

## 6 Times 1125

### Chapter 1125 Brenda and Adrian

About a minute later, Adrian burst into Brenda's bedroom without even knocking. He was going to say, "What's this about having a 'master'?! What the heck does that mean?!" But he was struck speechless by the sight of his mother standing buck naked only ten feet in front of him. By contrast, he hardly noticed that Anika was in the room as well. As great as the house video system was, it was another thing entirely to see a naked woman in the flesh and just a few feet away.

Brenda stood up from her position over Anika and turned to the door, once again cradling her breasts in her arms like she was holding up two firm yet pillowy bowling balls. She asked with puzzlement, "Aidy?!"

It took some moments for Adrian to remember what he was going to say. Then, somehow, he remembered that if he used words like "master" and "incredible super stud" he'd be giving away the fact that he was eavesdropping on them, and he might not be able to enjoy his voyeuristic abuse of the house video system any longer. So he was struck speechless. Completely speechless. He didn't have Alan's talent to make up a good excuse on the spot, not when he was as aroused as he was at the moment. It didn't help that he could see his mother's bare shaven and very wet pussy as she simply stood there as if there was nothing unusual about her being totally nude.

Then there was the smell. It was amazing enough for him to actually see a few rivulets of cum on his mother's thighs, but to smell her cum too on top of everything else completely fried what was left of his mental circuits. Brenda's cum was quite pungent. He'd smelled it many times before in the last few weeks since she was so easily turned on and lubricated so heavily whenever she was. He'd immediately fallen in love with the sexy aroma of his mother in heat. He took very overt sniffs of the air to better savor the experience. He knew it was a rude thing to do, but he couldn't help himself.

He thought, Jesus Christ! If I could just reach out and touch her, I'd achieve the ultimate nirvana! Perfect joy! Oh my God, my heart is pounding so hard! And that SMELL! It's like I'm inside her pussy!

Luckily, Anika stepped into the breach with the comment, "Brenda, looks like Aidy here is worried about you. He must be able to detect your nervousness."

Adrian's first thought was, No, I can detect the overwhelming smell of Momma's hot and bothered pussy! But luckily he didn't say that, and managed to recover his senses somewhat. Finally, after his breathing calmed down some, he said, "That's - that's right! Momma, things have been so strange around here lately, but today, well... this just takes the cake! Since I got home, you've been acting like, I dunno, a heroin junkie or something. I mean, you're seriously freaking me out!"

Brenda walked over to her son and unreservedly enveloped him in a hug. "Oh, Pooh Bear! That's so sweet that you noticed and are worried about me. What a cutie! Anika, isn't he just the best son ever?" She was a couple of inches taller than him in her high heel shoes, so she had to crouch down a bit to get eye to eye with him. Updated from novelbln.(c)om

She knew that embracing him like this would make him happy, but she didn't realize just how deep his passionate desire to be touched ran. The only thing that could make him any more overjoyed at that moment was if he could have reached up and groped her rack or kissed her on the lips, but he was far too shy to give either a try.

Anika coughed a couple of times, but seeing that wasn't a very effective warning signal at the moment, she said, "Brenda, be careful. Your dress, well, I should say, you're very exposed..." She blushed a little bit for Brenda's sake.

Brenda looked down at herself and laughed. "Oopsie! Sorry, Aidy. As you can see, I'm dressing for the party and I can't decide what to wear." But she didn't make any attempt to pull away. She could feel his hard-on pressing against her thigh. Even though his shorts were a barrier between them, she loved the feel of it just the same.

She thought, It's not the tree trunk monster that my master has, but then again, what is? It's still a lovely thing and I'll bet it could fill me up just fine! Ooh, that's so naughty - mommy fucking! If he just pulls it out and moves it a few inches over-

Anika remembered her role given by Suzanne to make sure things didn't progress too quickly between mother and son. She said in a loud and unavoidable voice, "Brenda, can I speak to you for a moment?" She made it sound much more like an order than a question.

Brenda was forced to pull away from her son, just as she was beginning to rub her thigh up against his throbbing and overheated erection. Her breasts seemed to have completely enveloped and suffocated his chest, and she loved the feeling as much as he did. She began to slowly disengage, then turned to Anika with her hands still on her son's shoulders.

Anika beckoned Brenda nearer with a crooked finger and a dark look. (Adrian was completely oblivious to most anything Anika was doing - all he could think about was the tingling on his chest from the skin to skin contact there.)

Brenda reluctantly let go of her son altogether and bent over in front of him. She made sure to stick her ass up high in her son's direction and keep her legs spread apart as much as possible. She hoped to give Adrian such a great view of her pussy that he'd lose control and reach out to touch it. "What is it?" she asked impatiently.

Anika said quietly, "Do I haf to mention you're not vearing a stitch of clothing?"

Brenda rolled her eyes a bit in exasperation. She pushed her ass further up and back, hoping to give her son naughty ideas.

Adrian was scared shitless of doing the wrong thing. He was completely lost at sea with this new way his mother was behaving and was determined not to do anything he wasn't explicitly given permission to do. If he could have read Brenda's thoughts, things would have been very different, but he couldn't. He didn't even have a clue on how to read her many obvious non-verbal cues.

