

6 Times 241

Chapter 241 What If Mom Were To Walk In On Us?

When Alan got home, he was surprised to find the house empty. Susan was nowhere to be seen. She'd left a note for Alan and Katherine saying that she and Ron were out. It included instructions on what the two kids should make for dinner.

Alan took a long nap. He was tired enough on a typical day, but after his hours of fucking two energetic cheerleaders he felt like he might sleep until the next morning. In fact, it had taken been a major struggle just to stay awake long enough to drive home.

Even after he awoke and put on some clothes, he found that he was still the only one in the house.

However, it didn't stay that way for long; Suzanne arrived mere minutes after he had sat down at the dining room table to read a book. More and more of her wardrobe was migrating into Susan's bedroom, so she went up there and changed into a sexy, but not overwhelmingly sexy, outfit.

Alan was a bit worried, because he thought for sure that Suzanne would be up for some hanky-panky, but how could he explain that his dick was hopelessly flaccid? He certainly didn't want to have to admit that he'd spent most of the afternoon having sex with his sister and another cheerleader.

However, it turned out the issue didn't surface immediately because the first thing that Suzanne said when she came back downstairs was, "Sweetie, bad news. I'm afraid your mother had another of her prudish relapses this morning."

He put down the book while she was pulling up a chair to sit next to him. "Oh no. I guess things went too far last night?"

Suzanne laughed. "You could say that again! To be honest, it was a lot more than I'd expected or wanted, especially at the end there when she blew you. But events have a certain momentum of their own. Unfortunately, today she was about as distraught as I've ever seen her. She was devastated that she'd had oral sex with you on what she called her husband's bed while he's still in town. To give you a sense of her mindset, she kept calling your cum 'the demon seed.'"

"Wow. That's bad."

"You don't know the half of it. It was all fire and brimstone and going to Hell this and going to Hell that. Luckily, we met first thing in the morning, so she and I talked and talked until I managed to ease her concerns quite a bit, but at a price. She needed someone to blame for what happened, and could either blame me, you, herself, or some combination. Honestly, I pretty much pushed her into it, and the last thing she needs is to feel worse about herself, so I took most of the blame. I parceled some out to you too. So she's pretty mad at both of us. That's the main reason I came over here, to warn you."

"Oh well, thanks for doing your best. What does it all mean though?"

"At first she was determined to go completely cold turkey and never help you again. But that didn't last long. I think she realizes deep down that that's not possible. So then she vowed to avoid touching your penis until Ron leaves. I don't know if she'll manage to hold out that long, but in any case I think it's best that you and I cool it for a day or so."

Actually, Suzanne was exaggerating somewhat for effect. The basic facts of her story were true, but she was leaving out how quickly Susan had gotten horny again and then changed her tune. She didn't want Alan to be overconfident.

He said, "Dang. That sucks. I gotta say it bums me out most of all to hear she's that upset. She's been such a wonderful mom that she should never be unhappy. I wish she- Hey! If you just came over here to tell me bad news, then why are you dressed in a heart-attack outfit? Meaning one designed to give me a heart attack."

Suzanne grinned. "I don't know what you mean. These are just my hanging-around-the-house clothes." She pulled her chair back so he could get a good look at her from head to toe.

"'Hanging-around-the-house clothes'?! Are you nuts?! I'm having a mental orgasm just looking at you, and it's making it seriously tough to concentrate."

"Look," she said as she kicked a leg forward. She let one of her shoes come loose and dangled it precariously, using just her toes to wiggle it around. "These are only two-inch heels. If I was expecting to feel your cock tickle my tonsils in a couple of minutes, I'd be wearing three-inch heels at least, and

probably four-inchers. I only wear five inchers every once in a while, since they're hard to walk in and rough on the feet."

He looked her over with great interest. Admittedly, she was publicly semi-presentable when standing, even though her lacy black top exposed all of her cleavage and a good deal of her midriff. In addition, her black leather miniskirt didn't quite reach down to the top of her dark stockings, leaving a tantalizing stripe of pale skin between them.

Her miniskirt rode up her thighs when she sat, especially when she kicked a leg up and kept it there dangling in the air as she was doing at the moment. Also, thanks to the 'no underwear' rule, she was flashing her labia whenever she opened her legs, which was quite often.

He just rolled his eyes in frustration. "If those are your hanging-around-the-house clothes, I'm afraid to see what you'd look like all dressed up to seduce someone. But I digress. Wait. Why would you wear high heels if you want to give me a blowjob?"

"Because you love 'em! They make you extremely horny!"

"I do? ... I guess you're right; they do."

She rolled her eyes. "That's what I call a non-denial denial. Look. Tell me this doesn't turn you on." She kicked her leg up even higher still, so it was as high as her head. Not many women of any age could perform such a feat; it showed just how limber she was. She pointed the toe of the foot with the dangling shoe this way and that, as if trying to draw attention to it.

Then with one leg up so high, she spread her other leg wide, totally exposing her pussy to his view.

He laughed. "It's a good thing you're here just to talk, and not to get me all horny."

"Oops." She brought her leg back down, then brought the two together, after which they both had a good chuckle.

Alan continued in a serious vein, "Anyway, I sure do wish Mom didn't have all those hang-ups, although I can understand her feelings about cheating on Ron, even if he did cheat on her first. What did you do to patch that up?"

"I didn't. She set up a dinner, party, and dancing date with Ron for this evening. She's out right now getting a manicure and having her hair done so she'll look her best. The fact is, they haven't been connecting much at all since he arrived. She hasn't been warm to him, no doubt in large part because of the bombshell about his cheating that I dropped on her, but he hasn't made much of an effort either. So we'll see what happens. She might even feel like getting physically intimate with him to help get over her guilty feelings. I warned her strongly about not doing that before she has him checked for STDs, but who knows what'll happen. I can't control everything she does; I can only give advice and encouragement. Be warned. Maybe they'll make out or something."

Alan observed that he was having a surge of jealousy. His face hardened and he clenched his fists. Even though Susan and Ron had been married since before he was born, at this point the idea of them merely kissing on the lips was almost more than he could take.

Suzanne noticed immediately and chuckled, "Looks like someone's getting a little jealous, eh?"

"Hey, I can't help it. You know, I'd feel the same about you. Oh God! I just had a horrible thought. You're not kissing YOUR husband like that, are you? I just kind of assumed you weren't since you two have been on the outs for so long, but what if you are?!"

Suzanne was touched. She smiled with just a bit of sadness and said, "No, don't worry. Eric and I share a good-morning peck on the cheek sometimes and a good-night peck on the cheek at other times, but nothing more. To be truthful, sometimes I worry about Eric smelling your cum on me when he kisses me like that, but if he ever has he hasn't let on. I don't even know how much he'd care at this point. We're like housemates. As I'm pretty sure you already know, we sleep in separate bedrooms."

She grew wistful and stared off into the distance. "Now that I think about it, I can't even recall the last time Eric really kissed me." She didn't love him anymore, but she still felt sad over how their marriage had fallen apart.

Alan, though, was still pumped up and agitated from his jealous feelings. "Well, good! I mean, I'm sorry about your marriage and all, and I know it's horribly hypocritical of me, but I can't help the way I feel."

Suzanne refocused on him and smiled. "Don't worry. I understand how you feel. As it is, you happen to have two big-titted married babes who have dedicated themselves to pleasing you. You must be just about the luckiest kid in town, and that doesn't even count the mysterious help you seem to be getting outside the house, as Susan pointed out last night."

Alan looked abashed. "Well, you see..."

"Don't worry. I really don't mind. We'll talk about that another time. Having to share you is just a necessary by-product of the intense medical treatment required to cure your tiredness problem."

Alan was certain that, after his workout with Katherine and Kim, it would be at least a couple of hours before he could get hard again. However, as soon as Suzanne said "You happen to have two big-titted married babes who have dedicated themselves to pleasing you," his dick came back to life. The fact that he'd been able to nap for over an hour helped quite a bit.

Suzanne noticed his engorged state at once. So as she said "Speaking of which, how'd you do today?", her foot started to wander forward and up his leg.

"Good. Very good. I'll make six today no problem." He certainly felt her foot, but tried not to show it. He joked, "More checkmarks on my chart from that mysterious outside-the-house help."

Suzanne raised her eyebrows. "Hmmm. Now I am getting jealous. Susan's right; you really are becoming quite the stud around town, aren't you? Before long, it's gonna be difficult for you to squeeze me in, or should I say squeeze you into me?" Her foot rose higher and found its way to his crotch. She began circling the bulge in his shorts with the toe of her shoe.

Alan found himself growing increasingly aroused, but he was concerned that his mother might come home and didn't want to upset her any further. He said, "Um, that feels good, but didn't you say that you and I should cool it for a day or two at least?"

Suzanne frowned while her foot kept exploring. "I did say that, didn't I? Well, Susan's not home, so what she doesn't know won't hurt her. Besides, I'm not doing anything; these are what I call my 'evil shoes.' They have a mind of their own and they're up to no good, as usual."

Alan laughed before standing up to get away from the 'evil shoes.'

However, they rose with him and kept sliding over his bulge.

He said, "We'd better stop before your 'evil shoes' get carried away too much." However, his resolve wasn't that strong, so he found himself staring between her legs where her cunt was again presenting him with a lewd, wide-open display. "Um, be careful what you're showing there. We're kind of in an exposed location."

She purred, "Yes, we are. Isn't it exciting?"bender

His heart was thumping hard but he tried not to let it show. "Are the 'evil shoes' causing that too?"

She sighed theatrically. "Unfortunately, yes. The power and reach of the 'evil shoes' knows no bounds. I didn't even want to wear them today, but they made me." She grinned and winked.

Alan was extremely frustrated because, although he was very aroused mentally and growing more so every minute that he let Suzanne charm him with her bag of sexy tricks, his penis still had problems. He said, "Aunt Suzy, I can't believe I'm saying this... You're sexy as hell, but I'm not really feeling that now is the time for fun. Do you know what I mean? I keep thinking of Mom. What if she were to walk in on us?"

Suzanne wave a hand dismissively. "Pshaw. I can hear your garage door from a mile away. Even if I were bare-ass naked, slurping and slobbering heartily all over your cock, I'd manage to make myself presentable in time."

He gulped at the thought of that highly thrilling prospect, but still he remained worried. "Even so... I'm also thinking how angry she must be at me."

Suzanne finally pulled her foot back, allowing him to sit back down. She even closed her legs - most of the way. She could tell she needed to address his concerns before he would get really frisky. "Well, truth be told, she's mostly angry at me and at herself. Even when she gets in one of her moods, she's so taken by you that she figures the boy with the golden penis can do no wrong. In fact, for all my efforts to redirect the blame to you and mostly to me, she wants to take all the burden of what she's done on her own shoulders. I'd like to level with her more honestly and tell her just how much I've been steering

events, but if I did that, her future sexual progress would be much slower and way more difficult. Sometimes a little deception can be a good thing."

He raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Yeah, we've heard that from you before. But I do believe you care and think this is for the best. So what do we do now? For one thing, how should I deal with her next time I see her? You know I don't want to plot, but this isn't plotting. It's just figuring out how to get her out of her funk."

The two of them talked for quite a while about Susan. Every now and then, Suzanne's 'evil shoes' would wander up his legs and get a little frisky, but not too frisky: just enough to keep him interested.

Chapter 242 You Like That, Don't You? - Suzanne

After a while, Suzanne said, "Sweetie, don't worry too much about your current issues with your mom. What's important is to keep the big picture in mind. She's changing daily. She's discovering that she not only loves sex, she loves to serve you."

That startled him. "To serve me?"

"Sexually! She wants a strong and dominant man who tells her what to do, but only if that man is you. Hell, to be honest, I kind of feel the same way."

"What? No. Aunt Suzy, you're totally kick-ass. Nobody tells you what to do! Or, if they do, they soon regret it. I love that you're a sexy woman, but you've still got balls of steel."

She grinned, happy that he thought of her that way. "That may be true, but... Sometimes, a person can feel one way in bed and another out of bed. And they may even feel differently in bed on one day compared to another. I'm like that sometimes. I can do the whole dominatrix thing, and I have, especially with some of my affairs. I couldn't open up and let my guard down with people I didn't trust. But with you, I guess there's a bit of Susan in me. I like it when you tell me things to do."

She turned away and blushed. She thought, Shit! How did that come out? We're supposed to be talking about Susan!

He was surprised, to say the least. He said flatly, "I'm sorry, but I don't believe you. You can say that, but you don't mean it."

"What? Of course I do!" She was surprising herself. She thought she'd just been saying that to help arouse him. But then she realized that she really meant it, and that she didn't mind if he knew it.

He griped, "You can say that, but every time I ask you to do something, you say we can't. Heck, I can't even touch your boobs most of the time, even though you delight me with all these great blowjobs. Kissing seems to be off limits too. It drives me crazy!"

Suzanne suddenly found herself greatly aroused. The idea of kissing him while he played with her boobs sounded like a very good idea indeed, especially if he did it in an assertive manner. She dramatically pulled her top off her head and tossed it aside. "Try me!"

He gasped as he watched her great globes slowly bounce and jiggle back into place. He cleared his throat while trying to keep his cool. His lust surged, but he still felt determined to see the conversation through to its end before he gave in to his urges.

He was a little surprised she didn't reply with her usual excuse of not wanting to go too far out of concern for Susan. But his frustration at the overall situation, plus more than a little arousal, drove him on anyway. He said, "Okay, I will. But let's see if you're all hat and no cattle. Aunt Suzy, I want to fuck your tits!"

Her eyes went wide and her heart started to pound. "Excuse me?"

He was tempted to take his words back since he feared she was offended, but he resolved to stick to his guns. "You heard me. Right here, right now! Why is that so against the rules anyway? A titfuck is no worse than a blowjob or handjob. But they're totally forbidden around here. I don't get it. I say it's time to change that!"

