobs before that. I jacked him off, and then I blew him!" She said this in a way that clearly showed how delighted she was to be using such "filthy" language - that she was now one of the sexually "with it" people.

That was news to Suzanne, since she'd only spied on them relatively briefly. She was wowed all over again, because she'd had no idea they'd done it that much.

As Susan held up all the fingers and thumb on one hand, she proclaimed, "I made him cum FIVE times! I gave his penis such a thorough abnormality check that I should get some kind of award." She chuckled as she added, "He must have the most normal penis in the universe by now."

But then she quickly corrected herself, "But that's not true. It's such an extraordinary one. Soooo very big! I can barely get my lips around it. It's not like Ron's tiny little thing at all. And besides, Ron's is all veiny and crooked. Yuck. Tiger's is so smooth, it practically DEMANDS that you stroke it and suck it, over and over and over!"

She continued, "And it's not like I only helped him for a few minutes each time. Tiger called Akami on the phone today while I listened in, and he asked how long the 'prolonged stimulation' the doctor prescribed should be. She didn't specify a specific number of minutes, but she said, and I quote: 'It's not just the quantity; it's the quality. You need to have both.'"

Suzanne muttered, "She said much the same to me."

"So there you go!" Susan beamed. "I took that to heart and sucked and sucked and slurped and slurped! It was glorious! It was DIVINE!"

Suzanne was flabbergasted. She'd never imagined Susan could talk so frankly about sexual matters when she wasn't extremely aroused, or that she'd become such a quick convert. All Suzanne could manage was a nod.

Susan continued breathlessly, "And watching this movie is a good idea, to give his penis a rest, but as soon as it's done I'm gonna be soooo ready to do it again. Or should I say, do HIM again." She giggled.

"Susan!" Suzanne was both happy and worried. She started to wonder if her plan might be working a little too well. She was trying to turn Susan into a partner in crime, so to speak, but she didn't want mother and son to get into it so deeply that there would be little to no room left for her. She was stunned at the sheer number of times Susan had gotten Alan to cum. If they were going to be like that every day, that spelled trouble for her.

As if reading some of Suzanne's thoughts, Susan replied, "Oh, don't worry. There will be plenty of that big erection to suck and stroke for both of us. I'm not in the least bit jealous about sharing my medical duties with you, because, after all, none of this would have happened without your pushing. Gosh, Suzanne, I can never thank you enough for all your help!"

Suzanne rued, If only she knew how true that is. All this secrecy with my very best friend is weighing on me.

But Susan continued happily, "Thank you, thank you, thank you, so very, very much! You're such a good friend. I had no idea what I was missing, but you showed me the light. I can't remember when doing a good deed for someone in distress has ever been such, well, FUN!"bender

She leaned toward Suzanne and whispered with new concern, "But you ARE sure that what I'm doing is not a crime or a sin, right?"

Suzanne held up two fingers in a V shape, like a peace sign. "Two words: 'Remember Onan'. You're saving your son from sin, because you didn't let any of his seed fall on the ground, aren't you?"

Susan's eyes went wide with delight as she recalled where his cum went. "Well, a lot of it fell on my chest, and neck, and face. Actually, 'fell' is not the right word. More like shot or erupted. Just like a cannon or a volcano! Mmmm! And my hands were covered as I scooped it up. And my mouth! Man alive! It seems like I swallowed gallons of that sweet stuff!"

Suzanne tried not to pout. Damn. Now I'm just plain jealous. But she smiled, and said, "Good for you. That's definitely the best way to deal with all that manly seed. You should be proud of yourself."



"I am. And I know I'm repeating myself, but it's all thanks to you. What would I do without you?" She gave Suzanne a quick but heartfelt hug. "Now let's go get those snacks before the others get restless." She turned to take care of her task.

Susan had had a wild look in her eyes while talking to Suzanne, but as she walked into the kitchen her countenance changed back to that of a typical suburban soccer mom. The only difference was that she had a very satisfied smile on her face that she couldn't erase.

Suzanne could barely believe what she'd just heard her friend say, given that this was the same woman who'd been so prim and proper all these years. It made her heart beat with excitement and her mind fill with strategic thoughts as she considered how this could affect her schemes. Yet outwardly she acted nonchalant.

