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Chapter 231 Brenda - "Did You Just Say Alan, Your Son?!"

Susan knew all about being "arm candy" for Ron. For years, in addition to attending regular parties with real friends, she had attended parties for Ron's business purposes. Opinions of Ron soared when they saw what a truly stunning and curvaceous woman he had married. Susan was used to wearing fancy outfits that were sexy yet didn't actually reveal much skin, due to her prudish sensibilities. She knew how to charm and talk to the people Ron subtly directed her to interact with. Frankly, with her natural beauty she usually won the charm battle no matter what she wore or said.

So Susan expected another party like that. She was glad that at least Suzanne would be there to help her get through it. And Suzanne's help was especially needed this evening because Susan was still quite tipsy from the wine she'd been drinking earlier. Also, she was still in a kind of daze from all of the sexual excitement with Alan.

Suzanne did almost everything, from picking out clothes for Susan and herself to driving the car. Her goal was to be efficient and get in and out of the party with Susan's social obligations fulfilled as soon as possible. Although Suzanne was much better at hiding it, she too was somewhat dazed and giddy from the events with Alan. She wanted to go to bed early if she could.

However, their plans changed shortly after the two of them arrived at the party. At first, there were no surprises. It was being held at a lavish mansion owned by one of the higher-ups in Ron's company. Both of them had been there for other parties. Most of the faces were familiar from those previous parties.

The surprise was that Brenda was there too. This actually wasn't that unexpected, since Brenda did move in very similar social circles. Now that Brenda was coming out of her self-imposed isolation, which had been caused by her feeling depressed about the collapse of her marriage, she had resumed attending parties like this, and Suzanne's recent interest in her stemmed from talking to her at one such event.

Even so, it was a pleasant coincidence. Suzanne immediately decided that instead of just spending Susan's bare minimum of a half hour or so of "arm candy" time at the party, the two of them should stay longer and get to know Brenda better. Suzanne thought the card game get-together they'd had with Brenda the prior Wednesday had gone well. She had a gut feeling that Brenda had a role in her planned sexual utopia future, but she still wasn't sure what that role was, or how big it would be. Even so, Brenda had such obvious sexual potential that she represented an opportunity that simply couldn't be

missed. The snag was that Suzanne needed more information to better know just what to do with her, so this was a golden opportunity to acquire that.

Susan, in her still tipsy and horny state, was pleased to see Brenda. When Suzanne privately told Susan about her desire to genuinely have a good time getting to know Brenda better, Susan was game. It helped that Alan had told them before they left that he was definitely sexually finished for the day, and he was just going to chill out for a while before going to bed early, so Susan knew that she wouldn't be missing out on anything fun at home.

However, Susan and Suzanne only spoke to Brenda briefly at first. They explained about Susan's social obligations, and then they wandered off to find Ron and get Susan's required face-time over with as quickly as possible. They made plans to meet with Brenda in a certain less-crowded room later, once Susan's command performance was over.

Half an hour later, those obligations had been met and the three MILFs met up again as planned. They greeted each other like long-lost friends, with hugs and kisses on cheeks all around. Suzanne noticed that Brenda was tipsy the first time they'd found her, and half an hour later it looked like Brenda was in danger of crossing the line from tipsy to drunk. Suzanne considered this a very good thing, because the things she most wanted to know about Brenda were the sorts of things people generally didn't like to talk about, most especially their sexual tendencies, experiences, and interests. She figured the alcohol would help loosen Brenda's lips.

After the hugs, Suzanne took charge. "Brenda! Look at you. You look fantastic! But what are you doing at a party like this?"

Brenda leaned in, like she was going to tell a dangerous secret. "You really wanna know?"

"Sure!"

"I'm looking for a... MAN!" Brenda raised her wine glass high in the air, spilling most of the remaining wine out of it.

Suzanne looked around the room. There weren't many other people nearby, but there were a few. Between Brenda's boisterous statement and her sloppy gesture, Suzanne decided more privacy was

needed. She gripped Brenda's arm and started walking her out of the room, forcing both Brenda and Susan to follow. "Really? Tell me all about it."

Brenda was untroubled by how Suzanne was leading her. "Oh, you know the story. Painful divorce. Kind of crushed my spirit. But I can't just sit and mope forever. Gotta... get back out there. Get back on the horse. Ride the horse!" She leaned in secretively again, even while they were walking, and lowered her voice. "Although, to be honest, I'd prefer to be ridden, if you know what I mean."

Then she stopped walking altogether, cupped her hand to Suzanne's ear, and whispered, "I'm horny!" She pulled back, smirked, and staggered around a bit before recovering her balance.

Suzanne grabbed Brenda's arm and resumed walking her to the nearest empty room they could find. She muttered, "I'll bet. Aren't we all." She rolled her eyes. She glanced back to Susan to make sure Susan was still following right behind - she was.

Susan was all grins. She was still riding her erotic high from what had happened earlier with Alan, so she was glad she wasn't the only one with a bad case of the "hornies."

Suzanne soon got Brenda to an upstairs bedroom. She liked that spot because she could, and did, lock the door to the room, and it had a bathroom attached to it in case Brenda got sick. There was also a nice balcony with a great view of the expansive backyard area and on all the way to the ocean.

The three of them found chairs and pulled them together so they made a small circle. Suzanne resumed the conversation with Brenda. "So, are you looking for Mr. Right, or Mr. Right Now?"

Brenda snorted with glee. Then she answered, "Both! Mr. Right, of course, but, failing that, Mr. Right Now will do!" She giggled.

Suzanne gave Brenda an obvious lookover and asked, "Is that why you're dressed like that?"

Susan added, "Yeah. I'm curious about that too. When we talked last time, you kept complaining about how you hate all the attention your body draws to you. Especially in the, uh, upper chest region."

Both women were referring to the fact that Brenda was wearing a stunning, expensive dress that showed off a lot of skin. In particular, it showed off a spectacular amount of cleavage, as well as side boob. The dresses Susan and Suzanne were wearing were quite modest in comparison.

Brenda waved a hand dismissively, causing her entire upper body to wobble dangerously. It was a very good thing she was sitting down. "Yeah, well, you know how it goes. You can't catch a big fish if you don't have good bait."

Suzanne asked, "Is that what you want, another big fish? A rich, powerful guy like your soon to be ex-husband?"

Brenda grimaced. "No! No way! Not that kind of big fish. I mean a HUNK! Some kind of guy who can really..." She paused and looked around. She hadn't been paying full attention, so she registered surprise to see that they were sitting alone in a room. But she quickly recovered, and continued, "Since we're talking in private, and you two are kind of like my new good friends, I'm just gonna come right out and say it: I want some kinda guy who can really..." - she took a deep breath that drew even more attention to her deep cleavage, and then declared - "...FUCK!"

She petulantly folded her arms under her massive rack, causing her tits to bulge out even more. "There! I said it, and I don't care. 'Cos it's the truth!" Then in a brief moment of sober clarity, she remembered Susan's prudish reputation. "Sorry, Susan, for my language. I mean, uh... well, you know what I mean. I need to get LAID! UGH! Gaawwwd, it's been a long time!"

Susan wasn't that offended, due to all the sexual changes in her life. She smiled and said, "That's okay. Believe me, I understand the feeling. Imagine what it must be like to be married to a man who lives overseas for eleven months out of the year. Year after year after year!"

"UGH!" Brenda groaned loudly. "I can't imagine. Oh! Poor you! And I thought I had it bad. How do you cope?!"

Susan wasn't sure how to answer that, given her recent secret activities with Alan.

Luckily, Suzanne saw Susan's problem and stepped in to say, "I'll field that, since Susan can be shy talking about that sort of thing. But you know how it is, Brenda. Us ladies have special friends who come in the night to visit. They're phallic-shaped and make a loud buzzing sound, if you know what I mean."

Brenda's eyes went wide as realization dawned on her that Suzanne was referring to a vibrator. Then she burst into laughter. "Oh yeah! Totally! Me too! And how. Oh my God! It comes in the night, and then I cum in the night, if you know what I mean!" She giggled some more.

Suzanne dutifully laughed along. "I get it. But it's not the same as the real thing, is it?"

Brenda felt so passionately about that that she started to rise out of her chair before she realized her balance difficulty and fell back into it. "NO! No way! Not even close! What I wouldn't give for a good, hard..." - she remembered Susan's supposed prudish sensitivity and stopped herself just in time. "Well, you can probably guess the rest."

Suzanne grinned. She wanted to encourage Brenda's speaking without restraint, so she said, "I think the word you're looking for there is 'cock.'"

Brenda gasped and then looked to Susan with concern.

Suzanne had explained to Susan in a private moment how she was hoping to learn more about Brenda's sexual nature this evening, and she'd asked for Susan's help as a confederate in that plan. She'd even made clear that she envisioned Brenda providing sexual assistance to Alan in some fashion. Much of the time, that idea would have bothered Susan, but she was still horny enough that it excited her instead. So Susan gamely replied to Brenda, "Oh, don't worry about it. I'm not made out of glass. I may not talk like that, but that's no reason why you and Suzanne shouldn't feel free to."

Brenda wobbled in her seat some, then steadied herself. "Oh. Good." She was going to take another sip of her wine, only to find that her hands were empty. "Hey. What happened to my wine?"

Suzanne said, "You lost your glass a while back." In fact, Suzanne had taken it from her and left it behind not long after they'd started walking to their private room. "But don't worry about it. We're all feeling pretty good anyway, aren't we? What do you need to get drunk for in the first place?"

Brenda turned sad and thoughtful. She admitted, "Liquid courage, I guess. To help me get a man."

Both Susan and Suzanne were shocked to hear that, and it showed.

Susan exclaimed, "YOU?! Why would YOU need courage?! You're so curvy and gorgeous that it's crazy! Even I get jealous about your looks!"

Suzanne huffed, "What she said! Seriously! Any man at this party isn't worthy to lick your toes! You don't need any kind of courage at all. I don't care if you're mute or have no charm whatsoever. All you'd need to do is snap your fingers and any guy will come running. Even most of the married ones!"

Brenda was still moody. "That's nice of you to say. And I know you have a point. I guess I'm kinda sorta drunk, and I didn't mean to drink that much. But getting tipsy, well, I guess it just helps make things easier. I'm not used to just, you know... looking to get laid. To be honest, it's been years since I've been in this position."

Suzanne carefully probed, "When we spoke at the card game, you mentioned that your husband had cheated on you, but that you weren't entirely blameless since you'd cheated right back."

Brenda let out a heavy sigh. "Yeah. That's true. I did. And I regret it. I was lashing out to make him angry. The funny thing is that I felt bad about it and never actually told him. But in any case, that was years and years ago, after I first found out he was cheating on me. But I stopped soon enough, since I decided I didn't want to sink to his level. But he still kept right on cheating!"

She sighed again. "Our sex life slowly sputtered to a halt after that. I did the bare minimum for him, and without any enthusiasm. I'm only putting myself out there now because the divorce is all over except for a few last legal snags. He's moved on with a new woman and he doesn't care if I know about it, that's for sure! And I'm so damn lonely. And HORNY! Why should I be the chump who suffers when it's his fault for ruining our marriage in the first place?!"

Suzanne could see that Brenda was starting to go from sad to angry. She knew that Brenda had a reputation as hot-tempered, and she didn't want her to get in a snit. So she said consolingly, "I understand where you're coming from. And you're right, there's no point in you honoring your marriage vows now, not unless you could get in trouble with the divorce."

Brenda waved a hand dismissively. "Nah. We had a pre-nup and we're pretty much sticking to that. Proof of cheating doesn't really dent it much. Heck, I wish it did, so I could sock it to him! But I couldn't anyway, because California is a no-fault-divorce state."

"Well, in that case, go for it! Have some fun! It sounds like you need it, and you certainly deserve it. But if you want my advice, I say don't bother yourself with the losers at this party."

"Oh?" Brenda looked up and around, only to remember they were alone in a room. Her drunkenness was wearing off some, but she was still out of it at times.

Suzanne was going on a hunch that Brenda was sexually submissive. She considered herself a good judge of character, and she'd gotten that vibe from Brenda from the very start. She hoped she was right, because it was a fairly crucial factor for her still-forming plans as to what to do with Brenda. "Yeah, forget these bozos. They're all faceless drones. They're like the salarymen of Japan, except they're the American version. Sure, they're rich, but they're all corporate tools. If you're out to marry for money, you couldn't pick a better crowd."

"HA!" Brenda spat bitterly. "Who needs money? If there's one thing I've got, it's money. And I honestly don't think it's made my life better. The last thing I need is another rich ass... PRICK!"

Susan asked, "Then why look for a man at a party like this?"

Brenda shrugged sheepishly. "I dunno. I guess you gotta start somewhere, and this is the crowd I know."

Suzanne stated authoritatively, "Then you need a new crowd. You don't need a pin-striped drone. They've got no imagination. No sexual oomph. No PASSION! I'll bet I know exactly what you need." She purred suggestively in her sexy, scratchy voice, "You need a REAL man!"

Brenda was suddenly sitting up and giving Suzanne her total attention. "What do you mean?"

Suzanne decided it was time to test her theory that Brenda was sexually submissive. "You know, a man's man. One who isn't afraid of a REAL woman like you. And I'm not talking about bulging muscles, or a deep voice, or a square-set jaw, or any of that superficial crap. Given your great beauty, I'm sure you've discovered what I call the 'handsome man law.'"

Brenda just blinked. When no further explanation was forthcoming, she asked, "What's that?"

"The tendency that the more handsome a man is, the more full of himself he is. The real wet-your-panties kind of stunners are usually arrogant, macho pricks, who are more into themselves than they'll ever be into you. They usually suck in bed too, because they never had to struggle to please. Forget any oral loving from a guy like that! And it's usually the same for the well-hung men. Add the two together, and you're almost guaranteed to be disappointed."

Brenda grunted in agreement. "Ain't that the truth! But, then, what's a real man?"

Suzanne explained, "A real man has real passion, coming from inside. He's arrogant too, in a way, but it's different, because it's justified. He deserves to pat himself on the back because he knows exactly how to please a woman. In fact, he knows how to make her scream and cry and claw at the sheets until she just about passes out from too many orgasms! He's cocky and confident, but not an asshole. He knows what he wants and how to get it, and what he wants is YOU!" She grinned knowingly. "Am I on the right track?"

Brenda practically bounced in her chair. "Yes, please! More! Let's hear more of that!"bender

Suzanne grinned, because she already could sense her hunch about Brenda's submissiveness was right on. "He's charming and silver-tongued, but his words aren't just a bunch of bullshit. The flattery hits home because he really means it. He's always hot and horny for you, and a glance at his crotch will prove just how sincere that is! He's respectful and he'd never hurt you or even insult you. Yet he has a certain sort of... how shall I say it?"

She pretended to consider for a moment. "He has a sort of natural commanding presence. He's friendly, yet somehow aloof too. He's a bit of a bad boy, but in a good-bad sort of way, if you know what I mean."

Brenda nodded eagerly.

Suzanne decided to push her hunch a little further. "There's something... compelling... about him. Like I said, he's not an asshole, and yet, somehow, you find yourself wanting to make him happy. To keep him sexually satisfied. He practically drowns you in so many screaming orgasms, so many mind-bending fucks, that you just can't help but want to give back and show your appreciation, show how much you treasure and adore him. Before long, you find yourself sucking his cock - pardon my language, Susan - practically all the time! Not because you feel grudgingly obliged to, but because you love doing it! It's like a drug, and you can't get enough! You find yourself doing crazy things for him. Dressing like a slut,

acting like a slut, having sex in risky places. You feel ashamed and embarrassed, but the more you do it, the more hooked you get!"