Suzanne had been trying to postpone any titfucking, as part of her strategy not to get too far ahead of what Susan was doing with him. After all, the two mothers talked about their sexual adventures with Alan most every morning. But she decided Susan had made plenty of progress lately and wouldn't get upset when she found out about it. So she said, "You know what? Fuck it! You're right! Stand up."

His legs lifted him up while his brain was still catching up. "What? Really?!"

"Really." She got on her knees in front of him, wearing just her skirt and high heels. "Do you really think you can handle this? Can you handle me, Mr. Big Man?" She unzipped his fly as she spoke.

"I'm damn well going to try!" His hopes soared.

He thought his heart would stop altogether when he looked down and saw Suzanne's boobs closing in around his stiff erection. Then he closed his eyes and luxuriated in the feel of her soft tit-flesh enveloping his hot and throbbing hard-on.

He let out a long exhale. "Aaaaaah! Yes!" Oh my freakin' GOD! I'm about to fuck Aunt Suzy's epic tits! Incredible!

She raised a curious eyebrow, obviously fishing for him to share his thoughts.

He was momentarily speechless as he reveled in the tight tit-tunnel she'd created. But he soon found his voice again and exclaimed, "MAN! Man oh man! You have NO IDEA how MUCH I've wanted to do this!"

She smiled from ear to ear. She briefly gave her tits an extra tight squeeze with both hands. "Oh, really? Tell me all about it."

His eyes bugged out as he felt that squeeze. "Oh God! I'm too psyched to talk! Aunt Suzy, I tried so hard not to masturbate to thoughts of you, but so many times I'd see you wearing some low-cut top and I couldn't resist! UGH! God! So many times, I secretly wanted to... to... UH! To fuck your tits like this!"

She loved the fact that he was struggling hard not to cum when all she was doing was holding her boobs around his shaft. She regretted that she hadn't done this with him before, because he clearly was loving it so much.

She also was strongly affected, much more so than she would have thought likely. During her affairs, it seemed all of her lovers wanted to fuck her tits; Alan was hardly the only male who lusted after her remarkable bust. So even though she'd provided many men with titfucks in recent years, this almost felt

like an entirely new experience to her, because it was with Alan - someone she really loved. She loved how hot, thick, and alive his dick felt trapped in her cleavage. It was almost as if there had never been a penis there before.

He looked down and saw how her chest was starting to heave with excitement. In turn, that increased his own excitement. He had to force himself to keep his breathing under control, at least enough so he didn't hyperventilate.

But she wasn't making it easy on him, because she was as horny and thrilled as he was. She didn't give him much of a chance to get settled before she started jiggling her tits up and down around his cock. She also pushed her big boobs together with extra force, creating a particularly tight tit-tunnel, and not just for a brief squeeze.

He loved it. He felt so much pleasure that his body was actually disoriented and he thought his feet were leaving the ground. His arms waved in the air like a spastic dancer. Oh, FUCK ME! I'm fucking her tits! I really am! I'm doing it! And it's just as great as in my dreams!

Within seconds though, his sexual euphoria spiraled to such a height that he screamed out a high-pitched "YEAAARGH!"

Suzanne stopped and giggled. "What was that sound? Are you a pirate or something? Or a chihuahua?!" She snorted and laughed even more.

He was chagrined, but at least the interruption stopped him from cumming too soon.

However, just when he felt like he'd got his feet on the ground, it was like a trap door had opened beneath him: Suzanne resumed the titfuck and it was all he could do to hang on for dear life while frantically squeezing his PC muscle.

She was overjoyed at how much fun she was having. She knew that, objectively speaking, this wasn't really any different from titfucks she'd given other men. But seeing Alan so wired with arousal that his hair practically stood on end had her laughing out loud and tingling all over.

She enjoyed teasing him, verbally and otherwise. She cooed, "So, you enjoy this, huh?"

"UNH!"bender

"Too bad it has to be a one-time thing."

"UNH!" This grunt superficially sounded much the same as his previous one, but that one had been filled with joy while this one was filled with disappointment.

But then she playfully winked and said, "Good thing it's NOT gonna be a one-time thing then. In fact, if your cock doesn't have my lips wrapped around it at any given moment, that's probably because it'll be deep in my cleavage instead!"

"UNH!" This time, his grunt was of pure ecstasy. That sounded like the best news ever.

She chuckled. "You like that, don't you? What if I were able to combine the two with my long tongue, like this?" She tilted her head down and unleashed her extra-long tongue, lapping along the top of his cockhead.

Unfortunately, she had to stop that almost immediately, because it was far too arousing for him to handle, both mentally and physically. Even in his dreams, he hadn't imagined a simultaneous titfuck and cock-licking.

After that, she tried hard to pace herself. She cut out the verbal teasing, since he clearly was already dangerously close to the edge. However, due to their mutual sexual euphoria, she wasn't entirely successful in holding back or sometimes stopping altogether to let him last as long as possible.

Therefore, after just a few minutes, he cried out as his dick started to fire. "Watch out!"

He meant the warning literally, because at that moment his dick was pointed right at her face from only a couple of inches away.

Luckily, she'd felt the tightening in his balls and closed her eyes in time. She didn't have a chance take any other evasive action, so she wound up with a face full of cum.

She didn't mind though. In fact, she quite liked it. She thought back to what she'd been telling him just before their titfuck started. I must mean what I said about how I like it when he acts all aggressive with me. If any other man tried to do that to me, I would have been pissed and probably wiped his cum all over HIS face. But with my Sweetie, it's like I just won a prize. I want to run to Susan and show off all the spermy goodness!

Sheesh. I'm sounding just like her. I've gotta watch out, because it sounds like my hype to her about how great it is to get a facial is affecting me too. Still, I wish she could see this.

Chapter 243 I Am?! That's News To Me! - Alan

Suzanne put her clothes back on while Alan rested with his eyes closed.

Then she nudged him to make sure he wasn't falling asleep. "Okay, kid, make yourself presentable. Now that we've gotten our horny urges out of the way, we've gotta talk about some serious stuff. I say we do it upstairs, on the sun deck."

He stirred and started pulling his shorts back on. "Why there?" The sun deck wasn't used very often, since everyone preferred the backyard pool area.

"I don't want someone to walk in on us. I know for a fact that Ron's going to be at his office and then go straight to a restaurant to meet Susan there, so he's not a problem. But I don't want Susan or Katherine walking in and interrupting us. If we use your bedroom, well, one thing could easily lead to another. And it's getting late in the afternoon, so that's a good time to catch the sunset, if we stay long enough."

They went up to the sun deck together and sat in white plastic deck chairs, facing each other. Suzanne had put on a different dress than what she'd been wearing earlier. It was red and skin-tight. She wore dark sunglasses too.

Alan started things off by saying, "Aunt Suzy, I just gotta say you look GOOD. And I mean even-better-than-usual good. That dress... is it new?"

She smiled widely, and struck a sexy pose in her seat. "As a matter of fact, yes, relatively speaking. And thank you. Flattery will get you everywhere."

He returned her smile. "So... no hanky panky?"

"Nope, sorry. Okay, let's get started. This may seem out of the blue for you, but the thing I want to talk to you about is Brenda."

"Brenda?!"

"You remember her from Wednesday, don't you?"

"Sure. It's hard to forget anyone with a face and a figure like that. What about her?"

Suzanne briefly raised her sunglasses and locked her steely eyes on him before purring, "Would you like to fuck her?"

Alan was so shocked that his body recoiled backwards. "Fuck her?!"

Suzanne could feel a devilish smile coming on. She licked her lips and confided, "Yes. Fuck. Her. As in, fuck your cock into her and make her scream your name in passion. I was wondering if you'd want to do that on, shall we say... a regular basis?" "What?!" He looked all around, as if trying to find hidden cameras that were recording this for some comedy TV show. "You can't be serious!"

"I can. Why is that so hard to believe?"

"You won't even let me fuck you! And she's so curvy, cute, and sexy that it's ridiculous. Why the heck would you set me up with her? I'm having so much sexual success lately that it's like a living Twilight Zone episode. It doesn't make sense!"

"You are, but don't let it go to your head, because a lot of that is because of me, your secret guardian angel. And that's the case here. You really are the luckiest guy in the world, because not only am I suggesting that you should seduce Brenda, for all intents and purposes, I'm pretty much ordering you to do it."

"Whaaaaat?!"

She smiled while her eyes danced with mirth. "I know. Your brain is about to explode from yet another sexy shock. Unfortunately, it's not all good news. I need you to do that to solve a big problem we have. You see, Susan and I ran into her by chance at the party we went to last night. The three of us were drinking, we got to talking in a chummy way, and, well, to make a long story short, it kind of slipped out that you and Susan are sexually intimate."

"WHAT?!" He stood up in alarm. "Oh SHIT!"

She patiently waved a hand downward. "Relax. Sit back down. Nobody knows but her, and it turns out that she's pretty cool about it. If some outsider had to find out, she's about the least troubling we could hope for. We had her over for lunch today and had a big talk with her about it. I think I'd better tell you the whole story."

For the next ten minutes, she related what had happened with Brenda both the previous night and earlier that day. She also told him a lot about Brenda, just to make sure that he knew everything he needed to know in advance.

Eventually she concluded, "So now you can see why I say you need to seduce her. If she's on our side, if she considers herself one of us, then the incest secret will stay safe. I'm sure you can rise to the challenge."

Alan was worried and spoke his mind. "Are you kidding me?! I'm flattered, and this sounds like the set-up to a porn movie or something. But the truth is, I'm no seducer. All the sexual success I've had, I basically fell into it. The only time I really took the initiative was when I asked Christine out, and she turned me down flat. And Brenda - God! She's waaaaay out of my league! I had no problem talking to her before, but now, knowing the stakes, I'd be a mess. I'd be way too intimidated to even get started. Hell, I don't even know what getting started would be! What am I supposed to do?!"

Suzanne smiled patiently. "Relax again already. Like I said, I'm your secret guardian angel. Do you think I'd let you flail around and make a fool of yourself? No way! Especially not with what's at stake here. You'll be glad to know that I'm already on the case. I'm working on making it so that practically all you'll have to do is show up and say 'Hi' and she'll cream her panties."

He settled down a bit, but gave her a skeptical eye. "Come on. How is that possible?"

"I have my ways. Look at what happened to Susan and how her sexual attitude turned around so quickly. Do you think that was your doing? You've played your role well, but I've been working behind the scenes to pave the way, and I'm still busy every day with that. I'm already well on the way to doing the same thing with Brenda. Luckily, it turns out that we have a secret weapon of sorts."

"What's that?"

"Brenda's buried desires. Not only is she not stubbornly prudish, like Susan used to be, but it turns out that, deep down, she's very sexually submissive. Do you know what that means?"

"Of course. I've seen that in porn and read about it in erotic stories and stuff."

"Good. Actually, she's very much like your mom. Remember how I was saying earlier that your mom likes it if you act in a dominant way and give her orders and the like? That's what you need to do with Brenda too. Only Brenda doesn't realize she's that way and she may fight her true nature at first. But if you play your cards right, this should be easy. I've found out that she's been living a vivid submissive life, but only in her fantasies. If you can make that happen for her in the real world, she'll be easy pickings, like falling off a log."

He spoke emphatically. "That's easy for you to say, but I don't know the first thing about any of this! I'm not a naturally dominant kind of guy at all. And she's so intimidating that even thinking about trying to seduce her is making my heart race!"

"Au contraire! I'll be the first to admit that you're not the stereotypical alpha male by any means, but I've been seeing how you sexually interact with Susan, and you have some sort of natural knack. I'll admit that it's subtle, but it's there. I'm going to train you so you can handle Brenda at our next card game on Wednesday."

He wailed unhappily, "Wednesday?! But that's the day after tomorrow!"

"Chill out already. You don't have to actually seduce her then! This is a long-term scheme. It may well be a 'two steps forward, one step back' kind of thing. The occasional slip-up is okay. If you can seduce her

within a month, that would be plenty fast enough. On Wednesday all you need to do is talk to her and come off impressively."

He sat back, relieved. "Oh. I can do that. I thought you were basically saying, 'Seduce her right now. Go.'"

Suzanne chuckled. "No, we're not that desperate. She's vowed to keep the incest secret to herself, and I trust her on that. This is more of long-term insurance. Susan and I are busy befriending her, which helps. If you can bring her to heel and keep her as your sex pet or whatever you call it, then we'll be safe as houses for years to come." Normally, she didn't approve of a term like "sex pet," but she used that to provoke and inspire him.

"Whoa! Are you serious?! 'Sex pet?' 'For years to come?!'"

"Sure. This is a one-way ticket. Once you've seduced her, you can't back out or we'll really be in trouble. If she's as submissive as I think she is, she's practically chomping at the bit to have a lover or even a master just like you. So why can't it be you?"

He groaned loudly. "UNGH! Do you realize how frigging arousing this is? But it's totally scary too! I mean, she's not just a hottie; she's, like, supermodel hot! She's practically on the same level as you and Mom!"

Suzanne grinned. "I know. That's why I haven't even asked you if you approve of the seduction idea." She stared knowingly at the bulge in his crotch. "I can see your soldier is saluting the idea in a big way."

He stared off into the distance, wide-eyed. "Duh! Man! How could it not?!"

"This is a no-brainer. The only question is making it happen. Just remember that I'm in your corner, working behind the scenes all the time. If you screw up, I can almost certainly contain the damage. I know she's ridiculously wealthy, and just as outrageously busty and beautiful, but she's been hiding her submissive side so well that nobody figured it out until your clever auntie came along." She winked. "So if you follow my advice, it really is a can't-lose situation."

There was a prolonged silence. Finally, he said, "Why does this kind of thing keep happening to me?! The things that are happening to me are so great that even I can't believe them! I know you're my guardian angel on this and some other things, but not everything. I can't get specific, but I've had sexual success at school lately too, and I can't see how you could possibly be responsible for that. I know you and Mom have noticed all the checkmarks that you can't account for."

