

6 Times 1128

Chapter 1128 Adrian's fun time with his mom and he wants to meet Alan!

Still looking away from Adrian, Brenda stood up and prodded, "Well? So what do you think?" She began undressing in rhythm to the Rolling Stones playing '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction.'

Adrian was flustered but replied, "Um. Good. They're all good. I'm sure you'll look great in all of them. You always look great."

Brenda turned to her son, pleased as punch with the compliment. "Awww, Pooh Bear. You're so sweet. But which one is the best? That's the question. I don't mind trying every single one of them on again to get your opinion, if that's okay with you."

Adrian didn't mind that at all. In fact, it was a fantasy come true. But at the same time, he was sobering up some now that he'd climaxed. He was feeling guilty. The fact that the Stones were now starting to play "Sympathy for the Devil" even made him feel a little bit evil. He thought, I'm probably going to burn in Hell for this. I mean, she's my mother and the only thing I can think about is running my hands all over her... Touching her in places... Her pussy, even! God I'm seriously fucked. This is so wrong! I need to calm down.

His voice cracked awkwardly as he said, "Momma, I'll help you, of course. I'd do anything for you. But isn't this strange? I mean, you're just so... so..."

"Slutty?" Brenda suggested, her voice tinged with eagerness.

Adrian blushed and nodded. He could never actually use such a word to describe his mother, even when it was obvious.

Brenda was carefully putting her first outfit back onto a hanger and returning it to its spot in the closet. But as she stood there, buck naked again except for the obligatory high heels, she looked over her shoulder at him and said, "Aidy, I know this is hard for you to take. My life has completely changed in these last few weeks and you're beginning to see the new me. But you have to understand. There are some men out there in this world who want the best and they know how to get it. Think about a big

diamond. The big diamond naturally ends up in the hands of someone very wealthy, very successful. The elite of the elite. You won't find something like that for sale in a Seven-Eleven. In the same way, to drop all pretenses of modesty for a moment, I'm like that diamond. I'm highly desired, mostly because guys like my beauty, and especially my chest and my face. So it's only natural that eventually a superior man with superior seed would come and claim me."

"But Momma!" Adrian complained, even as his penis began to rebound a little bit. "You have free will! You make it sound like you're just a possession, like the ripe strawberry in the store!"

"Well, yes and no," Brenda answered thoughtfully as she got down on all fours. "There are things in life that are almost completely irresistible. Look at my body. Look at me!"

She spread her legs as wide as she could to give her son an incredible view of her wet sex. "Look at all the pussy juice running down my thighs. I get this excited just from standing naked in front of my son. I'm built for sex! I get moist at the slightest hint of anything sexual. I always have, even before my awakening, but I'd tried to deny that I was different."

She continued passionately, "No more! I admit it: my body craves having a hot pole sliding in and out of me all day. You're not a woman, my sweet cutie pie. You can't possibly understand how good it feels to have a virile lover deposit a big, thick load of hot fuck cream deep, deep inside of you. There's a bonding, a taking, a oneness... Words fail to even come close to describing it."

She continued wistfully yet lustily, "Aidy, I've been running from my true nature all of my life, but I can't deny it any longer, and I don't want to deny it. In most any other time or place I'd probably be a prostitute or something like that, because my body is built for sex. I crave it. I really do. I don't just merely want it, I NEED it. I don't know how much you could tell, but I used to be so unsatisfied, before. Drifting. Bored. But Master Alan has kindled the fires of desire within me and there's no way to quench the flames now. Now I rejoice at every day of this glorious life that I've been given. You should be happy for me! How can I resist a natural fuck lord like Alan when he completely fulfills me and makes me feel so good?"

As she was talking, she stood up and then picked out another French maid outfit and held it to her expansive bosom. She began slipping into this second outfit, which incidentally was nearly identical to the first.

Adrian thought, "Natural fuck lord?!" This is beyond bizarre! He complained, even as he began to secretly rub his newly throbbing erection, "But Momma! You're still my mother. I just can't think of you like that."

"Awww, Aidy! My Pooh Bear. Of course I'm your mother. I'll always be your mother. And luckily, I have an understanding master who knows that. If there's a conflict, he agrees that my mothering should come first. I'll always be there for you, I promise. Think about it: if I were to get married again, would that stop me from being your mother? Of course not. This is the same as a new marriage, just, um, more sexual and unusual. And so much more fulfilling. Look at me."