Suzanne was keeping a close eye on Brenda's reaction. She was ready to tone things down if need be, but the way Brenda was eagerly nodding encouraged her to go still farther. "Eventually, you call yourself his slut, but you don't mind, because it's true: you ARE his slut! But that's not a bad thing. In fact, it's the best thing ever! The sex keeps getting better and better, because you've lost your inhibitions and he's lost his. He may not have the biggest cock, or the most handsome face, or the biggest muscles. But that doesn't matter, because your pussy is always sopping wet even before he slides his shaft into your tight slit, or your eager mouth, or your deep cleavage, or wherever the hell he wants to stick it in you. In your ass, even! It's good that he's in charge, because he knows what's best, and he knows EXACTLY how to drive you to the highest peaks of ecstasy, every single time!"

A sudden silence followed, as Suzanne finally decided to gauge Brenda's reaction. Actually, the pause wasn't so silent because all three women were panting hard. Susan loved Suzanne's "real man" description just as much as Brenda did.

Finally, Brenda recovered from her lusty shock and said, "My GOD! Suzanne! It's like you've just described my dream man! But such a man doesn't exist, except in fiction. And I know, because I've looked high and low."

Suzanne spoke confidently. "Oh, they exist. Believe me, I know, first-hand. It's just that they're very, very rare. But it's a tricky situation. The ones you think are like that are usually the macho assholes I mentioned before. It's the ones you don't expect who have the deep passion, the insatiable lust, the quiet confidence."

Brenda was indignant. "That sounds all well and good, but name me just one man. One man like that who's for real!"

Without thinking, Susan blurted out, "Alan!"

"Excuse me?" Brenda turned to Susan and looked at her with great skepticism. "Did you just say Alan, your son?!"

Susan sheepishly admitted, "I did. Suzanne and I have never talked about this 'real man' stuff before, and it just struck me like a bolt out of the blue that he fits that description like a hand in a glove!" But then she hastily added, "Of course, I don't know about all the sexual part of it first hand. I'm his mother! But the rest fits. And I have eyes and ears, and I see how he treats his, uh, his girlfriends."

Suzanne was secretly delighted. Not only had she all but confirmed Brenda was sexually submissive, she loved how Susan had swung the conversation around to Alan. Ha! Excellent. Alan could have the personality of a potato, and the looks of one too. It doesn't matter. All I have to do is get Brenda to think that he is the kind of guy I just described, and she'll be dying to at least try him out for a spin. Easy peasy!

Suzanne nodded with great seriousness. "It's true. I know you've met him, and you must be thinking that he's young, and he may not look all that much. But it's like I said, it's the ones you least suspect. The outer shell doesn't matter much; it's the heart and the mind, plus the burning loins. Most of all, it's the passion!"

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Then, knowing Brenda was hooked on wanting to know more about Alan, Suzanne abruptly changed the focus. "But let's not talk about him. I'm afraid he's already taken. Several times over, in fact. Brenda, what we need to do is find a guy like that who is closer to your age and interests and is ideal for you. I have some suggestions."bender

Brenda stood up and started pacing around, because she was so worked up. "Hold on. Not so fast. I appreciate that, but before we do that, I'd like to know a little more about Alan. Are you sure he's really like that? And if he is, how is that possible?! The problem is, I would imagine that any guy that sexually... impressive would let success go to his head and soon turn into one of the macho asshole types you were just complaining about."

"That is the classic Catch-22," Suzanne said. "That's probably the main reason why guys like him are rarer than hen's teeth. But some guys just have a natural modesty, as well as some kind of innate ability to rock your socks off."

Brenda was pacing even more in agitation, going round in circles just outside their ring of chairs. "I can't believe it! Talk about cruel fate! He sounds ideal for me, and yet, Susan, he's your son! So close, and yet he's off limits. UGH!"

After more pacing, she stopped, then added sheepishly, "Truth be told, I kind of, ah... sensed that about him when I met him last Wednesday. It was clear there was something special about him, some kind of... I dunno... sexual magnetism."

Actually, that wasn't entirely true. Brenda had been intrigued by Alan's brief appearance at the card game, but that was mostly due to the way Susan and Suzanne had subtly hyped him. But now she was seeing him from a new perspective, and she was imagining him to be some kind of sexual superman. She had been sexually frustrated for a very long time. He was a blank slate for her, one that she was already starting to fill in with fantasies of her ideal, dominating lover.

Suzanne sensed that a hard-to-get approach was the way to go, for the moment. So she sighed in sympathy. "Yes, sadly, he's not right for you. In another time, another place, he would be perfect, from what I gather about you. But he's taken, several times over, like I said. That's why we need to find you someone else along those lines, instead of one of the corporate drones downstairs."

She hesitated, and then decided to throw caution to the wind, "In fact, when I say Alan is taken, I know that for a fact, because, well... truth be told... I'm kind of... one of his lovers."

"WHAT?!" Brenda practically exploded in shock. She stopped her pacing and stared at Suzanne in disbelief. Then she looked to Susan for confirmation. Susan didn't say anything, but the lack of a similar shocked reaction told her that it was true and Susan must be in the know.

Brenda pointed aggressively at Suzanne. "EXPLAIN!"

Suzanne said, calmly, "Sorry to shock you. But it's probably best that you know, since I'm hoping we'll become good friends, what with our planned weekly card games and so on. Like I said, and you noticed already, he's got tremendous sexual magnetism. Mind you, not in a blindingly obvious way. It's not like you'll drop your panties after just one smile from him. You have to really get to know him well first. Of course, I know him very well indeed, and one day it just dawned on me that he's one of those - the kind of vanishingly-rare 'real man' that I just described."

Brenda was bursting with curiosity. "So, then... what happened?!"

"Well, I can't kiss and tell. But suffice to say that one thing led to another and we got..." - she glanced at Susan, as if for permission - "...sexually intimate. And it was as great as I had hoped. Better, in fact! To

be honest, I used to be like you. Until very recently, I thought such guys only existed in fiction. But now I know better. In fact, when I was describing my ideal 'real man,' it was easy as pie for me because I was simply describing him."

"A-ha! I knew it!" That was Susan again. "See, Brenda? What did I tell you? No wonder he popped into my mind right away. It was him all the time!"

In fact, Suzanne didn't really have an idealized view of a "real man" like that, and instead she was trying to describe what she imagined would most tempt a submissive woman like she guessed Brenda was. However, Susan thought Suzanne was being completely sincere about this, and she was responding with total sincerity too. That made her all the more convincing.

Brenda was still reeling from the surprise. She stared hard at Suzanne. "So wait. You expect me to believe that a woman of your age, experience, and beauty is involved with a mere kid like him?! I don't care HOW sexually impressive you claim he is; he's still just a kid! In high school, no less! And he's your best friend's son! That's just crazy!"

Suzanne shrugged nonchalantly. "Think what you want. Believe what you want. It doesn't matter to me. Assuming, that is, that you understand that I'm sharing this in the strictest confidence and you won't tell anyone else about it."

"But of course. That goes without saying."

"Good. Now, enough talk about Alan already. Brenda, as I've been trying to say, I understand the kind of man you're looking for, and I think I know where you can--"

Brenda interrupted, "Wait just a minute! We can't switch the topic just like that! That would be as if you said, 'By the way, I sat next to Elvis Presley on a plane flight the other day. Turns out he's still alive. Whod'a thunk it? So what's up with you lately?' You can't change topics until you give a full explanation!" She was so worked up that she gesticulated wildly.

Suzanne chuckled. "Okay, fine. Now that I think about it, I suppose there's a few more things I can say. Maybe that'll put this issue to rest. For one thing, no, he hasn't gone all the way with me. Not yet. We only got sexually involved recently, after he'd turned eighteen. So, admittedly, some of what I said about my ideal 'real man' is speculation. But I think it's accurate, because we've done most everything short of

that, and the sexual joy IS exactly as I described it! He makes me cum so often that sometimes I have to beg off because I simply can't take any more sexual ecstasy! And he can make me feel that way merely from me giving HIM a blowjob!"

Brenda's shock was subsiding, but she was still incredulous. "How can that be?! From a blowjob? Who even LIKES giving blowjobs?!" Her sour face showed her opinion on that.

Suzanne responded, "Hey, some of this is almost magical. It can't be explained. You have to experience it first-hand to truly understand. I'll bet you don't get much out of a titfuck either."

"No, I don't," Brenda replied, petulantly.

"Neither did I. All show, but not much spark. That is, until HE did it to me! Then it was nothing BUT sparks! I swear, the first time he fucked my tits, I nearly passed out! And when I craned my head down and licked his cockhead as it poked up through the top of my cleavage, I came so hard that I truly did see stars!"

In truth, Suzanne had enjoyed her sexual encounters with Alan, but not that much. She hadn't even taken part in a titfuck with him yet; she was taking some creative liberties in order to hype Alan to the max.

Brenda completely believed Suzanne despite not knowing her very well. That was mostly because she sensed how very honest Susan was, and Susan obviously believed the gist of Suzanne's account. But she asked, "How can that be?!"

Suzanne shrugged again. "Sex is a mysterious thing. Who could explain sexual attraction or sexual ecstasy to someone who's never felt it? In the same way, once you're with a man like Alan, you realize that everything you thought you knew about sex was wrong, or at the very least, incomplete. Brenda, I think you know me well enough to know that I'm a proud and dignified woman."

Brenda nodded.

"And yet, I call myself Alan's slut. Proudly! With my head held high! One of his sluts, I should say, because he has several. And I'm not going to hide behind false modesty. I'm a centerfold-worthy beauty,

just like you are, and Susan is, for that matter. In fact, Playboy tried to recruit me back in college. But that's a story for another time. The point is, yes, I could pick from lots of other men, very impressive men, and I have in the past. But now I don't want any of them; I want Alan! And his other lovers, his other sluts, they're just as centerfold-worthy as I am."

"Busty!" That was Susan interjecting again.

"What was that?" Brenda asked.

"Sorry," Susan said sheepishly. "I was just thinking out loud again. 'Busty' came to mind. Because his lovers are not only all very beautiful, but they're all very busty too. He's quite a tit man, you see. It's really quite remarkable!" Actually, Susan was thinking mostly about herself and Suzanne, since she didn't know anything about his other lovers. But she was mindful of Suzanne's attempt to recruit Brenda to help Alan with his "medical problem," and she figured that by "accidentally" mentioning how endowed he liked his women, that would fire Brenda's desire.

It turned out she was right. Brenda thought, My God! That's doubly incredible! He sounds like my dream man, and I fit the profile of his dream woman perfectly! That's... that's... well, perfect! It's a shame Suzanne and his other sluts got to him first. Dammit! So frustrating, and yet so hot! Including the fact that they're called "sluts." Hell, even Suzanne freely calls herself one of his sluts! He must be something incredible indeed!

Brenda was lost in thought for nearly a minute. Somehow, she imagined herself lying naked in a huge bed. Alan was in the middle of it, and she was one of five or six gorgeous, voluptuous women lounging around him. Suzanne was one of them, and she and another unknown woman were taking turns bobbing on his erection. The others were mostly just caressing other parts of his body, or getting caressed by him or occasionally by each other. One woman was actually feeding him grapes from a bowl, as if he was a pampered emperor or sultan from ages past.

This vision fired Brenda's lust and made her entire body burn with need, because Suzanne was spot on about Brenda's submissive nature. In fact, Brenda was even more of a sub than Suzanne had guessed. She had never acted on any of her deepest hidden desires, at least not yet. But the fact that those desires had been repressed for so long had caused them to grow until wild submissive fantasies were about the only kind of fantasies she had.

A polite cough from Suzanne made Brenda finally realize that there was an awkward silence. That caused Brenda to snap back to the present. She asked Suzanne, "How do you deal with the fact that he

has these other lovers?" Then, as she thought about it, she got more indignant. "And how is that even possible?! He's still in high school! Where did he find all these beauties anyway?!"

Suzanne replied cautiously, "Here and there. You'll understand that I can't name names or details. And understand too that some of them are older, sometimes much older, like me. Very few women of high-school age meet his minimum standards of beauty, or of..." - she nodded significantly in Susan's direction - "...bust size. Those are mere girls, not REAL women. But to answer your main question, of course it's frustrating having to share. But you learn to live with it. After all, he has a special sexual gift. It would be selfish of me not to let him share the joy with other deserving women."

Suzanne thought, Boy, I'm really ladling it on thick now. But Brenda seems to be intrigued, to say the least. I'll have to be careful though, or the gap between hype and reality will grow too great and shatter the illusion. Besides, there's a lot of truth to what I'm saying, and he does fit a lot of what a submissive woman like Brenda seems to want. The irony though is that he's kind of my creation too. Yes, he's becoming quite a sexually studly young man, and with multiple lovers to boot, but a lot of that's due to MY behind-the-scenes efforts! I'm going to have to speed up my efforts to turn him into the kind of man who can justify at least some of my hype.

Susan had been listening to Suzanne, so she nodded enthusiastically without really thinking about it. She wished she knew whatever Suzanne knew about Alan's other lovers. All she knew were that there were a lot of mysterious checkmarks on Alan's daily orgasm chart that weren't explained by her or Suzanne's help, and she knew that he wasn't masturbating anymore. She didn't realize that Suzanne was hyping Alan by hinting about impressive other lovers that she didn't really know anything about.

However, Brenda noticed Susan's enthusiastic nodding, and she had a realization. "HEY! Susan, you're nodding as if you're agreeing with that... from PERSONAL EXPERIENCE! Furthermore, you fit his kind of woman to a tee! You're as busty and beautiful as a woman gets! You seem far too knowing and understanding about all this." She stood right in front of where Susan sat, then bent down until they were nearly nose to nose. "Tell me. Are you sexually involved with him too?!"

Susan tried to keep a poker face, but she caved in almost immediately. The guilt could be read clearly on her face, and the way she turned her head away was very telling. Figuring the gig was up, she muttered, "So... so what if I am?"

Brenda gasped.

The words rapidly rushed out of Susan's confessing mouth. "How could I help myself?! It just... kind of happened! He IS such an impressive young man! How could I resist?! Especially with his medical condition?!"

Suzanne was in total shock. Things happened too fast for her to do any damage control. When she heard Susan mention "his medical condition," she just slapped her own forehead in frustration and defeat.

Brenda stared hard at Susan's face from inches away. "Explain!"

Susan was starting to realize that she'd really screwed up, but it was too late to fix it now. She pleaded, "Promise not to tell anyone what I'm telling you? Ever?"

"I promise."

"He's an insatiable sex machine, just like Suzanne said. But it's an actual medical problem. He has to ejaculate many times a day or he's left in pain. Five, six, seven orgasms a day - that's normal for him."

Suzanne was relieved. Susan had censored her comment enough to avoid the medical diagnosis aspect, which was the part that Suzanne needed to keep secret since someone like Brenda might point out how laughably absurd the treatment was. In fact, Susan had luckily explained things in such a way as to further hype up his sexual prowess.

Susan hastened to add, "And I haven't really helped him that much. Since I am his mother, I try to limit myself to handjobs... for the most part." She blushed.

Suzanne wanted to slap her forehead again. Trying to divert Brenda's attention from that comment, she blurted out, "I think it's important to mention the fact here that Alan is ADOPTED and eighteen! There's no real incest going on, or even anything illegal."

It was obvious that Brenda heard all that, but she acted as if she hadn't. She kept on staring at Susan, causing Susan to squirm and turn her head away. Then, finally, she exploded again. "'For the most part?!' What does THAT mean?!"

Susan winced, shutting her eyes tightly. "Well, I have helped him with my mouth sometimes too."

Brenda stood back up and shook her head in sheer disbelief. "Incredible! Incredible! Everything is just too incredible! And yet... I believe it. All of it!"

Suzanne made a rash decision. Oh shit! Shit, shit, shit! What to do now?! The cat is already out of the bag. Brenda knows about the incest and there's no plausible way to get her to un-know it! Short of maybe killing her, that is, but that isn't even an option. I'm a schemer, but an ethical one. Her knowledge of the incest could be very dangerous for everyone at the Plummer house. It could ruin us all!