She replied, "True. I'm not responsible for that. I haven't looked into it either, because I don't want to smother you by trying to control everything. I trust you're being prudent and smart, and using a condom when necessary. Correct?"

He nodded.

"Good. I may have to talk to you more about that later, because you have to be extra-careful when you have multiple lovers, or you could infect us all. Now, here's what I think: success breeds success. You may not realize it, but you've changed in a big way in just these past few weeks. You're brimming with sexual confidence. And THAT, my darling, is the biggest aphrodisiac of all. Confidence! All you need to do is take that attitude to Brenda, and you'll be in like Flynn."

"And you don't mind that?! You don't mind if I fool around with another woman? If I fuck her, even?"

She patiently responded, "I started out with the 'F' word to shock you. It'll probably take a while to get there. But yeah, it should happen with her eventually. And yes, it bothers me some. But remember that we don't have any choice here. We just can't have her running around with the incest secret in her head if she isn't loyal to us. The one who is bothered more though is your mom. I kind of made a deal with her that you'll only have sexy fun with Brenda a couple of times a week. And that's good for me too. I don't want your Brenda time to be taking away from your time with me."

He shook his head. "Wow. I can't believe we're talking about 'Brenda time' like this is a done deal, and I'm actually going to have sex with her. I've only met her once, and then only briefly!"

"And that's a very good thing. She never saw the old you, before you got confident and cocky. I'm basically creating a version of you out of thin air that fits with her vision of her ideal man. The sheer hype of it will practically carry the day by itself. All you need do is step into the role and carry it off well enough that her illusion isn't broken. I tell you, it'll be easy!"

She clapped her hands together, "Now, let's get started. Time is of the essence. We've got a chunk of free time for the next hour or two, but who knows if we'll have any time tomorrow to practice."

"Practice? Practice what?"

"Practice what you're going to say, how you're going to present yourself, what you'll wear, and all the rest. I've got a lot to teach you. It's all about attitude and style over substance. For instance, Sweetie, I hate to break it to you, but even though your penis is both longer and thicker than average, it's no porn-star penis. However, in your mother's eyes it is, because I never talk simply about your 'penis.' With her I'm always referring to it as your 'big cock,' your 'fat cock,' and the like. Eventually the hype becomes the reality. I swear, she's convinced it's ten inches long! And that's good. It makes her happy and horny."

She went on, "The same thing will happen with Brenda. Sure, in a way, you're a nobody. You're just another high school kid, and you have no right to even THINK about being her lover."

"That's what I keep saying!" Alan complained.

"And yet, she knows that you're dominating Susan and me, and many other busty and beautiful women besides."

He cut in, "I am?! That's news to me!"

"Hush. I'll get back to that. The question is not 'Are you worthy of her?' It's 'Is she worthy of you?'"

He gesticulated emphatically, "That's nuts! There's no way!"

"You say that now, but that's what I've got her thinking already. The mind is the most powerful sexual organ. Perception is EVERYTHING. True, you're not really dominating me, and you dominate Susan with a loving, light touch, but Brenda doesn't know that. We've given her the impression that we're a couple of your personal sluts, your sex pets. And when she comes here on Wednesday, she'll see Angel helping you with visual stimulation and all but assume she's one of your many impressive lovers too. Which, by the way, is probably true, but let's not get off track."

He kept a poker face and stayed silent. He really didn't want to discuss that with her.

She went on, "I don't know the reality of your mystery lovers, but the details don't matter very much. The fact is, you DO have multiple lovers, and how many guys of any age can say that? It's probably better if I don't know the real facts, because I'd feel obliged to maintain at least a certain level of accuracy. This way I can freely spin things to make Brenda think you have an entire harem of women who are just as busty and beautiful as your Mom and me. If I can convince her of that, can you see why Brenda would be wondering if she's worthy of you, instead of the other way around?"

He whistled in appreciation. "I can! Hot damn! That's friggin'... diabolical! Aunt Suzy, you're a genius!"

She grinned widely. "I try. Now let's start your lessons in how to seduce Brenda. For starters, I'm going to tell you about submissive women and what they want in their men. I don't consider myself submissive, but I've played the part many times, since most men really get off on that. I've also known a large number of women like that over the years, including your mom. I don't know all the ins and outs of that lifestyle, but I know what makes them tick."

"Okay. Cool. I'm all ears."

Chapter 244 Roleplay As Brenda Pt.1

Suzanne lectured Alan for at least half an hour. It wasn't just about how to handle submissive women. In fact, she talked more about him. At one point, she explained, "In my opinion, the biggest problem isn't Brenda; it's you. Like I said, I'm working my 'Suzanne Scheme-y Magic' on her."

He chuckled at that.

"She'll still have doubts come Wednesday, but give me another week or two and I'll have her believing that you can walk on air. And that's not knocking her intelligence. She actually strikes me as a smart cookie. But with my understanding of psychology and human nature, frankly, she doesn't stand a chance. That's why I say the main problem is you. Specifically, your self-confidence. You need to believe in yourself, and then your success will naturally follow from that."

She continued, "I know it's not possible to get you to drastically change your self-opinion in two days' time. So here's my suggestion: when you see Brenda, pretend like you're an actor in a play, but it's an improv-style play, where you're making up the lines as you go along. You're not Alan, normal high-school guy. Instead, you're Alan, super stud, master of your own harem. Do you think you can do that?"

He replied, "Actually, that approach would help a lot. I think I've got a natural affinity for role-plays. I definitely have fun with that kind of thing."

"Excellent. We'll work on that. But, to skip ahead a bit, here's the key to your behavior on Wednesday: you need to act hard to get. You're not at all interested in Brenda, in any way!"

"I'm not?"

"No! You already have your harem of a dozen women who are even more beautiful than she is! You're taken. There's no more room at the inn. So why bother with her?"

"A dozen?! That's absurd." He paused to imagine how Brenda must look naked. Due to all of his recent experience with naked woman, he could picture her very well indeed. He was staggered all over again that they were even discussing the possibility of seducing her.

He griped, "Heck, even if you were all-knowing, I doubt you could find a dozen women in California as beautiful as her, much less more so. Her curves are so outrageous that I didn't know a figure like that was physically possible! She's like a real-life Jessica Rabbit!"

Suzanne playfully pouted, "Hey, I thought I was your Jessica Rabbit."

"You are, definitely. But you know what I mean."

"I do, actually, and I agree. But remember that perception can become reality. A woman like Brenda has guys falling all over her trying to impress her, constantly. Booooring! That's the quickest way to lose her interest. It's human nature to want what is just out of reach. I've already told her that you're not interested in her. You merely need to reinforce that by acting aloof. Show more interest in everyone else in the room BUT her."

"But that's mean."

"Don't overdo it, by any means. There's a definite art to the 'playing hard to get' game. I'll teach you how to get the balance right, and when to change your approach. The key is, she's so extremely beautiful that she's completely unfamiliar with having to work to impress someone else. We'll use that to our advantage, like some kind of sexual jujitsu. Ironically, it'll actually be easier for you to seduce her than some woman who isn't a perfect ten, because no one else would have had the audacity to use these tactics on her. She won't know what hit her until it's a done deal and you've got her worshipping your cock, you lucky dog!"

Suzanne continued to give Alan advice along those lines. The more she talked, the more his self-confidence grew, because he could see the brilliance of her strategies. He realized that she was setting things up so it would be easy for him to succeed.

They talked on the sun deck until the sun set and it started to get cold. Then they moved inside to Alan's room and kept on going.

They were still talking up a storm when Susan returned home, wearing her casual "shopping around town" clothes. After taking off her underwear, she went upstairs, looked around, and eventually found Alan and Suzanne. Some small talk ensued, where Susan showed off her manicured nails and newly-styled hair. (Alan couldn't see the difference in either.) Susan asked where Katherine was, and learned that her daughter was having dinner and seeing a movie with Amy. Suzanne had suggested that as a ploy to get the girls out of the way so that she could talk to Alan about Brenda without having them interrupt.

Then Susan asked Alan and Suzanne what they'd been talking so intently about.

That was the entry Suzanne had been waiting for. She said, "I'm so glad you asked, because I really need your help. Your timing is perfect!" (Actually, it was Suzanne's timing that was perfect. She'd paced her talk with Alan based on when she'd expected Susan to come home.) "We've been talking about the Brenda problem."

"Oh." Susan went from smiling to frowning in a flash. "Son, I'm really sorry about that. Ugh! I can't believe I let that secret slip out."

Alan replied, "It's okay, Mom. Obviously we all need to use this as a lesson to be super careful in the future, but Aunt Suzy says she's on top of it."

Suzanne said, "I am. I've been talking to Sweetie for nearly an hour about how best to seduce Brenda. I said your timing is perfect, because we're ready for some role-play practice and I need your help."

Susan clutched a hand to her chest. "Me? Why me? I don't know the first thing about any of this! I can't role-play Brenda to save my life!"

Suzanne spoke confidently. "Don't worry; you don't have to. I'll be playing Brenda, and Alan of course will be playing Alan."

"Then what do you need me for?"

"I need you to raise the stakes. Sweetie here is a smooth talker, as we all know. But no matter how much he pretends, he'll know on some level that this is just a role-play. So we need to frazzle and distract him, to knock him off his game. We also need him extremely horny and excited, since he'll be that way when talking to Brenda. That's where you come in. I need you to drop to your knees and suck his dick while we're doing the role-play."

Susan took a step back towards the closed door in alarm. "What?! No! I can't do that!"

Suzanne asked, as if she was befuddled by Susan's reticence, "Why on Earth not?"

"You know why. I vowed not to do that until Ron leaves. Besides, this is supposed to be my special evening with Ron. I'll be leaving shortly to meet him in a fancy restaurant. How will it be if I meet him with the taste of my son's cum still in my mouth?!"

Suzanne couldn't help but grin. "It'll be hot; that's how it'll be! You'll be showing your true loyalty to your true love: Alan. But I didn't say you have to suck him to completion. I'll gladly take care of that part if you don't want to."

"I do, but, it's just... I can't! Suzaaaaanne! Please! Don't make me!"

After more of Suzanne's cajoling, with a surprised Alan wisely keeping silent, Susan finally agreed to help, but with a handjob only. She also resolved to keep her clothes on, to help keep her lust in check.

bender

Suzanne set up the role-play situation. She quickly rushed to Susan's room and put on a fancy, sexy, and very revealing dress that she had loaned Susan, as well as high heels. While she was doing that, she had Alan change into slacks, a dress shirt, and dress shoes. Then she poured a glass of wine for herself and another for Alan, to help create the impression that they were mingling at a dinner party. She didn't give Alan any specific instructions, but just told him to remember what she'd advised already and wing it.

Then she left Alan's room and immediately reentered. She walked up to him and introduced herself as Brenda. By then, Susan was kneeling at Alan's side to be as unobtrusive as possible, reaching around his leg to jack him off. There was no way one could miss Susan there, or Alan's erection poking through his fly, or Susan's fingers sliding up and down his shaft, but Suzanne resolutely maintained eye contact with him and acted as if all that action wasn't going on.

Alan and Suzanne made some small talk for a few minutes. There was nothing particularly special about what they said or how they said it. Then Suzanne called for a break.

Alan asked, "So, how was I?"

At that, Susan immediately stopped her stroking.

Suzanne looked down to Susan, now that she and Alan were on a break, and said to her, "No, not you. You know how his cock is. We want to get him right to the edge of climax and keep him there. If you stop for the breaks, you'll never achieve any momentum."

Susan sighed, but she resumed the handjob. She wasn't enjoying Alan's erection as much as usual, due to her worries about her plans with Ron.

Then Suzanne said to Alan, "You were okay. Nothing special, just okay. However, that's fine. You don't have to hit a home run here. Simply not screwing up, not shattering the hype I've built up, will be victory enough. But I think you can do better, because you're a capable guy."

He nodded. "Yeah. I feel like I'm warming up. I'm ready for another go."

Chapter 245 Roleplay As Brenda Pt.2

Suzanne smiled in approval. "Good. I've got an idea. We were talking about innocuous things. That's the safe strategy, and there's nothing wrong with that. But if you really want to make an impression, remember all the things I've been telling you about Brenda in the last hour. Personal things, intimate things that she won't know you know. For instance, the fact that she's submissive, and the ramifications of that. But also, the problems with her marriage, her frustration at the lack of good sex - or really any kind of sex, her turning to porn and dildos to compensate, and so on."

He nodded again, then took another sip of wine.

"Now, keeping all that in mind, think how brilliant you would come off if you could make it seem that you came up with those insights about her after just observing her and talking with her for only a short while. For instance, you could get to talking about her divorce - she's not keeping that a secret at all - and make astute comments based on things you know that most people don't. From there, you could get to talking about her sexual frustration, and so on. If you do it right, she'll think you're looking straight into her soul and she has no defense against you! She'll be so impressed that her desire for you will skyrocket!"

He frowned. "I don't know. That sounds good, if slightly unethical, but I suppose the gloves are off, given what's at stake with the incest secret and all."

"That's right," Suzanne encouraged.

"The problem is, that sounds good in theory, but it's really hard to do in practice. For instance, what if I'm too 'astute?' Won't she figure out that I must have been tipped off by you or somebody else?"

"That is a danger, but I have great confidence in you. That's why we need to practice. So let's try it again. But don't rush into that kind of thing; work your way up to it."

"Got it."

Suzanne took a few steps away, turned around, and pretended to come at him anew. But then she looked at Susan still jacking him off, and frowned. "Susan, I hate to say this, but I don't think you're being arousing enough."

"I'm not?!" Susan felt extremely aroused herself, and felt she was doing a good job stroking him.

"No. We really want him distracted. Very, very distracted. I think you're going to have to take your clothes off. All of them."