Adrian found it hard to look his mother in the eyes (and for once it was because he was afraid of what he'd find there instead of it being due to his most typical fixation on her chest). But when he did, he could see strength and pride in her face. She was defiant, even. This surprised him because he expected that any woman talking about rampant sexual desire and a place in a harem would be deeply ashamed.

"Look at me, my son! Look at my boobs. They're a huge inconvenience and my back hurts like the dickens sometimes, so why do I have them? There can only be one reason: to attract others to fuck me. Since they're so big, that must mean I need a lot of fucking. Right? Tell me I wasn't born and bred for sex. Tell me I don't belong on my back taking it hard in every hole, every single day! Look me in the eye, Son, and tell me that!"

Adrian dropped his head. He whispered hoarsely but intently, "I can't tell you that. Gosh, you're so beautiful and sexy that I can hardly stand it!" That was, by far, the closest Adrian had come to admitting his incestuous feelings to his mother. He turned red all over again as he realized what he had said.

"Awww! You're so sweet. Give me a huggles, my little Pooh Bear." She thought, Hee-hee, I've got him halfway to understanding and accepting the Big Tits Theory already. I just wish I could tell him everything, and right away. I know he'd understand!

Wearing just the skirt of her latest French maid uniform, Brenda rounded the desk, knelt down, and gave her son a big hug as he continued to sit in his chair.

Unfortunately, she was seriously deluded about how understanding he would be, especially about "Master Alan." However, he was so aroused and generally flabbergasted that he didn't show his resentment much. Even Anika was fooled, and gave Brenda a longer leash than she otherwise would have.

He was so taken aback by his mother's unexpected hug that he didn't even think to take his hands off his once again rampant erection. And with his mother covering his shoulders in naked tit flesh as she pressed into him, there was no way he could will himself to get soft or somehow magically zip up to cover his erection. So he tried to cover his slick shaft with one hand as best he could while giving a semi-hug to his mother with the other hand. In a tiny and uncertain voice, he asked, "So, you don't feel ashamed about all of this?"

"Ashamed? Are you kidding? One thing I learned from Alan and his, uh, lovers" - she was going to say "family" but luckily caught herself in time - "is that the conventional morality isn't always right. You have to be true to yourself, to your inner heart. Just a few weeks ago I was ashamed of my body's extremes and of my easily inflamed lusty desires. I would get defensive and angry because I was in denial about my true nature. But now I not only embrace all of those things, I revel in them as being essential parts of who I am."

She glanced down to her son's lap and was beside herself with delight. She wanted so much to reach down and give him a helping hand or two. In fact, that's what she did. She brought a hand down onto his penis, except that she wound up with her hands on her son's since his hands were now thoroughly covering his raging hard-on. She heard a cough and noticed Anika now standing right next to her, looking very irate. Her wrinkled old maid was silently mouthing the word "Suzanne."

That, finally, gave Brenda a bit of pause. Visions of Suzanne inflicting terrible tortures upon her sobered her up a bit (even though, in reality, Suzanne would never do anything that could match Brenda's overly vivid imagination). She decided not to take over and start to jack off her only son, as she was about to do.

She meant to pull her hands away, but somehow they remained wrapped around her son's pole as she said, "Look at your erection, Aidy. Speaking of shame, that's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm so proud of it, just like I'm so proud of you. It's more proof of what I was saying, that I was built to arouse and please and serve. Even my own son can't resist me. Don't try. Cum if you feel like it, any time you want, as much as you want. I don't mind. In fact, I'm flattered by it, so please don't be shy on my account. Just so long as you understand Alan's place in my life, he won't mind that kind of thing either."

"But I don't!" Adrian complained. He was so shocked at this latest turn of events that the only thing he could do was speak straight from the heart. "I don't understand anything! I'm loving the new sexy you, but I'm hating it at the same time! I'm so afraid I'm going to lose you. Maybe I've lost you already! You're my whole life, Momma! I've never had a real dad, or a brother, or a sister, or anything! You're everything to me! If you go away with this Alan, I might as well die!"

He started to tear up. Yet, despite the sincere emotion, he had enough presence of mind to slowly withdraw his hands from his own cock, leaving nothing but the touch of his mother's hands on his organ as it poked through the fly in his shorts.

