

6 Times 221

Chapter 221 Sexy Time With Aunt Suzy Pt.2

Eager to switch topics, Suzanne said, "Now, the main reason I want to have a frank chat with you is your mother. You can't say that you have trouble with her helping you achieve orgasm, 'cos she's done it lots of times already, especially on that fateful Tuesday, and it was obvious that you had a hell of a great day then. Didn't you?"

He was embarrassed to admit his incestuous lust, now that it came to it. "Well, yeah, but... I mean, how could I resist? Aunt Suzy, you know what Mom looks like! She's as much a voluptuous sexpot as you are. In fact, in terms of physical dimensions you two could be identical twins, except she doesn't have your long tongue. I know it's wrong and I should feel ashamed, but Jesus! Aunt Suzy, I can't help that she's my mom, it's just that she's so..." He raised his hands, trying to gesture with them since words failed him. But his hands just flailed about until he dropped them back down.

He tried again. "I mean, what am I supposed to do when I have a mom who looks like a centerfold porn star? Maybe she's a Bible thumper from the neck up, but from the neck down I'd like to 'thump' her... Oh my God!"

"I know," Suzanne said. "I'm not finding fault with you, not one bit. In fact, the very fact that she's your mother makes her help all the more stimulating, doesn't it?"

He blushed and turned away.

She laughed. "What's the big secret? You're acting just like her. You know it's true, I know it's true, everyone knows it's true. So what's the big deal?"

He looked back her way just in time to notice her making a significant head nod towards his crotch. He looked down at his naked body and saw that his dick was fully erect. He blushed even more and turned away again. He hoped she wouldn't be offended that the mere mention of his mother got him hard immediately, even though her own nearly naked body right in front of him didn't.

"Sweetie! What's the deal?! You KNOW that I don't mind you getting intimate with her; in fact, I'm cheering you on about it. I can't help you with your problem all the time every day; you just cum too often and I'm not over at your home enough hours of the day to always be there for you. I've been doing everything in my power to get Susan to see the light: that it would be an all-around good thing for

everyone if she helps you like that on a daily basis. It would be a lot easier for me to convince her of that if you'd be able to talk about this freely and we could work together as a team."

He still looked away. "Thanks. I understand all that on an intellectual level, but to actually talk about my doing stuff with her with another person? It's hard."

She leered at his crotch and ribbed him, "I can see that it's hard. Here, perhaps this will put you in the right mood to talk." She reached out and started to fondle his erection. She added in an evil Russian accent, "Ve haf veys of makink you talk!"

He laughed. "You do, that's for sure. Okay, let's talk."

He looked like he was struggling to say more, so Suzanne just stayed silent and looked at him expectantly while stroking his rod.

He joked, "I know your fiendish plan: you want to get me so horny that I'll talk even about embarrassing stuff. I hate to break it to you, but it's working!"

She chuckled. In fact, that was her exact plan. She even brought a second hand up to deliver yet more pleasure to his dick and balls.

He watched her fingers sliding up and down his still pre-cum soaked shaft. Shit, man! If she keeps that up, I won't be able to think, much less talk! I'd better say something before I cum all over her face! Maybe a serious discussion will slow her fingers down.

Finally, he said, "It's not just the incest factor that makes me reluctant to talk with you about this. It's also the sense that you and I are going behind her back and plotting to corrupt her. That makes me uneasy. She's not only my mother, she's like my best pal in the whole world, maybe even more than you or Sis!"

Suzanne was touched by that, even though it was frustrating to her plans. "That's sweet, Sweetie. I hope you remember though that what we're doing is not some selfish thing, or some kind of fiendish plot. What we're doing is going to benefit her as much as it'll benefit you, if not more so. I know for a fact that she literally has had more climaxes since you started your treatment than she'd had in her entire life up

to that point! No exaggeration. She was a very nice and lively gal before, but it almost seems to me like she's only really come fully alive since she started assisting you. There's a sparkle in her eye and an extra spring in her step. Haven't you noticed?"

"Of course I have. But other times I see her struggling and suffering, and it hurts me terribly."

"Well, that's why we have to speed things up!" In a joke only appreciated by herself, she increased her pace, racing her fingers faster up and down his shaft. "She has to throw away those silly hang-ups her parents and their church put in her head that make her feel so guilty and anguished. We need to work together to get her over that stuff as soon as possible. Then everything will be glorious and nothing but fun for you and her."

"I know, I know. But I just can't do anything that smacks of plotting. I started telling her some half-truths and big-time exaggerations lately, and I just don't want to go deeper down the deception route. If she were to ask me if we're talking about these things together, what would I say? More lies! I can't do that."

She frowned, but said, "Okay. I can respect that. It makes things a bit more difficult that way, but I like a good challenge. We are in agreement that we both want your mother blowing you and stroking you on a daily basis, aren't we?"

She gave his boner some extra attention as she said this, switching techniques unexpectedly.

He nearly blew his load, but just managed to clamp down with his newfound PC muscle control. "Jeeesus!" he panted, recovering. Then he said, "Yes, Aunt Suzy, yes. God, yes! That would be sweet!"

"Okay then. Here's the plan. I'm not going to openly plan stuff with you since that smacks too much of conspiratorial plotting. But if a situation happens to arise between you and her, you can roll with the punches and follow my lead or my advice, right?"

"Yeah, sure. That would be different. I don't have a problem with that."

"Good. Because things are at a delicate stage with her right now. You know how she was drifting back to her prudish ways even before Ron got here, but his being underfoot just makes it all much worse. I keep

trying to encourage her and draw her out, but she's struggling with it. If you push her too far too fast by taking too many sexual liberties with her, it could backfire, big time."

"So what am I supposed to do?!" he yelled. It was becoming harder and harder for him to talk, given the way Suzanne was stroking him with both hands. Unfortunately for him, she was talking just fine and kept expecting him to respond coherently.

She suggested, "Just play it cool, go with the flow, and don't do anything too drastic. Most importantly, try to steer clear of her pussy. It's the fear of having intercourse with you that is easily the biggest mental block she has to letting go and enjoying herself. But you screwed up on that last Tuesday, from what I understand, so it'll take some time to prove you can be trusted there."

"Dang! I know! I feel like shit about that, but it's just so hard not to think it! God dammit, sliding into her tight slit would be so fuckin' great!"

Suzanne laughed. "I thought you had a hard time talking about that kind of stuff."

The fact was, since he was on the edge of orgasm, his sexual thoughts were flowing freely and he wasn't censoring himself as much as usual.

He was feeling bad about saying that though, but before he could say anything more, she brought her mouth closer, until she was breathing heavily directly on his cockhead. "If you really have to think about sliding this big fat thing into someone's hot slit, why not think about doing that with mine?"bender

She panted with growing excitement, stimulating his cockhead with each heavy breath. "Now, I'm not saying we can do that, because I have my moral code too and I've explicitly promised Susan that isn't going to happen. At least not yet. Who knows what the future might bring, though. Imagine boning and banging your big-titted auntie's hot box on a daily basis!"

She concluded her arousing comments by flicking her long tongue against his bulbous head, even as both her hands kept on stroking and stroking.

"Oh God! NOOOO!" The reason he suddenly cried "no" so loudly was because he was slipping over the edge, losing control of his urge to cum. He was practically doubled over from fighting it so hard, but it looked like a lost cause.

Suzanne, though, didn't want him to climax just yet, because she had plans for him before he did. So she grasped the base of his dick and squeezed tightly while trying to make it seem just like some extra vigorous stroking. At the same time, she tapped him on the perineum (the space between his anus and his scrotum), a little-known technique that sometimes worked to delay climax.

He felt the surge pass. "Whew! Oh my GOD, that was close! Suzy, please don't touch me another second or I'll blow!"

She obligingly let go. She didn't like being called just "Suzy" since every time he called her "Aunt" it made her feel more like his real aunt, but she let that go too because she knew he literally wasn't thinking.

He flopped back in his chair like he'd been shot. His erection still poked straight up and it twitched wildly. It was still touch and go, and an intense struggle not to cum just yet.

Suzanne just watched for a bit, both impressed at his determination to keep going and amused at his twitching dick, which was still thoroughly soaked with pre-cum.

Finally she said, "Ya know what I'm thinking about?"

"What?" he gasped.

"A trombone. You know how a trombone is a big long thing that slides back and forth? That's what I'm picturing. Kind of like YOUR big long thing sliding in and out of my tight twat."

He closed his eyes and groaned. "Gaawwwd!"

She snickered because his erection, already lively, twitched even more frantically after she'd said that.

This is fun! she thought to herself. These are the good times. True, if he and I schemed together we could have more fun faster, but, in a way, having to change Susan's way of thinking without any overt help could be an even more exciting challenge than with his help. Speaking of which, it's time to get the ball rolling.

"Sweetie, I'm gonna go take a short bathroom break. It's probably good timing, because now that you've got me thinking about your big tool pulsing and throbbing and how it could fill me up deep inside, anything I say isn't likely to help you recover. I'm probably just going to end up talking more about the way your thick eight inches would make me scream to the heavens as you coat the insides of my cunt with your seed!"

He whimpered miserably.

She chuckled. "So I'll be back in a few, okay?"

He just turned to look at her and nodded. He was in agony, but it was an amazingly pleasurable agony. He was riding a buzz right to the edge, and didn't even have to touch himself to stay teetering on the edge of a dizzying high. If he actually climaxed, he'd really regret it.

Chapter 222 Are You Not Willing To Help Him With Visual Stimulation?"

Suzanne got up and left the room. She'd heard the garage door open and close a couple of minutes earlier. (Alan hadn't noticed since he was so out of it he could barely string a coherent sentence together.) She knew that had to be Susan, returning from the same church social Suzanne had left earlier to be with Alan.

Suzanne did really have to use the bathroom, but she also had the goal of luring Susan into Alan's room to further break down her resistance. Wearing nothing but her black thong, high heels, and a few dollops of cum still on her face from Alan's first climax, she went to the bathroom across the hall from Alan's room. She took out the roll of toilet paper next to the toilet seat and put it away in a cabinet so she'd have an excuse not to use that bathroom. She glanced in the mirror, saw the cum on her face, and smiled.

Then she walked down to the bathroom adjoining Susan's bedroom. She'd heard Susan milling about in there, which fit in perfectly with her plans. She listened for a minute to make completely sure that Ron wasn't in there also, then knocked on the door and opened it before Susan could answer.

Susan was in the middle of undressing from the clothes she'd worn to the party. Standing in just her underwear, she turned to the door and shrieked, "Suzanne! What are you doing?!"

"Oh, didn't you hear me? I guess I was knocking too quietly at first. In any case, the other bathroom is out of toilet paper so I was hoping to use this one, if that's okay with you."

She was pleased as punch that Susan was getting undressed; she had waited the exact right amount of time from when she'd heard Susan's car arrive. She gloated, A perfect scheme, perfectly timed! Hee-hee!

Susan nodded. "Oh. I see. Well, sure, but could you give me some privacy, please?"

Suzanne could have headed to the bathroom, but she just stood there at the door, staring at Susan. "Sure. Sorry. But I figure it's really no big deal, is it? I mean, it's just between us girls, right? Besides, take a look at me. I just came - in more senses than one - from having your son's dick sliding in and out of my mouth, so there's not much point in modesty, is there?"

"No, I suppose not..." Susan still held a shirt she was about to put on, but she was frozen with paralysis once she heard that. She looked at Suzanne stretching her arms out in a sexy pose, acting and looking like some kind of sex goddess come to Earth. Susan's eyes were particularly glued to the white cummy gobs on Suzanne's face.

Susan raised a hand to her own cheek. "Um... I think you have something right here." She pointed on her cheek where the spot was on Suzanne's.

Suzanne crossed the room to where Susan stood. "Do I? Oh, it's probably just some of Alan's cum. He shoots so much that I never seem able to swallow it all. I can never get enough of his sweet seed, but it would be greedy of me to take all of it. Do you want to lick it off for me?"

Susan protested indignantly, "Suzanne!"

But Suzanne teased her encouragingly, "I won't tell!"

"It's so improper."

"But so yummy. Here." This time Suzanne swiped the cum gob with a finger and then presented it to Susan's mouth.

Susan looked pained, but she turned away. "I... I can't! Please... don't tempt me!"

"Oh well. Your loss." Suzanne ostentatiously placed the cum in her own mouth. She made a face of supreme satisfaction as she savored it. She deliberately left the rest on her face to tempt Susan some more.

The anguish and desire on Susan's face were obvious as she watched the gob disappear.

Then Suzanne asked, "By the way, what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm just changing clothes from the party. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, but it looks like you're about to put a top on without removing your undies first. What's up with that? What about our 'no undies' agreement?"

Susan stuttered, "Well, yeah, but Ron will be home later."

Suzanne spoke firmly yet with feigned confusion. "I don't remember anything in the agreement about exceptions for husbands. We are to dress to sexually arouse our son, er, I meant your son. Period. Our wearing underwear does not help him empty his balls into our throats, so we don't wear them. Period. Unless of course he asks us to dress that way, and then we must do as he says. What part of that do you have trouble with?"

Susan pouted, "You're making it sound like, in theory, he has total control at all times over what clothes I wear. My son, and not my husband!"

"Yes. And what clothes you don't wear. That's the rule. So? Are you not willing to help him with visual stimulation?"

Susan frowned heavily. She thought, Oh no! I'm getting all tingly! Why does the idea of Tiger controlling what I wear make me so HOT? It's wrong! Wrong, wrong, wrong! He could tell me to take off all my clothes and perform some sexy, sultry dance just for him! Oh no! That's even MORE hot!

She asked, "Wait. What if, right in the middle of dinner, he told me to take all my clothes off? Could he do that?!"

"Of course." Suzanne answered as if this was a well-established tradition and asking such a question was silly.

"B-b-but... what if Ron's there?!"

"He's smart enough not to ask then, obviously. But most of the time Ron isn't there. In which case, you have to dress as your son wants. After all, we have to be willing to stop at nothing to help him with his medical condition, don't we?"

A panicky and highly aroused Susan answered, "Well, yes, of course, but... Well, I dunno. It sounds rather extreme. Besides, I don't want Ron to suspect."

They were standing in front of Susan's closet. Suzanne stepped forward and picked out a white blouse. It was thick and frumpy looking. "Here. Then wear this. Sure, there'll be a whole lot of bouncin' goin' on, but Ron won't know enough to suspect a thing. But at the same time, Alan will know what to look for and he'll see that you're properly obeying his orders. That'll make his big dick so stiff and happy that he'll wish it was your mouth he was shooting a load into next time. He might even specially ask for your oral assistance."

Alan in fact had never given orders to anyone about not wearing underwear, but Suzanne knew what to say to appeal to Susan's submissive side. She knew that Susan would accept those demands because deep down she wanted to be told what to do.

Suzanne stood there and watched while Susan meekly changed into the white blouse Suzanne had picked out for her.

It shamed Susan to stand naked while being closely observed changing, but it also turned her on. All the while, she complained about how unfair and underhanded it was to Ron, but Suzanne always had an answer to her objections. For instance, Susan griped, "What if Ron were to come home right now? What then?"

Suzanne replied, "What if Tiger only cums twice or thrice today? What if you're the difference between his penis being stiff and throbbing and just sitting there in a sad, flaccid state? What then?"

"Oh, Suzanne. Do you have to put it like that? That sounds so terribly improper."

"Yes, I do. You need to understand how grave the stakes are here."

When Susan finished putting on the blouse (while remaining naked below the waist), she turned to Suzanne again and finally registered fully what her friend was wearing. "Hey! Who are you to talk about the no undies rule? You're wearing panties too. True, it's a thong, but that still counts."