But... I've been scheming to get Brenda sexually involved with Sweetie anyway. If I could be successful with that, and not just as a one-time stand but a serious sexual connection between her and him, the incest revelation could actually turn out for the best. It could help bind her to us as one of our gang, and we wouldn't have to always be hiding the truth from her. Sometimes it's better to be lucky than good. The fact that my hunch is right, that Brenda is submissive, is a HUGE break! If I can get her to submit to him in some sort of fashion, then it naturally follows she'll be loyal to him and she'll guard our incest secret just as carefully as the rest of us would.

Which, I must admit right now, is not very well at all. Susan is terrible at lying. Even if she manages to keep her mouth shut, her face gives her away. But that's a problem to worry about later. The key thing is, I'm sort of halfway through seducing Brenda into our group. Now I have no choice. It's all the way in, or disaster!

By now, thanks to all these sobering, shocking revelations, none of the women were even tipsy anymore. In fact, Brenda was wired with energy and didn't know what to do about it.

The three of them talked some more, but without saying much of anything. The problem was that Brenda was still so incredulous that she kept asking the same simple questions over and over again, even though she knew what the answer would be. For instance, she asked Susan about five different ways if she was REALLY sexually intimate with her own son, and of course Susan gave roughly the same answer every time.

After about five minutes of this, Suzanne spoke up. "Look. If I could make a suggestion here... I think we're just spinning our wheels. Brenda, I think you're still in shock about this, and that's fully understandable. It's getting late, and we're getting tired. I say we call it a night. That'll give you a chance

to sleep on it and digest this news. Tomorrow we can get together for coffee or something like that, and resume this talk with a fresh perspective. What do you say?"

Susan agreed to that. More crucially, Brenda did too. It was a well-timed suggestion, because Brenda truly didn't know what to say or even think, and she did need time to process things.

Their little group broke up shortly thereafter, after some awkward goodbye hugs and pecks. The party was coming to an end in general, since it was a Sunday night and even most of the rich guests had to work in the morning. Just before Brenda went her own way, Suzanne got her to repeat her promise that she wouldn't tell anyone else about this, ever.

Susan and Suzanne were mindful of being overheard, so they didn't talk any more about it until they were in Suzanne's car together and headed for home. (Ron had come in a different car so it was taken as a given he'd leave on his own too. They deliberately avoiding running into him on the way out.)

Susan started to apologize about revealing the incest secret. "I'm so sorry! So very, very sorry!"

Suzanne grumbled. "Please, don't get started. It happened, and it's too late to change that now. Of course I'm unhappy about it, but we'll talk about it tomorrow. Besides, it's not just your fault. I need to shoulder some of the blame for letting the situation develop that way in the first place."

After a long pause, a very worried Susan asked, "Are we... are we all... ruined... now?!"

There was another long pause, then Suzanne replied, "No, I don't think so. I'm pretty sure we can sleep sound tonight. This is a case of the dog that didn't bark."

"What does that mean?"

"It's from a Sherlock Holmes story. He solves a case due to a dog that doesn't bark. A dog should have been there and should have barked, but it didn't, so that was the key clue that broke the case for him. With Brenda, sure, she was very shocked. But think about what she DIDN'T say, and how she DIDN'T act. There was no condemnation about how wrong it was, what a big sin it is, and so on. In fact, if you think about it, she didn't say a single word to that effect, did she?"

"My goodness, you're right! She didn't!"

"Think about how the old prudish you would have reacted, before you got your new, enlightened understanding about what incest really is. You would have had a complete conniption fit and damned everyone to Hell. Clearly, Brenda is looking at this in a very different way than that, and I think I know why. But it's just a theory, and that'll have to wait until tomorrow. The bottom line is, she's not going to call the police or do anything rash like that. She did explicitly promise to keep the news to herself. Our secret is safe with her - at least for now."

Susan held her hands together as if in prayer, and looked up to the sky. "Thank the Lord!"

"Tomorrow, we'll have to do whatever it takes to make sure our secret stays safe with her forever. Trust me, okay? I'm not going to let any harm come to you, no matter what happens. Even if she DID call the police or something along those lines, I'd somehow wiggle us out of it. That's what I do. I'm really good at scheming. So rest easy. Everything is going to be okay."

Susan had been sitting up stiffly, but she sat back in her car seat and let out a big sigh of relief. "Thank you for saying that. You're the best! Where would I be without you?"

When they got to their homes, both Alan and Katherine were already asleep in their beds. Ron was still at the party, but he returned a short time later.

Susan thought that she would be up half the night tossing and turning about Brenda knowing too much, but the opposite happened and she was dead asleep by the time Ron got home. Partly, she was emotionally and physically exhausted. Partly, the Brenda situation meant her head wasn't filled with lusty thoughts and fantasies about Alan, as had become the usual trend. But mostly she trusted Suzanne so implicitly that she felt no serious harm could happen to her or her loved ones as long as Suzanne said things would be okay.

Chapter 233 Classroom Blowjob

When Alan woke, he realized that it was Monday morning and time to get ready for school. The day looked very promising for him. Not only was he extremely excited to see Glory again after the weekend, but he, Katherine, and Kim had another "S-Club meeting" planned after school.

He had a feeling his mother would want to help "make sure he used lotion," or Suzanne would help directly now that they were more out in the open with Susan about that, or both. But Ron was there at

breakfast and Susan was unusually silent and poker-faced, so he didn't have a good read on how she felt after all that had happened the day before.

He didn't mind that much, though, since he'd had an unsettling dream which put him in a strange mood and he needed a little time to snap out of it. He couldn't remember what the dream had been about exactly, but he felt guilty for doing something wrong. He suspected it had something to do with his conflicted feelings about Ron.

Alan's classes seemed to drag especially slowly until he got to Glory Rhymer's fourth-period class. The supposed point of her "helping him out" was to cure his raging erection, partly so he could concentrate better, but the problem with that was that he wouldn't get that relief until after her class was over. So he sat in anticipation, with an erection seemingly hard enough to shatter diamond all throughout her class. The class could have been taught in Swahili for all he knew. He hadn't even worn underwear, certain of what would soon happen.

He had to continually shift his boner around in his outerwear shorts, where it was in constant danger of slipping out of them altogether since he was wearing rather short shorts. He was surprised that no one noticed. What luck! I'm in the front row so few people have a good view of my crotch, he realized.

But there was one person who had a very good view of that front-row crotch: his teacher Glory. She was in as much agony waiting for the class to end as he was, thanks to his constant hard-on. Soon she had to stop her lecture and give the students an in-class assignment, because she just couldn't focus anymore.

She tried very hard not to stare at Alan's crotch too much, fearing that other people would notice. She would look elsewhere for a few minutes and then reward herself with another glance at his blatant hard-on. She felt so horny that she raised her skirt up around her waist while sitting in her seat behind her desk. Only her panties stood between her and complete nakedness from the waist down. Meanwhile, her students, including Alan, remained completely unaware of her condition as they did their work in front of her.

For a while, she was content to stroke her pussy over her panties. But soon that wasn't enough. As she had been doing so often lately during her fourth-period class, she pulled her panties down so she could reach her crotch and began to slowly finger herself while pretending to write some notes.

Even as she furtively rubbed her slit, she thought, This is wrong. I'm wrong! I'm a bad person. I'm supposed to be teaching class, but all I can do is play with myself! But dammit, at least half of the blame

should go to a certain young man sitting in the front row. I'm probably the only one who can see that he's got a friggin' baseball bat in his shorts! No, make that an entire tree trunk!

To think that as soon as class is over, I could have that thick pole in my mouth. Could? Hell, I WILL! God, I can't wait! The urge to lick my lips is almost impossible to resist, but my students might see me doing that! This is so fucked up. I have a boyfriend. Alan is MY STUDENT! I could get caught. He's just a kid. And yet, I can't stop myself! My pussy's on fire! But I HAVE to stop! What if I get so wet that people smell something funny? Okay, I'm just gonna rub myself a little bit more. Just a tiny bit, with the tip of my pen...

She ended up masturbating more than just "a little bit." However, she held back from cumming, for fear that it would be too obvious. That kept her exceedingly horny, and raring to have fun with her new lover.

Finally and mercifully for both Glory and Alan, the bell rang. Glory quickly and surreptitiously made herself presentable. Everyone else slowly filed out while Alan and Glory stayed in their seats and acted as if everything were normal.

When the last of the other students had gone, Glory got up and casually closed the door. "I fixed the lock over the weekend," she said.

The two just stood there, facing each other, seemingly frozen in place. Finally Alan said, "All clear?"

"All clear," she responded. No sooner did the words leave her lips than the two were all over each other like wild animals. They dropped to the floor in front of Glory's desk as they kissed with desperation.

"Careful with the buttons," Glory said as Alan practically tore her shirt off. She had spare clothes stored in her classroom just in case, but she hoped to wear the same clothes for the rest of the day. Her bra went next while she removed his T-shirt.

Their kissing and groping was frustrated by their simultaneous desire to shed clothes. Alan's shorts slid off easily enough, which only made it harder to get her skirt off, as her hands and attention had zeroed in on his boner, which she began to stroke rather than undressing further.

Finally she had to stand up momentarily to remove her skirt and panties, since she wanted to have that area completely free for Alan's gaze and play. "Remember, no sex," she said, as she separated from him briefly. "But everything else!", at which point she practically tackled him.

The two rolled around on the hard, cold tile floor, occasionally bumping into chairs. Glory held onto and rubbed Alan's dick as if her life depended on it, while Alan's hands focused on her ass. They had been so eager to get at each other that she was still panty-clad and her blouse was wide open but still loosely on her, but he didn't let that slow him down. He just reached inside wherever he liked, as if the panties and blouse weren't there.

Eventually she lay on top of him, and they kissed and groped some more. His extra inches of height put his cock nearly at the opening to her cunt. It practically begged to go the extra few inches and enter her warm tunnel.

He managed to get an arm between their bodies and began to fondle her clit. A nearly magnetic attraction seemed to drive his penis and her pussy closer and closer together...

Suddenly, she jumped up as if someone had yelled "FIRE!" She fell back towards her desk while panting heavily.

"What?" he asked, sitting up. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Nope, you're doing everything too right!" she panted. "You're pretty good for a teenager! Let's just take it easy for a minute, or we'll be fucking like rabbits and will still be going when the fifth-period class begins!"

He thought, I'm not exactly opposed to the first part, to say the least, but the second part might not be so good. Sweet! Fooling around with the teach is a blast!

She collected herself, then went back to him. "The problem is this thing, young man!" she said as she grabbed his erection. "It's entirely too dangerous. Perhaps if I bring it back to its normal size, it won't poke me so urgently." She knelt between his legs, paused, and joked to herself, "Though I suspect this IS its normal size." Then she engulfed his cockhead and began to bob on him.

He wanted to pleasure her body at the same time, but it was mostly out of reach, so he just soaked up the experience. He recalled her boast that she was a cocksucker second to none, and again he decided that she was right, even when she didn't deep throat him. One great thing was that she didn't seem to be bothered by a gag reflex, so even when she wasn't deep throating him, she could and often did take him remarkably deep just in passing.

He came quickly, almost embarrassingly so, once she got started. She was just too relentlessly talented, and he was too aroused after waiting for hours for this to hold out for long.

She took it all down her throat so cleanly that there was hardly a drop of cum left when she was done.

He lay back for a minute while she lay between his legs. He panted heavily. "That was something else, Surfer Girl. Dang! I loved it. Now let me please you."

She too had a hard time talking between labored breaths. "Don't you dare! My job here is to please you so you can reach orgasm, don't you remember?"

"Yeah, but don't you want to get off too?"

"I do want to get off this cold floor," she replied. "What a mess." She began to rise, stretching like a cat.

Alan sat up and found himself incredibly turned on at the sight of his teacher's boobs as they slowly rose after being squished into the tiles near where he sat in class every day.

Like a cat, she rose into a pouncing position, and then sprang at him.

They began to kiss, lick and grope all over. Alan's hands eventually found their way to Glory's pussy, and he began to finger her. He grew annoyed at the panties which got in his way. He managed to get them down her thighs.

But that seemed to set off alarm bells in Glory's head. She eventually had to roll off him and back onto the cold floor before she lost all willpower.

"That's ... wow, really nice, young man, but ... that wasn't what I was planning. I thought you'd sit on the desk and I'd give you a nice handjob, and then you'd run off to lunch."

"I thought something like that too," he said. "I guess we have some pent-up energy."

"I guess!" she said with a laugh, astonished by her own behavior. She sat at the edge of the desk and tried to compose herself. "The problem, I think, was that for nearly an hour I stared at your erection about to burst a hole through your shorts." She thought to herself, Not to mention how I've been thinking of you for the entire weekend! She was embarrassed to admit that to him.

She added, "But let's, uh, come to our senses here for a minute."

He got up and sat next to her. He began to run a hand through her hair. "I've been waiting for this for so very long. Actually, I never imagined it would happen, but I dreamed of it. Dang. I had some pretty hot dreams, but reality is much better."

"Me, too. Don't let it go to your head, but I've masturbated while thinking about you for a long time." That was true, although she had never been seriously interested in him until recently. She was flattered by his obvious crush on her, and she'd had fleeting fantasies about him, along with some of her other handsome and appealing students.

He was honestly shocked. "You did?! But you can't do that; you're a teacher!"

She laughed. "And it's illegal for teachers to masturbate?"

He grinned at his foolishness and joked, "Well, yeah."

She said, "Let's get a hold of ourselves. What if someone knocked on the door right now? It would take us ten minutes to get presentable! We swept up all the dirt on the floor, like a broom, and now we're all messy. Let's try this again tomorrow and see if we can keep it more under control."

A new thought popped into her head. "And for God's sake, young man, wear some underwear, or else there will be an incident during my class when your penis bursts right through your pants! Not to mention, how do you expect me to teach with you poking out like that for the entire hour?"

"Okay... Underwear next time..." he leaned over and began to kiss her again. Before too long, they began to get heated once more, causing his dick to grow back to full size.

During a breather, she said, "Since you told me of your problem, I began fantasizing that it had turned you into an insatiable sexual monster. Looks like I just about hit the nail on the head! Let me calm you down so you can make it through your next two classes." She laid him back on the desk, which sent objects flying everywhere.

He pulled his legs up to his chest and shamelessly let his hard-on stick out towards her. "Can you deep throat me again?"

"I was thinking about it. But in the future, don't ask; let me decide when it's a special occasion to do that, okay? Last time, you forgot that I do have to breathe from time to time."

He laughed good-naturedly.

She watched him laugh, and found him so cute yet so manly that she couldn't help but want to please him. "Okay, we'll do it. But let's make it quick."

"Yes! Sweetness!"

She pistoned his pulsing hard-on in her fist, then sucked him like any blowjob at first. But with each stroke into her mouth he found himself a little bit deeper, until before he knew it he was all the way in. Again, her tongue, her mouth, and her throat all worked on his cock at the same time.

He thought, MAN! I can't believe how great that feels! It's like I'm getting fucked and blown all at once! I'm still getting used to the idea that I can do anything with her at all, and she does this to me again! Phew!

Since he'd climaxed a few minutes before, this time he could last a lot longer. He'd be inside her throat for almost a minute before she would pull on him and he'd pull all the way out so she could breathe. Then, they'd do it again, and again.

He thought he could fuck her throat forever, but lasting a long time was definitely a relative concept when it came to Glory and oral sex. He found it entirely too exciting and didn't last past her fourth deep swallowing.

Afterwards, the mood changed. They talked gossip like old times as they cleaned up the class and themselves. The ever-resourceful Alan had brought towels and a bottle of water in his backpack, so they were able to give each other towel baths. Since it was lunchtime, they managed to quickly eat their lunches too.

They didn't want to discuss the nature of their relationship just yet. Both of them wanted to see how they felt once things settled down a little more.

But, as their time was running out, Glory suggested, "You know, we're going to need to vary things up so people won't suspect. Like we agreed last time, we should meet at lunch some of the time, after school some of the time, just talk with the door open occasionally, and not meet at all sometimes too."