"All of them?!" Susan let go of her son's boner and defensively covered her chest.

"Yes. Except for your high heels."

"But how will that help? He can't really see me if I'm kneeling at his side."

"True. But he can see some of you. Besides, it's psychological. He'll know you're naked and that'll give what you're doing a little extra oomph. More importantly, you'll be highly aware of your nudity and you be that much more inspired."

"Oh, poo!" Susan was disappointed, but she couldn't deny to herself that she would be even more aroused like that.

Susan again jacked him off, this time while butt naked.

Suzanne again took a few steps away, again turned around, and again pretended to come at him anew. Then she resumed chatting with Alan.

He was more into role-play mode this time, and he did a better job, even with the idle chatter. He also grew more accustomed to his mother's handjob. After about five minutes, he managed to deftly switch the conversation to Brenda's divorce, and then tried to use his extra knowledge to his advantage. However, the discussion eventually petered out and Suzanne called for a break again.

Alan immediately asked, "How was that? Better?"

"Yes, actually," Suzanne replied. "Once again, you rose to the occasion. But you can do better still. The discussion was much improved, but you still have trouble coming across as confident and cocky. Let's work on that."

Susan was still giving Alan a handjob, and her lust and enthusiasm had been steadily rising. But her worries were growing too. "Suzanne, how long is this going to go on anyway? I do have set reservations at the restaurant. I only came home to dress up and cook dinner for my children before rushing out the door again. Besides, from the side here I can only use one hand, and it's getting tired."

Suzanne said, "Don't worry. Angel's dinner is taken care of already, as you know. As for Sweetie here, after you go I can fix him something. This is top priority. But I do admit time is running short. Also, he isn't anywhere NEAR the edge of orgasm. We need to up the stakes. I'm afraid you're going to have to blow him. And properly: naked and from the front."

"Awww. Do I have to?" Actually, now that she'd gotten horny from the handjob, her objection was feeble at best. She liked jacking Alan off a great deal, but she positively loved sucking him. And if she could do it while kneeling in nothing but high heels, she was usually over the moon.

Suzanne stated simply, "You do. Sorry."

"What about my vow not to do that until Ron is gone?"

"The spirit of that can remain, but we have to make a special exception. Remember what Sweetie said about how the gloves have to come off, given what's at stake."

"Oh, poo!" But Susan couldn't stop smiling. She even called time out so she could run to her room and fetch a pair of high heels to put on.

Once she was back with the heels on her feet, Suzanne advised her, "Remember, don't hold back. No strategic breaks this time. If you think he's about to cum, keep going! Our goal is to make him as distracted as humanly possible."

"Right!" Susan relished that challenge. She licked her lips as she imagined guzzling his cum down her throat.

Alan had to laugh when he heard the loud "MMMM!" that occurred when Susan engulfed his cockhead with her mouth. Man! Feels great! But how crazy is this?! First, Aunt Suzy all but orders me to seduce Brenda, of all people. Now she's got Mom bobbing on me while we practice the seduction. What's next? I can't even imagine!

The role-play resumed shortly thereafter. To an outsider, it would have looked comically odd to see a well-dressed man talking to a well-dressed woman with wine glasses in their hands while a totally naked woman bobbed on or licked the man's erection. But once the conversation started, neither Alan nor Suzanne thought much about Susan being there.

However, Alan's pleasure was so intense that every now and then he would look down to see what was causing it, and feel a tremendous jolt of excitement to rediscover his mother down there. It was a thrill that never got old.

The role-play went on even longer this time before Suzanne called for the next break. It was obvious to all that Alan was becoming more comfortable in his role the more he practiced it.

Susan's oral talents were starting to get to him though, especially since she kept right on, going through the break again. The absurdity of the situation pushed Susan's submissive buttons in a big way. As she twisted her head for her favorite corkscrew move, she thought, Sorry, Ron! I'm probably going to be late for our dinner, but something has come up, and it's my son's fat cock! I didn't mean for this to happen, but he's simply too insatiable. Just yesterday, Suzanne called me his "personal cocksucker" for the first time. I was outraged. But already, it feels like it's an established fact.

Ron, just look at me! Could things get any MORE humiliating? I know it's wrong; a good Christian wife doesn't behave like this. But I can't help it! Tiger's cock is too thick and too delicious! Mmmm! The way he stretches my lips wide makes my naughty places all tingly. It feels like this is exactly where I belong. I feel bad, because I know that all through our dinner and after, this is all I'll be thinking about. I'm sorry but I can't kiss you. My mouth belongs to my son now!

Mmmm, Tiger, how do you like that, when I flick the tip of my tongue against your sweet spot while my lips vibrate and hum? Or how 'bout THIS move?

Suzanne could sense that Alan was getting close to the edge. It wasn't hard to miss, because he was panting so much that he was having trouble talking. So for the next role-play, she took the lead in the

conversation. She also ditched the wine glasses, so their hands were freed. This time, she subtly steered the discussion first to Brenda's divorce, but quickly past that to Brenda's sexual frustrations and even on to the subject of her submissive nature. The discussion got very sexual, very fast.

Alan didn't fully realize what was happening, because he was facing a serious struggle just trying to talk and listen at all, given all the intensely pleasurable things Susan's mouth was doing to him.

As usual, Suzanne had been acting as if Susan didn't exist. But then she looked down and pretended to be surprised to see Susan there, even while she continued to pretend to be Brenda. "Alan, what kind of man are you? What does it mean when you're talking to me and you have a naked woman giving you a blowjob at the same time?! I should be outraged!"

He was baffled. He was so far gone into his erotic ecstasy that he was having trouble separating the role-play from reality. He could only lamely ask, "Um, are you?"

"YES! But at the same time, I have to admit that it's pretty damn hot! Especially because she's your mother! OH MY GOD!" She put her hand on Susan's head and tilted it slightly, to better see her face. "She's your MOTHER! Susan!"

Susan didn't stop her bobbing. In fact, the increased humiliation inspired her to bob faster and with even greater suction.

Suzanne kept her hand on Susan's head. "Alan, you're exactly the kind of man I'm looking for!"

"I... I am?!" His eyes practically rolled up into his head from Susan's renewed assault.

"Yes, you are! I need a real man, a strong man, a dominant man who takes what he wants! Obviously, you noticed that your mother is a total fox, and you decided to make her one of your personal sluts. I respect that."

"You do?!" He was rhythmically squeezing his PC muscle for all he was worth.

Suzanne drew close and wrapped an arm around his back. She made sure to press her massive melons against his chest. She had to be careful to approach from an angle, due to Susan kneeling right there. Her voice became extra husky and sultry. "I do. I've been looking for a man like you for a long time, a man who's not afraid to take control. Do you think you have what it takes to control me, and do to me exactly what you did to your mother?" She took one of his hands and brought it to her ass. She made sure he had a firm grip on her ass cheek through her thin dress.

He was surging with lust, which made his confidence surge too. He proclaimed, "Um, yeah! I do!"

"Tell me more!" She pulled her dress down below her big tits, and made sure he got a good view of them bouncing without restraint.

With his free hand he boldly grabbed one of her breasts and caressed it from below. "You see what Mom is doing to me?"

"Yeah?"

He was flying high with extreme arousal, but he somehow managed to speak between heavy gasps. "That's what you'll be doing next! In fact, you'll be doing it together a lot! Taking turns sucking my cock as two of my big-titted sluts!"

Suzanne was really hamming up her Brenda role. "Oh, Alan! You're so manly! How can I resist you? Kiss me!"

That ended the conversation, because Suzanne planted her lips on his while he was still gasping for breath.

Susan was listening carefully, loving every single word. In fact, the other two had to speak up just to hear each other over all of her constant "mmmm"-ing and moaning, not to mention her lewd slurping. She was inspired to go all out to get him to cum, even while she used one hand to finger her pussy to orgasm.

When her big "O" hit her, shortly after Alan and Suzanne started to neck, Alan could feel it by the way her lips hummed and even trembled around his shaft in a very delightful way. Knowing that she was cumming, on top of everything else that was happening, was the final straw. He started to cum too.

Suzanne didn't let up with the kissing one iota, even though his need for oxygen was getting serious. As a result, he had no control over what was happening. He was hanging on for dear life when an intense wave of erotic euphoria washed over him like a tsunami.

Luckily, Susan took immediate control of his cock, and she knew exactly what she wanted. Motor control was difficult for her, given the way she was being rocked by her own orgasm, but she managed to pull his cockhead out of her mouth after a second or two, enabling her to paint her own face from mere inches away.

And with her mouth freed, she screamed for joy, expressing her total exultation without restraint.

As his orgasm started to fade, even as hers kept going, she adjusted her aim lower in order to paint her cleavage a little too. But by then he didn't have much left to squirt. However, it was the idea that was important. Knowing that she was going to meet Ron soon, she wanted her son to mark her face and tits first.

A minute later all three of them were sitting on the floor, resting and recovering. Suzanne was the least affected, so she kept Alan from collapsing completely by holding him in her warm embrace.

Finally Susan spoke up. "I vote for that last role-play. That was the best one by far!"

Suzanne laughed. "You would. Unfortunately, that one doesn't count. I went way off script, because I could tell Sweetie was about to cum and I wanted to have some fun with it. Brenda has the hots for him, but she's not going to be THAT easy."

"Oh, darn," Susan pouted.

Realizing the time, Susan forced herself to get up. She knew that she could still meet Ron at the restaurant in time, but only if she hurried. She didn't even have time to lick Alan's dick and balls clean.

As Susan bent over to pick up her clothes, Suzanne asked her, "So, are you still disappointed that I made you help out?"

Susan muttered, "Don't humiliate me by making me answer. You know what I'd say. But now I really have to go. We'll talk later. I love you both!" She'd acted fast, racing out the door with her clothes in her hands (and cum still all over her face).

Alan rested in Suzanne's arms a little longer.

After a while he asked her, "So, what's the plan now?"

"I say we cook your dinner. Then I've gotta pop over to my house and cook and eat dinner there. I'll make it fast. By the time I get back, you'll be done, and then we can role-play some more."

"Okay, but how can we continue without Mom?"

"Oh, we didn't really need her. I suppose it did help some, but I included her in this mostly as part of my ongoing campaign to break down her sexual barriers." What she didn't tell him was that she'd especially wanted something sexual to happen to Susan just before her date with Ron, so his mother would be thinking about Alan all through the date instead.

Alan was surprised. "Oh, man! Remind me to never oppose you on anything. You're so devious and unstoppable that it's scary."

"Maybe so. But remember that I'm in your corner. Which means there's no way you can be intimidated by Brenda. You see what I mean when I say she stands no chance of resisting you?"

"Hell, yeah! Wow, that's actually true. Amaazing!"

Chapter 246 Can We Just Stay Like This And Hug?

bender

Alan and Suzanne talked and role-played for more than an hour after dinner. Without Susan there, they were able to stay serious and focused, avoiding any kind of hanky-panky.

Alan could feel his confidence growing all the time. He started to feel as if the seduction of Brenda was almost a done deal, because Suzanne seemingly had all the answers. He felt that the pressure was off him, at least somewhat, because he figured that even if he screwed up she'd somehow manage to control the damage.

Suzanne was careful to leave for home before Alan's parents returned.

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Susan and Ron danced for a while at the party they attended after their dinner at the restaurant. That left Susan sweaty when they came home. She took a shower, while Ron went straight to bed.

However, she wasn't ready to sleep. She was still in an emotional jumble over all that had happened recently, and she felt the need to talk to Alan about it and clear the air. She'd taken a shower, but while that had refreshed her body, her thoughts were still mixed and confused.

Alan had been reading a book for school ever since Suzanne had left. However, he was bored with the material after all the earlier fun and excitement, and his eyes were getting heavy.

Susan knocked on the door. Then she came in and sat on the edge of his bed, close to his chest where he sat up against the headboard.

He noticed that she wore a robe, but she had it so tightly closed that the only skin he could see was her face, neck, and hands. He could tell she'd just taken a shower because her hair was still slightly damp and she smelt fresh-washed with a hint of strawberry-scented shampoo.

Susan looked anxious, and was anxious. She sat on the edge of his bed and started out with small talk. "How are things, Tiger?"

"Good."

"What happened with Suzanne after I left?"

"Oh, she left to cook dinner for Eric and Brad, but then she returned. She'd cooked something for me too, so we were able to practice for another hour or so. It was great. I was feeling seriously intimidated by the idea of seducing Brenda, but I'm not anymore."

"That's great news. She really is something, isn't she? Sometimes, I think there's absolutely nothing she can't do."

"That's probably not an exaggeration!" He chuckled at that.

She asked, "I suppose Suzanne talked to you? Talked about me?"

"How 'bout you? How did your special evening with Ron go?"

Susan's brow furrowed in distress. "It was good. Ron and I had a lovely time together."

Alan immediately tensed up.

She saw that, so she continued, "Well, maybe not exactly a lovely time. Even when Ron is with me, he's not really there. You know what I mean? I guess I got used to his ways and just thought that was normal, but now I expect more. I couldn't help but feel the whole time that it was the last hurrah, given how things are evolving between you and me. So my feelings were bittersweet at best."

Alan felt himself relaxing quite a bit.

She reached out and grasped his hand tightly. "I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but all the while I was with him, I kept thinking of you! I must be the worst wife and mother ever, having thoughts like that about my own son instead of my husband!"

Alan's heart soared. He was secretly extremely relieved and pleased that she and Ron apparently hadn't kissed much, if at all. He couldn't help but ask, "What kind of thoughts?"

Susan still squeezed his hand reassuringly, but her eyes looked anywhere but at him. "Naughty thoughts. I thought about what we did, you know, during the role-play. In fact, it must have been my imagination, but even after I ate dinner, I couldn't get the taste of your cum out of my mouth. In fact... oh, I'm so bad! Half the time that he was talking I had no idea what he was saying, because I was reliving the blowjob over and over again in my mind! All I could think about was all the different moves I wanted to perform on your cock!"