Suzanne looked down at herself, and said, "You're right. I was wearing those as protection while I was sucking Alan's cock-"

"Suzanne! Mind your language!"

"Sorry. While I was giving your Tiger a blowjob. Or should I say I was performing oral and manual ministrations to his big erection? Or would you prefer I say 'member,' as in 'I lapped his sweet spot for many long minutes while my fingers pumped up and down his member?'"

Susan was in such a lusty daze from hearing that that she was too overwhelmed to respond.

Smirking, Suzanne continued, "Anyway, my point is, I was busy pleasuring his great, big... member, and you'd asked me to at least wear panties while doing that, so that's what I did. But you make an excellent point that that's hypocritical. The only time we should wear panties or any other clothes is if it helps him

spew fountains of cum all over us." Without further ado, she pulled her black thong off and tossed it aside.

Susan immediately rushed over, picked it up, and handed it back to her. She didn't want Ron wondering about mysterious thongs lying on the floor, especially ones that were soaked in pussy juices. But by this time, Susan's chest was heaving with arousal and she was so flustered that she didn't have anything to say. The fact that she was nude from the waist down only made her that much more tingly and flustered.

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With a happy "Thanks," Suzanne went off to Susan's bathroom.

By the time Suzanne came back, Susan was fully dressed in the white blouse and a long black skirt.

Susan asked her best friend, "Do I have to stay dressed like this even after Ron comes home? I feel so naked. Even though I look dressed on the outside, I feel like I'm completely exposed."

"But of course. Do you think Sweetie's needs suddenly stop when Ron is here? I've been tolerant of your slack attitude about wearing underwear around Ron these past few days, but you really need to keep your end of your agreements."

"Do you think it's noticeable that I'm naked under my blouse and skirt?" Susan shifted her weight back and forth, causing her breasts to wobble wildly inside her shirt.

It was blatantly obvious to anyone with eyes that Susan wasn't wearing a bra. Admittedly, it was a confining blouse, but Susan was so endowed that even heavy bras didn't slow her down much, and when she wore no bra and had stiffly aroused nipples besides, no blouse could hide the bouncy party going on underneath.

But Suzanne raised a hand to her mouth and struck a thoughtful pose as she stared at Susan turning this way and that. "I don't know," she finally said, blatantly lying. "It's hard to tell. You can't really ask me because I already know you're braless. You need an impartial observer."

Suzanne's eyes lit up as she pretended to have a "eureka" moment. "I know! Put your high heels on - the spiky black ones - and we can ask Alan."

"Oh NO!" Susan protested. "Not like this! Not now, with Ron still in town!"

"It's exactly when Ron is in town that your cutie Tiger needs the most visual stimulation, since I can't help him as much. Besides, you know he'll give you his honest opinion. I'll see you there in a few minutes."

"Why do I have to put on high heels?" Susan queried. "Those things are a pain. I'm still getting used to them." Susan had almost never worn high heels until recently, and only then because of Suzanne's frequent urging. Lately though, she was starting to associate heels with sex and pleasure.

Suzanne gave her friend an exasperated look. "Because he likes them, that's why. Your child is in severe need right now. What's more important than assisting him in his medical crisis? And all you need to do is provide him some visual stimulation."

"Well, if you put it that way," Susan grumbled. "But how do you know he's so big on high heels? I've never heard him say much about them one way or another."

"Because I'm observant, that's why. Amy and I have spent countless evenings hanging out here. When I wear high heels, he can't take his eyes off me. Next time, watch; you'll see for yourself."

Susan still didn't look happy, but she went to get her favorite pair of heels. (Technically, they were Suzanne's, but since the two women even shared the same shoe sizes, a big portion of Suzanne's high heel collection had recently migrated to Susan's closet.)

Suzanne hurried down the hallway, knocked on Alan's door, and let herself inside. She saw that he was now lying on his bed with his erection pointing straight up. She realized he had turned the stereo on when he had moved, because "Brick House" by the Commodores was playing.

She stopped by his dresser and took out a T-shirt. She tossed it at him as she said, "Here, put this on." Then she hurried to him, asking, "How're you feeling, Sweetie? Rested?"

"Yeah. I'm still pretty close to the edge, but I'm okay." Nodding at the stereo, he said, "I put this song on because it reminds me of you for some reason." They listened as the funky song described a sexy woman as stacked and firm as a "brick house," and even mentioned her 36-24-36 measurements.

Suzanne put her hands on her hips and pretended to be miffed. "Hmmm. I don't know about that." But she was all smiles, and asked, "How's your dick holding up?"

"Oh, it's UP, that's for sure. Look how it still sticks up so hard and high all on its own, even though I'm lying down. Until recently, I didn't know that dicks could defy gravity like that. Mine never did."

"Mmmm. Looks tasty." The buxom red-head dropped to her knees at the edge of the bed and started licking.

She deliberately limited herself to licking because she wanted to be free to talk. Between licks, she said, "By the way, Susan will be here any second to ask you about what she's wearing. No need to stop what we're doing; just act casual and roll with the punches, okay?"

"Okay! ... But, uh, Mom's been having issues with this kind of thing. How do we know where her current boundaries lie?"

She went right back to licking her way all over his most sensitive spot, but managed to talk at the same time. "We don't. Truth is, they're shifting all the time. But I got her pretty horny just now, so I think she'll be pretty flexible, even though she might not look that way at first. Remember: stay relaxed, and follow my lead."

"Okay." He closed his eyes and moaned in pleasure. I'm gonna leave the thinking to Aunt Suzy. She's very good at that. And let's not even talk about her cock-licking skills with her insane tongue. Jesus H. Christ, that feels good!

Chapter 223 Aim For My Face - Suzanne

It only took a minute for Susan to put her high heels on. She still wasn't exactly sure why she needed them, but Suzanne had been touting high heels so much lately that she felt better and sexier having them on. And she saw the hungry way Alan looked at her when she wore them (though to be honest he looked at her like he was a starving man and she was an eight-course dinner nearly all the time, no matter what she was wearing).

However, she hesitated before leaving her room. She paced around, thinking, I don't know. I just don't know! It's true I need to check if this top looks improper, but Suzanne's been acting so strange lately. If I go in there, there's no telling just WHAT kind of lewd and licentious behavior might be going on! She could be stroking his lovely member, or blowing it, or, or... worse!

And since when did Tiger get total say over what I can wear? I sure wish I would have understood that when I agreed to this no panties rule. I guess it's too late now. I just hope he doesn't abuse the rule. I mean, we also could be eating as a family at dinner, with Ron there too, and Tiger could just announce out of the blue, "Mom. Strip. Now." And then I'd have to stand up and take all my clothes off! Ron would see I hadn't been wearing any underwear in the first place. It would just be like some of my dreams lately, which is definitely not a good thing. And what could I say to my husband then? The worst part of it is that I know the whole thing would get me so uncontrollably horny that I'd probably drop to my knees and stuff my son's monstrous member deep down my throat, even if he didn't ask me to!

Oh dear. I'm getting all wet again. That's another problem with this no undies rule. I'm staining all my clothes and just about every chair I sit on. I'm going to have to ask Suzanne what to do about that.

What if she says the solution is to just go completely bare assed and sit only on plastic chairs? God, that makes me so HOT! My bare pussy would be creaming just about everywhere I go! Heck, it already is; the only difference would be going naked all the time, which means Tiger would be fondling my breasts more often. Heck, even that wouldn't be so different, the way he's always talking me out of my clothes. Oh! So hot!

I really should wait and calm down before I go in there. I'm burning up from head to toe. At the very least, I should wait until my breasts stop heaving like this. But on the other hand, the longer I wait, the more likely it is that Suzanne will have started doing something sinful and naughty.

She decided to breathe deeply and count slowly to ten before leaving her room. However, that hardly helped at all, and she was panting with excitement before she even reached Alan's door.

She knocked. "Tiger? You in there?"

"Yeah, Mom!" he shouted back.

Suzanne doubted anyone could hear a reasonably quiet voice through the door, but even so she whispered at a nearly inaudible level just to be safe, "Sweetie, that's her. Finally. Now, I don't want to plot with you, but just keep in mind it would be a good thing if you could steer the conversation around to ordering her to take her clothes off."

"What?!" he whispered back incredulously. Between Suzanne saying that and the way she was lapping around his cockhead, he worried he'd cum in the next minute and spook Susan in the process.

Suzanne quickly added, "Oh, and if she complains that things are 'terribly improper,' point out that you're wearing your T-shirt."

"Huh?"

"Shhhh!"

"Can I come in?" Susan asked through the door. "Are you decent?"

Alan spoke loudly so she could hear. "Um, pretty much."

Susan cautiously opened the door. She gasped in surprise at the sight of Suzanne kneeling before him while lovingly stroking his slippery erection. But what really got her pussy throbbing was seeing Suzanne's head bent down and alternately licking and blowing on it too.

"Suzanne! What's going on here?!"

Suzanne was grateful Susan had taken some extra minutes to arrive, because that gave her the excuse to say what she did. "What does it look like?" She smiled, as calm as could be. "Just helping Sweetie with his problem. You took so long that I didn't think you were coming. Do you mind?"

"D-d-d-d-do I mind?" Susan's eyes were fixated on Alan's firm erection. Suzanne had cleverly positioned herself to make sure Susan had a good view from the door.

Susan's anger morphed into a too-long suppressed hunger for cock. After nearly a minute, a very long minute, she snapped out of it enough to reply, "Yes! Of course I mind!"

Suzanne's hands were steadily sliding all over Alan's dick while she waited for an answer. Then she finally deigned to look up at Susan and calmly asked, "And why should that be?" Even as she talked, she kept blowing on his bulbous crown.

Alan just kept his head low and tried to stay out of any argument.

However, Susan turned on him. "Son, you said you were decent?! You call this decent?! This is, this is... just... terribly improper!"

He almost laughed, since Suzanne had all but predicted that she'd say almost those exact words. He looked down at himself. "Well, I am still wearing a T-shirt. I would be pretty decent if it wasn't for what Aunt Suzy's doing to me." It was a lame answer, but Suzanne had told him to say it. Besides, he couldn't come up with anything better since the blood had left his brain, heading south, due to what Suzanne was doing to him at that moment.

There was another pause. Susan was too transfixed by the handjob to think. Finally, she nervously asked, "Suzanne, what if it wasn't me who walked in? I mean, what I mean is, what if it had been my husband, or Angel, or, or, or... your daughter Amy who had walked in here? Especially my husband?! What would you have said?"

"That wouldn't have happened," Suzanne replied matter-of-factly while she continued to lazily stroke and blow air on Alan's rod. She didn't even particularly look in Susan's direction or seemingly pay much attention to her presence. "I knew it would be you. Remember how you spoke through the door? Obviously if it was someone else, I would have stopped and taken the proper precautions. Now, did you have a question to ask? Have you forgotten what you came in here for?"

Suzanne returned her gaze to the hard dick right in front of her face, and caressed it lovingly. She let out a particularly big breath of air onto Alan's spongy cockhead, causing him to shiver all over.

Susan found herself walking further into the room. The fear of getting caught gave her the presence of mind to at least close and lock the door behind her. She closed her eyes and said, "Um, I just won't look." She walked to the stereo and turned the music way down, to the point that it might as well have

been turned off. "What have I told you about playing your rock and roll music so loud?" she complained in a very typically mothering way.

The song currently playing was "In the Midnight Hour" by Wilson Pickett. Alan wanted to point out that was actually soul, not rock, but he knew Susan didn't know and didn't care. She'd been raised so traditionally that she still had a lingering sense that rock music was somehow immoral.

Susan cleared her throat and continued, "Anyway, Son, if you could tear your attention away from, uh..." She coughed nervously as she gawked at the handjob a few feet in front of her. "Um, in any case, the reason I came in was to ask you a question. Do you notice anything unusual about the way I'm dressed?"

He had been luxuriating in Suzanne's ministrations so much that he hadn't been paying much attention to Susan's appearance after noticing that she was wearing her frumpy old-styled clothes. But now he gave her a more thorough visual examination.

The first thing he noticed was that Susan's chest was heaving up and down so much that it was almost like she was jumping slightly. He saw her hard nipples poking out and knew immediately that she was braless. He decided she was worth checking out after all.

Before he said anything, Susan asked, "Do you think... Er... What do you think Ron would think of this outfit?"

He knew that Susan wanted a certain answer, but he didn't know what it was. He wished Suzanne could have clued him in a bit more, after all. He decided to use the old psychologist trick of stalling for time by answering a question with a question. "What do YOU think?"

Susan found herself staring at him again, and her eyes ended up glued to his crotch. Belatedly realizing this, she turned away and said, "I can't do this. I'd better come back later when you two are done. How can I hold a conversation with you when you're ... you're... doing you-know-what?!"

"Doing what?" Suzanne asked with false cluelessness. She talked in an exaggeratedly breathy manner, which meant every word she said nearly popped Alan's cork. She wanted to alternate that with licks as well, but she was restraining herself so as to not freak out Susan too much, and out of concern that Alan would cum too soon.bender

"You know what I mean!" Susan pointed with her finger at Alan's crotch. "That! Your hand is pumping... Your fist is around his... Sliding up and down and up and down and... and... And your tongue doing... Breathy... You know! His thing!" Her words came out more like panting.

"What thing?" Suzanne loved to play dumb.

"His member. His penis! You know - his great big pumping and throbbing... Well, his erection!" Susan was bug-eyed now as she blatantly stared at where Suzanne was stimulating her son. Her chest was heaving even more than before, if such a thing was possible. It was as if she were jogging in place, yet her legs kept mostly still, aside from some nervous shifting back and forth. The cause was all her panting plus her lack of breast support.

Alan was glancing occasionally at his mother, whose braless voluptuousness was raising his level of excitement even higher.

Suzanne was nonchalant. "Oh. His erection. If you feel that way, then fine. I'll just finish up here, then, so we can talk after that. Or would you rather that I stop and you take over? My hands are getting so tired. It seems his penis is insatiable."

Susan licked her lips unconsciously and her eyes opened even wider. "Um, no, you can finish."

"Oh goody! That's so generous of you to give me his sweet, sweet love nectar. Sweetie, are you ready to cum?"

"Oh, yes!" was all a barely-coherent Alan could manage in reply.

Suzanne began to rub him more vigorously, especially right on his sweet spot. Since he had been on the edge of an orgasm so long, it didn't take him much to cross over. "Then be a dear, Sweetie, and cum. Did you hear your mother? She wants you to cum for her!"

His loud grunts and the pained look on his face indicated he'd blow within seconds.

Suzanne tried to think of where he should deposit his cum, but realized there wasn't a good place that would satisfy Susan's prudish side. "Quick, Susan, where should he cum?" she finally asked.

Susan was still transfixed, her eyes still wide open. At first the question didn't even register. Then she started thinking about all the places she would want it on herself. The chest is good. I remember when he splashed a big sticky rope right on my left nipple. Tiger loves that I'm his big-titted mommy! But the face is better. And the mouth! Right in the mouth! To guzzle it all down!

Susan was so busy fantasizing that she didn't actually say anything out loud.

There was no time for feedback in any case. Suzanne cried out, "Too late! Sweetie, aim for my face!"

Alan's load shot towards Suzanne's face from several inches away. His hot semen zoomed straight towards her cheek like a rocket, splashing against her skin.

But after the first two shots of cum squirted out, Suzanne opened her mouth wide and quickly redirected his aim with her hand so that his cum mostly ended up inside her gaping maw instead.