Brenda tenderly kissed him on his ear and then down his neck a little bit, both cheering him up and also ensuring that his erection stayed as stiff as it could possibly get.

With her hands still firmly wrapped around his slick hardness, she said, "Pooh Bear, I promise you, I'll never leave you. Yes, my master has a great hold on me, and I love him for it, but there's nothing stronger than the bond between a mother and her children. Nothing. If Alan didn't understand at least that, he wouldn't be deserving of being my master. But he is worthy and I only hope and pray that I'm worthy of him. We've even worked out an arrangement so that most of the time I'll be over at his place while you're at school, or your scouting meetings, or other things. So there's no problem. If you want to stay near me as long as you like, of course I'd love for you to do that."

She squeezed his cock reassuringly. "Nothing is going to keep us apart, unless you want to spread your own wings and go off to college or something like that. Again, imagine it's like I'm getting married to a man that I love and adore. Sure, there are going to have to be some compromises with the new and important man in my life. But he's a loving and understanding man and everything is going to work out. I promise."

"You promise?" Adrian blinked away his tears and spoke in a pouty voice just like he did when he was a little kid. His emotional response was a bit muted because what she was saying didn't seem real to him.

"I promise." She kissed him again and squeezed his boner some more. With visions of an angry Suzanne in her head, she still intended to take her hands away, but she couldn't quite get herself to do it just yet.

Although it greatly pained him, he tried to be optimistic about the situation. "When can I meet him, this Alan? Who knows, maybe he could kind of be like a father figure to me. I mean, I've never really had an honest to God father. Not one I could really love and respect, and who would spend time with me. Maybe this could be kind of a good thing for both of us."

Brenda felt sad on the inside. She thought, Son, how can I explain that my master goes to the same high school you do? If you see Alan now, you're not going to be able to handle it. It's kind of tragic that he can't be the father figure that you desperately need... Suzanne's right, my sweet Pooh Bear does need

time to adjust. I almost lost sight of how much work I have to do to break him in. He's such a fragile and impressionable boy.

She pulled her body back a little and looked him right in the eyes from less than a foot away. Brushing away her son's tears, she told him, "We'll work our way up to a meeting. Keep in mind that he's pretty young, younger than me. So maybe he could be more like an older brother figure. Wouldn't you like a brother? And remember that it's not like I'm his wife, not in the traditional sense at least. Anyway, I've tried being a regular wife twice already and it didn't work out. That's not me. And remember too, he has a harem to maintain. Right now I suppose I'd be the fifth woman in his harem, but I imagine that number'll grow a bit over time."

That cut him like a knife. "Five?! Five women?! This is so bizarre!"

"Well, yes, that's his core group, more or less." Brenda clarified. "Then of course there are many others he fucks as the mood strikes him. Keeping five hyper-sexual women like me satisfied and still having energy for others - well, you can begin to understand why I call him names like 'fuck lord' with such pride." She felt that his lusty mood was turning into one of alarm, so she began to stroke his cock just a little bit to divert his attention. One of her fingers repeatedly pressed into the sensitive spot just below his cockhead.

That was more than a little bit distracting for Adrian, but he still managed to say, "This is too freaky. Completely nuts!" But surges of erotic pleasure were coursing through his body and his concerns seemed to fade away like cotton candy melting in one's mouth. He knew that later he'd feel very angry and hurt, but now lust conquered all.

He cuddled closer to his mother's chest and said dreamily, "One woman like you, that's all I'd ever want or need. He really must be crazy to want anyone else."

Brenda felt a great swelling of love and lust for her son as she heard that.

Adrian didn't realize just what he was saying with his "one woman like you" comment and didn't give it any thought, but his mother certainly did. She was so excited that she unconsciously began stroking his erection in a more overt manner.

Suddenly, he turned and looked his mother in the eye with great concern. "He doesn't make you sleep with other men, does he?!"

She began to happily jack him off, stroking up and down with long strokes. Talking about Alan while holding her son's cock destroyed whatever resolve she had left. She said, "If he ordered me to, I would have to obey him in that. But he's a very possessive master. I like that about him, actually." She smiled fondly. "So he's not going to do that. Unless... unless he were to tell me to have sex with you. He might just do that, if he felt you were cool with the situation and not resentful of him. If you were mature enough and accepting enough and got to be good friends with him, who knows what he might allow?"