He nodded.

She suggested, "Since we got together Friday and today, we should probably stay apart tomorrow. Especially with the way we've both been looking at each other in class, we should be extra careful for a while and see if anyone says anything."

He nodded sadly. "Yeah. Probably. That would be for the best."

The two of them stared at each other for a long moment. Both of them felt a sudden compulsion to kiss the other. As their faces drew together, Glory sighed and said, "Okay, we'll meet tomorrow too, but after that, we definitely need to be careful!"

"Yeay!" His lips met hers and the sparks flew as their tongues dueled with great passion. That would have lead to more, even though he'd already had two orgasms in short order, but they restrained themselves since they knew their time was running out.

Finally, after they again looked just like any student and teacher who talk to each other, they unlocked the door. That turned out to be a very good thing, because a knock came on the door, and the first student walked in for fifth-period calculus class. They were both amazed that the entire lunch period had flown by so quickly.

Alan slipped out of the classroom before a second student entered. To still be in class when the next bunch of students arrived would be a very dangerous habit, which they needed to avoid at all cost.

Chapter 234 That's Your Most Important Duty Right Now, As A Good Mother

Susan awoke and praised the Lord for giving her another day, just like she did every day. Then it hit her. Oh... GOD! What did I do yesterday?! And last night! Things were so out of control! She looked over at Ron as he slept, and gasped. I'm such a wicked woman! Dear Lord, please forgive me!

Then another thought hit her. Oh NO! The incest secret! Brenda knows! I was such a fool! What's going to happen to us now?!

But with Ron there, she had no choice but to put on a happy facade and go through her usual morning routine.

She was able to keep a surface appearance of normality until Ron left for work and her kids left for school. Then she sat around, anxiously awaiting Suzanne's arrival for their usual workout session.

As soon as Suzanne let herself in the front door, an angry Susan let her have it. "Suzanne, some friend you are! What have you done to me?!"

Suzanne looked surprised, but she wasn't really. She knew she'd pushed Susan pretty far yesterday, so the odds of such a backlash were high. But juicy opportunities had come up that she hadn't been willing to pass up, and she figured it was worth it all in the long run. "What's wrong?" she asked innocently.

"Everything. Just everything!"

"Whoa. But don't worry. I told you I'll figure out how to contain the Brenda situation."

"It's not just that. In fact, that's almost the least of my worries, because I trust you to handle that scheming kind of thing. No, that's just a symptom of how my life has spun out of control with all this, this... sexual craziness!"

"Hmmm. This sounds serious. But we are still going to do our workout, right?"

Susan grumbled, "Yes, eventually, I suppose." Then she added sharply, "But first, I've got some things to say to you!"

"Good. I've got my leotard on underneath these clothes, as usual. I've gotta go to the bathroom. Why don't you change and meet me in the basement? I'll get us both a nice cup of herbal tea, and you can tell me all about it."

"Oh... very well!" Susan stomped off.

A couple of minutes later, Susan and Suzanne met in the basement where they always worked out. Suzanne didn't expect her stalling tactic would help much, but she'd noticed Susan's attitude about sex varied greatly depending on how much clothing she wore at the time. By getting both of them into their relatively skimpy spandex exercise outfits, she hoped that would improve matters.

Susan stood up and started in on Suzanne again. "Yesterday really took the cake! I think I must be totally out of my mind. When I think about all the things I said and did, I can't believe that was me! And that was even BEFORE the problem with Brenda!"

Suzanne just sat there and nodded. She let Susan vent for a while.

Susan was particularly steamed about the words Suzanne had told her to say to herself over and over again: "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." Then, Susan had said them happily and proudly, but now she was too ashamed to say them at all, and only referred to them indirectly, blushing while doing so.

When Susan finally ran out of steam a few minutes later, Suzanne began to speak. "Whoa! I can see you're upset. That's very understandable. Yesterday was quite a wild day, wasn't it? But don't worry; this is all a part of adjusting to the big changes in your life. I'm sure that by tomorrow you'll feel a lot better about everything."

Susan paced around, agitated. "But I don't WANT to adjust. I don't WANT these big changes, thank you very much! The only explanation I can think of is that the news of Ron's cheating has shocked me so much that I've gone a bit off the deep end for a while."

"That may be part of it," Suzanne said calmly. "But you have to face the facts. This is a family in crisis. And I'm not even referring to Ron and the possible end of your marriage. I'm talking about Alan and his time of need. Have you forgotten about that? Have you forgotten about how much he needs your help now?" bender

Susan threw her arms up in the air in frustration. "Why does he need THAT kind of help?! Why can't he need some normal help, like help with his homework, or help losing weight, or something that's not an ethical and even religious dilemma for me?"

Suzanne let out a sympathetic sigh. "I know. It's tough. But he does need 'that' kind of help. And you can't go back on your pledge to help now. He's in a very tough spot, trying to keep up with that relentless six-times-a-day schedule, and your rejection would devastate him."

That statement left Susan gasping, leading her to collapse with a heavy sigh onto a nearby padded bench. "I'm not rejecting him, not at all! I love him so much! You talk to him for me, please! Tell him that I can still do the abnormality check if need be, but that's all I can handle. Please!"

Suzanne gave a very disapproving look. "Susan! That's not all you promised to him, you know. You promised to be his personal cocksucker. One of them, actually. But it takes all of us, working together, for him to even have a chance to keep up with his daily targets! You know that! Are you going to let him down?"

Susan looked very sad. "No, of course not. But do you have to say that kind of thing?"

"What?"

"You know. His personal... you-know-what."

"Those are just words. They're meaningless in and of themselves, so don't worry about it."

"But I DO worry! It sounds so SHAMEful!"

Suzanne shot back, "But they're true, so how can you complain? You are one of his personal cocksuckers, are you not? Or do you plan on sucking any other penises?"

Susan's heart leapt to her throat as she thought about sucking on Ron's penis. Oh dear! He IS my husband, and he is still in town. I probably should do that for him, since I never have. But why does the mere thought fill me with... disgust? Whereas, every time Suzanne calls me Tiger's "personal cocksucker," it jolts me and makes me tingle in all my naughty places!

Suzanne smirked, glad to see that Susan had effectively answered that by failing to mention Ron. "I know you're a GREAT mother, for him, and for Angel. You'd suffer any torture, pay any price, endure any burden, to help them and protect them. Wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would! I'd take a bullet for either of them! But..." She dropped her head down low. "If it was something like torture, that would be so much better. But the problem is... I love helping him too much!" She dramatically bit her lip and then looked away.

Suzanne reached out and put her hand on Susan's shoulder. She patted it in sympathy. "I know exactly what you mean. Some people would find your comment silly, but I understand all your issues. After all, we discuss this almost every day. Mostly, you worry about losing control, going too far, and where it will all lead."

Susan nodded anxiously - very, very anxiously.

"You forget one thing: I'm here for you! I won't let this overwhelm you. No way!" This was a blatant lie, but she considered it a benevolent one. "You should just focus on your task at hand: stroking and sucking your son's turgid member whenever he needs it. If you find yourself tempted to do more, to commit forbidden sex acts, and maybe even to commit incest, that's just not going to happen! I'll be there to make sure of that. And our Sweetie will too. I'll have a good talk with him and make sure he

understands the importance of respecting your boundaries. You KNOW he's a good kid, and you KNOW he'd never do anything to disappoint you, don't you?"

Suzanne secretly loved how she'd somehow been gradually able to convince Susan over the last few days that blowjobs and handjobs with Alan weren't really incest, although Susan sometimes tended to back-slide on that point of view, particularly during her prudish episodes.

Susan nodded. She wiped her face with a hand towel, even though they hadn't started exercising yet, because the discussion was literally, as well as figuratively, making her hot and bothered. She could almost feel her lips sliding back and forth on her son's thick shaft as she said, "I'm not worried about him so much as I'm worried about ME! Suzanne, I just love it too much! Someone else needs to take my place who can be more level-headed about things."

She actually had to stop for a moment to regain her focus, because she had started to salivate and space out. "The problem is, I've never really had any sexual joy in my life. Never! After what I've done with Tiger in recent days, I realize I've never had sex with Ron or anyone else before, for all practical purposes. Cutting my fingernails was more arousing than sex with Ron!"

She sighed and looked down again. "And then... Tiger's medical problem came along. And all of a sudden, helping him has become the most exciting thing in my life, by far! It's like I'm trying to make up for nearly forty sexless years in a single day!" She looked up pleadingly. "I can't stop! I don't want to stop! It's all I can think about lately. Take this morning. I woke up, and immediately felt horrified over what I'd done yesterday. But when I was taking my morning shower..."

She suddenly turned away. "No. I can't tell you. It's too shameful!" Her chest heaved up and down repeatedly due to a lusty surge that stimulated her entire body.

"Tell me!" Suzanne insisted.

Susan wiped her face again and tried to calm her excited breathing. "Well... do you insist?"

"I do!"

"Okay... I'll try. ... The shower started out fine, but when I began to soap up and run my hands all over my wet body, I found myself thinking that those were Tiger's hands! I got so excited, I nearly had a... well, a powerful tingle! I swear, if he had walked in on me just then, I would have dropped to my knees and sucked on his big fat thing with a desperate hunger until he squirted all over my face! So help me God!"

Just as Susan feared, simply talking about that doubled her arousal. She crossed her arms under her massive rack in a futile effort to hide just how horny she had become.

Suzanne was secretly pleased, although her face showed sympathetic concern. "But that's a GOOD thing, Susan! Hear me out. Please. Your cutie Tiger is in his time of need right now, and frankly, I don't know if he's going to make it with this challenging daily schedule. And if he doesn't get his energy back, what kind of future will he have? Let's not even think about that! And unfortunately, there's no one else who can take your place! Sure, he's getting some mysterious help at school, and elsewhere, but that'll probably only provide two or three of his daily orgasms. We should be grateful we're getting that much help. Otherwise, it's all up to you and me. Or would you rather see him suffer the sin of Onan?"

"No! Not that! Anything but that!"

Suzanne was secretly amused at the strength of Susan's revulsion to the whole "Onan" argument. That was one of her most effective ploys yet. She added, "Remember the famous religious saying, 'It's better to shoot your seed into the belly of your mother than have it land on the ground.'" She couldn't help but smirk a little bit at that deliberate misquote.

Susan earnestly replied, "I think about it all the time, ever since you mentioned it to me the other day. It gives me great spiritual comfort."

"Good. As it should. So he needs your enthusiasm. He needs your beautiful body, and your gorgeous face. He needs your big tits, your perfect bubble butt, and your long and shapely legs. The fact is, he's told me that nothing inspires and arouses him more than his 'beautiful big-titted mommy.'"

Susan's body tingled even more upon hearing that. She longed to reach under her top and play with her erect nipples, but she didn't dare do that with her best friend watching.

Suzanne could tell she was having a positive effect, so she added enthusiastically, "That's right! You're like his personal Playboy bunny! He needs to fondle you, caress you, and kiss you. All over your hot body! He needs to nibble on your ear, and lick your neck, and tell you how much he loves you while your fingers slide up and down his thick, hot erection. How will he make it through all this, if he can't do those things to you whenever he wants?"

Susan clutched her hands to her chest, which she sometimes did when she got aroused but was trying to fight it. "Oh, Suzanne! Don't say that, please. It sounds too good! I could spend all day lying naked with him, doing all those wonderful things."

"And you should sometimes! That's your most important duty right now, as a good mother."

Chapter 235 It's Workout Time!

Susan abruptly asked, "But what if this is all a moot point anyway? What if Brenda tells others about us?! I trust you to handle that situation, and yet-"

Suzanne cut her off. "I know that's on your mind, and it's on mine too. But let's just focus on one problem at a time, okay? We'll deal with this first and then come back later to the Brenda issue, okay?"

Susan nodded.

"Good. Now, there's the little matter of his cock."

Susan said, "It's not so little."

It wasn't really meant as a joke, but more like pointing out an absurdity, an oxymoron like "jumbo shrimp." But Suzanne used it as an excuse to chuckle, and then smile, to help lighten the mood. "True. So true. Let's face it. It is a big cock. A huge cock, even. And it's a demanding cock. We never knew until recent weeks just how powerful and demanding his cock is."

"Ain't that the truth," Susan said with another sigh. She was so emotionally worked up, she forgot to correct Suzanne's repeated use of the word "cock."

Suzanne took full advantage of that, since that taboo word for Susan always had an arousing effect on her. "And in his time of need, the most important thing of all is that you pleasure his cock. You stroke it. ... Lick it. ... Suck it. ... Tease it. ... Please it. ... Love it. ... Serve it."

Suzanne was using dramatically long pauses, and Susan's heart raced wildly as she hung onto every word. That last phrase hit her like a sucker punch. She whispered in a mixture of lust, fear and awe, "Serve it?"

Suzanne went on, "Yes, serve it. Sweetie is also going through an emotional roller-coaster these days. In these crucial days, he needs the reassurance that he has someone he can count on day or night. He needs to know you'll always be there to serve his big fat cock with your loving tongue, your loving lips, and your loving hands. He needs the confidence that only having you as his personal big-titted cocksucker can provide."

Suzanne knew that every time she used words like "big-titted" and "cocksucker" it raised Susan's pulse a bit, so she used them at every opportunity.

Susan was getting hornier by the minute, but she was still trying hard to hide it. She asked, "But why can't you be that special someone? Why does it have to be me?"

"Oh, but I am. I'll proudly call myself his personal cocksucker too. Or do you think someone with needs as big as his can get by with only one personal cocksucker?"

"Well..." Susan was too overwhelmed to know what to think. One should be enough, shouldn't it? But Suzanne is so convincing. And Tiger does have a big, delicious cock. I meant "need!" Big "need!" He needs me to suck and slurp all over it! I can practically feel the tip of my tongue dancing all over his sweet spot! Darn it, I have to stop salivating or she's going to notice!

Realizing that she'd totally spaced out, Susan asked, "Sorry, you were saying?"

Suzanne swept on. "I said he needs someone to help him day and night. To serve his demanding cock. And I certainly am in this house many hours each day, but there are so many more hours I'm not here! Imagine what could happen after Ron is gone. It's three o'clock in the morning, and Tiger wakes up with a raging boner! What does he do? Where does he go? To Katherine?"

"No! Dear God, no!"

"That's right. But given his grave situation, he can't just skip that opportunity and go back to sleep. Why don't you tell me what should happen, if you're a kind and loving mom."

Susan started tentatively. "Well, he'd probably knock on my door, and tell me he has a problem. Naturally, I'd wake up and invite him in. And he'd be naked. Gloriously, completely naked! And his huge boner would be standing proud, like a soldier on parade!" That sounded so tempting, she had to repress the urge to fling her clothes off right then and there.

"Yes! Very good. And what would you be wearing?"

"Well, I might sleep in the nude. Or better yet, I'd wear a really sexy and revealing nightie, in the hopes that something just like this would happen. I'd sit up and let him see my big boobs bouncing around in my transparent lingerie. I'd strike a really sexy pose, letting him know that I was eager to serve him. Then I'd say: 'Come to Mommy!'" By that time, there was a big blissful smile on Susan's face.

"Yes? And?"

"And he would! And it would be glorious! He'd climb up on top of me and show me what a virile man he is. First, we'd kiss and make out for a while, and then while we neck I'd happily stroke his ten-inch cock!"

"It's eight inches, actually." Even though Suzanne was constantly trying to hype Alan to Susan, she just couldn't let that anatomical inaccuracy go by without objection.

"Whatever. But I wouldn't do that for long, because his mighty cock has big needs! Big demands! I'd sit up on my bed on my knees, because a good mommy cocksucker belongs on her knees!"

"That's the spirit!" Suzanne chimed in. "But why are you still wearing your nightie? Now's the time to take it off!"