Susan thought, So IMPROPER! even as she licked her lips hungrily and had to staunch a buildup of saliva. She was thinking that if she'd been in Suzanne's shoes, she would have had all of Alan's cockhead in her mouth and been bobbing frantically on it to help make sure she coaxed every last little bit of cum out of him.

Suzanne closed the distance until her mouth was almost on his prick, like she had leaned into a drinking fountain for a delicious, cool drink. She moaned extra lustily, for Susan's benefit. She took most of the rest of his many ropes without making much more of a mess.

"There, that wasn't so messy, was it?" Suzanne said as she stood up and faced Susan. She smiled at her friend as she ran her fingers over her face, swept up Alan's gobs of cum, and slowly sucked them into her mouth. She repeatedly licked her fingers like she was cleaning them of a delicious sauce. However, she made sure to leave her face quite cummy.

Susan's mouth just opened and closed like a fish gasping for air. She unconsciously clenched her legs together because her pussy pulsed with a mind of its own. She staggered backwards and propped

herself against a wall. Then she climaxed, despite being fully dressed and not touching her privates. Although she was able to remain silent, her entire body spasmed and trembled.

Chapter 224 Tempting Susan

Suzanne noticed the climax, but pretended that she hadn't. Not giving Susan any chance to recover, she said to her, "Okay, now that that's done, you can ask your question."

"What? Oh... Question?" She was out of it. She'd been swept away in a raging river of lust and still hadn't found her bearings to come back to shore.

Alan was wiped out as well, but he decided he'd better keep the conversation going before Susan fully recovered from what was an obvious orgasm, and possibly slipped back into her prudish mode. He said, "Mom, you were asking me about your outfit. Did I think Ron would like it. Sure. Why wouldn't he like it?"

Flustered and still panting, she asked, "No. I meant, is there anything odd that Ron might notice?"

"Oh. You mean, like the way you're not wearing any underwear?"

Susan gasped in horror. "You noticed?!"

He was surprised Susan could think there was any question in the matter. He started to reply, "Well..." But then he remembered Suzanne's suggestion that he order Susan to take her clothes off. He didn't understand what that was about, but he knew Suzanne's suggestions led to good things. Plus, he was always delighted to see Susan naked, even if he'd just climaxed and his dick at least couldn't respond to it as much as usual.

He didn't have the heart to order her around, but he said, "At least, that's what I'm guessing. But you need to prove it. Why don't you take it all off so we can see if you are or not?"

Susan's hands reflexively flew up to her chest. "You want me to take my clothes off?! All of them?"

Alan looked at Suzanne, who gave him an encouraging nod. He turned back to Susan and grinned. "Yeah." It wasn't exactly an order, but it was about as close to one as the polite Alan could get with his mother.

Susan's hands trembled as she started unbuttoning her blouse. Meanwhile, she said angrily, "I don't know WHAT'S going on around here. Everywhere I look, there's stroking and sucking and nudity. Sinfulness and hard cocks and depravity at every turn! What would my husband think if he could see me now? Answer me that! Are you happy? Are you trying to make me lose my mind? Well, I hope you're happy, because I think I just about have!"

But while she sounded angry, her body told a different story. She was taking her clothes off under duress, but at the same time with enthusiasm. She had a pained and fierce look on her face, but she also had an extra wiggle in her hips, and an extra proud up-thrust to her chest.

After opening her blouse wide to expose her huge tits, she left the blouse on loosely. Then she turned around, pulled her skirt up, and thrust her ass up in the air. Swaying her ass back and forth provocatively, she complained, "Look! I'm not wearing any undies! No panties, no bra. Are you satisfied? Can I end this degrading humiliation now?"

He didn't like to hear words like "degrading humiliation" from his mother and was going to tell her to stop. He completely missed the fact that she was getting off on it.

However, Suzanne was still sitting before him while also watching the spectacle, and she sensed his concerned mood. She immediately grabbed his arm so that he looked at her and she caught his eye. Knowing what he was thinking, she shook her head no.

Then Suzanne spoke for him. "Susan, Sweetie here told you to take your clothes off. I think that was a clear command. And look! I can hardly believe it, but he's hard YET AGAIN! This is the third time in less than an hour! See what you do to him?"

Alan didn't feel like he was commanding anyone to do anything, and he didn't want his mother feeling bad, much less humiliated. So he said encouragingly, "Yeah, Mom. I can't believe it either, but it's true. You make me so stiff, all the time. I love how you're so willing to help me out. Thanks for always being so helpful."

It was true: his dick had gotten stiff again with remarkable speed. Suzanne immediately began stroking it, and even though it felt ultra-sensitive at the moment, he was so incredibly aroused from the entire situation that he didn't care. His dick was quite wet from cum and saliva, and Suzanne made sure to slosh her fingers around so that there was no way Susan could miss the loud, wet sounds or not realize what they meant.

"Well, I'm trying," Susan muttered. She stood back up. She took her blouse the rest of the way off and tossed it aside. That left just her short skirt, which was pulled way up leaving her ass exposed. But now she was facing Alan and Suzanne, and she worried about him being able to see all of her pussy once she took her skirt off. She kept her eyes closed for fear of what she might see.

She thought, Just like Daniel, I'm smack dab in the middle of the lion's den! Dear Lord, please give me strength and tell me that's not the sound of Suzanne jacking him off? Oh, but it is! It is! He's just so VIRILE!

She bashfully turned her head away, even though her eyes were already closed. She was painfully aware that she'd pulled her skirt down enough for her bush to be peeking above the top. She asking quietly, "Um, do I have to take this off too?"

Suzanne hoped Alan would be decisive and tell Susan that she had no choice, but he didn't say anything. So Suzanne attempted to compensate for his timidity by saying, "When he ordered you to take all your clothes off, did he make a special exception for your skirt? No! Obey your son!"

Susan pulled it down a couple more inches, until her clit came into view. She was blushing as she said, "Are you sure? This covers up a very sensitive area. It would be terribly improper to let my own son see me there."

Suzanne replied, "Don't worry, he's only going to look, not touch."

Susan reluctantly pulled her skirt down a couple more inches, exposing the pink of her pussy lips. Her arms were pressing in tightly, inadvertently causing her big tits to push together and spill forward.

Alan gasped loudly, because just as he was gawking at his mother's newly exposed (and very wet) pussy, Suzanne unexpectedly bent over and took his revived erection in her mouth.

Susan had just decided to get things over with as quickly as possible, so she'd suddenly bent over and pulled her skirt down to her ankles. Unconsciously, she had lingered in that position and even wiggled her hips as she thought about how fat and hard her son's cock would feel sliding through her lips. Hearing Alan gasp brought a smile to her face and a tingle to her pussy, because she assumed that his gasp was in reaction to her sexy display.

But then Alan yelled "OH GOD! JESUS H. CHRIST!"

His voice sounded so impassioned and agonized that Susan was fairly sure it signaled he was cumming. Stepping free of her skirt, she immediately stood back up and opened her eyes to find out what was happening.

She complained, "AGAIN?! SuzaaaaAAAAaanne! Don't you ever take that thing out of your mouth? Please, some dignity! Spare me!" But she was so aroused by what she was seeing that she writhed in place in a very titillating manner. She even had to rest an arm under her rack, her big boobs were bouncing around so much.

Suzanne was just starting to hit a good bobbing rhythm, but she immediately stopped and pulled off. "'Spare me,' you said? Okay, I'll spare this load for you. It's only fair since I had the last two. Tiger, do you want your mother to finish sucking your cock?"

"Do I ever! Sweetness! Thanks, Mom! You're the best."

Susan stood there naked but for her high heels, now with both arms crossed under her chest in another unconsciously boob-boosting pose. She was trying to be angry, but she was too aroused to do it very well. "Now hold on a minute. You know I can't do that. I'm a married woman! My husband could be home any minute! Oh my goodness, he really could! Suzanne, when is he supposed to be back?"

"You told me not until dinner," Suzanne answered. "You have time for a nice long suck." She stroked Alan's erection with one hand while occasionally licking it with her freakishly long tongue, but at the same time she was pointing it directly at Susan and offering it to her.

Susan exclaimed with indignation, "Suzanne, I forbid this behavior in this house! I forbid it!" But even as she said this, she felt her pussy tingle more urgently. In fact, her whole body tingled with extreme arousal, and her nipples in particular demanded to be squeezed and sucked.

She was filled with the desire to throw caution to the wind and fling herself across the room so she could wrap her lips around her son's proud rod. This is the most depraved and sinful sight I've ever seen in my life! Oh God! Oh God! Look at her tongue slobber all over his sweet spot! Mmmm! MMMM! Oh, please! I need to kneel between my son's legs and suck on his big log, just so I won't have to see Suzanne do it! In fact, it's best if I give him a long and loving suck, so... uh, so we can finish here, and, uh, go back to doing normal, proper things! MMMM! But I can't! What if Ron comes home and sees?!

Suzanne still had a few gobs of cum on her face from Alan's first climax, and a lot more from his second climax. Now that Susan was staring at Suzanne (since her face was still inches from the top of Alan's dick and in fact was either licking or blowing lightly on the very top of his cockhead), she was electrified by seeing all that dripping cum. She wanted to be painted just like that with her son's cum. And if she couldn't have that, at the very least she had the urge to help Suzanne lick the cum off her face. She ran her own hands over her own face, as if feeling for cum gobs there.

Susan thought, It feels so good to be naked in front of my son. Wearing nothing but heels. Suzanne is so right about those; they lift up my ass and make me feel extra sexy. But I really won't feel right until I have his cum in my tummy and more on my face! Then my cutie Tiger will know for sure that I'm his and only his. Wow! Look what she's doing with her tongue! It's like watching a giraffe pull leaves from a tree! It's not human. But it's SO HOT!

Suzanne changed Susan's meaning by correcting, "So basically, you're saying no cocksucking his big, delicious erection in front of you when your husband is in danger of coming home. Fair enough. I can agree to that."

Seeing the hungry look in Susan's eyes, she added, "But what are we going to do about all this cum? As you know, really the only way to get rid of his cum is to eat it. He keeps filling my mouth to the brim. I've got so much cum in my tummy that I feel full. Would you like to take care of the leftovers on my face? I feel greedy eating all of it." She stood up, scooped a big gob of cum off her cheek, and presented the gob-soaked finger to Susan, just as she'd done earlier.

"Um... No... Yummy... No... I really shouldn't..." Susan blushed a deep red and closed her eyes in embarrassment. She covered her pussy with her hands, and was shocked to feel how wet and swampy she was down there. Her labia pulsed in time to her heartbeat.

"Okay then. More for me!" Suzanne laughed with glee, as if she didn't have a care in the world. She swiped another gob into her mouth and acted so delighted at the taste that it looked like a huge orgasm had hit her.

Susan stared back and forth between Alan's stiff erection (still being held and lightly stroked) and Suzanne's cum-soaked face. With her hands over her pussy, her big urge was to finger herself and reach the next climax that she felt was so close at hand.

But with her last shreds of willpower, she wordlessly opened the door and staggered off to her bedroom. She was almost too weak in the knees to walk, and the hallway seemed to shift around on its own as if she were drunk.

She finally made it to her room, slammed the door shut, and fell to the ground. With a loud cry that Alan and Suzanne could easily hear, she plunged three fingers into her hot box and got the orgasmic satisfaction she so desperately needed.

Then she got up to cool herself off with a cold shower. As her orgasmic high faded, feelings of shame and humiliation welled up. She realized with embarrassment that she'd left her blouse and skirt on the floor of Alan's bedroom, and prayed that Suzanne would take care of that before Ron found them. She was too frightened to go back to that room, for fear of losing control.

After Susan left, Suzanne was all smiles. She licked her way all around the head of Alan's dick a couple of times, looking up into his eyes. "Good job, Sweetie. That went just as I'd hoped. Now we've got all these inches of cock to take care of. So very many inches of mouth-watering fuck-meat! Whatever will I do with them?"

Showing remarkable agility, she wrapped her long tongue halfway around his shaft and stroked it up and down, just like it was a finger.

He groaned and sighed contentedly as Suzanne unleashed her incredible oral talents on him. He was a little frustrated that she didn't allow him to touch her big tits while she was doing him, but other than that, life was great.

A minute later, he shot his load onto Suzanne's face. As he did so, he made sure to scream as loudly as he could. He rarely did that, but he'd seen that his door was still partly open and he figured Susan would be able to hear him from her bedroom down the hall.

She did. She was lying naked on her bed, masturbating furiously when she heard his orgasmic cry. It was faint, since she'd closed her door, but it was audible. Oh! Oh! Tiger! That's it, Son! Shoot a creamy load on Suzanne's face and tits! Show her who's who and what's what! Oh yes! Mmmm! Put her in her place, like you're putting me in mine! MMMM! God, it's so good!

When Suzanne had squeezed the last drop of cum from Alan's prick, she got up quickly. "Sorry, Sweetie. I hate to suck and run, but I've got something to show someone."

He was woozy from extreme sexual satiety, but he managed to say, "You wouldn't."

"I would!" She winked saucily.

He gasped between pants, "Your face... It's... it's covered!"

"I know!" She stepped to where he had a mirror on a wall, and looked at herself. "Aaaah, would you look at that? The better part of three cummy loads. Susan will love this!"

Shaking himself free of his post-orgasmic daze, he said, "Aunt Suzy, sometimes you push too hard. Give my mom a break, please. You've got her hot as an oven already; anything more will be overkill."

Suzanne replied, "But if I push her harder, she'll get over her indecisiveness that much quicker, which in turn will cure her profound unhappiness that much sooner."

"Maybe, maybe not. I think she needs a break."

"Okay. For you, Sweetie. Maybe you have a point."

So Suzanne went to the bathroom across the hall to wash herself clean, then left without seeing Susan again. But she was extremely disappointed that she'd passed on the opportunity. Maybe it was a mistake to let Sweetie in on my plans. He's just such a kind and loving softy. But one never gets anywhere without pushing people out of their comfort zone. I think it's better if I don't tell him much in advance and instead just surprise him. He'll probably enjoy things more that way anyway.

Chapter 225 Ron Cheating? -Susan And Suzanne Wearing Sexy Laced Underwear

That evening, Ron came home at the expected dinner time and the whole Plummer family ate Susan's homemade vegetarian "meatloaf".

In the end, Susan had spoken to Alan after Suzanne had left, and she'd basically begged him to let her wear a bra and panties while Ron was there. He'd given her permission. She felt relieved about that, but ironically it didn't help reduce her arousal much. Even though she was fully dressed, she kept imagining what it would be like to not have any underwear on when she was around Ron.

What if Tiger made me go without my undies right now? He could do that. He even made me strip completely while Suzanne licked his member! Would Ron notice the way my big tits are bouncing around without a bra? I mean, uh, if I didn't have a bra on I'd feel so naked. I keep forgetting. But would Ron care? What kind of humiliating things might Tiger "force" me to do around him? There's just no telling. What if Tiger makes me crawl under the table and makes me suck him, right in the middle of one of Ron's long, boring monologues? Gaawwwd, that's so hot! Uh, I mean distressing! Distressing!

She was so distracted and fidgety that everyone made note of it, even Ron. Her biggest problem was that she simply couldn't get the image of Suzanne licking Alan's boner out of her head. Even when she closed her eyes, it was like it was burned into her retinas.

But after dinner, Ron immediately left the house to go to another party which some of his business partners would also be attending. Susan was obliged to at least make a token appearance. She really didn't want to do it, but Suzanne knew of her plight and promised to go with her. Suzanne figured that's what best friends did for each other. Besides, if the other guests were boring business people, as expected, at least she and Susan could talk to each other.

Knowing that Susan and Suzanne would be out all evening, Alan and Katherine both had plans to be with their friends.

