

6 Times 261

Chapter 261 You Belong To Me, And I Belong To You.

"Knock, knock. Anybody home? Mommy's mouth needs a refill!" A part of her mind thought about how improper that sounded, but that part didn't have much say in the matter.

Alan still lay in bed, awake but resting. "Oh, Mom, I just can't. I'd love to, but I just can't. Really."

She sat on the bed with him. "Does your penis hurt that much?"

She began to think that she had pushed him too far. She was ready to let him be for the evening, as it hit her that his soreness might actually be serious. Her motherly nursing instincts started to take over from her purely horny lust.

But then he said, "Actually, it's not as bad as I'd feared. I can deal with the soreness. That's not such a big deal as it was earlier. But I just can't get it up again. There's no way to get it excited. I'm only human, and it's still too soon since last time. I feel like my balls are literally drained dry. I can't even THINK about getting aroused."

He kind of meant it, but he also wanted to see what would happen when he said that. Could he inspire her to be even more arousing than she'd already been?

Since it wasn't a pain and possible damage issue, but rather just one of arousal, she decided to go ahead. She pulled her blouse all the way off and thrust her chest out. "Don't worry. If that's the only problem, I'm sure Mommy can think of something. Mommy's big titties feel so lonely and unloved. Maybe you should... No, that violates the touching rules. Hmmm..."

He'd noticed that her rules varied greatly by how horny she was at the time. Her comment was especially absurd since they both knew he'd extensively fondled her tits only a short while ago during the first make-out session, and she hadn't uttered a word of complaint. He figured that in a few more minutes that particular rule against touching her boobs would probably go by the wayside again, at least for a while.

She continued to think out loud. "We need something that won't violate the rules. Let's see..." She thought for a moment, searching for something really erotic to do for him.

She removed her miniskirt, leaving herself dressed in nothing but high heels. Then she turned around and bent over slightly. She twisted her head back towards him, saying "You know what? I'm feeling very distracted. My mind is on other things. Maybe you should 'get my attention,' if you know what I mean. That's one way you can touch me that's completely legal."

She bent over more, and since she was standing right next to the bed that practically put her fantastic bare ass right in his face. At such close range the smell of her aroused cunt was nearly overwhelming.

He reached out and held her ass cheeks. He thought, Oh MAN! Mom is just too sexy! This is the perfect ass, and I can totally see her pussy in between her legs. If this can't get me going, nothing can!

He ran his hands up and down her ass cheeks briefly, but soon gave up the effort and dropped his hands. To his surprise, he found that his flaccid penis really was as wiped out as he'd claimed. He said with sincere regret, "Sorry, Mom. I just don't have it in me. I don't think even you can inspire me tonight, and that's reaaaally saying something. All I want to do is veg out. I can barely believe it myself, but that's how I feel."

She stood up and paced around a bit. She wasn't willing to give up that easily. She could practically feel her lips stretching around his thickness and taste his sweet cum in her mouth. She wasn't about to be denied.

Another idea struck her. She walked across the room and then got down on all fours. She said in an excited, whispery voice, "Look Tiger, look at Mommy. She's crawling! She's crawling on her knees over to your cock!"

She began to crawl across the room, making a bee-line directly for the space between his legs. The word "cock" held a lot of emotional power for her; for most of her life it had been too naughty a word for her to even use in her thoughts. As she said it now, she emphasized it in a really naughty voice, as if she were spitting it from her mouth at every repetition.

"Look at your mommy. She wants it soooo bad. She wants your cock. Your thick, tasty, meaty slab of COCK! She wants to suck it. Look. She's begging for it!"

She slowly crawled closer and closer as her eyes bored into his crotch. "I'm on my knees, Son! Look at my big jugs swing and sway. I'm a slave to your cock! Don't you want your big-titted mommy slave to help you? I'm begging! I don't even care if my husband - and your father - sees me like this. He should! He needs to know that Mommy is YOUR exclusive cocksucker now! Mommy lives to serve your cock! Give it to me, Tiger! Let me suck it. Let me suck it just a little! Please?"

As she crawled forward, her huge breasts swayed pendulously. They drooped straight towards the floor, making them look even bigger than usual. That sight, plus every other inch of her perfect body, stimulated Alan beyond all reason.