"Yes!" Susan was so far gone into her fantasy that she pulled her spandex top off and tossed it away without really thinking. She cupped the undersides of her newly-bared tits and pressed them together. It

was like she was in a sexual fugue, only dimly aware that she was still speaking to Suzanne instead of to her son Alan. "Come to Mommy, Son! Cum ON Mommy! Let my tongue make love to your cock, for an hour or more! Mommy loves you so much! She loves to help you with your special spermy needs so very, very much!"

Suzanne snapped Susan out of her reverie by saying, "Listen to yourself, Susan. You love to help him with his special spermy needs so very much. You do!"

Susan looked down at her bare chest in disbelief. "What the heck?! How did that happen?!"

Suzanne soothed her, "Don't worry about it. And don't you dare cover up. That's the real you. You know it feels right and tastes right. The false you is the one who blindly repeats the teachings of your weird church back in Nebraska. You were brainwashed, pure and simple, by people who hated sex. Jesus didn't want us to all live sexless lives! Think about how much Tiger will need you at three in the morning, and then tell me that I'm wrong! Who else will be there to help, if not you?"

"I don't know," Susan said, feeling sad again, even though her arousal level stayed sky high. She continued to clutch at her super-sensitive breasts. "Nobody, I guess."

"That's right. Even during the day, there are many times when I won't be there. Nobody has a more important role than you. Forget about incest! Forget about intercourse! Forget about all that bad stuff. We'll make sure that never happens." That was another lie. "Just focus on handjobs and blowjobs. That's how you can help him the most."

Susan stood up and assumed a dramatic pose, clutching a fist in the air. "You're right. As usual, you're so right! Tiger needs me! Maybe it's fate, or maybe it's God's will, but my role is to suck and stroke. Whenever Tiger gets a big boner, I need to be there, on my knees, ready to serve. Because that's what good mommies do!"

"Good! Very good! But Susan, that's not all. You can't afford to wait for him to happen to pop a boner. You need to be proactive, and provide visual stimulation as much as you can. Help inspire the boner, then stimulate it as long as you can, and then take his blast of potent seed on your face or chest or straight into your mouth. Then repeat until his balls are drained dry. That's what good mommies do. And I can help. Since I won't always be there, I need to teach you all I know about how to please and pleasure a superior cock like Alan's."

"Well, let's get started then!" Susan said with determination. She thought about Suzanne's supposed Biblical quote, "It's better to shoot your seed into the belly of your mother than have it land on the ground." That strengthened her resolve. Then she thought about Suzanne's words that had been bothering her so much, "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." At this point, far from being bothered, those words inspired and thrilled her. Yes, I am! Yes, I AM!

Turning back towards Suzanne, she said, "I'm sorry about my little pity party this morning, but I'm over it now, and it's all thanks to you."

Suzanne just smiled and nodded in understanding.

Susan hesitated. "There's just one favor I want to ask."

"Sure. Anything for you. You know that."

Susan's face turned sad and she clutched at her bare breasts protectively, seemingly newly ashamed of her exposure. "Promise me you'll take care of all Tiger's special needs until Ron is gone."

Suzanne was stunned. She thought she'd done well in turning Susan's mood completely around, but this request turned her thoughts of victory to those of impending defeat. "What?"

"I'm sorry. I know, I know, you always tell me that a good big-titted mommy should help her son at any time of day or night, and I will. I will! But not until AFTER Ron leaves! I need time to adjust to everything, and I don't want to disrespect him like that."

"But he's disrespected you with his cheating."

"Maybe so, but loyalty and fidelity mean a lot to me, and he's not a bad person overall. Please... help me with this! I almost had a nervous breakdown this morning, thinking about what happened last night. I can only handle so much!"

Suzanne nodded. Hearing the mention of a near nervous breakdown made her think that she was pushing Susan too hard. Last night was a major, major breakthrough. Of course she needs some time to adjust to that. Ron will be leaving soon anyway. It's just that I'm so eager to achieve all my dreams, it's hard to wait. I need patience. I don't want to hurt my best friend in the process of bringing both of us to our heaven on earth.

Susan's face lit up, seeing Suzanne's agreement. "Oh, thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Suzanne raised her hand. "Hold on. I'll try. If Tiger needs me, call me and I'll be there in a flash. But there may be times when I can't be there. Then you'll need to decide how to deal with his blue-balls situation, if that happens, to avoid him being injured."

"I'm sure it'll be fine," Susan said, suddenly bursting with enthusiasm because this compromise greatly reduced the conflict that was stressing her, causing her to be depressed. "You live next door, after all."

Suzanne warned, "Also, there's his abnormality check next Tuesday. You're the only one who can do that."

Susan waved that off. "That'll be fine. I got carried away with that before, but I have the self-control now to keep it to just that: an honest-to-goodness abnormality check. Now, let's get to the other stuff! Tell me everything!"

"I will, I will. But first things first. Since we're down here and dressed for the occasion, let's do our morning exercises. Then I'll pick up on what we were doing last night with clothes, and teach you more about how to dress to turn his flaccid little cock into a towering tube of throbbing manly might! If you do it right, you can make him hard at will!"

"Oooh! Sounds good!" Susan dropped her hands to her sides and thrust her bare tits out proudly, as if she were posing for her son. "Can't we do that now, and exercise later?"

"Susan, might I remind you, keeping our bodies in tip-top shape is just as vital to serving his cock in the bigger picture, especially since we're both getting older. Remember last night, when he said you were his 'beautiful centerfold mom' and how much he loves you? Do you or do you not want to be his 'centerfold mom' anymore? That takes work, to look that good! Hard work and eating right. Or do you want some sweet, beautiful, big-titted young thing to come along and take most of his attention?"

"Scratch that. It's workout time!" Susan pumped her fist in the air to express her determination.

Suzanne snickered inwardly as she watched Susan put her top back on so they could start working out together. I swear, manipulating her is too easy. It really is like taking candy from a baby, although no one knows just what buttons to push and when except for me. I'd feel bad, except I know the new Susan is going to be a thousand times happier than the old one. Her transformation is already inspiring and heartening. She's really having FUN and letting go for the first time in her life! The only problem is getting past these little setbacks. But as long as I'm here to manage them right when they pop up, we should be fine.

Chapter 236 Brenda?

Twenty minutes after Suzanne went home, the two women were together again. This time they were sitting in Suzanne's living room. Suzanne said, "Okay, Susan, I know you're wondering why I just phoned you and had you rush over here. I just spoke to Brenda on the phone. We need to deal with that right away."

Susan's heart leapt in her throat. She'd largely put the Brenda problem aside all morning, but it had been worrying her as well. "Oh? What did she say?"

"I talked to her for a few minutes. I'm happy to report that she didn't sound accusatory or disdainful or anything like that. We skirted around the heart of the matter, instead making plans to meet in person with you to hash things out. She's going to be here in about an hour. I figured it's better to meet her here than at your house, since she might feel extra awkward talking in the house where she knows all your incestuous activities have been taking place."

"Good point," Susan noted.

Suzanne continued, "Before we talk to her, it's essential that you and I talk and sort things out, so we can present a united front. I'm not asking you to lie, but we don't want to be bickering and confused."

"That makes sense. And I'm really glad for this chance to talk. Earlier, you said deal with one problem at a time, and I agree. Now that this topic is open, I've got questions."

Suzanne sat back on her sofa. "Sure. Why don't we start there?"

Susan looked down at her hands and nervously fiddled them together. "For starters, we're talking about the 'incest secret' that I accidentally revealed to Brenda last night. But you told me that incest is intercourse only, and what I've been doing to Tiger isn't incest at all. So which is it?"

"Good point. The thing is, what you and I call 'incest' isn't the same as what Brenda calls it. My assumption is that she has the same misunderstanding that most people do in this day and age. We'll straighten that out with her later, but in the meantime, let's call it that for shorthand so as to not confuse her, okay?"

"Okay. Second question. Just how honest were you with her last night? I know that you're basically honest and good, but sometimes you embellish a bit. There were a few things you said that struck me as not quite right. You told me that you're trying to recruit her to help Tiger with his problem, so that could be influencing you. And that's another thing, by the way. I kind of went along with that idea last night, God only knows why. I suppose I was still a little addled with lust from what happened earlier. But now that I'm of a sound and sober mind, I question the wisdom of that."

Probably because you aren't in your own house and smelling Sweetie's cum right now, Suzanne ruefully thought to herself.

Rather than sharing her thoughts, Suzanne replied, "It sounds like we've got a lot to talk about. Let's handle things one at a time. First, about my honesty, we all make choices about what to say and not say. If I'm selling a house, I'm going to talk up its good points and downplay its bad points. That's not unethical, if you avoid outright lying. And that's what I did with Brenda last night. What are the things that struck you as not quite right?"

Susan answered, "Well, for one thing, you talked about him having a bunch of other lovers. You even called them 'his sluts.' And I must admit I helped with that when I brought up how busty they are. That must have been my shameful lust talking again, because the truth is, he really doesn't have all those other lovers. Yes, he's getting some other help, but we made it sound like there are all these centerfold-quality buxom women practically standing in line to help him!"

Suzanne responded, "Let's review. You and I both keep an eye on his orgasms chart. He says he's not masturbating anymore, and I believe him. So if he's not getting help from you or me, then it has to be from others, right? We know some of that help comes from school, because he comes home from there and puts a mark on his chart straight away. But we ALSO know about OTHER marks. For instance, don't tell me you haven't been wondering about the mysterious marks from the day before yesterday."

Susan frowned as she recalled those marks. "That has been bugging me. Four mystery marks! FOUR! And it was a Saturday, so it can't be from school. You don't think... he's doing something with Angel, do you? The last thing I know for sure was they left together, they were gone for many hours, and then, later... four marks!"

In fact, that was exactly what Suzanne thought. But she was in complete approval and wanted to cover for Katherine until Susan was ready to accept her daughter's involvement, so she waved a hand dismissively. "Of course not! I know those two kids as well as my own, and if they were lying about that, I'd sniff it out right away. No, I'll tell you what's really going on there: Angel was covering for him. I'll bet they just shopped a little while, then she dropped him off so he could spend time with his secret lover."bender

"Secret lover?! Who's that?!"

Suzanne lied some more, "I have my guess, but I can't say at this time until I'm on more solid ground. But if I'm right, she's very busty and beautiful indeed. Plus, we know his school help is busty and beautiful too."

Susan frowned. "How do we know all that?! Suzanne! It sounds like you're keeping secrets from me!"

"Well, not exactly. I'm good at reading between the lines. It's like what I said last night about the dog that didn't bark. Sometimes, I can learn a lot by talking to Sweetie and listening carefully to what he DIDN'T say to me. I haven't told you some of this because I'm still in information-gathering mode, and I could still be wrong. But the bottom line is, we weren't really lying to Brenda about that. He really does have other VERY impressive lovers. I'm almost 100 percent certain that you and I aren't his only personal cocksuckers."

Susan sat back against her sofa, amazed. "Wow! That's just... wow! Incredible!" She could feel the heat growing between her legs, and her nipples grew erect.

In fact, Suzanne was mostly bullshitting about all of that. In addition to covering for Katherine, she was trying to keep the many lovers hype going with both Susan and Brenda, figuring they were the types to eat that up. She felt Alan had very little ability to attract a woman without her secretly pulling the strings. She did know about the checkmarks indicating something happened during his school hours, and

that puzzled her, but she figured that was probably just some fairly typical teen sexual hijinks with a typical teen girl.

Then Suzanne said, "Now, to address your other issue. You say that you question the wisdom of Brenda helping him with his problem. Prior to last night, I was already trying to scheme how we could make that happen, based in part on my concern for you."

"For me?"

"Sure. Remember what you said yesterday morning, when you were talking about your concerns in helping him? You said, and this is a direct quote, because it stuck in my mind: 'Someone else needs to take my place who can be more level-headed about things.' You were talking about the need for other women to help him out!"

Susan sat up, alarmed. "Just a minute! I might have said that, but I was being rash! I remember that discussion, and I was feeling distraught. I'm a lot better now. Much has happened between now and then. I've kind of, well, I've sort of accepted that, yes, I am one of my son's personal cocksuckers now. That label makes me blush with embarrassment - such a shameful thing! But it is what it is. I just have to accept it. And so, if that's the case, he doesn't need so much help from others."

Suzanne was secretly delighted. "What did I say that made you change your mind?"

Susan squirmed in her seat. "To be honest, it wasn't anything you said, per se. It was more what happened. I vowed I wouldn't help him again until Ron was gone. But then, last night, when you were helping me with those exercises to boost my willpower, well, the opposite kind of happened and somehow I found myself bobbing on his, uh, erection. And it wasn't a long time, but - God help me! - I enjoyed it so much! Too much!"

Suzanne pointed out, "You just licked your lips."

Susan bowed her head in embarrassment. "Did I? Oh dear! And I'm salivating too. You see? This is what happens every time I think about it." She looked back into Suzanne's eyes with new determination. "The truth is, I love it! Okay? It's my great shame, but I love helping him! So why can't you and I take care of all of his needs outside of school?"

"Several reasons," Suzanne replied. "For one, if he's going to cum an average of SIX times a day, he'll need a great variety of stimulation. Plus, there will be plenty of times he's out of school and not near you or me. What then? I could go on, but it's a moot point, because one reason trumps all others."

"What's that?"

"The incest secret! Or, as I should say, the so-called incest secret. Brenda knows that now, which means she's a loose cannon. Luckily, she doesn't seem to harbor any ill will, but still, the very fact that knowledge is in her head is dangerous. There's only one way to save the situation."

When Suzanne didn't elaborate, Susan prompted, "And that is?"

"To get her hooked on Alan." Suzanne replied with her usual confidence.

The look of surprise on Susan's face was as precious as it was utterly predictable to Suzanne.

"For how long?" Susan asked, worriedly.

"For as long as we need her to keep our secret," she replied, sidestepping the obvious implications of where that might lead. "If she does get hooked, then she'll essentially become one of us. That'll switch the whole situation around. She'll keep the secret with just as much determination as you or me."

Susan frowned.

"What?"

"I don't like it."

"Do you disagree with my logic?"

"Well... no. But... darn it! I guess I just get selfish. I want Tiger all to myself! I don't mind sharing him with you. In fact, I welcome it, because you're my best friend and his auntie, and we're all so close. But someone we hardly know, like Brenda, that sounds hot in theory, but I don't like it in practice. It could be dangerous!"

"True, but we have no choice. I don't want to play the blame game, but the secret is out, and you were a part of that. Now, we have to move into damage control mode. Luckily, it turns out Brenda is an exceptional woman in many ways, and I'm not just talking about tape measurements. She could be trouble with a capital 'T', but I sense that she's not. She's nice, smart, and level-headed. And how lucky is it that she's so exceptionally beautiful too? Sweetie certainly won't find it a hardship to have her help him out as well."

Susan's frown deepened.

Suzanne furrowed her brow. "What now? Oh, I get it. You're jealous, aren't you? She's probably the only gorgeous woman you've ever met with breasts even bigger than yours."

Susan let out her pent-up frustration on that issue. "It's ridiculous! They're just so darn BIG! Aren't mine enough? Tiger LOVES my big tits! All I have to do is bend over a little bit, or flash some cleavage, or arch my back and thrust my chest forward, and his penis gets thick and stiff! So hot in my hand! Throbbing with life!"

Suzanne prompted her, "And then you need to take care of it, don't you? With your mouth! You need to take off all your clothes, put on your high heels, kneel between his legs, take him deep into your mouth, and SUCK!"

"MMMM!" Susan groaned. "Mmmm, YES! YES!" She was suddenly writhing and squirming in her seat. She reached for her breasts, but then she stopped herself and regained her composure. "Er, yes. I'll admit that's what I'm thinking. But then, with Brenda there, he'll turn to her instead! She'll be the one doing all the kneeling and sucking! And I'll have to sit there and torture myself with the sounds of her delicious slurping!" She had an arousing yet disturbing vision of Brenda in a luxurious bedroom in her mansion, lavishing her loving attention on Alan's erection in the exact same way she loved to do herself.