Suzanne came over just after everyone but Susan had left. The ostensible plan was that she and Susan would pick out what clothes to wear and then leave together for Ron's party. But Suzanne was in no hurry to go to the party, and she knew Susan wouldn't be either. Suzanne wanted to use the time to

build on what Susan had seen earlier in the day, to get Susan lusting even more for her son. Suzanne had realized that every time Susan had an intense sexual experience with Alan, there was always a backlash. But she was getting better at being there at the right time and talking with her extensively to minimize the intensity of it.

The truth was, Suzanne could talk Eskimos into buying refrigerators, and then sell them some snow to put in them. Because Susan trusted Suzanne implicitly, she didn't even comprehend what was happening. For instance, that morning Susan had woken with a vague understanding that all the females frequenting the Plummer house would try not to wear underwear, to help Alan with visual stimulation. By the time Suzanne was done with her post-dinner talk, Susan was convinced that Alan had issued an ironclad order that gave him complete control over what she could or could not wear. To wear underwear without getting permission, at least from Suzanne, or better, Alan, had now become all but unthinkable.

But no matter what Suzanne said or did, she still had huge hurdles to overcome. It was like the myth of Sisyphus, who was condemned by the gods to roll a boulder up a mountain, only to have it roll down, after which he'd have to start all over again. Susan believed in her heart that incest and adultery were wrong, so while Suzanne could get Susan to lose control for a little while, Susan's underlying guilt simply would not go away.

This distressed Suzanne, because she genuinely wanted her best friend to be happy. She felt that curing her from what she secretly thought of as Susan's "religious mumbo-jumbo beliefs" was the key to Susan's happiness, and she longed to finally unchain Susan's sexuality and let it loose, to live a sexually uninhibited life similar to her own. She vowed to keep pushing and pushing until she could make a permanent change in Susan's psyche, using Susan's lust for her son as the main lever.

They switched topics and discussed a range of non-sexual issues for a while. Then Suzanne pointed out, "It won't be long now until your husband leaves."

"I know. Friday. Yet another short trip." After a long pause, Susan admitted, "You know, I can't say I'll be sad to see him go, especially after finding out about his cheating. In fact, I'm counting the days. By the way, just how are you so sure about that? He's my husband, and now that the initial shock is over, I think it's only fair that you tell me."

Suzanne didn't want to tell Susan the whole truth; she knew Susan still wasn't ready for that. But she decided to tell her a mostly true account of some of it. "Well, as you know, I've cheated on my husband for years now. And maybe there's truth in the saying that it takes one to know one. I could just tell. His sexual neglect of you, for instance, was such a huge sign. So finally, I decided to check my suspicions. I

figured what he was doing took place out of town, since he's so rarely in town in the first place. So I did a little snooping around your house - sorry about that, by the way - and I found some of his old cell phone bills. There were lots of phone calls overseas, and I'm sure you never gave the numbers on them a second thought."

"No, of course not. He has to call people all over the world as part of his work."

"I know. But I called up a few of the Thailand ones at random using a wrong number type ruse. Can you think of any reason why he has to call massage parlors?"

Susan held her hands over her open mouth and gasped. "Really?!"

"Would I lie to you?" Remembering all her recent lies to her best friend, she said, "Well, okay, to tell the truth I do tell little white lies here and there. But I would never lie about something like this, I swear to God. We can even go to the den and look, because I'm sure there are more bills that'll show the same. The thing is, he knows how trusting you are, so he's sloppy. He hardly even bothers to cover his tracks."

"How long have you known?"

"Well, to be honest, I've all but known for years. Your marriage has just been so... off. But I didn't actually check the phone bills until shortly after he left last time. That was what? Nine months ago?"

"What?! If you suspected that for so long, why didn't you tell me until last Monday?!"

"Well, I thought about it, but the fact was I didn't think you were ready. Think how devastated you would have been. But then, when your son's medical treatment started, that changed things. And when Ron unexpectedly came back, that forced my hand. I wasn't going to let you sleep with him after he's been to God only knows how many skanky massage parlors. Frankly, I don't even like the idea of you kissing him. You really should be keeping yourself for your hunky son."

"What does Tiger's medical treatment have to do with it?"

Finding out about Ron's cheating had been a gating factor in Suzanne's decision to launch the six-times-a-day scheme in the first place. Knowing that, she no longer had to feel bad if she broke up Susan's marriage, and she knew Susan would need a replacement right away. Luckily, Alan had turned eighteen recently, and that was the last piece that had needed to fall into place before her scheme could go forward.

But she couldn't explain any of that. Instead, she again gave a limited selection of true statements. "Susan, think about how crushed you would have been if you had found out about this nine months ago. I know you. You would have been absolutely devastated. Even a week or two ago, it would have been really bad. But now, I tell you these things, and you're hurt and disappointed, yes, but it wasn't that big a deal, considering your two decades of marriage. You hardly even cried. Why?"

"You're right. But I don't know why."

Suzanne explained confidently, "Because you've found a new mate in Alan. You're a very giving person. You find satisfaction in helping and serving. True, your Tiger and you already loved each other, but now you have a new vital connection with him. Remember what I said about how handjobs and blowjobs can serve as a bonding mechanism? The more sticky, creamy loads your son shoots down your throat, the more the love between you grows. Every time he splatters his potent seed all over your face, that love grows. And whenever he blasts on your heaving breasts, that love grows still more. I've been waiting for that new bond to strengthen before hitting you with my so-depressing evidence."

Susan thought about that for a while. Then she said, "I suppose there's some truth in what you're saying. I do feel this new bonding, and it has helped me quickly get over Ron's cheating. But the whole thing is messed up, because Tiger is my SON! And I'm still married! I mean, it's not like I can divorce Ron and marry him, so all of this is lunacy. It's a mirage! It's like... I lost something real with Ron, and I'm clinging to a mirage of a lifeboat to save me!"

Seeing that Susan was starting to get despondent and was even on her way to becoming hysterical, Suzanne cut in. "It's not like that at all! Your marriage to Ron is the mirage. It's fake - all show, no go. The love between you and Sweetie is what's real. I've cried inside watching you try for years - YEARS - to make a real emotional connection with a man who was only interested in you as a symbol of a wife! He doesn't appreciate you and he never will. I don't have to argue that, because you know I'm right."

Susan fought back tears. "True, maybe there's some truth there, but I made a marriage vow way back when to stick with him for better or for worse. It's my bad luck that I'm stuck with the worse part."

"Bullshit! When he cheated on you so much he made that marriage contract null and void. I'm not going to let you quietly suffer the rest of your life. I care for you! Am I not your best friend? Have I ever steered you wrong?"

"Yes you are, and no, not often. Actually, practically never."

"Well then, trust me. Everything is going to work out, I promise. In fact, I feel better about your future now than I ever have before. There's a sexy new Susan coming to life, and I think she's great!"

"You do?" Susan pouted. "I don't know about that. The sinful new Susan, maybe. The shame of the family, bound straight to Hell or prison, unable to look herself in the eye. Slutty Susan, is more like it." Sighing, she said, "No wonder Ron cheats on me. I'm a hopeless case."

"Susan, may I remind you that Ron effectively abandoned you, AND started cheating on you, years and years before the sexy new Susan showed up? You should be proud of yourself! You've had misplaced loyalties and now things are coming together like they should be."bender

Susan sighed. "Well, Ron may be slutting it up with half of Thailand, but unfortunately I can't do much about it. I'm just a typical God-fearing homemaker. Angel and Tiger are poised to go to good colleges, and these days that'll cost a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Where is the money going to come from, if not from Ron?"

"Don't you remember what I told you before? You don't have to worry about any of that. And if worse comes to worst with money, I'll be there for you." Suzanne grasped her best friend's hand and squeezed it tightly. "We're a team, aren't we?"

Susan squeezed back, but without much enthusiasm. "Thanks. We are." She added with more spirit, "You're such a good friend. Where would I be without you?" Then she lifted her head hopefully. "Do you think... Is there any chance all those massage parlor visits could just be really to get a massage?"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. Ironically, as far as she had learned, the visits WERE just to get massages (although she couldn't be sure). However, she was trying to break the bad news slowly, and she figured that to reveal Ron was having serious and long-lasting affairs would be more emotionally damaging than visits to prostitutes. So she said, "Susan, I don't know for sure. But this is Bangkok we're talking about. It's the sex tourism capital of the world. Most of the girls in those massage parlors don't even know

HOW to give a massage. I'm gonna make sure an investigator gets all the evidence you need, although that'll take time. But believe me, it's bad enough already. I know things that you don't want to know, and he cheated on you. Sorry."

Susan looked extremely pained, and her heart hurt. "Dammit!"

"Hey!" Suzanne said brightly. "I've got an idea. When we're down in the dumps, what better way to pick ourselves up than play dress-up?"

"Dress up? I've never played dress-up with you," Susan said, forgetting that she'd done it with Suzanne recently. "Or anyone else for that matter. In fact, I've been doing far too much dressing down lately."

"That was the old Susan, the prudish Susan. The sexy new Susan just loves playing dress-up. Basically, we'll go to your room and try on some clothes. I'll bring over a big bunch of mine, and you can try those on too, since we're the exact same size in everything."

"And?" Susan complained. "So what if we do?"

"The goal is to find some really sexy outfits that'll make Sweetie especially hot and hard. Then we can wear some of the less revealing ones to this party tonight, since we need to make an appearance for that anyway."

Susan frowned. "Oh yes. The party. I'd all but forgotten about that."

"Well, don't worry about it much. We don't have to be there for a couple of hours. And we certainly don't have to stay long; just long enough for Ron to show you off to the people he needs to impress. You know, the usual routine. Don't dress for the party or your husband. Let's get sexy playing dress-up for your SON!"

Susan was still frowning. "I don't know. Ron still IS my husband, and your allegations against him are still unproven. I should show him some respect."

"Fine. Respect him all you want. Make this token party appearance, just like a dutiful wife. But when he's not here, your main duty is helping your son with his medical crisis. Just think. When Ron leaves town soon, and you know he will, you're going to want to dress more sexily than the kind of clothes you're wearing now, right?"

"Yeah, sure, but within moderation. I'm not going to get carried away like I did before."

"Fair enough. But you will need to wear new things, especially since it's not just up to you what you're going to wear anymore. What if Sweetie says to you, 'Mom, I want you to wear something so hot that just one glance at you will make me cum in my shorts.' What would you wear?"

"I don't know," Susan said, newly alarmed at not having anything anywhere near that sexy to wear.

"Well, let's go upstairs and figure it out. You know these friends of Ron and how he gets when he starts drinking. He won't miss us. It's not even seven, and he won't blink an eye if we don't get to the party until nine, or even ten or later."

So they went to Susan's bedroom and tried on some clothes. At first, Susan remained depressed and disengaged, but Suzanne slowly got her to loosen up. Knowing that Alan was the key to Susan's new sexuality, Suzanne kept the focus on Alan and talked in increasingly explicit terms about him.

With their goal already being to get him hard, she began describing the clothes they tried on in terms of how it would affect his penis. For instance, she called a great outfit "an extra incher" for making his erection grow an extra inch more than normal, and a really great outfit was an "extra two-incher."

Suzanne also brought a bottle of red wine along, and she made sure Susan drank her fair share. Before long, the clothes chosen grew more daring. Soon they were taking their underwear off and on as much as their outer clothes.

Suzanne kept coming up with more explicit terminology to discuss the clothes. For instance, after one outfit looked especially good on Susan, she said, "Girl, he'll definitely fill your mouth with cum after seeing that one!" After another even sexier one, she fanned herself and said, "That's an extra two-incher, for sure! He's gonna squirt a whole gallon of sticky goo down your throat, if you wear that!"

Susan found herself getting into it, helped by the fact that she felt a constant erotic buzz. She ate up all the compliments. She decided that she absolutely loved playing dress-up.

By and by, the fact that they were naked more often than clothed ceased to bother her, and she would take the outfits on and off quickly so she could get back to a state of nakedness.

Eventually, Suzanne said, "You know, you really missed out earlier today."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Sweetie came on my face twice! You saw the second time. But then, after you left, he came on my face a THIRD time! You should have seen it. I was so covered in cum, it was like I had a mud pack on my face. Except of course it was all pearly white, sticky, yummy cum. Can you just imagine, so much cum on your face that you could practically have an entire meal licking it clean? Mmmm!"

Susan's face was flushed. "Yes! Er, I mean. no. Actually, I..."

Suzanne plowed ahead, "It was so much cum that I felt downright greedy. Don't you think it's just WRONG for him to cum on my face three times, and yours not at all? It's unfair, that's what it is."

"Well, uh, if you put it that way..."

"We are best friends, aren't we?" Suzanne said with a loving smile. "We share everything. It's only right if we share the duty of helping Alan in his time of need. And that means we share his cum, don't we?"

Susan smiled dreamily. "Suzanne, you're such a good friend!" She was still picturing Suzanne licking Alan's boner. She licked her lips and gulped, imagining that it was she who was gulping down a sticky load.

Suzanne went on, "I think it's important that Tiger cums on your face and your tits on a daily basis. Once Ron is gone, of course. Like I said, that serves to bond you two together. His cum is a physical manifestation of his love for you. You should glory in it. Wear it. Above all, consume it!"

Susan clutched her arms across her big tits, not out of disapproval but to hide how much her chest was heaving with excitement.

From then on, raunchy topics were fair game. Before long, the general arousal level between them soared.

At one point when they were trying out some of Suzanne's sexiest lacy bras, Susan asked out of the blue, "Suzanne, which one of us really has the bigger chest? I mean, I know we wear the same bra size, but one of us has to be bigger, if only a little. Who is it?"

"I honestly have no idea," Suzanne answered in all truthfulness. "It's so close it doesn't really matter. The important thing is that our big tits provide ideal visual stimulation for our favorite cutie. It's always important to dress to show them off. Well, only when he's around, of course. That goes without saying. I've got a lot of good tips to share that'll get his balls churning."

Susan nodded, eager for tips, but she looked a bit frustrated not to know who had the bigger rack. She very much wanted to be the winner.

Suzanne saw that, and said, "But, you know what? I'm curious too. Why don't we find out?"

"Okay!" Susan said giddily. The wine was having a strong effect, especially since she hardly ever drank alcohol.

Suzanne had never sensed any lesbian vibes from Susan before, but she was sensing some now. She suspected that it was simply because Susan had reached such a peak of desire for her son that just about anything made her horny. But she decided to test her luck anyway. "I don't have a tape measure on me, so why don't we use the hand method? Put your hands on your own, get a sense of the size, and then put your hands on mine."

It was hardly the most accurate way to measure boobs, but Susan felt so tipsy and aroused that she couldn't think straight and thought it sounded reasonable. She hesitated, but Suzanne thrust her tits out provocatively.

Susan finally couldn't resist the sight. She told herself it was okay since both of them wore bras, so all she was doing was touching bras.

Once Susan had her hand on one of Suzanne's hefty orbs, she found she wanted more, and began to overtly grope each of Suzanne's boobs with both hands. She switched back to play with her own, and then returned to Suzanne's. But she didn't consciously think of what she was doing as a sexual act; it was more a case of having seen Suzanne's breasts for so many years and wanting to find out what they felt like. At least, that's what she told herself.

"So whose are bigger?" Suzanne asked after a while.

"I don't know. It's hard to tell." Susan continued to fondle Suzanne's huge tits, hindered only by Suzanne's lacy bra.

Suzanne did all she could to nonverbally encourage her best friend, including making subtle pleasurable moans. She was disappointed that Susan was avoiding the nipples, but she didn't want to push her too hard.