"I see." Alan tried not to show it, but he was delighted beyond words.

"And the other half of the time, I was thinking about what you and Suzanne were up to. Would you get erect again? And if you did, would she take good care of you? I wanted to rush right home to help out, but I knew I couldn't. So I had to sit there and listen to Ron drone on and on."

She finally looked him in the eyes and asked, "By the way, how DID you manage? Did you blast her face good, like you did mine?"

"Actually, no. I guess you pretty much drained me dry. We were strictly business, working on the Brenda problem, up until when she went home just a little while ago."

"Oh. That's good." But Susan frowned again.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, if I can't help you, then I like knowing that Suzanne did. I guess I'm a bit disappointed that nothing happened, because I think of you as endlessly virile. But I also get jealous. I selfishly want all your cum to myself. And that's not right. Since the problem with Brenda developed, Suzanne has been stressing how much you need a variety of special helpers. And that's true. There are times neither Suzanne nor I can be there for you. For instance, the help you've been getting from a cheerleader at school."

He asked, "Um, what makes you think it's a cheerleader?"

She looked him closely in the eyes. "It IS; isn't it?! I just knew it! I knew it!" He hadn't actually given anything away with his words, but she knew him well enough to correctly read his expression. She looked both exultant and envious at the same time. "Does she have big tits? Please tell me she has big tits!"

He tried to put on his best poker face. "I can neither confirm nor deny anything."

"Oh, poo! You're no fun!"

Susan thought, What's with me? I really do want her to have big tits! Why don't I get more angry or jealous? I mean, I do, but hearing that mostly just makes me extremely horny! It's a sign of my mental depravity, I think. Or could it be a positive sign? Certainly it would be worse if I couldn't bear to see him spill his seed on girls his own age. Somehow though, I just know he's going to save plenty of his spermy goodness for me, and he does need help during school hours, so why should I mind? In fact, it's downright hot thinking about him sneaking off to some unused room with a big-titted cheerleader and forcing me to drop to my knees and slip his thick sausage between my lips and... Wait a minute! Did I just say "me" and "my?" I meant "her!"

He saw her looking thoughtful but he didn't know why. He decided to take advantage of her distraction to switch the topic before he gave away any more about his sex life at school. "So, Aunt Suzy tells me that, in addition to the Brenda problem, you were pretty bummed this morning about how you've been helping me. Is that true? And are you really determined not to help me again until Ron is gone? Not counting the special exception of what happened earlier, of course."

Susan's robe had started out tightly bound, but as they'd been talking it had been slowly loosening. Gradually, her collarbone area came into view, and then the top of her deep cleavage. She gave her robe a tug in a seeming effort to close it, but it didn't have much of an effect. In fact, even after her tug he could still see one of her nipples.

She answered, "Now, hold on. I didn't say that. Suzanne has helped me realize that I don't have to go cold turkey and stop helping you completely; it's just that things need to be done in moderation. Like the last time we did an abnormality check. That wasn't so bad, though you did take a few liberties. I suppose that can't be helped. Boys will be boys, after all."

Staring off into space, she reached up with one hand and caressed one of her big boobs. It started out partially covered, but the more she fondled it, the more uncovered it became. It wasn't hard to guess

that she was fantasizing that her hand was Alan's and he was taking a few more "liberties" with her body.

She snapped back to attention, and looked him in the eye. "If only it could be more like that, but I usually don't have that kind of self-control!" She looked down at her hand in the middle of her now completely exposed tits, and showed dismay. "Look at me, will you? Why does this kind of thing keep happening to me?! Things are spinning out of control again! I keep losing it! I think I'm losing my mind!" Suddenly she fell forward towards him as if she was fainting.

He held his arms out to brace her fall, and found himself tightly embracing her.

She buried her face in his shoulder and burst into tears.

He tried to be reassuring. Since she was having sexual issues, he tried to comfort her without any sexual overtones. He stroked her long brown hair over and over while she sobbed. However, it was hard to keep a platonic mindset since her robe had somehow opened even more during the hug. He could feel her erect nipples poking into his chest, which made his heart pound hard. He had to be careful where he put his hands, because her robe had slid down so much that most of her back was bare. It seemed to him that her long dark-brown mane of hair was about the only safe place where he could touch her.

He didn't want to take advantage of her during her distress. He knew this was a bad time to get an erection since she was draped all over him and would certainly feel it, but he couldn't help himself. He fought his arousal as long as he could, but eventually he lost the battle. As his thick rod grew, it pressed itself against a part of one of her legs still covered by the robe.

She felt his growing hardness for what it was. Actually, his boner was what brought her out of her crying spell, since she found herself thinking about it instead of about her problems with self-control, cocksucking lust, and a cheating husband.

He was abashed as he said, "Sorry, Mom! I didn't really mean for that to happen. I just want to hold you and reassure you, and be your best friend. But you smell so good, like fresh strawberries, and feel good... I can't help it." He dropped his head.

She pulled back some and looked at him closely. "That's okay. I understand."

He looked up shyly, only to notice that her robe had opened still more, effectively leaving her topless to well below her belly button. Her arms pressed against her big tits on either side, inadvertently creating jaw-droppingly deep cleavage. But he figured that since she didn't seem to notice or care what she was showing, he would pretend not to notice either. He forced his gaze to remain on her face.

In fact, even though she was genuinely upset, the way her robe had come open was no accident. Even her apparent fall forward and her tears were partly feigned, though otherwise sincere. She was torn between distress and lust, which were working at cross purposes.

She sighed loudly as she dried her eyes. "It feels like you could use some more help right now, but I can't. I just can't! It's not that I want to stop being your special spermy helper, not at all! The truth is, I love it. But I need time to adjust. I think it's best if I deal with your special needs in a more clinical fashion for a while, until I regain my bearings. If I give in again, I'll feel even worse tomorrow. It's like getting drunk and having a hangover, except it's an emotional hangover."

"I understand, Mom," he said while petting her long hair.

She pulled in closer, which somehow opened her robe a little bit more, since her sash was slipping down her hips.

He said, "I think that's for the best. More important than my medical treatment is your happiness. Can we just stay like this and hug? I kind of feel like I was under-hugged as a kid."

She cooed as she squeezed him tighter, "Awww, my poor baby."

They just held each other in a loving embrace for a couple of minutes. The sash on her robe slowly loosened still more, until he could see the top of her dark brown bush. But they both pretended not to notice the change. They also pretended that her erect nipples weren't pressing into his chest and his boner wasn't poking into her leg.

Actually, Alan had never really touched Susan's hair in the past few years, since she had discouraged most intimate contact. He found himself greatly enjoying just stroking her long, silky straight hair as it cascaded down her back. All of his stroking seemed to have a calming effect on both of them. Their erotic contact was nice and titillating, but not overwhelmingly arousing.

After minutes of silence, she said, "You're right. You were under-hugged as a child. That's the problem with me - I rarely do things in moderation. Before, I shunned all physical contact like the plague, and now I go too far the other way. ... You know what would be nice? I remember when I used to tuck you into bed and kiss you goodnight. That made me feel so happy. Could we do that again, just one more time, for old time's sake?"

He replied, "I used to love that tradition too. Did you know that I cried when you stopped? But since it wasn't a 'cool' thing, I pretended not to care. Honestly, I'd LOVE for you to tuck me in, not just tonight, but any night that you like. Maybe we could even make it a regular habit."

She beamed with happiness. "Okay. But we can't do anything improper. Remember that your father is sleeping just down the hall. We wouldn't want him to get the wrong idea. We have to keep things completely non-sexual."

She was sending mixed messages to say the least, because just as she said that, she finally pulled back from the cuddle and hug, and stood up near the edge of the bed. This caused her robe to open even more. She had to quickly grab the sagging sash before the robe fell off her altogether. She lifted the sash up and pulled it tightly around her, but she did that in a way that just managed to keep her bush covered, leaving her completely exposed from the waist up. As if that wasn't arousing enough, she closed her eyes and thrust her big tits out, knowing how much her son loved that.

Alan was a little slow on the uptake. He incorrectly thought that she was just lost in contemplation, since there was no way she couldn't know what she was showing, because doing it deliberately was in complete contradiction to almost everything she'd just been telling him. And when she put her hands on her head, striking an even more arousing pose, he thought she was just yawning and stretching.

The truth was that she longed to display her body for him nearly as much as she longed to suck his dick. But she couldn't fully admit that to herself; she imagined she did this entirely for his benefit, to help with his visual stimulation needs (as if he needed any more erotic inspiration!).

She thought, That's right, Son, look at Mommy's boobies! Sadly, I can't suck your cock, er, penis, right now, because I need to regain my self-control. But I can still show off my body, and that'll make you happy. And seeing you happy makes me so happy that I just want to burst with joy! God gave me my unusually large 'girls', but I never before understood His reason. But now I do: it's so you can play with them and love them! And that makes me so happy that I couldn't care less what Ron does!

A thrill went through her as she recalled this was exactly where she used to stand when she would lean over and give her son a goodnight kiss (though obviously in those days she wasn't naked above the waist or preening in such a lewd position). She was still smiling from ear to ear as a naughty idea came to her. "Okay, Tiger, here comes your goodnight kiss."

She bent over and leaned down. That caused her breasts to dangle down enticingly just a foot or so from his face. She could hear him gasp, and she loved it. But she pretended not to notice, and kissed him on the cheek. Then she kissed his other cheek, and then his nose. She was deliberately lingering in her highly arousing position, letting him enjoy it to the fullest.

He also kissed back several times, but not on the mouth. He felt her nipples scrape along his upper chest from time to time, but he resisted the tremendous urge to reach out and cup her dangling globes. He was trying to be a good son.

She pulled away a few inches and stared at him lovingly, right in the eyes. "Mmmm. That was nice. Just like when you were younger."

It wasn't like any childhood kisses that he could recall - especially the huge, swinging, bare tits part - but he knew better than to point that out. The kisses were very nice too. They were slow and romantic, the kind that usually were a prelude to full kisses on the lips.

Then she leaned forward again, and he thought for sure a French kiss would follow. But instead she went to his left ear and kissed it. Or at least it was kind of a kiss. In fact, there was a lot of tongue. She seemed to alternate between licking all over his ear and planting small kisses on it.

No one had ever given any special physical attention to his ears before, and he was surprised at just how powerfully erotic and all-around great it felt. His erection twitched visibly under the covers, as if there were a direct connection between his ears and his dick. It helped that she was slowly sliding her pillowy tit-flesh all over his chest. His boner remained untouched, but there was a special vibe in the air, and he actually felt nearly as much pleasure as if she were jacking him off.

She eventually pulled back and just stood there. She seemed unaware that her robe had just slipped even lower, so that it was only her wide hips which barely prevented her entire bush from being exposed.

Between the long hugging and cuddling and the kiss, he'd admired her bountiful rack earlier, but that was when her eyes were closed. Now he openly stared at it with her full knowledge, and without shame.

Susan was very blissed out, and didn't mind at all. In fact, she turned a bit this way and that, blatantly showing off her hefty melons. As she did this, she said, "You know, I've been thinking about something we did last night. Even though things went too far, I think Suzanne has the right idea. I have to get over my fears and phobias and the only way to do that is with constant practice. Just like how they help people to get over their fear of heights, or snakes, or what-have-you. What we need to do is practice, but without going too far and doing something sinful and depraved. Do you think you can handle that?"

He nodded, trying not to appear too eager. He wasn't sure what she meant by "practice," but he figured that whatever it was would be great, especially since her chest was increasingly heaving with excitement.

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Susan knelt down by the edge of the bed. Thrusting her chest forward again, she said, "I think it's best if you... explore... my, uh, upper torso, er, chestal region. Since you seem so fascinated with that part of my body, we both get too excited when you touch me there. But maybe if we repeatedly practice it in a controlled setting, we'll get used to it and I won't be filled with such a constant and uncontrollable desire to suck your cock." She blushed and bowed her head. "Um, I mean, perform oral sex on your member."

He loved how she looked when she pinned her hands behind her head and thrust her chest forward. And he loved how her globes were already rising up and down repeatedly in time to her heavy breathing.

He reached out with both hands. He saw that she was trembling all over in what was probably some combination of lust and fear, and he didn't want to scare her off. So he started tentatively at first, barely brushing her boobs with a feather-light touch and keeping far away from her nipples.

He saw that caused her to shiver and tremble even more, so he experimented with light touches. He grazed her skin with his hands, carefully keeping within that boundary between touching and not touching. In so doing, he brushed her tiny, nearly invisible body hairs in a delightful way that caused her to pant even louder.

She'd long known that her breasts were extra sensitive, but whenever he played with her there the intensity of her response always surprised her just the same. She felt she'd been jolted with a powerful shock, but one of pure pleasure.

It felt so good that she couldn't stand it for long. She was forced to say, "Tiger, please! Can you do something else for a while? This practice is supposed to make me want to suck your cock less, not more! God, it's so good!"

He obligingly moved his fingers to her nipples and began twisting them lightly.

Susan gasped out loud. If anything, his nipple play felt even better and it was all she could do not to climax. It was almost as if her nipples had all the nerve endings of a clitoris. OH GOD! DEAR GOD! TOO MUCH! She panted wildly, but tried to endure the rush of total arousal.

He knew she loved nipple play, but he didn't yet understand how stimulating one part of her body could strongly affect her elsewhere. So he calmly asked while he fondled, "I don't understand, Mom. I'm just playing with your breasts. What does that have to do with oral sex?"

She panted, "Wait! Can you... Just... Can you just... Hold 'em! Don't... twist!"

He kept his fingers still until her breathing calmed down. As they waited, he spontaneously exclaimed, "Mom, I love you so much!" He was feeling so much love for her, as well as lust, that he just had to express it.