She thought, Okay, I already knew what had happened from what I saw. But I figured that by now she'd be wracked with guilt and moral doubt. Instead, she appears totally fine with it! That blows my mind nearly as much as the fact that she actually gave him a blowjob. No - multiple blowjobs! I suspect that by tomorrow her emotional backlash will finally arrive. But the fact that she's still riding her sexual high right now is great news. Maybe the backlash won't be as great as I'd feared, or last as long.

The two of them went back to the living room for the movie.

Alan was so lost in thought that he could only pay attention to the movie in bits and pieces.

Chapter 109 8 Times That Day.

When it ended, Susan and Alan acted very blasé and cool until Suzanne and Amy left for home and Katherine went up to bed.

Just as Suzanne left, she said to Susan, "Tomorrow we're going to talk. A lot! We've got so much to catch up on!"

Susan nodded eagerly. She could hardly wait to tell Suzanne about everything she'd done. At that moment, at least, she didn't feel much shame about her actions. Even though she'd put on an outward appearance of acting normally, a sexual fire was still burning high within.

Finally, that left just Susan and Alan in the living room. The sexual tension began to rise. Susan stared at her son with an unreadable expression and asked, "How are you doing?"

"Pretty good, I guess." In truth, he was only starting to recover from his earlier sexual daze, but he wanted to be optimistic.

She asked with increasing anxiousness, "How are you, with, er... uh... doing your thing?"

The gears in his head started to turn. "Oh. That. Well, now that you mention it, I certainly would appreciate some more help."bender

"Right now?" There was a fiery look in her eyes that was impossible to miss.

He gulped, and nodded.

She said slowly and carefully, "Well, I suppose I could help you with that, provided we do it in a carefully considered, responsible, and completely dispassionate manner."

He said gravely, "I totally agree." But his heart was racing, with his entire body humming in anticipation. He could tell she was also very excited, though trying to appear otherwise. His hangover-like fog from his erotic daze disappeared immediately.

The two of them slowly walked towards the staircase, and then up the stairs. It seemed that their pace and eagerness increased with each step they took. By the time they reached the top of the stairs, they were moving briskly. Then he looked at her face and saw a beaming smile. That so aroused and thrilled him that he ran the rest of the way down the hall to his room. To his pleasant surprise, she ran too, nearly keeping up with him.

The two frolicked quietly about his room, jumping about in excitement and holding hands like little children. They repeatedly and exaggeratedly shushed each other. Her insistence mere minutes earlier to be "dispassionate" was completely forgotten, replaced by child-like glee. The fact that Katherine was across the hall and potentially could overhear them only added to their excitement.

Alan got another erotic hug. He didn't get to fondle Susan's breasts, but he certainly got to feel them as she rubbed them all over him, similar to what she'd done earlier during their prior intense 'hugging'.

He was somewhat surprised to find that his dick was fully erect again. He'd thought it might have been done for the day, and maybe for many days, given how sore and tired it had been, but dinner and then two hours of watching the movie had enabled at least a partial recovery.

Susan noticed his erection and got to work. She stripped naked, dropped to her knees where he stood, and proceeded to give him a lengthy blowjob. This time no words were spoken for fear of Katherine overhearing, since her room was almost directly across the hallway.

He kind of wanted to sit down on a chair, but he remained standing because, once she got bobbing, it felt so good that he didn't want her to stop, not even for the few seconds it would take him to move and sit down. What he didn't realize was that she loved the fact that he was clothed and standing above her, while she was "forced" to service him while kneeling and naked. It appealed to her submissive side, which had been a frequent theme in her dreams of late.

It was only after she'd been bobbing with great suction for a minute or two that the implications of being completely naked hit her. Oh dear! This is so very naughty of me. He can see everything, even my special naughty place. True, he can't see it at the moment, because my big breasts block his view, but even so it's rather shameless of me.

She sighed, or at least she tried to. But she couldn't really manage it because her mouth was stuffed with cock, forcing her to breathe through her nose. Oh well. I suppose it can't be helped. Tiger is going to see me naked a lot from now on. He's going to be touching me all over too. If I'm going to be a good cocksucker, I guess that just comes with the territory. We'll be fine so long as we can maintain certain boundaries. For instance, he can't touch my special naughty place. That's the most important thing, by far. And maybe not touching my nipples, if only because they're so very sensitive. Things will be okay, I'm sure.