Suzanne spoke evenly. "That's probably true. I imagine that very thing will happen eventually. And it's the same for me. But that's the price we both have to pay for letting our great secret slip out. However, look at it this way. He's going to be getting help from others anyway. We already know of one mystery woman outside of school. It's better to have it be someone we know, in a situation we can control. And

just because Brenda has to be a part of this now, we can determine how frequently she's involved. What if she only helps him once or twice a week? Would that be so bad?"

After a long pause, Susan grudgingly admitted, "Well... I suppose not."

"Besides, we're starting this weekly card game tradition with her. What if that evolves into a card game / blowjob-type tradition? Maybe the winner in cards that week gets to spend an hour up in his bedroom, naked and gagging on his thick shaft. Assuming we can talk her into it, one or two events like that a week should be enough to ensure her loyalty to us. Then our secret becomes her secret too. What hurts us hurts her too. The more we can befriend her, the better off we'll all be."

Susan groaned with displeasure, but she said, "I suppose that's acceptable. I suppose my petty jealousy is immature in any case."

"Good! It's settled then. Now, we need to strategize on what to say when she gets here. I sense that, after what happened last night, she's already quite interested in Alan. We should foster that. But priority one is to get her to calm down about the incest secret. The rest will follow, not today, but maybe next week or the week after that, or even later. Let's not push it. Rome wasn't built in a day."

Susan nodded. Then something occurred to her. "Last night, as we were headed home, you said that, and I believe these were your exact words: 'Brenda is looking at this in a very different way than that, and I think I know why. But it's just a theory, and that'll have to wait until tomorrow.' I've been puzzling over that ever since. What did you mean?"

"Well, I'm still not sure. It's still just a hunch. But my guess is that she was very inspired by my 'real man' talk. It's plenty obvious to me that she craves a real man of her own. You heard what she said. Last night she was on the prowl, itching to get laid. Worse, she would have settled for Mr. Right Now rather than holding out for Mr. Right. Remember?"

Susan closed her eyes and nodded. "I remember."

"So last night she didn't think such men exist, but WE told her that Alan is one. If it was just one of us saying it, she might not have been sold on the notion, but now she is! She's very intrigued by him. Then, finding out that highly desirable women like you and I have gotten intimate with him, well, that raised

her interest ten-fold. That's my theory for why her reaction to the incest is muted. Instead of complaining 'Susan don't do that,' she was more thinking, 'I want to do that too.'"

Susan nodded. "Hmmm. Interesting. I can believe that. She did seem awfully interested in talking about him last night."

"Yes, but keep in mind that she was drunk and horny. She'll probably come across differently today. We'll have a harder row to hoe. Here's the thing though. We want to increase her interest in Alan, but people always love a tough challenge. Even while we're doing that, we need to act like he's off limits. The classic 'playing hard to get' gambit."

Susan thought that over, then nodded. "Ah. I think I follow."

"Good."

The two of them talked a lot more about what to say and how to behave. Susan detested lying, but she believed that sometimes a white lie or lie of omission was okay, if it was for a noble purpose. For her, Brenda was a threat to her entire family. Luckily, it was a very low-level threat since Brenda seemed to have a good attitude, but it was a threat just the same. And there was almost nothing Susan wouldn't do to protect her family, so she was willing to go along with Suzanne bending the truth in this instance.

Chapter 237 Brenda Knows About Alan's Med History

Susan and Suzanne were still talking when they heard the ringing of the doorbell.

Suzanne whispered to Susan under her breath, "Okay, it's show time! Remember, this is to save the family!"

Susan was all smiles by the time the door opened and Brenda was standing there. She was secretly relieved to see that Brenda was dressed and acted as if nothing was out of the ordinary. Brenda wore a stylish outfit that showed off a little bit of her cleavage. It was similar to the moderately-revealing dresses the other two were wearing, except that she wore nearly knee-high boots instead of heels.

After taking off her coat, Brenda traded hugs and pecks on cheeks with Susan and Suzanne. She was a little stand-offish, but that was nothing compared to the two mother's worst fears.

Suzanne walked Brenda into her living room and then said politely, "Here, why don't you take a seat, wherever you like. Would you care for a drink?"

"Yes, please. Coffee is good. But before we say or do anything, I want to get something out of the way right away: I'm not here to accuse you or judge you. I've done a lot of thinking since last night. It was good to sleep on things. The fact that Alan is adopted weighed heavily on my mind. That means we're not talking about real incest. And the fact that he's of age and hasn't gone all the way with you, Susan, that's important too. I could be wrong, but I don't think anything actually illegal is going on here. So, as long as nobody is being hurt, abused, or taken advantage of, who am I to judge?"

Susan immediately rushed to Brenda and gave her a big hug. "I am SOOOO glad to hear that! I agree completely! We say 'incest' as short-hand, but it's not really true. Besides, the more you know, the more you'll understand. There's a lot I want to explain!"

Brenda nodded as the hug ended. "I'm sure. And I want to hear it. But I just want you to know that you have nothing to fear from me. Unless there are disturbing surprises you haven't told me of yet, I made a promise last night not to tell anyone about your secret, and I intend to keep it."

Suzanne thought she'd already had the situation under control, and she was considered a cool cucumber. But she was so relieved to hear that that she also rushed to Brenda and gave her a heartfelt hug. In fact, she practically crushed her with a prolonged bear hug.

Brenda chuckled as she finally broke free. "Okay, enough hugging already! I get that-" she suddenly cut herself off, because she noticed Suzanne furtively wiping some tears from her cheeks. This surprised her. She was only starting to get to know Suzanne, but she already could tell that Suzanne was a jaded and very sophisticated lady not likely to easily shed tears. "You're crying?"

Suzanne realized that there was no way she could deny it, so she said, "Dammit, I guess you got me. I'm very surprised at myself, but it's just that I love these people so much. This is about so much more than sex. I feel like I would do anything to keep them safe from harm. Anything! So hearing that disaster isn't looming because of last night's slip-up, well, you have no idea how relieved that makes me feel!"

Susan walked to Suzanne and gave her a big hug. "Me too! Me too! Oh my goodness! I thought I was feeling okay about all this already, but I realize that I just breathed freely for the first time since last night! It feels really good!"

Some inconsequential small talk ensued. Since they were in Suzanne's house, she went to the kitchen and prepared coffee for everyone. She considered bringing out a snack too, but since it was getting towards lunch time she decided to hold off on that.

Susan and Suzanne sat side by side on a sofa while Brenda sat in an easy chair that faced them across a coffee table.

Suzanne said to Brenda, "Thanks again for being so understanding. I hope we can still become good friends. But you have lots of questions, I'm sure, so let's start there. Fire away."

"Hmmm. Where to begin?" Brenda sipped her coffee, then put the cup down. "I suppose it makes sense to start at the beginning. How did you two get involved with him?"

Suzanne made sure she answered that one. "Good question. You may remember Susan mentioning that Alan has a medical condition that means he has to cum a lot."

Brenda furrowed her brow. "Yes, of course. That was my next question."

"Well, let me address that too, because it started there. It's a long story, but the gist is, less than two months ago, Alan found out from his doctor that he needs to cum about six times a day, every single day. Prior to that, we thought he was a normal boy with a normal libido. But like I said last night, it's the ones you least expect. Sometimes the most virile men don't look like Conan the Barbarian, but they look like, well, Alan."

Brenda said, "Let me get this straight. This was diagnosed by a doctor?"

Susan nodded vigorously. "It's true! I was at all the appointments. We have a nurse now who's been put in charge of checking his condition every couple of weeks. As for his problem, think of it like milking a cow. If you don't milk the cow, it's in great pain and suffers. Alan's like that, only with his penis. He HAS to cum many times a day!"

Suzanne cut in quickly, because this was a dangerous area for her. She didn't want Brenda to know too much about Alan's "medical diagnosis" because she worried that any intelligent outside observer would see through the bullshit. Also, it was better for her hype if Brenda got the impression that Alan wasn't

sick in some way, but rather just incredibly virile. She said, "I know it sounds bizarre, to say the least. And despite what Susan just said, it wouldn't really be the end of the world if he doesn't cum that much. But for his optimal health and energy, he needs to cum around six times every day."

She switched into a more thoughtful mode. "That's just how it is, I guess. Some people are tall, some people are short, some people are smart, and so on. Alan just happens to be off the charts when it comes to sexual prowess, stamina, and recuperation. These are still early days, mind you. Everything has happened in just the last two months. But already he shows so much natural talent and stamina that it's almost scary to think what he'll be like with more experience!"

"I see." Brenda's breathing was starting to get heavy. Clearly she was more than a little intrigued.

Suzanne continued to talk fast so she could move the discussion to safer territory. "Please don't be mad at Susan. She's done what she has with him out of motherly love and concern. The same is true for me. I got started stroking him to orgasm as part of his medical treatment, to make sure he had enough inspiration and stimulation to cum enough times each day. But what happened was, I very quickly discovered how great it was for both of us!"

She leaned back. "Now, I'm not sure if this is something to boast about or be ashamed of, but the plain truth is that I've had many lovers over the years. I've never counted them up, but let's just say well over a hundred. You know how I look. The three of us are beautiful, and let's just treat that like the fact that it is instead of always beating around the bush. Since way back, I've had my choice of men. We talked last night about the 'handsome man law,' and sure, I've had a lot of hunks who were duds in bed. But I got smart early and went more for verifiable reputation in bed than looks. So when I say there's something extra special and extra thrilling about sex with Alan, you know it actually means something and I'm not just bullshitting. Trust me; I KNOW the difference!"

Susan nodded emphatically.

Brenda looked back and forth between them. "Whoa. It's like we turned the clock back to last night, because I'm feeling completely incredulous again. I believe you, and yet... I don't understand!" She raised her hands up in a pleading gesture. "What's the big deal?! What the heck is the appeal about him?! Especially if you're just talking about handjobs and blowjobs, right?"

Susan and Suzanne nodded at that.

"Those are a CHORE! That's what you do if you must to get your man erect, so you can get to the good part, the intercourse. You don't have an orgasm just from handjobs and blowjobs!"bender

Susan couldn't help but beam and boast proudly, "You do if it's with Alan!"

Brenda groaned in frustration and shook her head.

Suzanne thought she was out of the woods as far as the "medical" issue went, but Brenda then asked, "Getting back to his daily orgasm problem, why doesn't he just masturbate, like every other boy his age?"

Suzanne replied carefully, "As you know, Susan here is a devout Christian. She believes that male masturbation is the 'sin of Onan.' It's in the Old Testament; look it up. We have to respect her beliefs. But even if you put that aside, the practical matter is that a guy can masturbate a few times each day, sure, but SIX?! That's asking too much, especially considering that this isn't just something that's unlikely to go away after just a month or two. We started out just helping him with what we call 'visual stimulation,' but it quickly became clear that wasn't enough."

The three of them talked about the masturbation issue some more. Brenda tried to argue that masturbation alone would suffice. However, deep down she was captivated by the idea of a young man so virile that it took a bevy of beautiful women to meet his sexual needs. As a result, it was easy for her to be convinced into changing her mind.

Brenda said, "Okay, let's concede that masturbation doesn't cut it, and simply having a girlfriend help out isn't enough either. I might even concede that help from more than one woman is needed. But why do you two have to be involved, of all women? Suzanne, I understand he considers you his de-facto aunt, if not a sort of second mother, even, from the way you two talk about him. And Susan, it goes without saying that conflicts with your role as his mother."

Susan replied passionately, "Does it? Does it? I beg to differ! In fact, I would argue it's a natural extension of my motherly role! Keep in mind that it's not like we both got horny one day and decided to fool around for purely hedonistic reasons. It's something I started to do for his health. True, it turned out to be shockingly pleasurable for me, but I would have continued doing it anyway even if it caused me great pain, because that's what mothers do. You're a mother too. You know the sacrifices we make."

Brenda though looked confused and doubtful. "I do. But I'd hardly call this a sacrifice. Getting to climax over and over with a total stud like him?! That's the exact opposite of sacrifice!"

"True," Susan huffed. "And I'm sure that explains why so many busty babes are eager to help him. But I truly mean it when I say I would have continued helping him regardless. Brenda, I don't have a real career. I don't have a happy marriage, or even a real marriage, period. My life revolves around helping my children and being a good mother. That means the whole world to me!"

"I believe you," Brenda said. "You radiate loving-mother vibes maybe more than anyone else I've ever met. But still, Suzanne lives here next door to you. Why not just leave that task to her?"

Susan got testy. "Haven't you been listening to anything we've been saying?! Of course she helps as much as she can, but that's not enough! What if his penis reaches a critically stiff stage and his balls are bursting with cum and there's no one home but me? I have no choice but to help. Any caring mother would! Besides, as Suzanne told you, it takes several women to keep him excited and then drained every day. We have to keep it fresh and interesting."

Brenda's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Speaking of which, that reminds me of my main worry. Why have you two befriended me recently? The timing is curious. You're not interested in me just so I'll help him with his problem too, are you? I thought we were becoming real friends!"

Suzanne said in a kindly tone, "Let me field that. I'll admit the timing is suspicious. You do fit the physical description of what he likes to see in his helpers, generally speaking. But I can assure you that's not the reason why we've befriended you. You want to know why? Remember, last night I said that he's already taken. Yes, he has 'several' helpers. I can't name names or give a specific number, but suffice to say that we've got the situation covered. We're in a good place where no more help is needed. It wasn't easy getting here, and changing things could ruin the delicate balance we've achieved. It takes a very special kind of woman who is truly willing to share without getting bent out of shape with jealousy issues and so forth. We don't know you well enough. The odds of you finding that attractive are almost zero, and the odds that you would fit in even if you did are nearly zero again."

Brenda wiggled in her seat uncomfortably, "Well, I don't know about 'nearly zero...' The situation is bizarre, to say the least." She hated the idea of being pushed into helping Alan, but she was intrigued nevertheless, provided that helping him was her choice.

Suzanne cut in before Brenda could say more. "It is. Trust me; you don't want to get involved. As to why we befriended you, it's true looks probably had a lot to do with it. But that's simply because people of a

certain look and physique tend to stick together. Consider Susan and me. We've been best friends for twenty years, and people point out that it's like we're identical twins from the neck down. That actually makes sense, as I'll explain."

She continued, "Brenda, I want to level with you, without all the modesty bullshit. You, Susan, and I, we're a very elite group. We're not just beautiful; we're the women even the beautiful women hate out of jealousy. It's only natural we stick together. Who else can understand the problems you go through due to your looks and your body but someone else with similar looks and a similar body?"

Susan added to that, "Life is weird that way. I can't tell you how many girlfriends I had and then lost because they felt intimidated by me. And you know me well enough already to know that I'm hardly mean or intimidating. But if I'm friends with a 'normal'-looking woman, things tend to go sour fast no matter what I do. Particularly if any man they're with sees me; then they get jealous in a hurry. And it's even worse with men. I can't have any real male friends because all they think about is going to bed with me. I don't like it, and I didn't ask for it, but it seems I can only pick my friends from a pool of other very beautiful women who won't have a reason to be jealous of me."

Brenda considered that, and then nodded. "You're right. Actually, I feel the exact same way, because I've had the exact same experience, over and over again. When you suggested the weekly card game tradition, I was on that like white on rice because of those very reasons. Honestly, I find it hard to keep ANY friends at all! The size of my breasts... God! I get so sick of it! People treat me like I'm just a walking pair of boobs, not a human being, let alone a woman with actual brains."

Susan felt bad hearing that, because she already had a simmering jealousy over Brenda's breast size. So she smiled, visibly glanced down at her own impressive rack, and said, "As you can see, that's not an issue among us three; we're on an even plane. We can ignore that aspect and just be normal. Well, as normal as we can be, considering the Alan situation."

Chapter 238 INCREDIBLY Thick!

