

6 Times 1126

Chapter 1126 Brenda and Adrian Continued

Anika slowly got up and walked over to her troublesome boss. She suspected that Brenda was about to do something even more rash, because the buxom mother had showed almost no self-restraint whatsoever so far. Anika knew that the burden of following Suzanne's wise orders fell to her in this situation. Adrian had to be slowly psychologically conditioned to accept a very tricky situation. She said in a low voice, "Brenda, can I speak to you in private? Vithout Aidy?"

Brenda, still blissed out, turned to her son and said, "Pooh Bear, can you step outside for a second and close the door? I'm sure this'll just take a sec."

Adrian backed away and out through the open door without thinking about what he was doing. He was so aroused and emotionally overloaded that he didn't know up from down, but he somehow managed to close the door behind him.

Anika immediately drew close to Brenda's left ear and whispered into it, "Vat are you tinkink? Or not tinkink!" She knew Adrian would have no time to cross the house to check in by video monitor, so she spoke freely. "Have you forgotten everytink Suzanne told us?! Remember vat she said? 'Go slow.' Dis is not slow! Especially saying dat Alan owns your body and your soul. I tink you've really done it dis time. You're destroyink de poor boy's ego." She shook her head with disappointment.

Brenda nodded her head; some of what Anika said made an impact, despite her lusty fog. She whispered, "Sorry. I'll do better. It's just that I'm so excited!"

Just then, she and Anika heard a loud and prolonged groan out in the hallway. She whispered giddily to her old maid, "Looks like I'm not the only one, hee-hee!"

But Anika continued to chide. "Brenda, vat vill vee say to Suzanne? She vill be mad at me for not stopping you. Me! You haf to slow down. Dat Suzanne, she's a tough one. I don't vant to let her down."

Brenda put her hands together as if in prayer. "Please? Please let me have a bit of fun right now? Today is my special day; this is a day that I'm going to remember for the rest of my life. You know what's going

to happen tonight. I want this to be a memorable day for me and Aidy too, not just me and Alan. Please cut me a little bit of slack? I'm sure it'll all work out in the long run. Please?"

Anika looked doubtful. "Vell... I don't know..." But she was kind-hearted; she had never seen Brenda so happy as she'd been in recent days and didn't want to spoil the fun on Brenda's big day. She decided to relax her restrictions on Brenda, but only just a little. She knew there might be a price to pay, especially if Adrian reacted the wrong way to some of the things Brenda was likely to blurt out, but they'd have to do some damage control on another day.

Brenda was encouraged by the look on Anika's face. She made a short, triumphant punch in the air and said out loud so Adrian could hear, "Aidy? You can come back in now."

However, before Adrian could come back in, Anika wagged her finger and said, "Vatch it!"

Adrian was very flustered. As soon as he'd stepped out into the hallway he couldn't help but touch himself. That instantly started his climax. The problem was, he had no idea where to direct his cum. Somehow he'd managed to get his shorts down before the first rope of cum shot out. Largely by default, his cum had hit the wood paneling on the door in front of him. He figured that at least that was better than getting it on the carpet. But no sooner had he finished cumming than he was told to return to the bedroom. He hastily reached out to wipe the door clean with both hands but he ended up with a sticky mess on both his hands and the door.

He opened the door, scarcely knowing what to expect. He kept his wet hands behind his back. He breathed a sigh of relief to see that, whatever Anika had said, it hadn't made his mother put any clothes back on yet. His penis had grown flaccid after that satisfying cum, but just one look at his completely nude mother reversed that. His heart was pounding like a jackhammer once more and he was so out of it that he didn't realize the way his penis visibly grew until he was left with a comically large bulge in his shorts.

Brenda, though, certainly did notice. She thought, If there was only some way I could send Anika away for an hour or so, but she's too smart for that. It's just not right that my Pooh Bear has to cum in the hallway instead of all over his momma's chest. Just look at that! Aidy, is that a hot, mommy-splitting, teenage cock in your shorts or are you just happy to see me? Ha! ... But I have to save myself for my master. Come on, girl, get a grip.