And then there was her erotic talk. She'd said some really arousing things to him before, but she'd never talked like this. Comments like "I'm a slave to your cock" were so inspiring, he would have succumbed to her plea even if his dick felt like it had been burning. What really floored him was how sincere she sounded. She was a terrible liar, so when she said it like that he figured she meant it, at least in the heat of the moment.

Within seconds his dick had rebounded to its fully erect state. He screamed, "Yes, Mom! You can have it! Suck me! Suck my cock!" He pivoted, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed so she'd have easy access to his crotch as he sat there.

She looked up and saw his hardness. A great smile spread across her face. "Oh, goody! Thank you, Son! Mommy's so happy now. You've made Mommy so very-"

She interrupted her own words, because she had continued crawling closer until her mouth finally met up with his erection. She sucked with a will and a passion, but after only a couple of bobs down his shaft she suddenly remembered the reason why they had to do this a second time. She took his stiff pole out of her mouth briefly as she held it with both hands.

"Oopsie, Tiger, I almost forgot. I have to perform the abnormality check first or I'll forget it again. Remember that? I should do this before I get too excited. I'll just keep sucking on the tip while I do the check with my hands on all those other fat, smooth, cocky inches. Ready?"

He knew he didn't even need to nod, so he didn't.

She stuffed his cockhead back in her mouth and explored the rest of his boner with her hands. It was less a systematic check and more just an all-out fondling designed to get him off. But it was close enough for her to satisfy herself that she'd done the necessary check. After all, she did manage to explore every last inch of his rod, in fact many times over, as well as his balls, and she didn't notice any unusual bumps.

Once again she gave him indescribable pleasure. Because he had climaxed relatively recently, and so often that day, he was able to hold out for a really long time. His bliss overrode any residual soreness, so he avoided cumming for as long as possible.

Susan's mouth seemed permanently attached to his cock as she caressed, tongued, swirled, sucked, and all but worshipped it for many long minutes. She closed her eyes and tuned out everything else. She was totally lost in the act, and so was he.

MMMM! Son! I'm so lucky! How many mommies are blessed with a son with such a THICK and POWERFUL and DEMANDING cock? Mmmm! And such stamina! I keep licking and sucking and licking and sucking and stroking and licking, and he STILL refuses to give up his sweet load! I'm trying out some of Suzanne's best tricks, but he keeps holding out anyway!

Mmmm! Gaawwwd, it makes me so hot! It's like he's rubbing the fact in my face that I'm nothing but his big-titted mommy slut, and my role is just to SUCK and SERVE and LOVE every last inch of his impressive manhood! MMMM! No, I take that back: I'm his big-titted mommy SLAVE! YES! Oh God! Too hot! I'm gonna cum again!

All he could hear of that was her continual lusty moaning of "MMMM!," but he could tell her arousal was in the stratosphere.

He thought, This is bliss! This is total mind-melting bliss! Mom is soooo into it! I thought I'd still be feeling pain and soreness, and maybe I actually am, but it's like an ant getting stomped by an elephant. Forget it! This is bliss! I know I just said that, but it's so true! Gaawwwd! Mom is a fuckin' perfect cocksucker! She's GOOD! I swear, she's as good as Aunt Suzy!

He wasn't just saying that. She'd been good before, thanks to her boundless enthusiasm, but now she was trying out the tricks that she'd learned earlier from Suzanne, taking her efforts to an entirely new level. Actually, it wasn't so much the exact things she did as the fact that she was continuously changing her approach and style. She wasn't just bobbing steadily, like she'd done much of the time before. Now

he had no idea how she'd vary things up from moment to moment, except that he knew it would feel incredible.

Under normal circumstances, all the tricks and moves she was doing would have caused him to climax in a minute or less. Thanks to his PC muscle control and the fact that he'd climaxed not long before, he was able to hold out for a few minutes longer. When he got close to the edge, she sensed that and slowed down somewhat, hoping to keep the fun going indefinitely. But there were biological limits his body had to obey - it was impossible to remain erect forever in the face of such talented stimulation.

She could sense he was getting close. Oh no! Tiger, please hold out! Mommy wants to suck you all night long. I've been needing this for such a long time. Sunday night was great, but that hardly counted. For one thing, I was so emotionally conflicted. But now... now! The wonder! This feels so good and so right! My jaw extended all the way open, my lips so tightly sealed around your impressive thickness, my tongue right on your sweet spot, my hands full of so much COCK! Mmmm!