Better than okay, in fact, because I've never been so happy as I am right now, with... MMMM! ...this big fat cock to slurp on! Mmmm! Yum-yum! Teasing it with my tongue while my lips slide back and forth with a lot of suction - does it get any better than that? I think not!

Besides, wearing no clothes feels strangely... liberating! I feel so free! So wanton! So sexual! And knowing I'm completely naked for my son makes me love sucking his cock all the more!

She kept on bobbing and tonguing him, practicing her moves, determined to master this new skill. Several minutes passed in total bliss for both of them.

She was so eager to swallow his cum again and again that she imagined her stomach literally filling up with a lake of his sperm. His pre-cum flowed copiously, and she deliberately let it drool down her face and chest.

She thought, My goodness, I love this! I'm such a shameless hussy, but I don't care! I'm making Tiger feel good. The more he moans like this, the happier I get! It's like there's an extra hand playing with my clitoris, which is a good thing since both my hands are busy stroking his fat cock! Hee-hee!

However, even as she was in the middle of licking his sensitive spot, Alan's pleasure turned to pain. He looked down at her concentrating intensely on stroking and sucking him and was so overwhelmed with arousal and love that he wanted to cry. Yet he couldn't ignore this new painful feeling.

She was so into her two-fisted pumping, while simultaneously licking her way all around his cockhead, that it seemed cruel to force her to stop, but eventually he concluded that he had no choice. With both his hands he pushed her head away from where she was licking the tip of his cock. "Sorry, Mom, but I can't go on. It's starting to hurt too much."

She was crushed. "What? Awww, Tiger! Did I do something wrong. Oh no! You prefer Suzanne, don't you? Tell me the truth; I can take it. Please don't give up on me! I know I'm not very good yet, but I can get better with practice. Lots and lots and LOTS of practice. I promise!"

He laughed, even as his erection slowly deflated. "Mom, that's so untrue that you're not good. You're doing great. I totally love what you're doing. And there's no way I prefer Aunt Suzy to you. Both of you are equally awesome."

She asked, "Is it that you're lacking visual stimulation? I don't think you should touch my breasts - that wouldn't be proper - but what about if I hold them up like this? Will that help?" She hefted her massive tits with both hands.

He groaned with lusty need. "Oh, man! You look so damn hot that I'm surprised you don't set the carpet on fire. But that's not it."

"Then what?"

"Mom, I've climaxed, like, eighty-eight times this afternoon already. I mean, geez! That's like physically impossible, isn't it? I think my dick has finally had enough; all of a sudden it started really hurting. It's gonna be rubbed and sucked raw if you carry on one more minute. I'm really sorry."

She frowned and pouted at first. "Oh, poo! Well, that's okay, I guess. Suzanne has been explaining to me about how many times a day guys can do it. Even exceptionally virile males like you have limits. Can I just cuddle with you for a while then?"

"Sure. That sounds great. I love you so much, Mom. I love this new relationship we're forging today too."

"Me too, Son. Me too."

Alan suddenly felt very sleepy. All the sexual fun had tired him out, since he really did have an energy problem. He sat up in his bed and let his mother sit on his lap, caressing his chest and hoping against hope that his penis would recover enough to engorge again. But at the moment, it hurt so much that even the thought of it being touched caused pain. So instead he focused on the pleasant sensation of Susan's body pressing into his.

Susan again thought to herself, Suzanne is so right: cocksucking really does strengthen the mother-son bond. I've never felt so close to him. Why didn't we ever hug before? Now I never want to let go. It's like we're newlyweds in love. Well, that's how I feel about it, anyway.

Alan, meanwhile, realized that if he could just get hard, his rod would poke right into her pussy, which was resting above his legs. But he'd truly reached his limit. He'd hardly cum at all during her last blowjob a few hours earlier, and he wondered if, among other problems, his balls were just plain running out of cum.

"Mom, since I'm all pooped out today, can we do this some more tomorrow?"

"Can we? Of course, Tiger. I thought you'd never ask. Never fear. I promise I'll suck and stroke your cock every day from now on if you want me to. Do you want me to?"