She beamed with maternal joy. "I know. I know. And I love you. But just... hold 'em, for now. Nipples too... sensitive..."

She waited a little longer. She was riding a powerful erotic buzz and wasn't in any hurry. She gazed longingly at the large bulge in the bed sheets. Mmmm! I have the best son ever! Such a GOOD son! So loving, so kind, so thoughtful. And he's so wonderfully endowed. I'm truly blessed! Other sons might try to take advantage of their horny, busty mommies, but he understands I'm in a fragile and sensitive state right now.

As her chest slowed its heaving, his fingers started to resume their exploration of her massive mounds. He was tentative at first, but when she didn't complain, he grew a bit more assertive, even tweaking her nipples a bit. But he didn't want her to get too aroused to continue, so he was sparing with the nipple play.

Finally, he prodded her again. "Mom, what does playing with your tits have to do with oral sex?"

She answered honestly, "I don't know. But there seems to be some kind of connection between my nipples, my pussy, and my mouth. When one are gets stimulated, it's like an electric current keeps shooting between them all until I don't know up from down."

She thought to herself, I'm so WET! God, am I soaked! Mmmm! There really does seem to be some kind of direct line from my nipples to my clitoris, and my mouth too! This is almost as much fun as making love to his fat cock with my lips and tongue!

She continued, "All I know is that I want to make you feel good in return, and I start thinking about that... big... cock. That great big tasty... mouthwateringly delicious and thick... Oh so good and yummy... mmmm... COCK!"

She was staring so intently at the bulge his boner was making in the sheets that it seemed like her eyes would burn a hole through the fabric to expose his erection. He was copiously leaking pre-cum, which made a noticeable wet spot on the white sheet. She could almost see through it, and just thinking about what was there made her salivate.

But as much as he would have liked another blowjob, at that moment he wanted to stop her emotional mood swings. He didn't want her to wake up the next day feeling even worse about herself, because if that kept happening, eventually something much worse would happen, though he wasn't sure quite what. He was in this for the long haul, so he tried to think strategically instead of just thinking with his dick.

He said, "Shhhh! You'll wake up Ron! Do you want him to hear you yelling 'cock' in his son's bedroom?"

She blushed. "No, I suppose not."

The reminder of Ron aroused her more, not less. She contemplated throwing the sheets back and stuffing Alan's erection into her mouth. Even the way he was being so understanding was turning her on terribly. But she knew that if she did that, things could easily spiral out of control. Her nipples and pussy were tingling, and an orgasm was slowly building inside her.

She thought, I am kneeling already. This is the standard cocksucking position, and my favorite position in the whole wide world! Naked and on my knees for my son! All I have to do is lean forward a little bit, and he can keep playing with my chest while I suck! I need it so bad, I'm starting to drool!

But then she grew nervous and looked towards Alan's door. It was clear from her face that she was thinking about her husband just down the hall.

She stood up, putting her tits out of her son's reach. As she did, her robe finally fell off the rest of the way. She turned around so she could bend over to pick it up. That put her ass and pussy practically in her son's face.

While she lingered an extremely long time picking up the robe, Alan had plenty of opportunity to notice just how wet she'd gotten between her legs. New rivulets were flowing from her puffy labia.

He could clearly see every detail of her snatch, which was showing between her legs. He was sorely tempted to reach out and "get her attention" right there, but he remembered the importance of not pushing her too far yet again. He didn't want to do anything that might cause her to end this new tradition on future nights, so he refrained.

But while he was timid in his lack of action, his imagination didn't hold back. He thought as he examined her cunt, Dang! That is where I want to be! Right in that fucking hole. Hot damn! I'm doing my sister and then I'm going to do my mother! I'm gonna BANG her! Yes! And that ass! It's so perfect it doesn't seem real. So firm and muscular, yet so soft and feminine. If I could just reach out... If only it wasn't for Ron...

She finally stood up and turned back around to face him. "Thanks for the nice kiss, Tiger, but remember what I said about no funny stuff, okay? Otherwise we can't do this again tomorrow."

"Okay, Mom. No funny stuff." His eyes greedily devoured her body, which was nude from head to toe.

She was also looking at him hungrily. Her eyes still lingered on the big tent in his bed sheets that was doing a very poor job of hiding his erection.

She said, "I'm proud of you. You showed some self-control, and that gave me the strength to have self-control too. All we did was have a goodnight kiss and work on curing our phobias a little bit. What's wrong with that?" She seemed as intent on convincing herself as she was in talking to him.

"Oh. I forgot to tuck you in." She sat back down on his bed, still nude, and patted down and smoothed out his sheets, as she pulled them up to Alan's neck. She seemed to have particular "trouble" smoothing out the large bulge in the sheets between his legs.

Alan thought for sure that a handjob was in the offing, and he waited for her to start stroking. But suddenly she disengaged and stood up again.

"Good night, Tiger. Sweet dreams." She blew him a kiss, and then leaned in and kissed him on the cheek again.

His hands went back to her big tits without him even thinking about it. The simple cheek kiss lasted a ridiculously long time, a minute or more, and all the while he groped and kneaded her panting and heaving rack.

When she stood up, she indirectly acknowledged the charade. "Tiger, I can't help you out directly with your problem, per se, at least not until Ron leaves. Well, unless you want clinical and passionless help. I think you'd prefer Aunt Suzy to that, though. But I can give you a little visual stimulation every now and then. I think that's allowable, don't you?"

He nodded. "Yep."

"Do you think there's anything wrong with that? Is it a sin? Is it something good mommies shouldn't do?"

"Of course it's not a sin, Mom. Geez! And I think you're the best mom ever, because you're willing to help out like that. I love you so much that it physically hurts when I see you go!"

She smiled contentedly. She silently mouthed the words, "I love you too." Then she put the robe back on (but loosely, leaving it wide open in front), and started to leave again.

However, he suddenly reached out and grabbed the sleeve of her robe. "Wait! Mom... before you go..." He suddenly grew shy and abashed.

She drew closer, knelt next to him and tenderly stroked his hair. She smiled and waited for him to gain courage to speak.

Finally, he said, "Mom, something's been bothering me a lot all evening. A lot. I was even pacing around for a while, and I couldn't concentrate at all. But you'll think it's weird."

She took his hand in his lap and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "I promise I won't think it's weird. Besides, look at us." She waved a hand through the air, gesturing at her still bared tits and the growing wet spot on his sheet. "Things have gotten pretty weird, so weird is the new normal."

They chuckled a bit at that. He continued, "It's just... I get jealous! I couldn't stop thinking about you and Ron out on the town, doing who-knows-what." He suddenly looked up at her face with great fear. "Did he kiss you tonight?"

"No. He didn't so much as blow me a kiss." She thought proudly, And I wouldn't let him if he tried! Son, I belong to you now!

"Phew!" He was surprised at the depth of his feelings on the matter. His sense of relief was tremendous.

"What?" She thought about his reaction, and a grin spread across her face. "Are you getting possessive about your mommy?"

He replied, abashed, "Yeah. I guess I am."

She found this idea so arousing that somehow her hand wasn't holding his hand anymore. It shifted a few inches over and began grasping his erection through the sheet. She admitted, "That's... I don't know. That makes me feel good. Really good." Her grasping quickly turned to stroking.

He smiled at her. "Wow. Awesome! So... In the future..."

"Will I kiss Ron? On the lips?"

Alan winced at that. Then he nodded shyly.

She replied coyly, "Well, that depends. It depends on what you want me to do. I kind of like to think of myself as 'your girl.' What would you have me do?"

He felt a sudden surge of arousal so great that he nearly shot his load. It was physical, thanks to her stroking fingers, but the mental rush was even greater. Wow! Mom? My girl?! That is so awesome! And I thought today was gonna be a setback day!

He gathered his courage again, and said, "Mom? Um, I don't want you to kiss him again, okay? That would mean a lot to me."

"But he's my husband," she pointed out.

However, between the wry smile on her face and the way she was jacking him off through the sheet, he could tell she was just teasing. "Even still..." He didn't want to say more, because it led to very uncomfortable Oedipal areas.

There was a long pause. The room was dead silent except for the sound of fabric sliding around his stiff pole. Even that didn't make much noise, because her fingers had spread his wet spot to cover his entire erection, and so there was less of a rustling sound and more of a squishy one.

She found herself thinking, I AM Ron's wife. No matter what he may or may not be, that's still a fact. But, on the other hand... I'm Tiger's personal cocksucker now too. One of them. Apparently of many! That thought gave her a big thrill, causing her fingers to slide faster.

If not now, then soon, he'll have a lot of busty, beautiful helpers. Including the likes of Brenda. And that's kind of a responsibility for me too, to be one of them. True, I haven't taken any kind of formal,

spoken vows, but I feel it in my heart. Actually, there wasn't anything in my marriage vows to Ron that said I had to kiss him. Now as one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers, I have to serve him and him alone. Just like he somehow has got me jacking him off with both hands. He's just so clever and irresistible!

Where does my loyalty lie?! Ron abandoned whatever rights he had to me through twenty years of neglect! No, the answer is clear: my body belongs to my son now! At least he knows how to use it and appreciate it!

Finally, she looked away and whispered, "Very well." It was a subdued moment on the outside, but on the inside, shivers of excitement shot up and down her spine. She knew this was a pivotal moment.

Her answer took so long in coming that he had to ask to confirm, "So you won't kiss him again? For real?"

She muttered, embarrassed, "Not if I can help it!"

"COOL!" He very nearly came on the spot. The only thing that saved him was that he'd anticipated an upcoming crisis based on her answer, so he was already squeezing his PC muscle.

She thrilled to feel his cock throbbing in her hands. She thought, Who am I trying to kid with my vow? Yes, I need time to get my head together. But that's just a temporary thing. When it comes right down to it, I'm Tiger's big-titted mommy slut, and I love it! I can't tell him that yet, though, or he'd get too demanding. I need time!

Another minute or so passed in complete silence, except for the squishy sounds caused by her stroking fingers and the sound of their heavy breathing. She was sorely tempted to pull the sheet off him so she could suck and stroke him directly, but she was determined to show at least some resolve. Besides, she was afraid that Ron would walk down the hall. Finally, she said, "I'm not really jacking you off, you know. This doesn't count, because the sheet is in the way."

He nodded. He couldn't care less what her justification was, as long as she kept going.

Another minute went by. He was getting extremely close to orgasm, and grunted, "Mom, I'm gonna..."

"Shhhh!" She laid a finger across her lips while the fingers of her other hand kept up her steady rhythm. "You can't cum since I'm not jacking you off. We're just sitting here, relaxing."

He grunted quietly, and suddenly the wet spot grew larger. A lot larger. His dick tried to jerk around wildly, but she brought her other hand down and more or less held it in place. She kept stroking it until it finally quieted.

With a naughty grin, she looked down at his crotch and pretended to be surprised by what she saw. "My goodness! What do we have here?" Her fingers were still stroking, trying to coax out a few more drops of cum before he went flaccid. "It looks like I need to change the sheets."

"No, Mom, please don't. Not now. Believe you me, there's been many a night I've gone to sleep with a wet spot. I'll just sleep on the other side."

She thought, Oh dear! The sin of Onan writ large! So much precious seed, all wasted. I hope those days are gone forever. But she merely asked, "Are you sure?"

He nodded.

She stood up and bent over. They kissed again, still avoiding each other's lips.

Somehow he knew that was just what she wanted, so he also refrained from fondling her dangling melons.

She straightened back up, looking extremely satisfied with the entire encounter. Wordlessly, she walked out of the room, all but holding the robe up at her hips, since the sash wasn't helping. When she reached the door, she finally re-tied the sash on her robe, making herself presentable again. She winked and blew him another kiss as she walked out the door.

She felt like she and her son had shared a magic moment, and she couldn't have been happier. But as soon as she left the room and walked into the dark and empty hallway, it was as if a spell had been broken. Suddenly, Ron was a real person again, lying asleep down the hall, and not just a distant concept. She felt terrible for trampling all over her marriage vows.

She felt dirty and ashamed. She had a hard time going back to sleep while she heard Ron breathing and snoring right next to her. However, she wasn't that upset, relatively speaking, because she consoled herself that she'd resisted her extremely strong urge to suck her son's cock.

She eventually decided, That's it! Tonight I finally started to turn things around. I can have a little fun without going completely crazy. True, he managed to get me naked, which he seems to do to me every single time. But I resisted! And while I did stroke his glorious cock a little bit, it wasn't like a full-on thing. It was just like I was tucking him in, and straightening the sheets a little. Okay, a lot! But the point is, I held back. I didn't suck! We didn't make out either. I can't allow myself to drop to my knees and suck his, uh, member, completely dry every time I see him, so that's an important step. Maybe there's hope for me yet.

As for promising him I won't kiss Ron anymore, what's the big deal about that? I'm just acknowledging reality. With Ron doing who-knows-what to God-knows-who in Thailand, I need to be careful in any case. And with Tiger's serious medical condition, I just have to accept the fact that I'll be stroking and sucking his member a lot from now on.

So why do I feel so... high? I feel terribly guilty, and sinful, but oh-so-good too! I'm ecstatic! I'm gonna be Tiger's girl! His, exclusively! His "beautiful centerfold mom," serving and servicing his big cock daily! That just feels so right!

She thought about the words Suzanne had been telling her to say. "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." Oooh! I feel terribly guilty saying that, with Ron sleeping right next to me. But at the same time, it sends shivers up and down my spine! The best kind of shivers, too! In fact, I'd better not think about it anymore or I'll be too excited to sleep.

Alan, meanwhile, had a post-orgasmic energy crash as soon as Susan left. Within a minute, he was fast asleep. The few thoughts he had before surrendering to slumber were completely euphoric. He didn't feel any guilt at all.