Chapter 226 Susan And Suzanne Fondling Each Other.

Suzanne wanted to keep talking about something, to keep Susan distracted and fondling her, and then a topic came to her. "Wait a sec. We need to start over." She pulled back, went to her high heels, and put them on. Then she thrust her chest out again, and said, "Sorry. Please continue."

Susan did, but she asked, "What'd you do that for?"

"Well, you know how heels lift your ass and firm up your thighs?"

"Yeah?"

"That's not all they do. They change the posture of your entire body. And when it comes to pleasuring Alan's stiff dick, we need to keep our big tits thrust up and out. Here, feel the undersides."

Susan caressed the lower slopes of Suzanne's huge melons. "So what am I feeling for?"

"Doesn't that feel firm? Now, let's compare." She reached out and caressed the lower slopes of Susan's equally massive hooters.

Susan was pretty tipsy, but something about that didn't seem right. "Wait. I need to compare with and without heels. Not different people!"

"Oops! You're right. So put your heels on and I'll feel you. Then I'll take mine off, and you feel me again."

"Okay." Susan fell for it, not realizing that Suzanne was just making up excuses to keep them fondling each other.

Once Susan had her heels on, Suzanne asked her, "So, can you feel the difference?"

"I should be asking you that. You're the one feeling me up."

"Good point. Well, I DO feel a difference. But it's important that you do too. Sexiness is all about attitude. When you strut around the house wearing nothing but heels, trolling for son-cock, you need to be confident. That's one thing heels do; they firm up your tits and ass so much that you can't help but radiate confidence. Go ahead, try it."

"Try what?"

"Take off your undies and strut around the room like you're the queen of the world."

Susan asked in confusion, "Why do I need to take off my underwear first?"

"Two reasons. First, you need to gauge the effect of just your heels, and you can't do that while wearing other things. And second, you have to learn how to strut while your big boobs are bouncing all over the place. Once Ron leaves, you're going to be doing that a lot. There's a real art to it. But don't worry; I can teach you."

Susan asked, "Can I keep my panties on? Please?"

Suzanne didn't want to push her too hard, so she said, "I suppose, if you insist." Mostly, she just wanted her hands on Susan's bare breasts, so she didn't mind much about the panties.

Susan removed her bra. She shook her hair experimentally and wiggled her shoulders, trying to build up a sassy attitude. But before she even took a step, she turned to Suzanne and admitted, "I don't know how to strut. I only know how to walk! What's the difference?"

"Here, let me show you." Suzanne took her bra off, but kept her panties on, again so Susan wouldn't get too uncomfortable.

Then she strutted in a big circle around the room, ass and tits jiggling as she went. There was no doubt about it: she knew how to strut.

"That's amazing!" Susan exclaimed in sincere admiration. "Whatever you do, it's really sexy! Teach me! Please!"

Suzanne grinned. "Well, I could teach you some technical things. For instance, the key word to keep in mind is 'undulate.' You want your ass cheeks to rise and fall in rhythm. The more they do, the more your tits will sway enticingly as well. The key is what you do with your hips. But before I teach you all that, you need the right attitude. Here, walk around the room."

Susan pouted, "I don't wanna! I'll look pathetic, compared to the way you always walk, not to mention when you strut. You make it into an art, just like you said!"

"Don't worry, you can do it. Bear with me. Just start walking."

So Susan started to walk. Actually, it was more like she fumbled and stumbled around the room. She was trying too hard to swing her hips, which stopped her from getting a good rhythm going.

But Suzanne said, "Don't worry; keep going. Keep going round and round in a slow circle. And now, while you do that, I want you to say the following: 'I'm Tiger's big-titted mommy slut.'"

Susan stumbled in surprise and turned back to Suzanne. "You want me to say what?!"

"Don't think! Just do it! Trust me. Please."

"Very well." She reluctantly resumed walking, and mumbled out the line.

"Not like that; I can't even hear you! Say it with PRIDE! Say: 'I'm PROUD to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut.'"

Susan repeated that line, and she even tried to match Suzanne's vocal inflections.

"Better. Now, say it again. Say it because you know it's true!"

Susan repeated the line again, louder this time. "'I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut!'"

"Better! Now, say: 'I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock!'"

"Suzanne! I can't say that!" She kept walking in circles. "It's too embarrassing. Besides, I don't LIVE to suck his cock. Er, I mean, his member. I can't do it."

"Yes you can. Just say it! And then the other line. With feeling!"

Throwing caution to the wind, Susan said, "I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock! I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut."

She almost had to stop walking because she was hit by a powerful wave of arousal from saying and meaning those words.

"Good! MUCH better!" Suzanne coached, "Now, don't just say it, think about it. Think about how GOOD it feels to be your son's big-titted mommy slut. Think about how GOOD it feels to hold his magnificent cock in your hands. Think about how HARD and THICK he gets when he sees you naked. You have a great

body! He can't help but get soooo horny, just from looking at you! He's so hard and horny, he just has to cram his huge cock into your eager mouth! Imagine servicing his hot, sperm-filled slab of meat on a daily basis for YEARS to come! Think about all that, and repeat after me: 'I'm my son's personal cocksucker...'

For the next several minutes, Susan continued to slowly walk in circles while listening to Suzanne's encouragements and repeating the lines she was told to repeat. Before long, her pride and arousal rose to such levels, she was truly "strutting."

Eventually, Suzanne said, "Now, don't stop, but realize that you're strutting! That's a damn sexy walk!"

"It is?" Even though she asked that uncertainly, she could feel the difference and she beamed with pride.

"Don't stop! Keep going! And think about licking his balls! Lick his balls in your mind! Feel his hands groping your ass!"

Susan's tongue shot out like a lizard's and she repeatedly licked her lips. "Oh God! Suzanne, what did you do to me? I really am doing it!"

"Sure you are. See? It's easy. I didn't even need to teach you the technical points. It's all about attitude."

Susan kept going for a couple more minutes until she was sure she got it. She practiced stopping and starting, and even strutted in front of a mirror. She finally came to a complete halt, and said, "I feel pretty good about this, but you've got me so psyched up. This kind of mood and feeling can't be easily duplicated. I can't just turn it off and on at a moment's notice like you do, though."

"You will, with more practice," Suzanne advised. "And I'll teach you some tricks and pointers to take your strutting to another level. Then there's sashaying."

"There's a difference?"

"Sure. With strutting, you're moving forward with a purpose. But with sashaying, you could walk so slow, you're practically going backwards. Strutting is all about attitude. Whereas sashaying is about showing off your ass and making your breasts sway from side to side."

Susan sat down. She was a bit tired from all the walking. "Wow. You're so knowledgeable. Where did you learn these things?"

Suzanne didn't know how to respond exactly, so she just smiled mysteriously, and said, "A lady's gotta keep some secrets." Then she quickly changed the subject. "But enough about that for now. What happened to testing to see who has the bigger rack?"

"Oh, right!" Susan stood back up, but it dawned on her that the test wouldn't be the same, since both she and Suzanne were sans bras. She was worried about skin-on-skin contact.

Suzanne simply stood close and put her hands on Susan's tits before Susan had a chance to object. She knew Susan was now really hot to trot, after getting her to say lines like "I'm my son's personal cocksucker" so many times. But to further ensure Susan wouldn't object, she acted shocked. She opened her eyes wide and gasped.

"What? Is something wrong?!"

"No, it's just your tits. I think they're actually a bit larger than they were before you started strutting!"

"No way! That can't be possible! ... Can it?!"

Suzanne started to "examine" Susan's perfect globes, caressing them from every angle. She was trying to act like a doctor trying to uncover a medical mystery, but at the same time stimulate and arouse with a gentle touch. "I don't know... You wouldn't think so, would you? But I held them then, and I'm holding them now, and they're bigger, I say!"

"Maybe it's the bra," Susan suggested.

"Hmmm. Could be. Was that bra tight on you?"

"A little bit."bender

"Hmmm." Suzanne was drawing things out so she could play with the boobs she'd secretly lusted after for years. Carried away by her own desire, she started to knead Susan's tit-flesh. At first, she'd deliberately ignored the nipples, but she was "accidentally" brushing over them more and more.

But then she realized from the look on Susan's face that she was going too far too fast, so she removed her hands completely. Acting like what was going on was no big deal, she said, "Well, we can come back to that question later. But we forgot all about measuring our sizes again! Why don't you do me, and then we can compare before it slips our minds again?"

"Good idea," Susan agreed. But having her melons fondled was one thing - she simply had to stand there. And because her entire breasts were extremely sensitive and easily aroused, she was riding a constant erotic high as long as Suzanne's fingers were exploring her tit-flesh. Now, to do the same to Suzanne somehow seemed a lot more daunting and scary. "Um... Maybe we..."

Seeing Susan's hesitation, Suzanne simply took Susan's hands in her own and brought them to her chest. "There. That's not hard to do. Do my tits feel bigger or smaller since I've taken my bra off?"

"No, I don't think so. They just feel..." She blushed and didn't finish her sentence, because she was going to say "good."

Worried that Susan was about to pull her hands away, Suzanne let that slide and said, "Never mind about that then. The important thing is to memorize with your hands just how big they are, and then compare them with your own."

As Susan started to explore Suzanne's bosom a bit more with her fingers, she asked, "'Memorize with your hands?' How do I do that?"

Suzanne said, "Imagine you were blindfolded and someone asked you to compare the size of two different objects with your hands. What would you do? Whatever that is, do it now to me."

Susan wasn't quite sure what to do, but she figured the better her hands got to "know" Suzanne's tits, the better her size estimate would be. She ran her hands almost everywhere, although she tried to avoid the nipples.

However, she was extremely embarrassed by doing this, and her face could not have been any redder. She asked, "Would it be okay if I check you... from behind?"

"Sure. Why not? But what's the difference?"

Susan moved around behind Suzanne and resumed fondling her boobs. "I don't know. It's just easier this way. I can't see your face and you can't see mine. Somehow that makes it like... it's not happening."

Suzanne could understand that logic, but she also was surprised, because Susan's tits wound up pressing into her back. That was a lot more intimate contact than if they'd done it the other way, especially since Susan's erect nipples were poking into Suzanne's shoulder blades. But Suzanne understood Susan's reluctance, so to avoid spooking her said, "Ah. I like it better this way too."

The advantage to the change of positions was that Susan felt less inhibited this way, and she fondled Suzanne's tits more brazenly than before. She'd never felt another woman's naked boobs, and she couldn't help but be fascinated. It was exactly like she was having an out of body experience and fondling her own breasts in a new way, since Suzanne's were so similar in size and shape.

A minute or two passed, and Susan's fondling grew increasingly erotic and bold. "You know," Susan finally said, "this reminds me of Akami's breast checks."

Suzanne asked with false naïveté, "Oh, you know how to do those? I don't. Can you do a check for me?"

That seemed to scare Susan, as she recalled how she'd lost control in Akami's office during an attempted breast check. She dropped her hands, and said, "I think it's time to say goodnight. Thanks for the fun evening."

Suzanne was really bummed - she'd been having as much fun as she'd ever had with Alan. The fact that she was doing anything sexual at all with Susan had made her absolutely overjoyed. She'd gotten Susan all hot and bothered, and she'd been hoping they could go a lot further with each other.

But she realized that she'd pushed enough on that for now. Chill! I've really gotta chill. If I push too far, I'm gonna ruin everything! Two steps forward and one step back is my motto. And today we took some big steps forward. I have to be happy with that.

However, being less drunk and more alert, Suzanne had noticed that someone else had come home, because she'd heard the garage door opening and closing. She knew that Alan had borrowed the BMW, not Katherine, so she hoped and assumed it was him.

Suzanne said, "No, thank YOU for the fun evening. Wasn't it fun, though? I'm so happy to be the best of friends not only with the old Susan, but with the new Susan too. The new Susan is going to have a lot more fun than the other one ever did. But what outfit do you think our Sweetie liked best? We can't leave here until we decide that."

There were piles of clothes spread out all over the bed and every other available spot. Susan looked them all over. "I don't know. I mean, your clothes, obviously. Mine suck, to speak frankly. But there are so many to choose from."

Suzanne was surprised that Susan used the word "suck" in that context, since her vocabulary was so tame. She took advantage to joke, "You say 'suck' as if it's a bad thing. Whereas we both know it's a very, very good thing." She winked knowingly, then she ostentatiously licked her lips.

Susan caught on and smiled from ear to ear. "We do!" She ostentatiously licked her lips too. Mmmm! Tiger! If only you were here right now, I'd show you just how much I love helping you! God, I love helping you! Mmmm... I love it when my mouth is crammed full of your HOT COCK, until I'm choking and gagging on it!

Suzanne smirked knowingly, guessing well what Susan was thinking. Then she suggested, "Well, why don't you pick the ten or so best outfits? All the extra two-inchers, the ones that'll make Tiger's cock as hard as a steel bar. I'll be back in a minute."

Suzanne felt obliged to put at least her bra back on if she was going down the hall, so she did so. After all, there was a slight chance Alan could have come home with friends, maybe even a girlfriend.

She made it to Alan's door and listened carefully to see if he was alone. She didn't hear anyone, so she knocked.

Alan opened the door for her, revealing that there was no one else there but him.

Suzanne scanned the room, then focused her sexy gaze on him. "Sweetie! You're home already. I'm so glad it's you. Are you here to stay, or are you going back out?"

He sheepishly explained, "I guess I'll be staying in. Sean and I had a plan to go to a party, but it didn't work out. His little sister was underfoot and being super annoying, so I decided to cut my losses and see what was happening back here." Even though he knew Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were going to be gone for much of the evening, he figured he had a chance for some sexual fun with at least one of them before the evening was over.

"Wise choice. Your mother and I need some help. Do you have a minute?" She started walking back towards Susan's room before she even finished talking. She knew Susan was really horny now, and she wanted to strike while the iron was hot.

"Sure. What is it?" He found himself hustling down the hall, trying to catch up to Suzanne. Needless to say, the fact that she was only wearing panties and a bra increased his interest quite a lot.

Just before she reached Susan's bedroom door, she said in a low voice, "You said you don't want plotting - that you like surprises. Well, consider this a surprise. I don't know what'll happen exactly, but your mother is in an ... interesting mood."

She winked at him and then opened the door.

Chapter 227 Teasing Susan

Susan was happily laying out clothes when she heard the door open and turned to show Suzanne something.

Then she saw Alan. She immediately dropped what she was holding and covered her bare chest with both arms. "Oh no! Tiger?! What are you doing home already?!"

He countered, "And what are you doing home? I thought you and Aunt Suzy had to go to one of Ron's things?"

Suzanne waved a hand dismissively. "Don't worry about any of that. The important thing is that I've brought you two together."

Susan gasped with renewed alarm. "Suzanne! You didn't! Why'd you bring him in here?!"

"Susan, what's wrong?" Suzanne asked, trying to appear clueless. "Don't you want to see your loving son? I noticed he just got home, and I was thinking that if we're picking out what he thinks are the sexiest outfits, why don't we just cut to the chase and ask him?"

Susan, now blushing, protested, "But Suzanne! Don't you remember what happened earlier? I went to his room to ask him a simple question and somehow I found myself all naked and wet. Er, uh I mean naked. I just don't have the self-control!"

Alan said, "Sorry, Mom. It would have been fun to see you try on all those clothes, but I understand. Should I go?"

"Sorry, but I think that would be best," Susan said solemnly. She hoped he couldn't detect how aroused she was. Not that many minutes had passed since she'd been strutting in circles while saying things like "I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut," and seeing him so soon after that was like pouring gasoline on a fire.