She refocused on her wardrobe and pulled out a French maid outfit. But while she was willing herself not to stare at her son's package, that didn't mean she planned on stopping her teasing of him. She held

a small black item meant to cover her stomach (and little else), and placed it over her chest. It was something that she'd tried on twice already, but she wanted to try every outfit on again, now that Adrian was here watching her in the flesh.

She said, "Aidy, Anika reminded me that you might take some of the things I say the wrong way. Of course, everyone knows who owns my body and soul: you! You're my favorite little guy in the whole wide world. But when I think about Alan I get so excited that I say things you might find a little strange. Just please be patient with me, okay? Now, can I get your opinion on which outfit I should wear? What do you think of this one?"

Adrian nodded, then did a double-take as he looked into Brenda's closet. When he was watching her from his room he didn't have the right angle to look into her closet. So it was a shock to see that she had about thirty French maid outfits in there. He said, "Momma, okay, but wait a minute! Why on Earth do you have a closet filled with nothing but these... these... uniforms?! They expose everything! You can't wear something like this in public. You can't tell me you owned even one of these last week!"

Brenda sighed. She motioned for Adrian to sit in a nearby chair, then sat her naked ass down on the sofa that Anika had already returned to. She said with resignation, "It looks like I need to explain a few things to you before we go any further. Like this closet... How do I put this? You understand that I have a master now, and that I'm a part of his harem. I'm doing this of my own free will to fulfill my own desires and needs. How do you feel about that?"

"How do I feel? I'm appalled! Absolutely shocked! Embarrassed! Freaked out!" He kept his hands folded together in between his thighs; his fingers in particular were still drenched with his own cum, and now his thighs were getting a bit slick from the mess as well.

Brenda sighed again, heavier this time. "Hmmm. I was afraid you might say that. Then you're probably not going to like what I have to say about these outfits. You see, Aidy, your mother is a natural submissive. Do you understand what that means, in a sexual sense?"

Adrian nodded. He knew what a submissive was from reading erotic stories on the Internet. In fact, he had a particular fondness for female domination stories and suspected he might be a bit submissive himself. But he wasn't sure about that, because sometimes in his fantasies he also wanted to be able to force his mother to submit to him, to allow him to completely control her, to fuck her, to tie her up, and in general completely have his way with her. However, thoughts along these lines were crowded out by the actual sight of Brenda fawning over him dressed in one of the many French maid outfits she had.

Brenda thought, He thinks he knows what it means, but he has no idea. He doesn't understand the joy in serving. Like, right now, I could sit with my legs together, but I have to serve! That means my legs need to stay apart. That shows that my pussy is available to be fucked. I have to show my readiness and eagerness to serve my master and my son at all times! The joy of making them happy alone would be reward enough, but at the same time they'll please me so very much with their thrusting cocks! Thrusting, thrusting, thrusting! God, I love it! I'm addicted. It's so much pleasure that it seems unfair!

How do I explain all that? How can I explain to him that I NEED his cock tickling my tonsils? How can I make him understand that I've been blessed with these tits precisely so a cock can slide between them? I have two cocks to love! Two! Yes! Imagine: my master's manly powerful cock and my son's cute boy cock! Serving both! In a way, I'm luckier than any of my mistresses to serve a master AND a son. Is there anyone anywhere luckier than me?

Anika looked at Brenda sitting next to her and watched as her buxom boss slumped down on the sofa, slowly spreading her legs wider and wider, revealing her leaky pussy again. Anika couldn't help but shake her head in frustration. She sighed loudly, knowing that Brenda was off in la-la land again. She finally scooted close and gave her a strong nudge. Then she said to Adrian, "Sorry, Aidy. As you can see, your mamma's so wery excited. All she can tink about is dis party tonight."