Chapter 248 Sexy Time In Kitchen With Susan

The next morning, Alan woke up bright and early, excited about the new day. He'd been worried about Susan's state of mind lately, but he felt very encouraged after Susan's "goodnight kiss and tuck-in" the night before. And what he'd considered a Brenda problem - the necessity for him to seduce her to protect the family incest secret - had turned into a Brenda opportunity in his mind, after Suzanne's confidence-boosting training. He didn't worry much about that.

But more importantly in his mind, he was acutely aware of what day it was. Woo-hoo! Tuesday! This is rapidly becoming my favorite day of the week. If the pattern of the past two weeks holds, Mom is gonna jack me off, at the very least. This whole weekly 'abnormality check' thing sounds pretty weird, but what do I care? My super busty, super loving mom! Heck, given the way she's been acting lately when she gets horny, I wouldn't be surprised if she gives me a blowjob too! The past couple of days have been pretty great when it comes to that.

He felt like a young kid on Christmas morning, although no young kid could have been as horny. His dick was erect even before he got out of bed.

When he got downstairs, Susan was there all alone. He'd set his alarm about half an hour earlier than usual, with the hope that he could have some time with her before Katherine came downstairs. To his great joy, he noticed from the dishes still on the dining room table that Ron had already eaten his breakfast and gone to work. All right! Excellent. Just Mom and me.

He waved hello, and she waved back. But just from that little exchange she started blushing heavily.

Cool, he thought. Sweetness. She's really nervous, and she doesn't seem to be in one of her prudish moods. After that "goodnight kiss and tuck-in" last night, she must be really horny. She knows as well as I do that today's a Tuesday. I'll bet she's struggling not to just up and suck my cock right now. She's so fuckin' HOT, and STACKED, and she's totally ready for action! If I can just get a little more aggressive, something good is bound to happen. Maybe more tit fondling with my supermodel, centerfold mom! Oh man. I get so hard just thinking about it!

He walked up to her, gave her a brief good-morning hug and said, "Hey, Mom, how are you today? Feeling good? I'm feeling great! Yesterday was a great day. What are you thinking?"

"Well, I'm thinking that I might have taken things a little too far last night with the way I tucked you in. But overall I'm feeling pretty proud of myself, because I managed to resist serious temptation."

"Good. Did Ron leave for work?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact he just did."

"Great! I was thinking that we-"

She exclaimed, "Hey! What do you think you're doing?!"

He had started to fondle her breasts through her clothes while he continued hugging her. But his hands froze as he said, "I'm just doing what I did last night. Is that a problem?"

"You bet it is! You can't just walk up to me and fondle my breasts any time you feel like it, you know. There's a time and a place for that kind of thing."

"Okay. Sorry!" Hurt and confused, he withdrew his hands and broke the hug. "So when is the proper time?"

She explained, "Last night was a special occasion because I gave you permission as part of an exercise for us in practicing self-control. If there are other such special occasions I'll let you know. Otherwise, you need to ask permission first before touching me there."

"Okay. Sorry, Mom." While he accepted that restriction as reasonable, he was still terribly horny and didn't want to be denied completely. His hands went down to her ass instead.

She practically shrieked, "Tiiiiiger! What do you think you're doing now?!"

"I'm getting your attention. Don't you remember? You told me that I could fondle your ass at any time to show you when I'm horny. Well, I'm horny now." He pressed in close so his hot erection rubbed up against her right hip.

"Oh dear. I did say that, didn't I? What was I thinking?!"

"I don't know. But I'm sure glad you said it. And I may have a lot of 'getting your attention' to do to make you see just how horny I am."

He'd been fondling her ass over her pale green dress, but now he lifted the dress and came into contact with her panties.

He said disapprovingly, as if he were the parent, "Mom, what's this? You know you're not allowed to wear underwear in this house. Do you have a good excuse for this?"

She bowed her head bashfully in defeat. "I'm sorry, but Ron ... he just left literally a minute or two ago, just before you came in. Suzanne said I'm allowed to wear them when he's around. After all, we don't want him to suspect anything."

"True, but I don't see him now. So what are you waiting for?"

"You want me to take my panties off? Right here? But that's so humiliating: I'm your mother!"

"Hey, I didn't make the rules. Besides, as Aunt Suzy has pointed out, I get to decide what you wear and when. I don't want to see any hypocrisy here. Why is it that you're so keen to enforce the rules you DO want, like no tit fondling, but not the ones you don't want?"

She sighed. "Very well. I can't believe the things you make me do."

But despite her appearance of reluctance, she was secretly delighted that he was acting unusually aggressive and "forcing" her to do erotic things. She bent over at a right angle, spread her legs a bit, flipped her dress up over her butt, and pulled her panties down ever so slowly. Although she suggestively wiggled her ass as she did so, despite her inner eagerness she somehow gave the impression that she was reluctant about doing the whole thing. That made her actions look even more titillating.

As soon as she'd pulled her panties all the way down her legs and removed them, he reached out and resumed fondling her ass. This time he could see and feel her bare skin.

She was so surprised at his action, or at least seemed so surprised, that she immediately stood back up. "Tiiiiiger! What are you doing?!"

"I'm getting your attention."

She sighed theatrically. "Well okay, if you must. But remember, 'getting my attention' only involves the ass. You can't put your fingers in my most private place."

In fact, he had been working fast and was already rubbing two fingers across her slit. But he said, "Okay, I'll stay clear of there if you spread your legs a little wider. Remember, you're supposed to be helping with visual stimulation too."

"Oh, poo! You meanie! You're incorrigible." But she spread her legs.

She just remained there, bending over the sink, while he explored her ass cheeks with both hands. The way she was bent forward allowed her dress to hang around her lower back most of the time, although sometimes he would have to tug it back up to continue his unimpeded fondling.

She thought, This is so humiliating! This is NOT how I thought my morning would go. He's got me bent over with my ass sticking out at an obscene angle like I'm some kind of sexual plaything for him! Why can't I tell him to stop? If I really insisted, I'm sure he would. Maybe that's what I should do. Why do his hands have to feel so damn good on my ass?! This is wrong! It's depraved!

After about a minute of exploring her ass, he started to make small talk. "You know what I'm thinking about?"

"What?" she pleaded. "And Tiger, no pussy! You promised."

He was repeatedly rubbing her perineum (the space between her anus and pussy), but his fingers had wandered a bit too far over her labia. He withdrew them ever so slightly, but kept working on her sensitive perineum area. "Sorry. It's just that I'm thinking about my new alarm clock."

"Your new alarm clock? You've got a new one? What does that have to do with anything?"

"You don't remember? If I recall, I believe you called that alarm clock the 'cock hungry mother.'"

Suddenly a flood of memories rushed into her consciousness. She recalled that fateful Tuesday two weeks before when she'd nearly lost all control with him, and how she woke him up with a blowjob and called herself an "alarm clock" with that name.

She was so shocked that she spun around and pushed her dress down. "Alan! Let's not speak about that again! I think you've got my attention plenty by now. Enough attention getting!" She was miffed, but not that miffed, because her arousal was dulling all her other emotions.

He was disappointed. He was having so much fun playing with his mother's body that he didn't want it to stop. He would have been more than happy to knead her peachy ass flesh all morning and see just how wet he could make her. Although he obediently followed her orders and withdrew his hands, he tried to think of some kind of new angle to justify more play.

Then a thought came to him. "Okay. Sorry again. It's just that you're so sexy. But are you wearing a bra too? You know that's not allowed either."

"Tiger! You're a real trial this morning, you know that? You know I'm wearing a bra; I'm sure you got a good feel of that earlier. But what am I supposed to do about it? Look at this dress."bender

She had chosen a high-collared dress because she'd been in a fairly prudish mood when she awoke and hoped it would discourage her son's attentions. But now her choice had backfired on her: there really was no way for her to reach under the dress to remove the bra.

"You'll just have to take the dress off first," he pointed out, trying to hide his glee.

"But Tiger," she pouted. "Can't I just take the bra off later?"

"Rules are rules." He had never been so happy about house rules before, even though he wasn't quite sure where this particular rule had come from in the first place.

She looked around the kitchen frantically, as if trying to find an escape she could exit. "But what about my Angel? She could come down at any minute. Do you want her to see her mother standing naked in the kitchen?"

He honestly wouldn't have minded that too much, but he said, "Sis is still sleeping like a baby. You know her alarm won't wake her up for another fifteen minutes or so, and she has a normal alarm clock."

She blushed like a new bride at that oblique reference to cocksucking. She complained in a desperate voice, "But she could come down earlier than that. You did."

He pressed her, "Well then, the sooner you get it over with, the safer you'll be. We can't have you running around with a bra all day."

"Fine!" She complained hotly as she began pulling her dress over her head. "But I'm not happy about this. Not one bit! Somehow, you always seem to find a way to get me out of all my clothes, and it's not fair! It's so improper."

He waited until she had the dress on the counter and her bra in her hands, then put his hands back on her ass and resumed his fondling.

"Tiger! What's gotten into you?! What's your excuse this time?"

He grinned mischievously. "Well, I'm just getting your attention again, 'cos you've got me even more aroused than before and I'm supposed to let you know that."

"You're dangerous! I want you to go to the breakfast table and sit down. You're really pushing your luck this morning, buster!" But despite her firm words, her rising lust was obvious in her tone of voice.

He said "Okay" but left his hands on her butt. He ran a finger up and down her ass crack as he said, "But no underwear, right? All the time! Every day!"

She bowed her head again, this time even more submissively. "Yes, yes, yes, already! I'm sorry I broke the rules and I'll keep my undies off from now on, at least when your father's not at home. Is that okay with you?"

He was feeling a bit devilish, so he probed her ass crack as he replied, "Yes, so long as you get permission from me or Aunt Suzy first if you have some special need to put them on."

She grumbled, "Oh, very well. But please! Control yourself. Is my ass really that interesting to you?"

He grinned in triumph while he continued freely kneading healthy handfuls of ass flesh. "Yes it is."

"What's so interesting about it, anyway?"

"Well, you see here?" He firmly cupped both her ass cheeks again and jiggled them up and down a little bit. "There's just something special about how you're so firm, yet so squeezable here. I think it shows how much your daily exercising is paying off. When you tense your ass muscles" - she immediately did so - "you have buns of steel! But when you relax them" - she did that too - "you're so soft and pliable. It's almost like a fluffy marshmallow, so inviting and yielding. How is that? I think I need to explore this mystery with much more kneading and groping."

She laughed, despite her best efforts to stay stern. "Perhaps, but not now! Behave yourself, okay? You have my full attention, so there's no excuse anymore."

He was having more fun than he could believe, but he realized that he was pushing his luck. "Thanks, Mom." He removed his hands from her ass, kissed the top of her head, and went to the dining room.

His erection was so hard and unsatisfied after all that teasing that he thought he was discovering just how painful blue balls could be. But he figured he was on thin ice already, so to do something bold like take his boner out to stroke it would be downright unwise. He definitely didn't want to drive her into another prudish mood swing. Besides, he still needed to shower before school, so he figured he could jack off in the bathroom.

He could still see most of Susan's naked body, because the only thing separating the kitchen and dining room was a high counter. Rather than go all the way to the breakfast table, he chose to eat at the counter so that sitting on a high stool he continued to have a great view of his voluptuous mother.

She walked from the stove to the sink and back again, doing her usual cooking tasks. She had prepared Samoan coconut tapioca porridge with honeydew slices for them this morning. But her cheeks were flushed and her nipples were erect, because she knew that he was closely watching her every move. I'm totally naked! Buck naked! Starkers! This is not right. Wait! What am I waiting for? I can just put my dress back on. He can't object to that, as long as I don't wear undies. Ha-ha! I got him, for once!

Chapter 249 You Really Are My Super Sexy Centerfold Mom

Susan was in the process of putting her dress back over her head when Alan said, "Hold it!"

She put the dress back down and looked at him with trepidation. "What now?"

"You said you'd help with visual stimulation. You promised. You know that dress isn't visually stimulating; it's one of your old fuddy-duddy ones."

"Well, let me wear something! Please!"

"Why don't you go upstairs and put on one of your really sexy dresses? After all, I'm in charge of what you wear now."

Defeated again, she put the dress on the counter. Dang it! I knew that little victory was too good to be true. He always has a way of getting me naked. How does he do that?!

He immediately picked up the dress to prevent her from wearing it on her way upstairs. He held it behind his back and kept it there. To prevent her from saying anything about that and to keep her milling about naked, he said, "I noticed today's a Tuesday."

She blushed again. "Yes, Son. I noticed that too." She could feel the saliva gathering in her mouth, which she had to swallow.

"Does that mean that, you know, you'll be doing one of those abnormality checks?"

Frustrated with him, she huffed, "The only thing abnormal about you is your oversexed brain! It seems like you're not happy until you've taken all my clothes off and are wantonly fondling my naked body while your big cock slides deep into my mouth!"

He laughed. "Yep. I'd say that about sums it up."

She just rolled her eyes and shook her head. But she put an extra wiggle in her hips as she walked away from him to get a bowl for him.

Walking back, while holding the bowl in front of her leaking labia, she addressed his 'abnormality check' question. "I don't know. We'll see. I've been thinking about it, but you've been acting so strange and aggressive this morning that I'm having second thoughts. I don't want us to lose control."

He held his hands up in front of himself in a surrender gesture. "I'll be good, I promise! It's true that sometimes I kid around, but you know I keep my promises. When there's a rule, I don't break it. Aren't we just having fun here? I'd never want to hurt you. I love you so much!"

By saying those words at that moment, he was completely sincere and honest. But he was also as conniving as Eddie Haskell, the smarmy neighbor in the classic TV sitcom 'Leave It to Beaver'. Among other things, he was trying to get her to adhere to the new rules, especially the one where he got to chose what she wore.

