

6 Times 1127

Chapter 1127 Brenda's Body screaming out "Fuck Me"

Trying to sweeten the bitter pill a little bit, she added, "But I've realized I'm a submissive, and that means there'll be changes around here too. For instance, I'll be wearing French maid outfits around the house a lot. Sometimes even the topless kind. That doesn't literally mean I'm a professional maid; it's just something I like because it constantly reminds me that my role is to serve. Do you understand?"

He was floored all over again. Her attempt to distract him worked, because his head was suddenly so full of thoughts of her running around the house topless that the "master" issue was pushed back, at least for the moment.

Not getting an answer from her wallflower son, Brenda pointed to a formal and imposing oak desk and said to Adrian, "You'll be seeing a lot of my body from now on, because submissive women don't wear much. Is that okay with you?"

He somehow managed to nod.

"Good. Why don't you sit over there while I change? That'll keep you out of Anika's hair while she finishes her sewing job, and it'll make you look like a professional judge for a contest. Imagine you're one of those judges in the Olympics holding up the cards that say 9.9." She giggled.

Adrian walked over to the desk, not really thinking about where he was going or why.

Brenda, however, had given the location some serious thought. It was a new desk, installed in her bedroom just the day before. She'd put it there so her son could have a place to masturbate while she was in the room. It was a strategically located high desk, and had a modesty panel all the way to the floor, so if he got carried away he could jerk off without being seen, even though Brenda might be standing just a few feet away. At least, that's what Brenda hoped he would think. She would be looking very carefully for subtle movements in his upper arms.

Even before Adrian settled down into the plush chair behind the desk, Brenda went back to her closet and put away the French maid outfit she'd been holding, and then took her time picking out another

one. Actually, the one she'd been holding was just fine to try on, but she wanted to draw out staying naked as long as possible.

Finally, she began putting on a newly chosen outfit. She made sure to jiggle and preen with every move she made. It was basically a striptease in reverse. She acted very helpless throughout, and continually asked her old maid Anika to get up and help her put on her black stockings, her cuff links, her bowtie, and so forth. Brenda aimed a sultry stare right at her son the whole time as she hammed up a mighty struggle to get into the straining confines of her uniform.

Adrian thought that seeing his mother jiggle and writhe was better than the best porn video he had ever seen. His mouth hung wide open in comic book character style.

When Brenda finished dressing, it seemed as if the outfit made her even more exposed and erotic than when she was actually totally naked. Her hips, belly, shoulders, and other areas were covered with black cloth and lacy white frill, but as she stood in front of her son, her clean shaven pussy and round boobs were on full display. In fact, the outfit was cleverly designed to hold up and push out her boobs even more than usual, as if to make an offering of them.

Adrian couldn't help but groan out loud. His heart was pounding hard, and sweat was pouring down his face. He'd been resisting touching himself behind the desk for fear of getting caught, but even though he'd cum just a few minutes ago, he knew he couldn't hold out very long in the face of such arousal and temptation.

At one point, he noticed a box of tissues conveniently located on the desk, and he also noticed that both Anika and Brenda were not looking his way. He grabbed a wad of tissues and brought them under the desk. He used them to finally clean his cum off of his hands and inner thighs and then put the used tissues in his shorts pocket.

Then he grabbed another big wad with the intention of making another sticky mess to clean up. He was afraid of drawing attention with the obvious sound of a zipper unzipping, but he unzipped his fly as slowly and quietly as he could. It was risky, but he figured it was better than cumming in his shorts, which was what was about to happen, whether he touched himself there or not.

He looked again at his mother, and saw what seemed to be a literal flood of pussy juice pouring down her thighs. She seemed to be gushing an outrageous amount of fluid. The heady aroma of it was unbearably sexy to his senses. He was literally drunk and woozy from the smell of his mother's pussy. He wanted and needed to cum so badly that he actually worried he might pass out at any moment. But he

felt he couldn't give in and touch himself, because even though Anika seemed absorbed with her sewing job, Brenda continued to stare right at him most of the time.