His heart skipped a beat because that sounded so fantastic. "You know the answer: YES! Do you really promise? Earlier you were saying you didn't want to be my twenty-four-hour-a-day cocksucker."

"Oh, Alan, my son! Of course I'll help you. Did I really say that? Oh dear. You'd better wash my mouth out with sperm."

He laughed heartily at that. Again he marveled at her sudden joke-making ability. She was just more all-around uninhibited and fun at that moment than she'd ever been before.

She laughed too, and then continued, "This is so great. Seriously, you know I'll always be there to help you, provided you obey the boundaries I set. You've been so wonderful." She leaned in to his face and kissed him on the cheeks, nose, and forehead.

He was nearly overwhelmed by the closeness as her sweet feminine smell fell upon him. He kissed her in return while he ran his hands over her bare back. Even though his penis was flaccid, he couldn't help but try to fondle her ass cheeks some more. To his great delight, she didn't stop him.

But so far their mouths had not touched. "Mom, is it okay if I kiss you on the mouth?"

She looked at him and considered the idea.

She was severely tempted. But finally, she said, "No. Please don't. We can't get romantic. Suzanne said there's no incest, no sin, no adultery, as long as there's no romantic feelings. So 'no kissing' has to be one of those boundaries that we can't cross. As it is, I'm merely very enthusiastically helping you with your medical treatment. Suzanne is so right about how we have to look at this. She's right about everything. Gosh, I just can't say that enough about how right she is. What a great friend."

She pulled back and stood up. She wrapped a towel around herself. Then she picked up another newly-soaked pair of panties and held them with just two fingers. "Look, this is how excited you got me even before the blowjob started!"

"Wow!"

She smiled at him, and said, "I'll be seeing you tomorrow morning. I hope you can rise to the occasion, if you know what I mean." She blew him a kiss and walked out of his room.

He mentally kicked himself. Damn. I keep screwing up. I was too grabby with her tits earlier, and now I was too timid. I should have just kissed her on the lips instead of asking. But still, what a day. What a fucking amazing day!

I'm never going to forget this day for as long as I live. This changes everything!

## Chapter 110 Morning BJ

When Alan awoke the next morning he found his mother's mouth already wrapped around his stiff dick.

His body surged to full awareness in a second or two. WHOA! Is that...?! NO! ... YES! AWESOME! He glanced down to see her lips steadily sliding up and down over his sweet spot.

His gasping sounds alerted Susan to the fact that he'd woken up. "I've come up with a new design for an alarm clock," she whispered gleefully in the darkness. "Do you like it? I call it the 'cock-hungry mother.'"

She'd pulled the top sheet completely off his bed. She lay on top of his legs, with her upper torso rising up and down over them in time to her sucking, just as if she were doing push-ups. She wore nothing but white panties, and at every downstroke her big bare tits pushed down onto the tops of his thighs.

Alan was speechless. He decided to stick with his "silence is golden" policy of not saying anything to avoid somehow screwing up. He just kicked back and fully enjoyed what she was doing. But he grunted and moaned loudly and often to let her know how much he was enjoying and appreciating her efforts.

Halfway through her tongue-vacuuming of his crotch, they heard Katherine open her door across the hall and walk a few feet down the hallway and into the bathroom, but even that didn't slow Susan's not-so-quiet tonguing. Given Susan's unthinking habit of making constant "Mmmm!" sounds during blowjobs, that was quite daring.

Alan thought to himself, Dang! Now that she's started, it seems she literally can't get enough of my dick! Not that I'm complaining, but who'd have figured my mom, of all people, would act like this? Damn! Fuck yeah! Every morning, to wake up like THIS. Sweet! I'm in heaven!

With Katherine making noises in the bathroom, Susan was soon forced to pull her mouth off and whisper, "Tiger, you have to be quiet now, you hear? We can't let Angel know that I'm in here."

"Okay, I'll try," he whispered back, even as she engulfed his cockhead again.

A few moments later, Susan picked up the pace, assaulting his erection with everything she had. She thought, I want his cum and I want it now! Her whole head bobbed up and down madly, her long brown hair flying and falling over everything. One hand grasped at his scrotum and the other wandered over his chest as if it was frantically searching for another dick to jack off.