But Suzanne interjected, "What?! You've got to be kidding me. Sweetie, you're not going anywhere. Susan, what's this about not having control? If you have a demon, you can't run from it; you need to face it head on. Now, lower your arms, like a good big-titted mommy should."

Susan was so very horny that she didn't object to Suzanne's language or the command that had been given. She brought her arms down and sat forlornly at the edge of her bed. She stared at the floor. "Well, the thing is, I'm going through a difficult phase. Tiger, you know I enjoyed helping you with your medical treatments. I'll be willing to help again, especially since I'm the only one who can do the abnormality checks, but right now I'm just loving your erection a little bit too much! A lot a bit too much, actually; I'm so obsessed with it that it actually frightens me." Again, she thought with alarm about the things she'd been saying and doing in the last hour.

"Uh-oh," Suzanne said. She sat next to Susan and motioned for Alan to take a nearby seat. "Susan, we can't have you be frightened of it; that's not good at all. I'm gonna need your help with all that sucking and stroking, and soon. You can't flake out on me like this."

Susan looked anguished. "I'm sorry, Suzanne, but it's true! Look what happened to me this afternoon. Every time I see it I somehow end up with at least my boobs hanging out, if not all breathless and naked!"

Suzanne asked with deliberate cluelessness, "'It?'"

Susan shyly nodded in the direction of her son's crotch. "You know. It. His..."

Suzanne finished for her, "His big, thick cock."

Susan nodded, and unthinkingly licked her lips. "Yes. Despite all that Ron did to me, I can't cheat on him when he's here. If nothing else, it's a matter of self-respect. I can't respect myself if I do that."

Suzanne thought for a bit, then said, "I have an idea. Susan, you remember your intro Psych class in college?"

"Yeah?" Susan had gone to a community college briefly, but then she'd dropped out when she and Ron adopted Alan.

"Do you remember all the stuff about behavioral conditioning? Pavlov's dog and all that?"

"Yeah? What does that have to do with anything?"

"Well, recall how they teach people to get over phobias these days. They mucked about in the dark for a long time, but in recent decades they have a method that's nearly guaranteed to work. If a person is scared of, say, snakes, the only way to get them over that fear is by putting them in close proximity with snakes. Oh, they don't dump them in a room full of snakes or something like that; that would be counterproductive. No, they put them in the same room as the snake, but the snake is in a cage and on

the opposite side of the room. Then, slowly but surely they bring the snake closer and closer. After a long time, eventually the person can be right next to the caged snake and feel only the usual amount of fear. The phobia is over. The key is familiarity: the more familiar you are with something, the less scary it is."

"I don't like where you're going with this," a worried Susan said.

"I know. You're way ahead of me. But really, it's the only way. You just need to be around Sweetie's big, fat erection a lot, and then you won't get all panicky about it. Just think how you lost your cool this afternoon. Do you think that would happen to you if you'd already seen his erection a thousand times before?"

"No, probably not," Susan admitted.

"You see? You know, they say that when a person goes to a nude beach for the first time, seeing all that nudity is quite shocking. But before long, it becomes old hat."

"Yes, I've heard something to that effect," Susan conceded.

"That's the same principle at work," Suzanne proudly pointed out. "And we can kill two birds with one stone. You can try on your sexiest outfits, and we can see EXACTLY how his penis reacts to it. If there really are any 'extra two-incher' outfits, we'll actually be able to find out. What do you say?"

Susan knew the idea wasn't prudent, but she just couldn't resist. "Well... On one condition. These things have a way of getting out of control lately. I'll do it as long as both of you promise that I won't actually end up touching Alan's member. I have a nightmarish vision of losing control again and... Well, it's not good!"

Susan had considered saying: I have a nightmarish vision of losing control again and having Ron come to his bed to go to sleep, only to find me on my knees with his son's dick down his wife's throat. Not good! But she refrained from saying that since it just seemed too weird a thing to say, especially with Alan right there listening.

Suzanne looked at Alan. "We can promise that, can't we?"

"Sure, Mom. Whatever you say. You set the boundaries."

Suzanne clapped her hands, signaling the end of this line of conversation. "Good! Susan, you pick out a dress and put it on, and Sweetie, you flop out your big ol' pussy splitter and wave it around."

Susan complained, "Suzanne! Do you have to be so vulgar?"

Suzanne replied with a straight face. "I'm sorry. Vagina penetrator. Sweetie, please expose your vagina penetrator. Is that better?"

Susan just sighed. "Not by much." Picking out her second favorite outfit, she asked, "Can I change in the bathroom?"

Suzanne replied, "Susan, another phobia of yours we need to get over is this fear of nudity. So I vote no."

"Well I vote yes," Susan said with surprising defiance.

"What do you think?" Suzanne asked Alan.

Alan just wanted to see more nudity, so he answered while trying to look thoughtful about it, "Mom, I think Aunt Suzy's got a good point. Let's try to get over this phobia of yours."

Susan tried one last feeble defense; she asked Suzanne, "What about the party? Don't we need to go to that already?"

Alan followed up with, "Yeah, what about that party? Is that why you're trying on all these clothes? I thought you would have left already."

Suzanne replied, "As Susan knows darn well, we don't have to be at that party for another hour or two. As long as she makes a brief 'arm candy' appearance for Ron, it'll be fine. And Sweetie, we're trying on

clothes much more for you than for the party. We'll be wearing sexy things for YOUR eyes only." She stared pointedly at Susan as she added, "So there's no reason for any further delay, is there?"

Susan let out a big sigh. "Very well. Somehow I knew this would happen."

Suzanne smiled and sat down on the edge of the bed. She patted the spot next to her. "Here, Sweetie. Sit down and enjoy the show."

Alan happily did as instructed.

Susan started trying on different outfits in front of Alan.

Suzanne just watched with Alan. There was no need for her to try on different things to increase her sexiness because she was already maxing out on whatever sexiness scale one might choose as a measure. Besides, her goal was to break down Susan's resistance, not to put the spotlight on herself. She put an arm around Alan and occasionally whispered sexy comments in his ear but otherwise behaved herself with him, despite the raging boner tenting his shorts. She didn't want to push Susan too far too fast.

Susan was still quite tipsy and aroused, so it didn't take her long to get in the spirit of things. Within minutes, she was practically dancing around as she went from outfit to outfit like a kid who had the complete run of a toy store. Half the time she was naked, and she spent as much of the rest of the time modeling various underwear combos as she did modeling actual clothes.bender

Alan honestly loved everything she picked out, and he showered her with compliments.

That was the biggest aphrodisiac of all for Susan, and it inspired her to get more daring in what she wore and how she moved about the room. She was already putting her strutting lessons to good use.

Suzanne also showered Susan with praise. At one point, while Susan was wearing nothing but nearly transparent underwear, she said to Alan, "Look. Tear your eyes away from your mother's huge bouncing boobs for a minute and just focus on her tummy. See how firm and fit she is. You see that groove rising up from her belly button? Not all women have that. That's a sign of really being in shape. She has a very strenuous exercise regimen, you know."

Susan was basking in the praise, so she raised her arms above her head to better show off her voluptuous, fit body. But since she wasn't used to compliments like these she tried to deflect them. "That's only because Suzanne insisted. For years, she's helped me eat right and stay fit."

"And it shows! Doesn't it, Sweetie? Susan, turn around and bend over. Show your Tiger just how fit your legs are too."

"Oh, I can't," Susan complained, even as she turned around and struck another sexy pose that showed off her long and silky legs to great effect.

"Look at those thighs!" Suzanne enthused to Alan. "I wish I had thighs like that. Don't you just want to run your big cock up and down those muscular thighs, leaving a trail of slimy cum wherever it goes?"

"Suzanne!" Susan griped. "That's so improper!"

"Sorry. I should have said 'penis.' I keep forgetting." Suzanne couldn't help but grin, as she was being deliberately obtuse about what Susan was complaining about. "Anyway, kid, I know your mom has a huge rack, and a face that belongs on the cover of magazines. But don't forget to appreciate the rest of her. Every inch of her is extremely fit and sexy. Susan, reach up to touch the sky."

Susan did just that, stretching her arms as high as they could go.

"Wow!" Alan said, with genuine awe.

Suzanne said to Susan, "Yep, I think he loves those undies you have on. Or, it could just be that he loves your body. That's the problem. Wait, I know. I'm holding his cock right now. Er, I mean, penis."

Susan shot her an annoyed look. Then she slowly turned and redirected her gaze to Alan's crotch. She was afraid to look there, but she couldn't resist. Sure enough, Suzanne's hand was inside Alan's shorts, obviously wrapped around Alan's turgid shaft.

"Don't worry, I'm just holding it. It's the best way to measure his arousal."

Susan griped, "Do you have to hold him INSIDE his shorts?"

"Of course! How could I get an accurate reading through all that fabric?" Suzanne seemed to have a change of heart. "But you're right; it is rather awkward and uncomfortable." Using her other hand, she unzipped the fly to Alan's shorts and then pulled them well down his thighs. "There. Is that better?"

Susan sighed in defeat. "That's not what I meant!" She stared with undisguised lust at Suzanne's fingers tightly gripping Alan's fully-exposed pole. "That's a terribly improper sight!"

"Here, is this better?" Suzanne brought her other hand over to cup Alan's balls.

"Not at all!"

Alan was loving life, but he was careful not to ruin things by saying anything.

Suzanne chided Susan, "Then I suggest you avert your eyes. Anyway, take off your undies and then reach for the sky again. I'll check to see if his penis throbs more with or without the undies."

Susan considered that, but finally shook her head 'No.' "Sorry, I just can't. That's too outrageous!"

Suzanne let go of Alan's boner, stood up, and whispered in Susan's ear. "If you love your son, and I know you do, you have to get over these silly phobias! We need your help with just some innocent visual stimulation, and this is a perfect opportunity. Remember the things I told you to say when you were strutting around?"

Susan nodded.

"They'll work for you now. Repeat them to yourself in your mind. Confidence! You've got your high heels on, so wow him!"

"I don't like this," Susan grumbled, even though she was secretly loving every second. She stripped down to just her high heels, and then struck an extra sexy pose. Her entire body felt like it was on fire, knowing her son was examining every inch of her and loving what he saw.

Her heart thumped like a bass drum when she saw Suzanne sit back down and resume holding Alan's cock and balls. Darn it! She's so lucky! I'll bet her hand is burning up from the sheer heat of it! Throbbing and pulsing with youthful life and vitality!

But then she became aware of the fact that Alan was gawking lustily at her naked body. She remembered her "duty" to pose for him. As he continued to gawk, she kept repeating in her mind, I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock! I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut! She was surprised to find that it actually helped a lot.

She began repeating the phrases over and over, like a personal mantra. Her confidence soared, and that increased the sexiness of her pose in subtle but significant ways.

Seeing that things were progressing swimmingly, within minutes Suzanne started stroking Alan's erection.

Susan immediately noticed and gave the inevitable protest, "Hey! You can't do that!"

Suzanne calmly replied, "Actually, I can. As long as I'm testing his reaction, I might as well help him with his problem, don't you think? Isn't that the most important thing?"

"Yes, but... take him back to his room for that. I can't bear to watch!"

Suzanne responded, "No, this is better. It's like fondling two balls with one hand, ha ha." She playfully lifted each of his balls in turn after saying that. "Seriously though, it is like killing two birds with one stone. You can help him with visual stimulation, and he can help you with your conditioning to get rid of your penis phobia."

Alan was trying to stay mum and just luxuriate in the erotic joy, but he couldn't help but ask about the "penis phobia" comment. "What does that mean?"

Susan muttered, "Never you mind."

Chapter 228 I Wanna Get Slutty With My Son's Cock, Right Here, Right Now!

Time passed and things continued as before, except now it was Suzanne playing with Alan's cock and balls. She kept her clothes on to keep Alan's mental focus mostly on his mother. She knew he was very highly aroused from the situation, so she was careful to take it slow and easy on his penis. Instead of focusing on stimulating his highly sensitive sweet spot as usual, her emphasis was more on doing what was highly visible from where Susan stood.

Much more time passed. Susan occasionally sipped her wine, and while she didn't drink that much, her alcohol tolerance was so low that just a little wine had a big effect. Her tipsy condition lowered her inhibitions to the point where she was too horny to put up any kind of effective resistance.

Suzanne took full advantage of that to advance her agenda. After a while, she took all her clothes off, mostly because it was more comfortable that way. She gradually transitioned from stroking Alan's erection, to blowing air on it, to licking it, to bobbing up and down on it with her talented lips. She was lying on Susan's bed while Alan continued to sit so she could come at his crotch from the side, over one of his thighs. She was still mindful of putting on the best possible show from Susan's angle of view.

By this time, Susan was flying so high from lust and alcohol that she almost forgot to protest. She was less "trying on clothes" and more performing a near-continual striptease for her son. The only reason she put any clothes back on was so she'd have something to take off a minute later. She loved it. But when Suzanne started bobbing on Alan's cockhead, she felt obliged to say, "Suzanne, please! You go too far!"

Suzanne mumbled as she bobbed and sucked, "Nah aaah daaaahnnn."

Susan happened to be buck naked, except for her now-usual high heels. She had been caressing her big tits while staring lovingly into her son's eyes, with an occasional glance at Suzanne's crotch work. But she broke her gaze and asked with irritation, "What did you say?"

Suzanne repeated, "Nah aaah daaaahnnn."

"What?!"

Suzanne mumbled even less clearly, "Caaa oooo uuuuhthaaah eeee?"

"What?! Suzanne, I can't understand you!" She sighed in defeat. "Darn it! I can't hear a word you're saying because your mouth is crammed full of HOT, THICK COCK MEAT! I know it's wrong, and I shouldn't watch, but it's just TOO HOT! And I'll bet you love it so much that you won't pull off for even a second to speak clearly."

Suzanne confirmed that with a triumphant, "Unh-uh!"

Susan went back to caressing her huge globes. "Gaawwwd! That's SO HOT!" Dear Lord, how I wish I was her right now! Shouldn't that be MY job? After all, I AM my son's personal cocksucker. I DO live to suck his fat cock! I AM proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut! Those words shame me, but at the same time they fill me with pride! And joy!

But still, I must remember my vow. I have to keep it cool until Ron leaves. Besides, Tiger has more than one personal cocksucker now, even if we're not all officially called that yet. Sometimes, Suzanne is going to be the lucky one and I'll only be able to watch. Oh! And help with the visual stimulation! I've been forgetting. I have to do my part to keep his cock throbbing with pleasure!

She resumed her sexy posing. By that point she wasn't even bothering with clothes anymore. Truth be told, she wasn't even posing that much. Mostly she just stood in front of Alan, staring with wanton desire at Suzanne's sliding lips as she masturbated. For a long time, she had resisted touching her slit or clit, but even that restraint was falling away as she fell into a deep sexual fog.

She didn't speak much, for fear of revealing too many of her "naughty" desires. Instead she frequently tried to convey her loving feelings towards her son with her "come hither" eyes. Of course, that was mostly naughty desire too, but she didn't feel nearly as guilty about it when it wasn't verbalized. Not talking allowed her to fantasize to her heart's content, but she had only one fantasy: that she was in Suzanne's place, feeling everything Suzanne was feeling. More often than not she kept her mouth craned wide open as she unthinkingly mimicked Suzanne's oral work.

It looked like Suzanne was sucking up a storm, but her focus was still more on the visual effect, for Susan's sake. She repeatedly slid her lips up and down Alan's thick shaft in a way that was very visible to Susan. But she didn't use much suction, and her tongue hardly did anything at all. She restrained herself because she didn't want Alan to cum too soon.