Adrian was on cloud nine. The whole thing seemed like a dream, a very erotic and wet dream. He looked down and saw both of his mother's dainty hands now pumping up and down his stiff pole. She'd pulled his balls through the open fly and was fondling them, too. As if that wasn't enough stimulation, he felt her sweet breath nearby and her boobs and nipples occasionally rubbing up and down his chest or upper arm.

He thought, This feels SO GOOD! If I have to die, kill me now. This is pure heaven!

The pleasure he was feeling was so great that it overrode the many complaints he otherwise would have made about his mother's new harem situation. In fact, it was a challenge for him to speak at all.

Even though he had just cum and was only a couple of minutes into a new erection, the realization that his mother was really, truly jacking him off was so wonderful that he felt himself rapidly building up to yet a third climax in less than an hour.

But just then, Anika stepped forward and said, "Okay, dat's enough." She physically pulled Brenda away from her son, forcing her to disengage from his cock.

Both mother and son looked at her with great disappointment and surprise.

Adrian suddenly gasped for breath, belatedly realizing that he was so excited he'd actually forgotten to breathe for the last minute or so.

But Anika said to him, "Aidy, listen. Your momma now, it's like she said. She's on fire. She's in heat. So she could get a little crazy like dat. I haf to keep her in check; dat's part of my job now. Can you help me vis dis? If she starts to fondle you or suck you, call my name, wery loud. Okay?"

Adrian nodded, even as he thought, As if I would call for anyone to get Momma to stop! Ever! That's the most freaking insane thing I've heard yet!

Brenda seemed to have recovered a bit and said, "Anika's right. I am so excitable these days. Master Alan has awakened my slumbering sexual needs and I can't seem to put them back to sleep. Please forgive me for my boldness, Son. I hope you can deal with a naked and horny mother from now on. Now, how 'bout we go back to trying out outfits?"

Adrian was so blown away that at first he just nodded obediently, but then he said, "Wait a minute. I think I need to take a little rest first. This is all so strange to me. Can I just go to my room and absorb all this for a little while? Or are you in a big rush?" In the back of his mind, he was noting that his mother wasn't really apologizing or feeling guilty about how she'd touched him, only that she was so bold and eager about it.

"No, no rush," Brenda conceded. "The party doesn't start for hours and hours, to be honest." Her shoulders slumped and she became remorseful. "I'm sorry, my love. Mistress Suzanne warned me to go slow. Oh, I guess I'll have to explain who Suzanne is to you soon enough, but not right now. She's a very beautiful and wise woman, by the way. Oops, there I go again. You're right, you're getting too much information at once. Go take a little rest, my cutie. And remember that whatever happens, I will always love you with all of my heart."

She added in her thoughts, And hopefully, soon enough, all the rest of me too!

Knowing that Adrian still sported a massive hard-on, Brenda and Anika cleared out of the room so he could make his way back to his own bedroom without being embarrassed.

Adrian was confused and greatly worried about all this talk of harems, fuck lords, and masters. But the chief thought running through his mind was whether he'd be able to make it to his room before cumming in his shorts or not.

Once he was gone, Anika pointed a bony and old finger at Brenda and chided her, "I tink you screwed up. Big time. I don't think Suzanne vill be happy about dis. No vay. You're going to haf to tell her, you know. You vill get a big time punishment, for sure."

Brenda dropped her head and tried to look chastened and disappointed in herself, but secretly she was delighted. She would be riding the high of actually touching and stroking her son's penis for the first time for the rest of the day, or at least until the party started. And now that that taboo had been breached, she could breach it again and again. She hoped that she'd soon be jacking him off every day - and more. Further, the visit from Adrian had put her in a good mood and nearly completely banished her worries and nervousness. Plus, she could still look forward to trying out many more outfits in front of Adrian before she had to go.

As soon as Anika turned her back, Brenda quickly raised her hands to her mouth. She had carefully preserved some of the cum from Adrian's sticky penis when she was jacking it off just a couple of minutes earlier.

She eagerly licked her fingers to test the taste. Hmmm. Kind of tangy or sour, not sweet like Master Alan's. Still, it's very nice. I'm sure I'm going to love it soon enough. Hee-hee, I'd better, because I'll soon be guzzling it down every day!

She thought, Already, this has been such a pivotal and great day in my life, and the best is yet to come!