That gave Brenda time to recover and even remember what she'd been talking about. So, sitting up but keeping her knees wide apart, she said, "Now, I was talking about my master. Alan. The fact that I'm submissive, that doesn't matter much in his book. He's such a sexually potent, virile, well hung, and dominating man that no woman can resist him, no matter what they're like."

Anika coughed loudly.

Brenda continued, "He picks the very best women in the county to be his own in the same way that a shopper might look at a display of strawberries and pick out the very best ones. The strawberry has no say in the matter. Do you see what I'm saying?"

"I guess," Adrian replied with doubt, discomfort, and obvious confusion. He could hardly equate his mother with a ripe strawberry. But staring as he was at her drooling pussy just a few feet in front of him, their conversation seemed totally unreal to him. It was hard to really emotionally engage when he could actually feel the pulsing of his heartbeat in the throbbing of his penis.

Brenda said with motherly understanding, "Don't worry, you'll understand it all in time. But because he's such a wonderful master, he finds the right role for everyone in his harem. Of course, all of his nymphos live to sexually please and serve him; that goes without saying."

Anika coughed out another warning.

Brenda heard that and said, "It's okay, Anika, he needs to understand this, sooner or later. But Aidy, I want you to understand that Alan is a very giving and loving master." She closed her eyes and breathed a wistful romantic sigh. Then she looked at Adrian and refocused. "He does not want to interfere with our bond, the important bond between mother and son. He understands that very well. Oh, yes he does. Doubly so."

Anika gave Brenda a pre-emptive nudge. She knew that incestuous thoughts of Alan with Susan or Suzanne powerfully excited her boss, and the very mention of such things were likely to lead to more distracting daydreams. Further, such comments were dangerous clues about the Plummer family's incest (though luckily, the "doubly so" allusion to Alan's two mothers was difficult to decipher and Adrian was too frazzled to try).

Brenda wanted to make sure she had Adrian's full attention now, so she temporarily closed her legs and waited until her son's eyes finally drifted up towards her face. Then she continued, "He doesn't want to separate you and me in any way. Whatever relationship we choose to have, that's between the two of us. He'll allow it and respect it. Any relationship. Do you understand what I'm saying, Pooh Bear?"

Adrian's heart leapt with hope, but he could scarcely believe that his interpretation of what his mother had just said was correct. He lingered on the words "Any relationship." What he really wanted to ask was if this Alan would allow some kind of sexual contact between him and his mother, but he could never imagine asking such a bold question, not in a million years. His deeply ingrained shy manners prevented it. He meekly replied, "I, um, I think so." However, the fires of hope had now been kindled within him, even if it was a dim and distant hope.

Brenda nodded, then continued, "Good. A good master knows how to please his ... nymphos, and make them happy. And I've made it clear that what makes me happy is serving in his house as a maid sometimes. Think of it as a sexual role-play thing, if you want. I love the idea so much that I went out and bought all of these outfits in just the past couple of days. But you know me" - she giggled - "I have a way of going overboard at times, don't I?"

Adrian laughed a bit, releasing some of his tension. "You sure do," he agreed. His eyes were gawking at her chest again, watching her breasts jiggle as she giggled. He noticed that her legs were slowly opening again to reveal her drooling pussy once more. It was as if she was incapable of keeping her legs closed.

Brenda concluded, "So that's what these outfits are all about. I'm going to Alan's house tonight and I'm going to pretend to be a sexy maid. I'm still your mother, the same as always, it's just that this is how adults choose to have fun sometimes. Adult fun. Do you know what I mean?"

Adrian frowned. A part of him wanted to run to the bathroom to be ill over what was happening to his mother. Another part of him wanted to run to his bedroom to relieve the stiffness of his erection. But the biggest part of him simply couldn't pull his eyes away from his mother's naked charms. As she talked, it seemed that she was always doing some little thing or another to draw his eyes to her body, especially her chest.