Brenda considered stepping back until she could push her ass and pussy right into her son. She imagined Adrian taking his hard-on out of his shorts and rubbing it all over her ass. But she thought about Anika telling Suzanne, and then considered the implications of Suzanne getting mad. She imagined all kinds of cruel punishments to follow, and not the "good" ones like spanking, either. With a horrified start, she imagined not being allowed to go to the poke-her party later. She aborted stepping backwards, and with a forlorn sigh, stood back up to turn around and look at her son.

Now facing him, she idly ran her index finger down into her cleavage, pretending to chase down a rivulet of sweat that dripped far down into it. "Pooh Bear, remember what I told you yesterday, when I said that my, uh, lover, wants me to practice my seduction techniques? Remember that I warned you that you might be seeing a lot more of me and I asked you if you could handle it? Well, can you handle it? Maybe you can stay for a while and give me some suggestions on what I need to wear to the party. That is, if you can put up with seeing me naked." She was rubbing her hand between her breasts for no apparent reason, now.

Adrian had so many things he wanted to say that he felt like exploding. Mostly, he wanted to yell, "You mean 'master,' not 'lover,' don't you?!" But he managed to avoid screaming that, mostly in his haste to assure his mother that she didn't have to get dressed on his account. He said, "Of course, I can handle it! But this party. What party?" All the while, his eyes remained riveted to her cleavage. The way she was still idly stroking herself there did wonders to mute his anger.

Brenda walked the short distance to her son again and gave him another tight hug. She was so wired with sexual energy that it took great effort for her to stop with mere hugging.

The friendly all-over squeeze made him stop breathing for a while. It also nearly caused him to cum in his shorts, especially since he felt his mother's hands accidentally brush over his erection (or at least, he assumed it was an accident). His hands also migrated down to her ass without any conscious decision on his part. But once they were there, clenching her ass cheeks quite strongly, he found himself unable to pull them away. Everything was so incredible that he could scarcely believe what was happening. It was like it was happening to someone else and he was just watching the movie of it, except that he could smell and feel his mother so very vividly.

He thought, Her boobs! My momma's boobs! They're so impossibly huge and yet so indescribably soft! And warm! And squishy and good and amazing and wonderful, and well, everything! Not only that, but the ass! I actually have my hands on her ass! This is awesome! What kind of cruel fate has given me such a mother that I can see and now even touch naked, but be cursed to go no further?! If only I could tease and tickle and suckle on her. Momma, I'd love you with my fingertips, my lips, my tongue, even my thing. Especially my thing! Oh God, if she only knew what she's doing to me right now, she'd disown me! This is such cruel pleasure! And now she has a new lover and worships the ground he walks on. Life is so unfair!

Brenda quietly said, "Aidy, you're just the best son I could ever hope for! You're so accepting of my role in his harem, and I love you for it. Remember what I said yesterday about the harem?"

Adrian nodded dumbly. Then he blurted out, "You mean Alan's harem. Your master!" He tried to say it accusingly, but it came out more as simple amazement.

Anika coughed loudly, forcing Brenda to give up the hug and back up a bit.

Adrian was very disappointed that he had to let go of his mother's ass.

Brenda looked a bit surprised, and then said, "Oh? Did you overhear me saying all that at some point? Well, you're right. Yes, Alan is my master's name. My master. Alan." She stared off into space and said the name reverently.

But what really blew Adrian away was that her entire body straightened up and stiffened as if for inspection while she drifted off into a daydream about her master. In fact, she was fantasizing about Alan barking for her to "assume the position." Her chest thrust forward even more than usual, which was saying a lot, and her nipples seemed to grow even stiffer and longer than they already were. She longed to be in that position in front of Alan for real in a matter of hours. Just thinking about presenting herself to Alan like that gave her a great rush.

Then her mental focus seemed to snap back to reality, although her body continued to stand stiffly with her back arched and her chest thrust proudly forward. She continued, "You're right, it's his party. The weekly poke-her party. That's where I'm going to be every Wednesday night from now on. I hope you don't mind. Think of it as Momma's night out on the town."

Again, Adrian was so overwhelmed he hardly knew what to say. His eyes were wide as saucers, the shock, arousal, and confusion plainly evident in them. His mother was leaning so far forward that her nipples were lightly brushing up against his shirt. The only thing stopping him from cumming at any second was the mortal shame of getting found out. There were so many things he wanted to say, but he couldn't think. He struggled in vain to form a sentence. He finally ended up just blurting out, "'Poke-her party'?"

Brenda giggled. She finally eased her stance and stepped back. Then she turned back to her closet - she had a closet containing nothing but French maid uniforms now - and began looking at outfits again. She felt a lot better since her son had come in and expressed his concern. She said gaily, "Yeah. A funny name, isn't it? Poke. Her. Party. That's what it is, since he ends up poking us all. You know what I mean by poking, don't you? Tonight there's going to be six big-titted nymphos there. Can you just imagine what kind of superior man he must be, to manhandle and fuck all those horny sexpots in one evening? Is it any wonder that he owns my body and my soul?"

She shivered with delight as she imagined sitting on top of her master and bouncing on his stiffness. She luxuriated in her fantasies of being with both Alan and Adrian at different times. She could have stayed in that heavenly state for hours, but she remembered the need to get ready for the party. She resumed looking at her clothes with a blissful expression. She was well aware that she was still buck naked and her son was standing within arm's length, ravenously devouring her body with his eyes.

She thought, For anyone who might question my lifestyle choices, if only they could feel what I'm feeling right now! It can't possibly get any better! Oh, Aidy! Touch me!