Brenda said, "Speaking of that situation... Forgive my language, but what's so god-damned great about sex with Alan already?!"

Suzanne put a hand on her chin. "That's a very, very tough question. As I said last night, how do you explain something like falling in love to someone who's never experienced it?"

Brenda barked impatiently, "I know, I know. But there must be SOMETHING you can tell me to at least give me a general idea. I keep coming back to the why. Why are so many women eager to sleep with

him? Okay, he's somewhat handsome, I'll grant, but he's no Brad Pitt. He seems like a pretty normal teenager to me."

Susan piped up. "Well, one thing that can't be denied is how impressive his penis is. It's ten inches long and INCREDIBLY thick!"

Suzanne winced visibly. Even though she was trying to hype Alan at every turn, she felt compelled to say, "Well, maybe not actually ten inches. That's-"

Susan waved her away. "Whatever. Close enough. The point is, it's so long and thick that you can BARELY even fit it all in your mouth! And when you do, there's still plenty for both of your hands to stroke! And you've gotta stroke it, because, darn it, it takes a tremendous effort to get him to cum, every single time! And once you do get him to shoot out a load of his copious, creamy cum, he gets erect again in a jiffy, maybe even while you're still busy licking his balls clean! OH! And speaking of his cum, have I mentioned how sweet and delicious his cum tastes? I hope this doesn't sound sacrilegious, but it's truly like manna from Heaven!"

Suzanne added to that. "Brenda, keep in mind that I don't think Susan has ever tasted any other cum but Alan's. Probably not even Ron's. Whereas I've had many, many lovers, so I can confirm that she's right. His cum is remarkably delicious. If you're wondering why we get so excited about mere handjobs and blowjobs, that's one big reason right there."

Susan was practically bouncing in her seat as she explained, "It's like when you work really, really hard on something, like doing your taxes, and then you reward yourself with some special yummy treat, like a bowl of ice cream. Except it's way better than that, because the task is endless fun, and then the reward is even better!"

Brenda shook her head in awe. "Susan, you amaze me. I can't believe we're sitting here and talking about the taste of your son's cum. Despite your recent sexual awakening, you - pardon my bluntness here - you still have the air of someone who is very religious, prudish, and innocent. So to hear you talk like that pretty much blows my mind!"

Susan frowned uncertainly. "Do you want me to stop? I can stop. It's just that, as you can see, this is something I feel very passionately about."

"I can see that!" Brenda chuckled.

Suzanne said, "Susan, let's not bore our guest with our endless yammering about these issues. Brenda, to make a long story short, yes, Alan's penis is impressive in multiple ways. And yes, his cum is uncommonly delicious. And I'm probably beating a dead horse already talking about his stamina and so forth. But you can find other guys with all that and sometimes more."

She got back to the submissive theme she was trying to promote. "So those factors help, but they're not the main thing. No, what sets him apart is what I talked about last night, about him being a real man. Let's put it this way. As I said, I've had many lovers. No guy was going to get far with me unless he knew what he was doing in bed, and had lots of other great attributes besides. But for all those other men, when I sucked their cocks- oh, sorry for the language, Susan."

"That's quite alright," Susan replied demurely. "Let's call it what it is. Most men have penises. Alan has a cock!" She said that with obvious pride that Brenda couldn't help but notice.

Suzanne continued, "Anyway, when I sucked their cocks, I was doing it mainly as a favor for them. But with Alan, I do it because I want to, for me. The fact that he enjoys it too is almost just a bonus! I'm having so much fun, and so many orgasms, that I joke to myself that it must be fattening, cancer-causing, AND illegal! But of course it isn't. I wish you and every other woman could feel what I feel. That's why we need to find you a 'real man' too. Let's not talk about Alan till we're blue in the face. He's taken, and he's not interested in you anyway. Instead, let's use him as a model, and find somebody like him, closer to your age, who-"

Brenda cut her off. "Whoa! Back up. What did you say? Did you just say he's not interested in me anyway?"

Suzanne pretended to be sorry that had accidentally slipped out, when in fact she'd said it on purpose. "Oops. I guess I did. But think nothing of it. Everybody knows you're very beautiful. Anyway, like I was saying-"

Brenda interrupted again. "Sorry, but I want to sort this out first. If you keep saying that I'm so beautiful, then why did you just say he's not interested in me?"

Suzanne sighed, like she realized there was no way to avoid discussing this unpleasant matter. "Well, it's just... I'm sure that objectively he'd agree that you're a ten out of ten, but... you know, personal tastes differ. There isn't always a certain spark of interest."

Brenda put her hands on her hips indignantly. "And how would you know that in his case?"

Suzanne sighed. "If you must know... remember when you met him briefly last Wednesday?"

"Of course."

"Later, I was curious what he thought about you, so I asked him. And all he said in reply was, 'She's nice.' That took me by surprise, because he's not the kind of guy to pull his punches when praising a woman. He and I have a good rapport. For instance, if we're walking down the street and he sees a total hottie, he'll actually tell me, 'Check her out. She's a total hottie!' So to merely... well, that's about the gist of it." She pretended like she suddenly realized she was getting in too deep and had to stop before she hurt Brenda's feelings.

Naturally, this only increased Brenda's interest even further. She was literally on the edge of her seat. "Wait! You were going to say more!"

"No, I think I've said enough. I don't want you to feel bad. Oops. I mean... Well, probably it's just a misunderstanding anyway. Forget it."

Brenda growled, "You've gotta tell me more, after that!"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure! Please! Let the chips fall where they may!"

"Okay, if you insist. I thought that having him call you 'nice' was damning with faint praise. So I asked him, 'Just nice? Come on. You can't tell me you'd kick her out of bed for eating crackers.' He replied, 'I suppose not.' That bland response surprised me all over again. And... well... I guess I might as well tell

you the rest. I couldn't let that go, so I asked, 'Is that all? When was the last time you saw a woman as curvy as that? Her breasts are even bigger than mine!'"

Brenda was so eager to hear the response that she actually stood up. "And? And?"

"And... he tilted his head and seemed to consider that, as if he was picturing you in his mind. Then he said, 'Yeah, I suppose so. But there's such a thing as too big. You're my ideal: you and Mom. Ideal breast size, ideal faces, ideal everything. You're the ones I love. Whereas I don't know Brenda from Adam, er, Eve. So it's hard to get excited about her.' To be honest, that led to an appreciative kiss, and things kind of spiraled from there, all the way down to his shorts if you catch my drift. So that was the end of our conversation about you."

Brenda was clearly upset. This was an almost totally unfamiliar experience for her, to be perceived as only second best with her looks, and especially due to her breasts.

Susan assumed that Suzanne was referring to a real conversation that she'd missed, when in fact Suzanne had made the whole thing up on the spot as part of her "Alan playing hard to get" strategy. That mitigated Susan's jealousy issue over Brenda's larger breast size. Consequently, she was being completely sincere when she consoled Brenda: "Don't feel bad. That's a good point, that he doesn't know you yet. So it's not fair to compare. Perhaps he'll change his mind when he gets to know you better. In fact, I'm almost certain about it."

Brenda was steamed and it showed, by the way she put her hands on her hips, but she didn't know who to get mad at. Since she was standing up, she started pacing around, just like she had the night before. "Thanks, Susan. You're probably right. And thank you, Suzanne, for your honesty. But that stings. It really hurts! I'm used to men falling all over me from the moment they lay their eyes on me. I don't know how to handle rejection!"

Suzanne said, "Well, if it's any consolation, at least that should put any lingering worry about being asked to be one of his helpers out of your mind. I didn't want to mention that conversation before, but that's why it never even entered my thoughts as a possibility."

Brenda growled, "Thanks," and kept pacing. In fact, Suzanne's consolation felt more like she was being kicked when she was down. Brenda had tried hard not to show it, but she was actually very interested in becoming one of Alan's helpers. At the very least, it sounded interesting to give that a try once or twice, just to see what the hype was all about. But now Suzanne had seemingly closed that door for good.

To hide her sour mood, she sat back down and asked Suzanne for more coffee.

In response, after getting the coffee, Suzanne started talking to Susan with some idle coffee chatter. That was on purpose, to give Brenda time to reflect.

Brenda thought. God dammit! Alan sounds like the greatest thing since sliced bread. He's too good to be true. Even his cum tastes sweet! What's next? Does he shit gold bricks?! Nothing would surprise me at this point. But the killer is that it's obviously not a snow job. Suzanne seems sincere enough, and if anyone is incapable of lying, it's Susan. I can read her face like a book. Besides, if it wasn't true, I'd find out in a hurry with any one-on-one sexy time with him. Fat chance that's gonna happen now. Dammit!

But hold on a minute. Why should I give up that easily? Men like that are one in a million, or rarer still. If there's an honest-to-god, insatiable, unstoppable sex stud here in this town, I can't just let that opportunity go by! I'm so damn horny all the time that I can't stand it anymore. It's not that he's not attracted to me at all; it's that he's not attracted to me YET! I can change that! We're already starting this nice weekly card game tradition. That'll give me the perfect chance to get to know him better. He may not take part in the game, but I'm sure he comes and goes. If I get in my seductive mode and wear something super sexy, he'll take new notice of me for sure!

So he has "several" lovers. I don't know what that means. Four? Five? Six? More?! Whatever the case, why not one more than that?! If he had just one lover, that could be a hopeless situation. But if they believe he needs lots of sexual variety, and they obviously do, then it makes perfect sense to bring in some fresh faces from time to time. I want to know what's so great about him, and the only way to truly understand that is through direct experience. I want the experience of giving a blowjob not just to get a penis stiff, but as an act of erotic ecstasy in and of itself! I want to get royally FUCKED by one of Suzanne's "real men", the kind of man who makes even Suzanne proudly call herself one of his sluts!

With this new agenda in mind, Brenda decided that she needed more information as a first step. So she parried away Suzanne's seemingly persistent efforts to talk about finding Brenda a "real man" of her own. (Little did she know that the last thing Suzanne wanted was to succeed with that offer.) Instead she kept the focus on Alan, but in a non-sexual, "getting to know you" kind of way.

The other two were quite happy to discuss Alan at great length. Brenda soon found out about his classes, his friends, his hobbies, and more. They kept their answers honest, but they also were careful to emphasize the things that made him look good and failed to mention the things that didn't. Susan was such a proud mother that she would have done that anyway.

The three of them talked clear through the lunch meal they ate together. The early worries and awkwardness relating to the incest secret were long gone. They ended up talking about each other quite a lot as well, helping their mutual friendship to grow.

When Brenda eventually announced that it was time for her to go, Suzanne asked her, "As you know, Wednesday is the day after tomorrow. I'd like to keep our new card game sessions going. Do you still think you'd like to come over, even though you now know we're a couple of weirdos?"

Suzanne said that last part in an obviously teasing kind of way. Brenda smiled and responded, "Yes, I'd still like to come, and no, you're not a couple of weirdos! In fact, you've really turned my head completely around. I'm not saying I approve of incest in general; I'm not saying that at all. But in this particular instance, I definitely understand and sympathize. Besides, I keep forgetting that Alan is adopted, which means that it's not really incest; it's just sex among consenting adults. As far as I'm concerned, that whole matter is closed."

Suzanne smiled in return. "That's great to hear. Except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"It's not so easy to say the matter is closed. We're trying to just live normal lives, but with Alan getting aroused so easily and frequently, things are never exactly normal. The subject is bound to come up repeatedly, and in ways that may well make you uncomfortable. So I just want you to brace yourself for that."

"Such as?"

"Such as, as you've noticed, we talk about sexual matters quite freely and explicitly, and quite often."

"I can handle it. In fact, it's kind of fun. Talk away."

"But it gets worse. What if he gets aroused when you're here on Wednesday? That's not only possible; it's highly probable. Had you not known our secret, I suppose he would have suffered until you went

home. But since you do, chances are Susan or I will want to slip away for a while to help him out. That's going to be awkward. It's not too late to change your mind, if you'd rather not come."

"I'm a big girl. I can handle that too. I don't want him to suffer either, so do what you've gotta do, as long as it's done discreetly, of course. But hey, something just occurred to me. What about Katherine?! I've been forgetting all about her. What's her role in all this?"

Suzanne answered with the official story, even though she believed otherwise. "She knows everything, but she's not directly involved. Well... not much. She does help him some with visual stimulation sometimes."

Brenda furrowed her brow. "You mentioned that before. Is it what it sounds like?"

Susan replied this time. "It is. It means dressing sexily, maybe a little preening and posing, maybe some sexy talk too. It could even involve nudity, and in fact it usually does. Whatever it takes to inspire him. But, and this is the key: NO touching! Alan has become a man, but my precious Angel is still a girl."

Brenda nodded. "Ah. I see. So strange! But hey, I'm not going to judge. We'll talk on the phone before then, but expect to see me on Wednesday. Honestly, I'll be looking forward to it. Whatever happens, I know it won't be boring. You're the most interesting people I've come across in a long time, that's for sure!"

Once Brenda was gone and the front door was closed, Susan turned to Suzanne and asked, "I think that went surprisingly well, don't you?"

Suzanne gave Susan a hug of relief. "Definitely!"

Chapter 239 First Sex With Kim

Even though Alan had a great time with Glory during the lunch period, he figured his day was only going to get better. He still had an afternoon at Kim's to look forward to. This time he and Katherine wasted no time and drove there straight from school. As a result their clothes provided more cover than in the last car ride to Kim's, so the festivities largely had to wait until they arrived at her house.

The first time at Kim's place it had been just Katherine and Alan having sex while Kim watched, but they had promised her that she would be welcome to join in this time. They met her at the door and the three of them kissed and groped a fair amount before one word was even spoken.

Finally Katherine started up the stairs. But then she stopped, bent over, looked back at Kim and Alan and flipped up her skirt, revealing her bare pussy peeking between her legs. "Last one up is a rotten egg," she prodded, "and the first one up gets first dibs on this!"

Kim and Alan quickly scrambled after her. Because he was much taller, Alan made it to the bedroom before Kim, so he won first dibs.

Katherine was delighted by his victory. "Excellent! It has been way too long, Big Hole-filling Brother. Way. Too. Long." With a turn to Kim, she added, "What say Alan fucks me while you watch, and then after that you can take your pick of him or me next? Then we can all do it together."

"Okay," said Kim, still bummed to have lost the race. She sat down on a chair next to her own bed in the upper-floor bedroom and got ready to watch. "Good things come to those who wait, I guess."

Alan and Katherine were out of their clothes in record time. "They sure do," said Katherine. "Such as this." She held her brother's long shaft in both hands. "Is it just me, or is this thing growing longer every time I see it?" she asked, half seriously.

"I know one way to find out," he replied. He quickly straddled his sister, who lay stretched out on the bed. Then he slowly lowered himself directly into her slit.

"Kim, this is all I ever need," Katherine said.

Alan bounced up and down on her while pistoning his hot meat in and out.

"I'm not kidding when I said I want to be his fuck toy. You've got to try it! Big Stick Brother, give me all you've got! Do me all day long!"

Since Alan had recently bought and read a few books on the art of lovemaking, he wanted to try some new techniques. But there would be enough time to try many of those later in the day. He started simply by churning and rotating his hips, which was something all the books recommended.

Katherine absolutely loved his improved technique, letting him know it by her moans and shrieks.

But he was simply too worked up to stick with that style for long. He fell onto her and started pumping up and down, as if he were doing push-ups with her underneath. He rapidly built up a jackhammer motion, and soon it seemed like he would nail his sister right through the mattress.

She'd loved what he was doing before, but she loved this just as much. Between thrusts, she shouted things like "More!" "Harder!" "Push!" "Fuck!" and "Yes!"

Within minutes, he sprayed his cum deep inside his sister's tight pussy, after which they collapsed into a sweaty, happy heap.

Kim looked upon them in wonder. She'd never seen such a fast and passionate fuck, even in the movies.