Luckily, Alan was in a groove. He was right on the edge of orgasm, but he was squeezing his PC muscle at a good rhythm. At times, he had to close his eyes because it all got to be too much, but usually he was able to enjoy the mouth-watering sight of his buck-naked mother masturbating while mimicking Suzanne's sucking with the motions of her mouth.

Even so, Suzanne sensed that he was liable to spontaneously lose control before long, so she stopped to give him a brief break. She pulled her lips off his pole, but continued to hold it and lightly fondle it and his balls, mostly to help keep Susan's attention there.

She briefly withdrew a hand from his crotch to ostentatiously wipe her chin clean. "Aaaaaah! Talk about a fun way to spend the evening. Phew! Thanks, Sweetie."

"Um, you're welcome." He couldn't possibly understand why she was thanking him, but he was so winded and out of it that he didn't stop to ask.

The three of them just recovered their breath for a minute or so.

Suzanne didn't want the action to pause for very long, because she had decided the time was ripe to up the ante. As she continued to lazily play with Alan's cock and balls, she said, "Susan, I think you're progressing wonderfully. We may even be able to cure your penis phobia tonight. I want you to drop to your knees and crawl here just as if you were going to suck your son's cock."

"What?!"

"Trust me; this is all part of the treatment."

Susan was so horny that she was looking for any excuse to do it. "Well, if you think it's so important. But I'm not going to put it in my mouth, right? You promised."

"No. Of course not. The idea is to get over your fear through close proximity. Just like the snake example. Come get close to the snake."

Susan obligingly got down on her knees. She came to within about a foot of the tip of his tool and stopped.

Suzanne resumed licking Alan's shaft. She wished she could have given him more of a break, but she wanted to strike while Susan was still hot. She continued to do so from the side so Susan could get a completely unimpaired view of it from what was now only a few inches from her face.

Susan seriously considered this a test of her willpower, and she tried her best to be strong. The smell of cum was overwhelming, and the slippery sound of Suzanne's hand jacking near the base seemed louder than a freight train in the otherwise completely quiet room. Susan could even hear the sound of Suzanne's long tongue gently licking its way back and forth.

Oh God! It's all so... tempting! How can I hold out?! I neeeeeed that cock in my mouth! Son! Son! Let Mommy at least blow some air on you. With her heavy panting, she was already doing so, but then she began doing it with more deliberate intention. UNGH! That's not enough! I need to feel my lips wrapped around it! I need my tongue dancing all over it! HNNG! What torture!

Susan truly felt like her body was going to burst into flames. She pulled back, because she couldn't stand the heat, just like she was too close to an open furnace. She sheepishly asked Suzanne, "Um, is that long enough?"

Suzanne reluctantly replied, "I suppose. For your first try."

"Oh my!" said a wide-eyed Susan, sitting up on her knees. "That's close! What a big and scary snake, too. Is it going to bite me?"

Suzanne liked the snake metaphor and ran with it. "No, but you've heard of spitting cobras?" She lavishly licked all around Alan's cockhead, and then added, "This one might just spit on you. Though it's not really spitting; it's more like turning on a faucet full blast."

"I know, I know! Don't remind me. I saw him blast your face this afternoon. God, that was a lot of spermy goodness!"

Suzanne replied, "If you think that was good, just imagine how good I feel right now!" <lick, lick> "Look at my Sweetie. Look at him! Look how happy his face is. Look how long and hard his cock is." <lick, lick> "Is that not a cock worthy of serving?" <lick, lick, lick> "Don't you wish you were me?" <lick, lick>

Susan cried out in desperation, "You know I do!"

bender

Suzanne kept on, "Don't you wish that could be your hand, sloshing all over his pre-cum?"

Susan screamed, "YES! So help me God, but YES!"

The buxom mother couldn't help herself: if she couldn't reach forward to join in the licking, then at least she had to frig her cunt. She began blatantly pounding two fingers in and out of her wet slit. Even though she'd been doing some of that earlier, she'd been in such an erotic fog that she wasn't really aware of it. But now she was fully aware, and ashamed. Dear Lord, please forgive me! I can't believe I'm abusing myself, and in front of Tiger and Suzanne no less, but if I don't get some relief soon I'm gonna burn up! Too HOT! Good God, I need that cock! I'm my son's personal cocksucker, and I live to suck that cock!

Suzanne continued to taunt her. "And look at this endurance, this crazy endurance of his! If you want a load..." <slurp, slurp> "you really have to work for it." <slurp, slurp, slurp> "This is a superior cock on a superior man, isn't it? This is the kind of cock that harems are built around."

While Suzanne continued to slurp and lick and stroke, Susan gasped out, "Oh yes! Yes! So big! So good!" Being so close to the tip but not being able to put her lips on it was torture, made just barely bearable because she was able to jill herself. Her fingers were a blur.

"You want to lick it with me, don't you? It needs two tongues!"

"Please! Please! Can I?" Susan scooted closer, looking for a way to join in.

Suddenly, Suzanne stopped all her pleasuring motions and stood up. She pulled a very confused Alan up with her.

That put Alan's erection further from Susan, so she instinctively reached out for it.

But Suzanne blocked her hand before she could reach it. "Whoop! What are you doing? No touching, remember?"

Susan was miffed. "Hey. I made the no-touching rule and I can break it. I officially say touching it is okay! Especially my mouth on my son's cock! I vote a big 'YES' to that kind of touching!" She eagerly licked her lips, and bent her head down.

But Suzanne was being surprisingly tough. "Nope. Sorry. This concludes our first lesson in getting over your penis phobia. Do you feel better? Are you still afraid?"

"Afraid? Are you kidding me? I want to love it and lick it and please it forever and ever! Why won't you let me?!"

"Sorry. You're the one who instituted the 'no touching' rule. Remember Ron? What about Ron?"

Susan's ardor cooled a bit upon hearing her husband's name, but only just a bit. "Oh, poo! Ron. Stupid Ron. Cheating Ron! Like I care a rat's ass about Ron! I don't care if this IS his bedroom; I wanna get slutty with my son's cock, right here, right now! It'll serve my weasel of a husband right if I play with the snake!"

"No, sorry. I can't let you break the rules."

Alan looked at Suzanne incredulously. He said urgently, "Um, this is Mom's house and she does set the rules. If she wants to change the rules, what can we do about it?" He was definitely thinking with his dick. "I especially like the idea about both of you licking together. Can we try that?"

But Suzanne had a plan. She knew she could increase Susan's desire more by letting her almost get what she wanted but not quite reach it than by giving it to her right away. So she said, "I'm sorry, but a promise is a promise. I made a promise earlier tonight and I'm gonna keep to it."

Both Alan and Susan let out a simultaneous disappointed "Awww..." They were both coming down from being exceedingly close to orgasm. Almost anything could have triggered Alan off at this point, but Suzanne was just standing next to him, deliberately avoiding any contact with his erection and making sure no one else touched it either.

In fact, Suzanne was the key to Alan's growing endurance reputation. She knew when he was right on the verge, and thus when to pull back at just the right moment, and this was one of those times. It often seemed like he could remain erect forever, but that was just an illusion because of her expertly timed breaks. She hoped that in time he would learn her methods and discover when to take the breaks himself. However, knowing when to take a break wasn't as hard as having the willpower to actually do so.

Chapter 229 It's Not Like It Looks!

Suzanne continued to lecture, "Susan, you're frustrated now, but tomorrow you'll thank me. This is what we're doing, learning to increase your self-control so you can become better and better at your job, at being one of Sweetie's top cocksuckers."

Alan thought. "Job?" "One of?" "Top cocksuckers?" As if I have a bunch?! Damn, I love the way Aunt Suzy thinks!

Suzanne said, "You don't REALLY want Ron to catch you with your son's cock halfway down your throat, do you? Think how messy that would be, in more ways than one."

With the wind knocked out of her sails, Susan let out a huge sigh. "No. I suppose not." But then she added with new hope, "But he's not coming home now, so what's the harm? In fact, we're going to see him. Right? Isn't that still that plan?"

"It is. But you can never be too careful. He could come home early, at any time. Imagine the look on Ron's face if he were to see your cutie Tiger fire a big cummy load all over your face! Don't you think he'd be shocked to see all that delicious cum splattered on your glasses, your cheeks, your chin, down your neck and chest, and even in your hair? You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?"

Susan wanted to exclaim, "Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes! Sorry, Ron, but I just love my son's cum!" She needed to climax so badly that she was practically ready to cry. But instead she sighed heavily again. "No. I suppose not."

"Then we need to move on to lesson two. Since you say your self-control is not the greatest, we need to prepare you for situations where you might get out of control and might end up in a compromising position. Come here and pretend to be stroking your Tiger's cock as he stands here."

Alan spoke up. "Correction: sits here." He promptly sat back on the edge of the bed. He felt like he had to because his shaky legs were about to give out on him.

Neither woman minded.

Susan scooted closer, but paused before him. "Pretend? How do I pretend?"

"Place your hand around his shaft, but don't actually touch it. Just keep your fingers about an inch from it and slide your hand up and down just like you're really stroking it."

Susan complained, "But that's torture! Sheer torture!" Nevertheless, she started to do just that.

It was torture for Alan too. He could feel the air moving all around his erection, but that was all. Still, he kept quiet. He knew Suzanne was up to something and didn't want to ruin whatever it was.

Suzanne replied to Susan, "Hey, you're the one who made us give the 'no touching' promise. Now, I'm going to leave the room and then return. Imagine that I'm... Brad."

Susan asked, "Why Brad? Why not, say, Ron?"

Actually, Suzanne had been about to say "Ron" but at the last second decided that might bring up too many Oedipal issues that could interfere with the uncontrollable carnality she was aiming at, for Susan as well as Alan, especially given that Alan was right there. For similar reasons, she didn't want to say why she hadn't picked Ron. So instead she just said, "Think about it: what man is most likely to walk in on

you? Not just today, but in the months and years to come. Ron is always overseas, Eric has his head stuck up his ass and would never leave his easy chair if he didn't have to come and go to work. That leaves Brad. He could stroll through the gate between our backyards at any time, though thank the Lord he hasn't done that lately."

"True," Susan admitted. "Just thinking about it, I get scared!" Her heart was already pounding wildly from sexual excitement, and hearing Suzanne say "months and years to come" practically made her swoon, due to the breathtaking possibilities that suggested. But the thought of danger made her heart pound even harder. Her hand kept almost jacking off Alan's erection. In fact, she was getting increasingly sloppy and sometimes making contact with it.

Suzanne said, "That's one reason why we're practicing, so you have a chance to think these things through. Now, if everyone's ready to start, let's do it. Instead of a sweaty, disheveled, and naked big-titted gal, imagine I'm a scruffy and surly boy all dressed in black. And I can't do his voice justice, so just use your imagination and pretend my scratchy voice is his smooth one. Okay?"

Susan froze her hand right over Alan's erection as she asked, "So wait. What do we do when you come in then?"

"Well, that's what we're role-playing about. You'll find out. Okay, here we go."

Suzanne turned around and walked out the door.

The second she turned, Susan grasped Alan's erection and began really stroking it. She muttered under her breath just loud enough for him to hear, "Forget this pretend stuff; I need some real cock!"

Both mother and son let out big moans of relief. Their mutual pleasure skyrocketed as they shared their forbidden handjob joy.

In her mind, she repeated her mantra: I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock! I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy-slut! That made her feel even better, except that it increased her desire to be sucking and not just stroking.

But within twenty or so seconds, Suzanne came back in, and Susan was forced to move her hand back to the pretend stroking position. She didn't know what would happen if she were caught "cheating" by Suzanne, but she didn't want to find out.

Suzanne walked closer and said in a gruff voice, "What's going on here?!"

Susan found it easy to imagine that it really was Brad, despite Suzanne being completely naked and obviously all woman. In fact, Susan's entire body shivered in fright. But she had no idea what to do. She was completely naked too, of course, while Alan only wore his T-shirt. Furthermore, she was on her knees with her fingers obviously wrapped around his erection. Needing to say something, she burst out with, "Brad! It's not like it looks!"

Suzanne walked closer and switched out of her Brad role. "Good start. But if it's not like it looks, what is it, then?"

Susan said in a panicky voice, "I don't know! I can't think of anything even remotely plausible."bender

Suzanne replied. "Hmmm. Tough one. So our first conclusion can be, if you think you might get caught, don't get completely naked. ... Why don't you tell him you're giving Alan the birds and the bees talk?"

"Okay, I'll try that."

Suzanne walked back out and then right back in, not giving Susan even enough time to take a deep breath. She bellowed again, "What's going on here?!"

Susan turned to "Brad" and said, "It's not what you think! I'm giving Alan a frank talk about sex!" She continued to firmly grasp his boner.

"What?! You've got to be kidding me!"

"No, I'm not. He's eighteen, and he doesn't know the first thing about a woman! I even have to show him what a handjob is!"

Suzanne, knowing her son Brad, went with the role. "Whoa! Alan, I must say that sounds kind of pathetic, but also kind of ... cool. Damn, with a mother looking like Susan, all I can say is, congratulations, you lucky dog!"

Now Suzanne was the one forced to deal with uncomfortable incest issues as it occurred to her, If Brad might congratulate Sweetie for getting a handjob from his hot mother, he might be equally delighted to get a handjob from his own hot mother - ME! Shit! I have no intention of that ever happening, and it's not ever going to happen because, among other things, it would completely ruin my plans for the Plummer family. I love my Sweetie, and I'm not interested in the slightest in any other man. In any case, I don't know if that's how he'd react. I was just going with the moment. I could be wrong. I hope I'm wrong!

Suzanne was frozen with her mouth half open and about to speak when she was hit with these thoughts. But then she snapped to, stepped out of her role, and said, "Etcetera, etcetera. Good start."

Susan finally took a deep, relieved breath. She unthinkingly slid her fingers up and down Alan's shaft while staring Suzanne's way. "Do you really think that'll fly? Brad's not going to mind?! Would he actually believe that?"

"Frankly, probably not. I was just trying to channel how a horny teenage boy might react, but all the wine and nakedness could be skewing my answer. The truth is, sadly, I can't get into my son's head, and I don't know how he thinks. For all I know, he might just walk up to Alan and start punching him. But at least now we're thinking about the issue. And Susan, you can see that a bad answer is better than no answer at all. At least you have some plausible deniability. You and I can discuss what you might say to Brad later."

Susan nodded. She finally realized that she wasn't supposed to even be touching Alan's pole while Suzanne was watching, and she let go. Then she brought her hand back, but she was careful to encircle it without quite touching it, like she should have been doing all along.

Suzanne pretended not to notice that, but she slyly grinned to herself.

Chapter 230 Whoa! It Looks Like My Indoctrination Tactics Are A Little TOO Successful Already!

Suzanne then said authoritatively, "Now, since we don't have the foggiest idea how Brad would react, why don't we switch the scenario to someone where we CAN predict how they'll react? And just to make absolutely sure about the response, we'll switch to a pretend blowjob. That way there's no chance

in Hell that the lame 'birds and bees talk' excuse will fly. You'll have to think of something better to at least keep her wrath in check."

"Her?" Alan asked, as he finally removed his T-shirt. "Who are we talking about now?"

Suzanne grinned wolfishly. "Why, Christine, of course. Who better to go completely ballistic? Both of you will have to be very fast thinkers and convincing talkers to prevent her from going into martial arts mode and slicing and dicing you two. Though of course we won't carry the scenario that far."

Susan blanched. "I don't know. This is scary. I hear she can be really mean when she gets in a rage."

Suzanne smiled. "That's why we're practicing, so you can deal with even someone like her. Look at the plus side: at least you won't have to make the mental stretch of imagining me as a man. In fact, I do believe her breasts are just about the same size as mine. Just imagine my hair is blonde and straight with those weird curly locks of hers hanging down her front, and I AM Christine! Are you ready?"