Then Katherine knocked on Alan's door. "Brother? You in there? You can't oversleep again, you silly sleepyhead." She had to shout to be heard through his thick door.

"Um, I'm just getting up, Sis!" he shouted back.

Susan had paused when she heard the knock, but it didn't slow her down for long. She made it hard for Alan to string two words together coherently, the way she was licking and sucking. She tried to cut down on her "Mmmm"-ing, but she couldn't stop making rather loud slurping noises.

My goodness! Susan thought. With Angel at the door, I just HAVE to stop! But I CAN'T! This just feels so good and so right! And he needs it. I'm providing a medical service, hee-hee!

Katherine heard the warble and strain in Alan's voice. "You okay? You sound funny. Ooooh! I know what you're doing. You're not just getting up; you're getting IT up, aren't you?" She giggled.

"Um... Well..." He couldn't talk. He was practically cross-eyed because he was straining so hard not to cum. He looked down and saw Susan's head flying up and down wildly and felt her tongue doing indescribably wondrous things.



Katherine took his feeble failure to answer as confirmation. "A-ha!" Her voice changed, becoming softer and more tentative even as she spoke loudly to be heard. "Do you need some help? Maybe with some visual stimulation? Can I come in?"

"Um, no! I'm good! This is kind of, uh, private. Please?" He was sweating with nervousness and excitement.

"Well, geez. Here I am, practically offering to give you a sexy little striptease... Heck, I AM offering to give you a sexy little striptease. Wouldn't you like that?"

"UNH!" he grunted, more in response to what Susan's tongue was doing to his sweet spot than to what Katherine had said. "Oh GOD! YES!"

"Well then, can I come in?"

"Not... not... now!"

Katherine giggled. "Someone's right in the middle of spanking the monkey, isn't he? You can't even stop long enough to open the door?"

He groaned lustily, again mostly because of Susan's powerful suction and tongue action.

Katherine asked in an increasingly sultry voice, "Or are you afraid of Mom catching us if she found me dancing naked in your room?"

The irony of that comment was not lost on Alan, given where Susan was and what she was doing. He cried out, "Sis! You're embarrassing me!"

"Oops! Sorry. Okay then, see you downstairs. Sorry for interrupting."

Susan hadn't slowed a bit, not even when her daughter asked if she could come in. Susan knew that she and Alan were both close to climaxing, and she simply would not be denied.

Alan covered his mouth to muffle his loud groaning as he came. "Fuuuuuuuck!" he gasped, only partially managing to mute his voice.

A torrent of cum flew into Susan's mouth. Shivers of joy ran along her spine. Nothing in her whole life had ever felt as good as having all that incestuous cum flood down her throat.

She recovered more quickly than he did. Sitting up while still topless, she chided him, "Did I hear you say a naughty word? You know that's not allowed."

Alan's mind reeled. Her bared boobs are still friggin' bouncing in every direction and my cum is on her lips and dripping down her chin, yet she's after me for using the word 'fuck?' Fuuuuuccckkk. This new life is too weird for me to handle.

He chose to ignore her words and just said, "Mom, you were fantastic!"

She was all smiles while trying to act business-like and responsible. "Why, thank you."

She got up and put her robe back on, but she kept it open in front for the moment so he could see that she wore nothing but panties and high heels underneath. He could still see all of her glorious round tits.bender

Seeing that he was admiring her body, she struck a sexy pose, putting one leg on his bed. "Let's hurry up and eat breakfast, so we'll have time to play some more before you go to school. I think you know what I mean by 'play.'" She licked her lips seductively, her tongue making a complete circle around her mouth.

Finally, she closed her robe all the way and went out his door, looking both ways down the hall to make sure Katherine wasn't still there to catch her.

Once she was alone in her room, she thought, I'm bad. So bad! There was no excuse for that, none. We really have to stop this terribly improper... well... member, uh, oral manipulation? Heck, it's cocksucking.

It's a nasty act with a nasty name. Proper ladies don't suck cocks, even if it is medically necessary. Suzanne can do that for him. Not that she's not a lady, sorry Suzanne, but she's not his mother! I have to stop before I'm completely out of control!

She sighed. Why though, does it have to be so wonderful? I can still taste his seed in my mouth and I love it so much that I just want to jump for joy! I must be a horrible person.