She walked around the counter to where he sat, snatched her dress from behind his back and said, "We'll see." She walked to the refrigerator, holding the dress over her pussy, and then brought him a pitcher of pineapple juice. She could easily have held it over her rack too, but she chose not to. Her huge melons swayed back and forth and up and down with every step, and her pussy tingled, knowing her fully-aroused son was still watching.

She put an extra swish in her hips as she walked away from him, knowing that he'd like that. Her arousal level was rising with each passing minute. She thought about Suzanne's recent "strutting training," and tried to walk in the style Suzanne had taught her.

The training did make a difference. He thought, Dang! Just look at Mom go! Am I just extra horny right now, or is she extra sexy? Whatever the case, I love it! And I love that her tits are so big that I can even see a lot of boob from behind!bender

As she slowly strutted away she said, "We'll see. I'm not making any promises. I'm going to have to talk to Suzanne about it, and about your outlandish behavior this morning. Eat your porridge. Meanwhile, I'm going to go upstairs and actually put some clothes on. And keep them on! I have no idea what I'll wear that will satisfy you without freaking out your sister, but I'll try."

She selected a small bowl of strawberries for him, just so she'd have an excuse to strut to the dining table and back again. She held the bowl strategically in front of her pussy, but left the dress behind this time. She concentrated on her undulating ass cheeks, greatly increasing the sexiness of her movements. As she did so, she repeated to herself what Suzanne had taught her to say: 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!

When she returned to the kitchen, her heart was racing even faster with arousal and excitement.

Then he really made her day when he said in an obviously awed tone, "Hey Mom, I don't know what it is, but you seem extra sexy today. You really are my super sexy centerfold mom."

She pumped her fist in triumph, but made it just a short jab below the kitchen counter so he couldn't see it. YES! Thank you, Suzanne! Those words are so lewd and outrageous, but they really do the trick!

She moved towards the big gap between the living room and dining room, swaying her hips from side to side while barely covering her pussy with a hand (most of the time). She paused and said, "Okay, Tiger, if you can control yourself a little bit better than you did this morning, we'll do your check today. I really see no choice, since no one else knows how to do it. I don't know when we can do it though. Your father is going to be home this afternoon, for a change, so it can't be then. I made him promise to come home early so we could have some more quality time together. He and I have some things to discuss. But if the chance comes up later, I'll see what I can do. We might have to wait until tomorrow to do it."

He stood up, walked over to her, and gave her a friendly kiss on the cheek. "Thanks, Mom! You're the best!" He ran a hand up and down her shapely bare back as they hugged briefly.

She just shot him another chagrined look and walked away towards the stairs, still naked. Then she realized she'd forgotten her dress back in the kitchen, so she went to get it.

He just stood there and watched her walk this way and that. He knew his erection was poking lewdly through his shorts; he made no attempt to hide it.

Her heart skipped a beat when she walked back towards him and saw his bulge. She stopped and stared. Oh my LORD! Just look at that! So many inches of thick spermy goodness! Why, I have half a mind just to drop to my knees right now and take care of that. It would practically be irresponsible of me not to. Oh

dear. But Angel could come down the stairs any moment. Mmmm! But I can almost feel his thickness filling my mouth, with my lips and tongue sliding all over it. MMMM! But I can't!

She finally resumed walking, even managing to remember to cover her pussy with the dress she was holding. But her mood was much improved, because her head was filled with how much fun they could have with his abnormality check later.

As she walked past her son, he gave her a playful slap on her bare rump.

She paused, pretending shock. "You naughty boy!" She winked but kept on walking.

He thought, Dang! My mom is turning into such a cock tease. I swear, all I'd have to do is let go of my control and I'd cum right here without even touching myself.

She headed to the stairs, still putting on a sexy show for her son. Again she mentally repeated the lines Suzanne had told her. 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!

As she finally sauntered out of sight, he thought, Mom was annoyed for a while there, but pretty happy at the end. I think it's obvious that at least some part of her loves what I'm doing to her. For one thing, she totally walked away Aunt-Suzy-style just now, slowly and with an extra sexy swish of her hips. Sweetness! I could see drops of pussy juice sparkling from across the room and fresh rivulets running down her thighs. Also, she held that dress at her side so much that she had to be doing it on purpose. She was walking that way just so I could enjoy it!

Although his dick still needed relief, all in all he was a very happy camper.

Susan came back downstairs a few minutes later wearing a gorgeous dress more suited to going to a formal ball than to cooking breakfast. That made him even happier, especially since she seemed apologetic about being so covered up in front of him.

He walked into the kitchen and said, "Uh-oh, Mom. A new outfit means that I'll have to get your attention all over again."

She protested, "You meanie! What about Angel? What if she sees?"

Despite her protest, he could tell that she was very aroused. Her face was flushed and her breathing was heavy from before she even walked into the kitchen. Therefore he flipped her rather long dress up until his hands met bare ass flesh. "Don't worry; we'll hear her coming."

She still protested, "But Son! Can't you just be content to fondle my ass through my clothes?"

"No."

She shivered all over at the confidence she heard in his reply. Dear Lord! My son is becoming so MANLY! Between his words and the way he's manhandling my ass, I'm liable to simply burst into flames!

Unfortunately though, Katherine came downstairs only about a minute or two later. She made quite a ruckus by taking two steps at a time, so Alan was already on the other side of the kitchen counter sitting on a stool by the time she entered the kitchen and dining room area.

For the rest of breakfast, he had to satisfy himself with occasionally checking out his mother's voluptuous body without being too obvious about it.

Before he left for school, he had an extremely satisfying orgasm in the shower. He certainly didn't lack arousing ideas and images to masturbate to.

Chapter 250 CockSucking And Cock Stroking Are Art - Suzanne

bender

Susan had lied when she'd told Alan that morning that she might not want to do the abnormality check, and that the opportunity might not come up even if she did. She was determined to do it no matter what, so much so that thoughts about their upcoming session occupied her day.

It was true that Ron was supposed to be home in the afternoon, although, contrary to what she'd told Alan in the morning, Susan certainly hadn't asked him to be there. The truth was, she didn't want anyone or anything to interfere with the "abnormality check", which she now considered to be her peak quality time with her son. So to her great pleasure, Ron called and said he'd run into all kinds of

complications at work. Not only would he not be home in the afternoon, he might also be forced to miss dinner.

Ron usually spent the rare intervals when he was home in the U.S. either entirely on vacation or in working a normal schedule while operating out of his company's main office. For some reason, on this visit he seemed to be far busier and much more tense than usual. Something was clearly up, and he was unusually close-mouthed about work. He had assured Susan that there was nothing to worry about, so she got the feeling that his tenseness was due to anticipation rather than fear. Whatever the cause, for better or worse, his busy schedule was severely limiting the amount of time they could spend together.

She was still troubled by all the issues that had been bothering her in recent days. But her eagerness to get her hands and mouth back on her son's cock, now that she had what she considered a valid reason to do so, temporarily overrode all her worries.

When Suzanne came over for their usual morning exercise routine, she was pleasantly surprised to find Susan in a very good mood. She was even more surprised when Susan described how Alan had stripped and repeatedly fondled her during breakfast. She liked how Susan just explained it away with a "boys will be boys" good humor. She was especially pleased to hear how well the "strut lessons" had worked.

Suzanne took advantage of Susan's mood and obvious eagerness for the "abnormality check" to spend most of the morning advising her on various handjob and blowjob techniques.

"Come on," she said, "I don't know anything about abnormality checks, but once that part is done, you might as well help him reach his daily target by finishing him off with a handjob at the very least. Although, as we both know, it really is much better for his penis if you reduce his chafing by finishing him off with a nice long cocksuck. Here, let me show you a few things." She started to take off her spandex exercise gear.

"Wait! Are you getting naked?"

"Well, sure. Not totally though; we can keep our panties on."

"WE? You mean I have to strip to my pants too?"

"Of course," Suzanne said matter-of-factly as she took off her bra. "Cum is messy. Even fantasy cum." She chuckled. "Well, keep your pants on if you insist. But you really need to take your bra off because the tit jiggle is an essential part of any quality cock stroking. Look."

Suzanne pantomimed holding a hard dick in front of her. "See? I cup Sweetie's balls here. And then, as I stroke him here, right where most of his nerve endings are, I put my whole body into it. Watch. Watch my chest, not my hands. Don't just move your hands and forearms; stroke his cock with your entire body. Do you love him?"

"What kind of question is that? Of course I do!" Susan held her hands over her chest, as if that would help counter Suzanne's nudity.

"Well then, put all your love into it! A magnificent specimen like Sweetie's thick man-meat deserves nothing less. See how my big tits shake and my hips wiggle in time to my hand movements? You know he'll love it. It's little details like that that make the difference between an ordinary handjob and an expert one. Now, it's your turn."

Susan reluctantly pulled her shirt over her head. "I don't know. It just seems so lewd and improper." But she listened attentively, eventually taking her bra off as well.

Suzanne continued, "Look what I'm doing with my middle finger. See? I'm tickling the area just behind his balls. That's just another little thing that he'll enjoy, but those little things add up."

Susan gripped her hands in the air, as if she were holding a penis and pair of balls. "Like this?" She wiggled her middle finger just as Suzanne had.

"Oh, come on. You look like you're holding some carrots or celery. This is your son's great big erection we're talking about! Stroke it a little first, just to make sure he knows his big-titted mommy is on the job. Then, once you've got his full attention, really go to town pleasuring his cock like the personal cocksucker that you are!"

Susan tried stroking the imaginary penis. "Like this?" Her arousal level was rising by the second.

"Good, but let's see more tit swaying. Put your whole upper body into everything you do. Remember, you're one of your son's personal cocksuckers, so be proud, and do your best!"

Even though Suzanne had just said "personal cocksucker," she purposely said it again. Repetition of key phrases was a big part of her effort to indoctrinate Susan.

Soon, Susan was mimicking all of Suzanne's moves, eventually with real passion. Without even being prompted she found herself repeating in her head the words Suzanne had taught to her the night before: I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock! I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut!

She didn't know why, but saying that made her feel really good, bringing her inner peace and holding her guilt and worries about sin, incest, and adultery at bay.

Suzanne didn't actually teach her that much (and neither act was rocket science in its complexity), but she did manage to work Susan up to a sexual lather by keeping her focus on Alan's erection the whole time. The only problem was that the imaginary penis was too unsatisfying. Before long, they taped a banana and two apples together so they could have something solid to practice on. In a matter of minutes, every last inch of those fruits was covered in saliva, most of it Susan's.

During occasions such as this, Suzanne always reinforced certain themes, such as describing Alan as a nearly irresistible sexual god. Interestingly, Suzanne had started out with a much more realistic assessment of Alan's sexual talents, but day by day, the more she praised him as a super stud, the more she began on some level to believe her own hype.

Suzanne advised, "Cocksucking and cock stroking aren't just lewd sex acts. If done right, they can be works of art. When you're naked and on your knees, slurping on his fat rod, don't feel ashamed or degraded. Hold your head up high! Well, metaphorically of course, since your head will be bobbing back and forth. Be proud! If you're gonna do it, be the best you can be. Aspire to cock-pleasuring greatness! Never forget just how proud you are to be your Tiger's big-titted mommy slut!"

Again, she was only saying this to get Susan psyched up, and in doing that she was wildly successful. She kept repeating certain keywords and phrases, knowing that would help her ideas sink in. But her words were affecting herself as well. For instance, she really did start to see handjobs and blowjobs as art forms that she too was striving to perfect.

After Suzanne left, Susan practically counted the minutes until Alan was supposed to get home from school. She looked at the clock over and over but, to her distress, each time she checked there were still many hours to go.

She went to the kitchen to clean up, but after she washed the dishes from breakfast there wasn't much else to clean that she hadn't already done. Thus she was at a total loss over what to do to keep herself occupied when Suzanne came back over.

"Hey," Suzanne said, "I'm kind of in a rush, so I can only stay a minute. But before I go, there's something I've been meaning to show you."

"Oh. What?" Susan said, hoping against hope that it would be something to keep her mind occupied until shortly after three, when she expected Alan to return home.

Suzanne took Susan to the den, which was just across the entryway hall from the kitchen. "I know you're not a big computer user, but there's something interesting I'd like to show you." She sat down at the desk in the den which had the family computer, which for some reason was already on, then started typing and clicking the mouse.

Susan sat down next to her and watched the screen. To her shock, a story entitled "Mom's Gotta Have Her Son's Big Cock" appeared. She gasped. "Suzanne! Please! That's, that's... that's the kind of filth they're always warning us about at church!"

Suzanne lied, "No, it's not. This is actually a testimonial from a real mother who has been through a situation very similar to yours. She was put in a situation where she found herself sucking and stroking her son's cock quite often, and it's all about how she learned to handle the situation."

That explanation made Susan less hostile and more curious. "Oh? Did her son have an energy problem too?"

"Well, not exactly. Here, read it and see. I've got to go." Suzanne got up. "Oh, and when you're done, make sure you close the program. You wouldn't want anyone else to see that; they might misunderstand."

Susan nodded. She'd already begun to read the story and found herself captivated from the start.

Suzanne saw Susan's interest. She walked away, feeling very proud of herself.

The story wasn't actually a "testimonial," it was an erotic story that Suzanne had found on the Internet. But she'd edited it herself quite extensively to make it something she knew would appeal to Susan. She'd removed all references to anal or vaginal sex, knowing that Susan wasn't ready for that. The story was all about things Susan had already done with Alan: handjobs, blowjobs, kissing, fondling, and the like. And just like Susan, the mother in the story started out quite reluctantly, but slowly gave in to her lust as she realized her submissive nature. Naturally, that mother was stacked and beautiful too, and the son was handsome and well-hung. By the end of the story, the fictional mother had found her ultimate happiness fully devoting herself to servicing her son's penis whenever he wanted, as well as letting other beautiful women service him too. The story ended with a final "testimonial" from the mother, where she encouraged all other mothers to do the same.

Susan no longer wondered what to do while waiting for Alan to come home.