The room had been fairly quiet, though the Rolling Stones' song "Bitch" was playing in the background. Finally, Brenda struck a pose in her maid outfit and asked her son, "Aidy, what do you think? Do you like this one? The idea, obviously, is to make myself look tempting, for the party. Do you think this is tempting enough? ... Oh wait! Anika, can you hand me that plate right there on the end table? If I'm a maid I need to serve."

She held the plate up as if it had cocktails on it and still stared right at her son. "So, NOW what do you think, my sweet Pooh Bear? Does it look like my sole purpose is to serve? To serve men who need their balls drained of all that hot and nasty cum churning and burning and building up inside of them? Mist-, er, Susan, oh never mind who..."

Anika coughed again.

Brenda continued, "Let's just say a wise woman told me that one of the gravest problems there is sperm buildup. All that troublesome sperm needs to be deposited in my holes! Do I look like I'm dying to be ordered to bend over and take it? How would you like to have a maid like this, serving you in any and EVERY way? Wouldn't that be fun to order your maid to do ANYTHING at all, because she's your personal sex toy and loves to be fucked?" She got so hyped up from her own words that she was panting and heaving by the time she was done.

Adrian's jaw dropped open even wider than it already was. Her words inflamed his lust so much that he was forced to strain every nerve not to cum. All the heaving and jiggling of her completely unencumbered boobs made his predicament even worse. Restraining himself was like a life and death struggle. But unlike Alan, he hadn't trained his PC muscle or even knew what that was, so he knew that it was just a matter of time before his cock erupted and hot jism spewed everywhere. His only hope was to hold off long enough for Brenda to be looking elsewhere.

The buxom mother turned around and bent over. She grasped her legs with both hands just below her knees and kept her legs spread wide. It looked as if she was ready for someone to walk up behind her and fuck her drooling pussy doggy style at any moment. "How 'bout now? Do you think Alan will want to ravage me if I show myself off like this?"

If there was one thing Adrian loved almost as much as his mother's chest, it was her pussy. Her boobs were always there to be stared at, so round and full that she couldn't hide them even in the bulkiest

sweater. He admired her ass, of course, but it was mostly just something to look at until he could get a better view of her front side. However, her pussy had the allure of the mysterious and completely forbidden. While he knew every inch of his mother's breasts, he'd never actually seen her pussy exposed until recent days. Lately, he'd been so curious about her pussy that at times when it came into view it could even cause him to temporarily rip his eyes from gawking at her huge mammaries. While he was normally very mild mannered, he had wild fantasies of fucking her pussy and sliding in and out of her abundant wetness over and over. So her bending like that was more than he could bear.

He finally lost it when he saw several droplets of pussy juice drip out of her slit, linger, dangle from her ripe and bloated clit, and then drip down onto the floor. This was in addition to all the rivulets of cum flowing down her thighs. It was like her body was screaming out: "Aidy, or somebody, anybody, fuck me now! Please!"

He brought the tissues he'd been holding to the tip of his hard-on, and that was all it took. As soon as he made the slightest contact with his iron hard and exposed erection, he began to cum.

It was the most intense and pleasurable experience he'd ever had in his short life. He'd been masturbating so many times a day in recent days that he could have given Alan a run for his money if there had been a cumming contest. But this orgasm was a quantum leap of pleasure beyond any other, much better even than the one in the hallway so shortly before. The only fly in the ointment was that he couldn't scream out with abandon. But he'd gotten pretty good over the years in muffling his masturbatory climaxes, so being quiet was a near automatic process for him.

Brenda was careful to remain bent over for a while, to give her son the privacy to cum, and give him something wonderful to look at while he did so. But eventually curiosity got the better of her, and she looked up a bit in Anika's direction. Her maid gave her a slight nod towards Adrian, then a knowing wink. The room now had a new smell. The heavy musky odor of pussy was mixed with the fresh aroma of Adrian's tangy cum.

Brenda was very glad, both that her son had just cum again and that she had such an understanding maid. She longed for the day, hopefully not far away, when she'd be able to taste her son's cum and not just smell it.