But he was just getting warmed up. His dick recovered, springing back into action almost instantly. His sister lay motionless as if she'd just been slain by his pussy pleaser, while he sat up and began to gently stroke his revived hard-on. "Okay, Kim," he said, "it's your turn now. Who will it be first? Me or my sister?"

"Sorry, Katherine," Kim said, as she got up from the chair next to them, where she had been masturbating, completely naked. The sex between Alan and Katherine had ended before she'd had a chance to get off. "I've been with a lot of women, but never a man, and this is my golden opportunity to give it a try. Besides, I've got to get some of what you just got!" She hopped onto her bed and commanded Katherine, "Roll over and make some room."

The bed wasn't very big, but Katherine rolled over towards the edge. Kim took her place under Alan. She expected the same fast, pounding treatment that he'd just given his sister. But she was quite anxious about her first time having sex with a male lover, so she closed her eyes and tensed up. To encourage him she said, "Okay, let's see if you really can drive a hole through the bed this time."

But he was in a different mood now and saw through her false bravado, which was in conflict with her obvious body language. He realized it would be better if he could put her at ease, so he said, "Let's work up to that. But first, let me be gentle, especially since this is your first time."

His body covered hers completely, since he was so much taller than the diminutive girl. He began kissing her on the mouth while running his hands over her boobs and upper torso.

At first, Kim didn't know how to respond. It had been a long time since she'd made out with a boy and she'd never really gone past first base with any of them. Alan treated her gently and kissed her ears and neck and licked her lips. She had hang-ups about a male treating her like that, but she didn't want to disappoint him so she closed her eyes and decided to pretend he was a woman.

Her body started to respond much better as she grew more comfortable with his foreplay. For a while it wasn't that hard for her to imagine that he was just a flat-chested woman since, although he was fairly muscular, he had virtually no hair on his chest. Also, his cock remained below her crotch, between her legs, since he was so much taller than she was, allowing her to maintain the illusion for the moment.

It seemed to her like his hands were all over her. She began to mentally count hands and decided that there were too many. Oh yeah, Katherine! She's getting in on the action too!

Katherine had wanted to leave the two of them alone for their first time together, but just couldn't resist the urge to join in their play.

Kim had had a lot of sex for someone her age, but she'd never been sexually involved with two other people before (other than when the three of them were together in the supply closet).

While Alan's hands stayed around Kim's upper body, Katherine mostly focused on Kim's flanks. Then her hands moved to Kim's pussy, where her fingers prepared the way for Alan's dick. She put one, then two, and finally three fingers into Kim's tunnel.

Soon Kim was more than moist; she was flowing like a raging river.

As if by prearranged signal, Katherine pulled her fingers away and Alan scooted up so that Kim's face now met the bottom of his neck.

Although Katherine had insisted that all her fucks be bareback, Kim had made no such request, so Alan had slipped on a condom when Kim first joined them on the bed. "Are you ready? Here it comes..." he said as he slid his dick into her waiting, wet hole. He was surprisingly calm about it - to fuck Kim was far less of an emotional shock for him than to fuck Katherine. She was so wet that he slid in very easily, with almost no resistance until the end.

By some definitions, Kim was technically a virgin, since no man had entered her vagina before, but the way had been cleared by countless dildos of both the strap-on and hand-held variety. So the feeling of her cunt being deeply filled was not completely alien to her. But Kim quickly realized that no dildo, however fancy, could compare to a real flesh-and-blood penis. The body heat alone from Alan's erection was enough to send shivers of excitement down her spine.

I really like it, she thought with surprise. I like it a lot! As Alan thrust in and out at an increasing pace, she quickly responded by bucking her hips up at him in expert fashion, building on all her experience with female partners who had worn a strap-on. A fake cock is good. But the real thing is so much better, so warm, so alive!

"Alan, fuck me!" she declared.

"I am already!" he replied, somewhat amused.

"But more! Harder! Faster! Like you did to Katherine just now. Really DO me. Nail me! Break me! Fuck! Fuck me now! Impale! Impale me! Cut a hole right through me! NOW!"

Alan turned on his pistoning motion and hammered her for all he was worth, similar to what he'd done to his sister some minutes earlier. Fucking with a condom felt different, but all-in-all he didn't find it as horrible as some people said. For one thing, endurance was a very important goal for him and he could tell right away that the condom would help him last longer since being sheathed reduced his sensitivity. He was especially keen on doing his best with Kim; like many males he wanted to induce a lesbian to become somewhat bi.

Katherine backed off and just stared in wonder as Alan rammed Kim like a steam engine that had spun out of control. God, that's so HOT! That must be what we looked like to her. No wonder she wanted to try him.

Katherine realized that she was becoming jealous. She thought, It doesn't matter, because I'm burning even hotter with PURE LUST! She found herself playing aggressively with her own pussy and clit as she watched.

Once Kim really got into it, Alan rolled them over so that she was on top and could control the action. This caused her to slam down on him even harder, positioning herself so that her clit was stimulated on every stroke.

Katherine thought that was really hot. She yelled, "Ride em, cowgirl!" and reached behind Kim to start fingering around her anus.

Some of Kim's lesbian lovers had played with her ass before, so being stimulated by Katherine made it even easier for Kim to fantasize that she was with a woman, even though at the same time she was loving the feel of Alan's cock and his muscular chest. Soon both she and Alan were screaming at the top of their lungs: "Fuck!" "God!" "Yes!" "Hard!"

Just when Kim thought it couldn't get any more stimulating, Katherine stuck two fingers up Kim's anus, which made her yelp in surprise and painful protest.

Katherine actually had no idea what she was doing with that move, and she hadn't known to lubricate her finger first. She was just trying to be spontaneous and inspired. As a result of the lack of lubrication, it didn't exactly feel good to Kim, whose cry was one of complaint.

That yelp caused Katherine to remove her finger lest she ruin the moment. She thought (mistakenly) that Kim had an aversion to anal penetration, so she tried to make up for her intrusion by caressing and teasing Kim's other erogenous zones, while simultaneously continuing to stimulate her own clit.

With Katherine's help, Alan had reduced Kim to a quivering mass of jelly by the time he spent his seed deep inside her.

After that, the three of them just rested for a few minutes.

Alan was sweaty and exhausted after two such frantic fucks in close succession. "Okay ladies," he said as he finally got off the bed, "all this happy sex makes me thirsty. I'm gonna get a drink of water. I'll leave you two to play for a bit."

"Alan!" Kim shouted, grabbing his attention just before he walked out of the room. She too was starting to come back to life, at least a bit. "That was ... really good."

"Thanks," he said bashfully as he paused at the door.

"Really, I'm serious. You're, like, rocking my world. I'm seriously reconsidering my choice of sexual orientation at this very moment. That excellent fucking makes me a bisexual at least."

Katherine rolled over onto Kim and started kissing her. "Let's see if I can get you reclassified as a lesbian." She kissed again. "After all, it's mostly thanks to you that I discovered the pleasures of women. And I have so much more to learn."

The two went at it with a passion while Alan took a break and cooled off, leaving to flush the used condom down the toilet. Then he went to Kim's kitchen, looking for a snack. There he found some tortilla chips, salsa and a pomegranate.

Chapter 240 If We're Gonna Die, It's A Good Way To Go - Alan

After Alan joined in again, they worked on ways to better get everyone involved and pleased at the same time. The rest of the afternoon was a blur of tangled flesh.

After a while, Alan lost track of who did what to whom and when. Generally, he stayed in the middle and the two females came at him from both sides. After he'd had an orgasm, he would move out of the way to lend a hand here or there, and let the two women go at it until he was ready for another round. He did all he could to delay orgasm, and as a result he stayed erect and involved for quite a long time.

He was surprised at his growing prowess. His sexual stamina and libido seemed to increase steadily every day. Having six or more orgasms a day is like training to run or something, he figured. At first you can only run a short distance, but each time it gets a little bit easier, and before long you can just keep going and going. I've come so far in just a few weeks, from when just touching my dick while thinking of Aunt Suzy or Mom made me cum instantly.

In addition, Kim and Katherine spent a lot of time eating out each other's pussy. There was rarely a clit without a finger to rub it, or a hole without a tongue, finger or penis in it. But Alan's dick was in greatest demand: when it wasn't deep in one of the women, usually there was a hand or mouth around it to milk it.

Kim was eager to suck Alan off, "Finishing what I started before we were all so rudely interrupted," as she put it while recalling the day they'd nearly been caught by Mr. Jackson. It turned out she enjoyed sucking Alan's dick until he ejaculated as much as everyone else who'd tried it, which meant she enjoyed it quite a lot. Of course, his delicious cum was a big reason for that.

His penis was in such demand that at times Kim and Katherine argued, and even physically tussled with each other, over who got access to it next.

Being with two women was a huge boost for his ego: when they weren't fighting over his dick, they praised him and it to the high heavens.

Katherine would cry things like, "Big Hammer Brother, stick your twat tamer in me now, or I'm gonna die!" It was over the top, but all in good fun.

She had a real fetish for being called a "fuck toy," and kept referring to herself by that term. She also really got off on the idea of her brother making her pregnant, even though she was using protection. So it wasn't unusual for her to shout things like "Knock me up! Fill your fuck toy with your baby-makers!"

Alan liked such talk, if only because it showed how much she was enjoying things, but he didn't say anything to encourage her fetishes.

Kim wasn't quite as colorful with her language, but her tone was equally enthusiastic. For instance, while he was fucking Katherine, Kim imagined she was the one being fucked as she cried out, "Alan, do me! Do me! Please! Fuck me forever! Just fucking stick it in me and fuck me good!" She spoke like that because they had such a fun anything-goes vibe, as well as a competitive one.

As much as Alan enjoyed Kim, he enjoyed his sister even more, so he mostly kept his thick shaft on or in her. Kim understood she couldn't compete with sibling lust, not to mention the fact that Katherine had a more mature and voluptuous body. She was happy just to be included at all.

Their competition led to them praising him so excessively that he actually felt the need to complain. "You guys are overdoing it. Quit stroking my ego so much."

"Okay!" Katherine replied quickly. "Kim, what say we stroke his pussy stretcher some more instead?"

"You're a mind-reader," Kim answered, leading to all of them giggling. Within seconds there were four hands on his flaccid penis. It was hard in a minute, after which Katherine wasted no time in impaling herself on it again.

There was a lot of fucking, but at the same time Alan realized that they had only begun to explore the possibilities of sex. Things like anal sex or strap-on dildos hadn't been tried at all. After his experience with Glory, he wished that the two girls knew how to deep throat him too, but he knew they would need some time to work up to that.

In the frenzy of the moment Alan forgot to try out most of his book-learned new techniques, and even forgot to carry out Akami's "homework assignment" to practice titfucking. Since intercourse itself was new to him and Kat, they were more than happy to just keep fucking as much as their bodies could manage.

There's still a lot of time for titfucks before I see Akami again next Friday, Alan consoled himself later. And so many opportunities to practice, heh-heh!

Just like the first time at Kim's, they definitely overdid it. By the time they were done, all three were so sore they figured they wouldn't be able to have sex again for days.

Alan ended up cumming no less than four times, and he failed to make it five only because his penis couldn't take any more. He had fucked both Katherine and Kim to start. Kim had blown him for the next load, and after they had all tried many different positions, Katherine had sucked him to another climax to get her treat too. He hoped and prayed he wouldn't have to pee anytime soon; he figured it would be excruciatingly painful.

As they all lay on the wet and messy bed sheets and gathered strength to leave, the siblings probed Kim's feelings towards men a bit further.

"So Kim," said Katherine, "you can't tell me now that you don't enjoy sex with a man. Why is it you think you've never had a boyfriend?"

"That's not exactly true," Kim pointed out. "I started out with guys, 'cos, you know, that's what you're supposed to do. But it seemed like they were all jerks. I never went any further than kissing and some groping through T-shirts, that kind of thing. Talk about ham-handed oafs!" she recalled with a shudder. "Even after I started going out with girls, I went out with a guy occasionally so I could keep up the pretense with my mom and get on the cheerleader squad and stuff."

She sighed. "I don't know. No offense, Alan - a good penis is quite nice - but all guys are jerks. I don't think I was, like, a naturally-born lesbian. I've got some deep issues with men: Freudian shit. Maybe I'm mad at guys because of my father. He left my Mom and me when I was young and really devastated us both. She let herself go and has never really recovered. That, plus, let's face it, women are a hell of a lot more attractive than men to look at."

"Wow," said Katherine. "But you don't blame Alan for the sins of your father, do you?"

"No, I guess not. Alan, you're pretty cool. Being with you today started off weird and I even had to close my eyes for a while, but before long it was okay. You're not like most of the guys in my classes, you know, the stupid jocks who could get tips from a Neanderthal on what foreplay means. Or even how to be polite or make conversation. I wish I was in the gifted classes like you two. Maybe I'd have a better attitude about guys."bender

"Well," Alan piped up, "you know me now, so I have to stand up for the men. I want to prove to you that not all guys are jerks. We don't just have to meet here in your house twice a week. We can, you know, be friends in school and stuff, if you want to. In fact, thanks to Mr. Jackson I think, there's already a rumor going around that we're boyfriend and girlfriend."

"Yeah, I'd like that," said Kim with a smile. "You're gonna ruin my dyke reputation, though! ... I think I could get into swinging both ways, but I'm still in no hurry to have a boyfriend and all the baggage that comes with that. I don't need a girlfriend either, now that I have you two. I don't mind, though, if we stoke that rumor a bit," she said playfully. "We can kind of stoke and stroke at the same time," she giggled.

For a while they lay naked on the bed, lost in thought, feeling like slugs. Except that slugs don't have sore privates.

There were more kisses all around as Alan and Katherine said goodbye to Kim at her door.

But they weren't done. To everyone's surprise, Alan got hard once more from all the kissing and decided to do something about it. He took Kim over to a coffee table in the living room, stripped them both naked, and fucked her right there to his fifth climax of the afternoon.

Katherine was so worn out she didn't even have the energy to frig herself as she watched. "Talk about insatiable!" she remarked once the other two were finally done. "Kim, can you believe how lucky I am to have him as a brother, with his bedroom right across the hall from mine?"

Kim licked her lips as she answered, "I know. I wish I was you."

"It's not all wine and roses, yet, though," Katherine complained. "Alan's dick is hard, like ALL the time! And he's not wearing underwear at home much these days, so you can like totally see everything. Bulge-o-rama. But I'm not allowed to touch it or do anything unless we come here. Aaaargh! So frustrating. We'll all be sitting there at the dinner table and I'll want him to just sweep away all the plates so I can lie down and have him fuck me right there, but noooooOOOoooo. He seems to think that's 'not prudent.'"

They chuckled.

She added, "My dad might think something was up with that, though he's so clueless I sincerely doubt it."

Alan actually had to carry Katherine back to the car. She'd been the main target of both Kim and Alan for the whole afternoon, and was literally too fucked to walk (though she did ham up how much she ached just so he would carry her). She had never "hurt so good."

"That was great, Kim!" Alan said as he waved to her from the driver's seat of the car. "See you here on Thursday."

Kim, dressed in only a towel as she stood at the front door, waved back and blew him a kiss.

Katherine, slumped down in her seat with all the strength of a pile of Jell-O, groaned at the reminder. "Thursday? Oh fuck! Big Diamond-hard-dicked Brother, you're trying to kill me!"

She reveled in the opportunity to call him "Big Brother" names since they were in a secure location, and she'd done it all afternoon long. "Gaawwwd. One more of these afternoons at Kim's will finish me off altogether." She closed her eyes, ready to drop off to sleep in an instant.

"Me, too, Sis. If we're gonna die, it's a good way to go." He cradled her head in his hands.

"I love you, Brother," she purred as she slowly lost consciousness.

"I love you, Sis." Tears of happiness leaked from his eyes after he heard her words. He wasn't just happy at the great sex, but he truly felt a sense of oneness with his sister, a deep unity he'd never felt with anyone before.