Everyone nodded.

However, Susan was still just kneeling there with her hand almost but not quite wrapping itself around her son's erection.

Suzanne walked forward and said, "Time out. Susan, I said this was a pretend blowjob situation. So remove your hand..."

Susan did, but said in a pitiful voice, "Awww..."

"Well, to be nice, I'll let you hold his cock so you can keep it in place for the blowjob."

Susan immediately grasped it firmly with both hands. She let out a sigh of contentment as she did so.

Suzanne continued, "Remember, though, no stroking. You just need to do that because you're going to have to keep his cock extremely still. Now, lean forward and put his cockhead in your mouth. But no touching it with your lips!"

Susan did that, or at least she tried to. In fact, Alan's cockhead was so big and wide that it was an effort to fit it in her mouth at all. She opened her jaw as wide as humanly possible and yet it was still touching the sides, though there was a little bit of room above and below.

It occurred to her though that Suzanne couldn't see what was happening inside her mouth, as long as she didn't make any moves obvious enough to be seen on the outside. She immediately began slathering her son's cockhead with her tongue.

Alan groaned at the unexpected surge in stimulation.

Suzanne was a sharp cookie, and immediately figured out what Susan was doing with her tongue. But she pretended not to notice.

Susan looked at Suzanne expectantly while holding that position, hoping for some change in orders. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't even mumble while her mouth was stretched so far open and her tongue was making subtle yet non-stop moves against her son's cock.

Suzanne said, "Good. Now, can you keep that position for a couple of minutes?"

Susan wanted to shake her head no, but she couldn't do that either, due to the erect cock in her mouth. Finding the position impossible to hold any longer, she mumbled "No." But in so doing, she moved her jaw some and brought her lips closer together. Without really intending to do so, she found her lips securely locked around her son's dick.

The temptation of having it so close but not being able to suck it was more than she could bear and she gave in completely. One second, she was closing her jaw a little to say, "No," the next second she was sucking on it contentedly while the hand that had been holding it in place began frantically stroking up and down his pre-cum slicked surface.

She groaned needfully. Oh God, YES! I need this! UNGH! HNNNG! YEESSSS!

Suzanne bellowed, "Time out, time out! Hold on! Susan, STOP! Stop this instant!"

Susan reluctantly complied, pulling her face away from the tempting target (although now she was holding it with both hands and gently sliding her fingers back and forth as much as she thought she could get away with). She complained, "Suzanne, this is just impossible! It's too big and thick and delicious! How do you expect me to just hold my lips around it like that?!"

"Oh, come on. It's not that difficult. And it's not THAT big, either. If I can do it, you can do it. Here, let me show you how it's done."

So Susan moved aside to give Suzanne room to approach, but she found she couldn't completely let go of her grip on the base of Alan's erection. So, as she continued to stroke, she gave the feeble excuse, "Here, while you're busy with that, I'll help keep it steady."

bender

Suzanne sarcastically rolled her eyes. "Thanks." But she let Susan keep stroking, since after all the entire point of the exercise was to get Susan so aroused that her willpower disappeared. Plus, she found it extremely arousing to blow Alan while Susan stroked him.

Finally in position on her heels, Suzanne looked up into Alan's eyes. "Ready, Sweetie?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

Suzanne leaned forward and took all of Alan's cockhead in her mouth, just like Susan had done. But somehow she was able to make her jaw open even more, and no part of her lips touched him anywhere.

"That's incredible!" Susan exclaimed. "How can you do that?" She looked at the inside of Suzanne's mouth from every angle she could to see whether Suzanne was cheating with her tongue like she herself had just been doing, but Suzanne's tongue really wasn't touching him anywhere.

Even more remarkably, Suzanne was somewhat able to talk while keeping her jaw more or less in place. "Paaatith, paaatith, paaatith."

Alan was huffing and puffing with excitement, but managed to say, "I think she said, 'Practice, practice, practice,' Mom."

"I guessed that. But look! She even has room on the underside to stick her tongue out, too! Only now she's using it to lick the sensitive underside. Suzanne, no fair! That's cheating!"

It was true. Even though Suzanne knew that Susan would be watching just for that, she found it too tempting not to lick.

Susan conveniently forgot that she'd just been cheating in exactly the same way. She added to herself, And it's not fair that you have such a long tongue. Tiger's gonna run to you first for all his cocksucking needs. Darn it!

Suzanne grinned and pulled away entirely. Able to speak again, she said, "Oops. Sorry. But then again, the 'no touching' rule doesn't apply to me, just to you." She conveniently ignored the way Susan's hand was "holding" Alan's rod in an increasingly vigorous manner. "Here, let's try again. I'll do better this time."

Another minute passed while Suzanne blew him and Susan jacked him off.

Susan finally complained, "Okay, already! You made your point!" She was so horny that it wasn't that she minded what they were doing; rather, she wanted to trade places with Suzanne.

Standing up again, Suzanne said to Susan, "Now, you try it again. You and I have basically the same curvy bodies, the same mouths, the same everything. Of course, I have a much longer tongue, but that shouldn't matter in this case. So if I can do it, you can too."

So Susan resumed the position Suzanne had just vacated. She didn't really do any better than before, and her lips touched on both sides.

But the effort seemed to satisfy Suzanne, who said, "Good. Now keep holding it like that."

The position was pure torture for Susan, though. It wasn't opening her jaw so wide and for so long that bothered her - it was the inability to suck. All the stroking she was able to do at the same time only increased her need and desire to coax a big sticky load down her throat.

So as soon as Suzanne turned her back and walked away to start the role-play, Susan resumed licking. She was careful to keep her tongue inside her lips though, so that Suzanne couldn't see what she was doing. It was still torture for her not to use her lips too, but this at least made the situation bearable.

There was no doubt that Alan could feel and enjoy what she was doing, however. He was already sweating from all the excitement, and found his heart pounding even more than before. It was difficult for him to keep flexing his PC muscle so as not to climax, but in addition he had to try to not show visibly how good Susan's insanely pleasurable tongue-licking felt. He somehow managed, but just barely. The strain showed on his increasingly sweaty face.

Suzanne turned around at the door and came back towards where Susan and Alan were sitting. She made sure to swing her shoulders so her huge tits would sway from side to side. Finally pretending to be Christine, she said, "Alan, just what the hell is going on?! Is that Susan, your mother?! My GOD!"

Alan was just barely hanging on, so he couldn't get it together enough to respond.

Susan didn't respond either. In fact, it was remarkable that she could process Suzanne's words at all. Her entire world now was the big erection in her mouth. She was struggling with all her might not to give up and suck on her son's tasty dick for all she was worth. But by imagining an irate Christine ready to kick her ass, she managed to limit herself just to her surreptitious licking, plus stroking the base of his shaft. It didn't occur to her to simply pull away completely from his crotch now that she'd supposedly been caught.

Since neither of the others was speaking, Suzanne continued her pretend Christine rant. "Alan, can't you hear me?! I said, isn't that your own mother?! My God, what kind of depraved perversion am I seeing here?! You have your very own mother naked and on her knees, sucking on your giant cock! And it looks like she won't stop for anyone or anything until she gets a big delicious load blasted down her throat! You two, stop it right now!"

The words startled Alan enough to get him to look over at "Christine." He managed to point out, "Hey, look who's talking? Why are you naked?"

In their role-play, everyone was supposed to be pretending that she was wearing clothes, but that had been forgotten. Suzanne looked down, feebly covered her privates, and pretended to be embarrassed. "That's beside the point! Stop looking at my big breasts!" She pounded her foot on the floor petulantly, deliberately making her round melons jiggle. "And stop it, you two! Stop it!"

At that moment, Susan gave up the struggle. There's just too much tasty cock! I can't resist! It IS a "giant cock" and it needs servicing! Mommy needs sperm!

With that, her lips closed around his thickness and she began sucking with a passion. She didn't even try to hide it; her whole head jerked back and forth as she made love to her son's dick with her tongue, lips, and hands.

Suzanne, still pretending to be Christine, rushed over and knelt behind her. She pulled on Susan's hair, gradually but firmly yanking Susan away from Alan's rampant erection. "Stop it, I say! That's so improper!" She couldn't resist saying that, since it had become a catchphrase for Susan.

"NoooOOOOoooo!" Susan let out a muffled roar around Alan's erection. Her hands let go of it as she attempted to reach behind her and swat Suzanne away, and for a few moments their struggle threatened to escalate into a cat fight.

But it was no use; Suzanne was in the better position, and Susan could see that she didn't stand a chance. There was simply no way Susan could fight and suck cock at the same time. Her mouth eventually was forced to leave her son's hot, throbbing dick.

Forgetting that they were in a role-play, Susan yelled as she struggled, "Suzanne, let go! I love you, but don't get between me and my son! I need some real cock, and I need it now!"

Suzanne started to say, "But the boundaries-"

"Boundaries be damned! I'm so hot that if I can't suck me some son cock, well, I don't know what! And I don't care about the what, 'cos the other option ain't gonna happen! I'm PROUD to be my Tiger's big-

titted mommy slut, and if you've got a problem with that, then... BACK OFF!" She twisted and turned, and finally shook Suzanne loose. She felt so passionate about it that she'd very nearly said "fuck off" instead.

Suzanne had never seen Susan quite like this. She'd seen Susan get very aggressive in defense of her children when she felt they were threatened, but she hadn't realized that Susan also had a sexually aggressive side. She was amused but also pleasantly surprised. Whoa! It looks like my indoctrination tactics are a little TOO successful already! She wisely got out of the way.

Although Susan called Alan "Tiger," now she was the one acting like a tigress. She was wired with energy and lust, and there was a near manic gleam in her eye. She came towards him with such steely determination that he tried to back away, but he could only fall backward onto the bed.

She launched herself at his groin, and moaned with pure glee as her lips engulfed his cockhead. She sucked him with abandon. There was no finesse, and none of the exquisite drawing-out process filled with rest breaks that Suzanne had been using. She just wanted her son's cum and she wanted it immediately. She did nothing but bob on his prick with the biggest passes up and down she could manage. She repeatedly went from having just the bare tip between her lips to as far down it as she could get without gagging, over and over and over.

And although Susan tried not to gag, in her lusty fever she slid her lips so far down on him each time that she would start to choke and gag. It felt strange to her, but she found she actually liked it in a curious sort of way. But more importantly, she absolutely adored the sounds that resulted. It sounded like she was being completely overwhelmed by the size and power of her son's cock, and she felt that way too.

The cumulative effect of all this was about as subtle as being hit by an eighteen-wheeler truck, and just as attention grabbing. Alan could only hold out a minute or two before he started to blow. It was a feat for him to last even that long, because passion oozed out of every fiber of Susan's being. She was so sexy, so burning with lust, that even Suzanne's sexiness temporarily faded by comparison.

Unfortunately, Alan had had such a sexually active day that he didn't have much cum left to give up. But Susan didn't mind, and eagerly guzzled down every last drop her tongue and lips could coax out.

When she was finally satiated, she slid next to Alan on the bed and fell back on it. "Oh, YEAH! God, that was good! I needed that! That's been building up for DAYS! YES!" She was beyond happy. "Goodness gracious, I love it!"

Suzanne was nearly teary-eyed with joy, because she loved what she saw before her. Look at that, will you? It not just the sight of two happy naked people. That's love! Mostly, she stared at Susan. She's a vision! A vision of the completely liberated woman I've always dreamed she could become. She's so happy and carefree that she's practically glowing.

However, Suzanne knew it wouldn't last long; Susan's prudish ways were too ingrained, and would inevitably return with a rebound. But she was happy to witness Susan's transformation and feel good at how good Susan felt, and know that she was vital in helping Susan feel that way. Her goal was to put Susan into this liberated state of mind more and more often until it became a permanent condition.

She asked her, "Susan, so what lessons did you learn here tonight?"

Susan practically shouted, "First and foremost, I love my son's cock! Cocksucking is just the best! Stroking is good, but sucking is better! What I learned is, I need that cock! A lot! The snake. The big snake! I'm soooo cured of my dick phobia." She leaned her head down and lovingly kissed Alan's penis several times, even though it was completely flaccid. "I officially pronounce myself cured! In fact, my new fear is that I'll have to go a whole day without more cocksucking!" She rubbed her cheeks against it, heedless of how wet it still was.

Slightly calmer, she sat up so she could look Suzanne in the eye. She held his balls with one hand and his penis with the other, as if she drew strength from the mere contact. "What was that you said before? Something about how I have to improve my self-control so I can do better at being one of my Tiger's top cocksuckers? That is just so true! Suzanne, when you're right, you're right. I wanna be the best. The very best! Tiger, I just wanna suck your cock every single day, if you'll let me!"

Alan looked at her incredulously. This was all so great that he was half-convinced it was only a dream.

Susan flopped back down on the bed and said to him in a still calmer tone as she stared at the ceiling, "Tiger, you know, it's funny. Just a month or two ago, I was concerned for you. You were turning eighteen and I knew you'd never kissed a girl yet. I worried you might graduate from high school without any sexual experience. But now, look at me! I'm buck naked with your sperm dribbling from the corners of my mouth. I'm fondling your balls and planting kisses up and down your beautiful penis like I can't help myself, because I can't."

She hadn't been kissing it when she said that, but she proceeded to kiss all up and down his flaccidness. Then she started licking his privates clean. "I'm one of your personal big-titted cocksuckers, and I LOVE IT!"

Alan didn't really understand language like that. But he definitely got a big thrill out of it just the same.

She added as she continued to lick, "Oh, I know it's not just Suzanne and me who are helping out. I've seen how you come home and go straight to your daily orgasms chart and put another mark or two up there. I just hope that whoever she is helping you at school, she's got really big hooters and sucks you good! Or is it a 'they?' I'll bet it's a 'they!'"

She lifted her head up just enough to look at his face.

He tried to keep a poker face, but apparently didn't do a very good job. He'd assumed Susan would be jealous of his being with other women, and was blown away that she apparently was not.

Susan sat up even higher, so she could reach out and caress his face at the same time. Her big tits took a long time to jiggle back into place. "It's a 'THEY!' I knew it! I'm so impressed! Wow. My son is a stud! That just makes me want to cream even more, but my pussy can only take so much!"

Suzanne had noticed the same marks on the chart, but felt that now was not the time to discuss them. It was growing late and they needed to make at least a token appearance at the party Ron was attending.

Alan caressed her face in return, and said, "Thanks, Mom. I know changing your attitude on some things so quickly isn't easy. But you're trying your best. You're my beautiful centerfold mom, and I love you."

"Awww, Tiger!" She beamed, radiating love. Then she settled back down between his legs and resumed licking his privates clean.

Suzanne was silent for about a minute, but then she asked, "How long are you going to do that? We do still have that party of Ron's to go to, you know."

"Oh, no!" Susan complained.

"Oh, yes. Don't worry; we won't be considered late. Time flies when you're having fun, but I'll bet it's only about eight, eight-thirty at the latest."

"Oh, POO!" Susan pouted. She sighed in resignation. "Very well. But let me finish cleaning him up first, okay?"

Suzanne saw that Susan was doing a lot of licking of Alan's balls without any real cleaning going on, but she decided to let her have her fun for a few minutes to help her transition to getting ready for the party.

Alan and Suzanne had to literally drag Susan to the bathtub and fill up her bath, then clean up her room (there were piles of clothes all over the place), and then finally take turns showering themselves. There was no time for any more hanky-panky, though Alan did get more time to gawk at Susan and Suzanne while they remained naked.