And it doesn't stop there, because my entire body is ALIVE! I swear, my nipples are on FIRE! I love this feeling of total nudity, of freedom. And the kneeling! The kneeling! That's the BEST!

No, it's all the best! But Tiger, I want you to cum so bad, and yet I'm hoping you'll hold out. What I really want is for you to cum on my face and my big tits and then stay hard so we can do it all over again! Yes! YES! MMMM!

Finally, he could take no more - he shot a particularly big load into her ready and waiting mouth.

Unfortunately, the ejaculation brought his pain and soreness back. His dick hurt so much that he nearly wanted to cry out. Even watching her eagerly guzzling down his seed didn't help much. But he would have done it all over again if given the choice, because the pleasure far outweighed the pain.

His shooting off spontaneously triggered her own orgasm, even though she hadn't touched herself at all. Just the idea of being a naked horny slave willing to crawl to her son's cock was nearly enough to get her off, in and of itself, and she'd only gotten more aroused since then as she pleased him.

At the height of their orgasmic climaxes, she thought, I AM a slave to your cock! Yes I am! That's exactly what I am! God, it's so good!

She'd never really allowed herself such thoughts before, but now that she was verbalizing them to herself, it was like a powerful mental orgasm hitting her alongside the physical one. She felt a sense of purpose, and even freedom somehow, as she reveled in the idea of living to serve her son's sexual pleasure.

But as both of them recovered a bit, she began to regret her thoughts. She couldn't believe that mere moments before she'd luxuriated in the idea of being a slave, in any sense of the word. As had become her habit, she started licking his penis and balls clean once his orgasm had subsided. But now her doubts so overwhelmed her that she stopped licking his dick clean before she was completely done and pulled back.

Since the "cleaning" had no real effect on how clean his penis and balls actually were, Alan didn't even notice that she'd finished early.

She put an arm over her rack and a hand over her bush, then said to him in a stern and serious tone, "Now, Tiger, today was very unusual, because you had such a hard time getting aroused. All those things I said about being a slave and serving you and so forth, that was just talk to get you aroused, you understand? Same with the naked crawling and begging; that was just acting. So don't get any big ideas, okay? It's not like I really want to do anything with your penis like that. I'm your mother and you need to respect me. I was forced to say those things for your benefit, so we could do the check properly and also get another checkmark on your chart. Is that clear?"

"Sure, Mom." He knew better than to try to dissuade her of her illusions. It wasn't clear how much even she believed her thin excuses. He understood she didn't mean those arousing words anymore, but he was pretty sure she'd really meant them in the heat of the moment. Besides, he was too wiped out to talk much.

She nodded. "Okay. Then let's get cleaned up here. Your father or sister could be home any minute, so let's hurry."

Somehow, she found the idea of sucking off her son's cock even as her husband was coming home to be incredibly erotic. Frankly, Ron doesn't deserve a woman like me. When he leaves, Tiger will be the man of the house. He's eighteen and a full adult now. Okay, so it's not like I'll be his "slave"; that's just crazy. But he will be the one giving the orders, just like how he tells me what to wear and what not to wear, even if that means going completely naked.

Indeed, with Ron gone, Tiger might order me to stay naked twenty-four hours a day! Always ready to drop to my knees to suck and serve. Gaawwwd, wouldn't that be totally hot?! Mmmm!

These thoughts got her highly aroused all over again. With her hand on her pussy, she was tempted to stick a finger or two inside, but she too was suffering from soreness due to unaccustomed over-activity. She'd lost count of the orgasms she'd had while sucking him, and the number of times she'd already masturbated that day.

She found herself wondering if he could get it up yet again. But she knew that was probably not physically possible, not to mention that Ron would be home soon, so she hid her feelings and tried to focus on God and religion.

Her mind again raced in confusion between lust and morality. She came to the conclusion, The Lord moves in mysterious ways. This must be right. Suzanne has pointed out so many times lately that a handjob or blowjob is not incest. It's not! I'm actually saving him from the sin of Onan, if I can stop him from masturbating. And Ron's rendered our marital fidelity null and void with all his cheating. As long as I don't go any further, it should be okay. God may frown at how readily I succumb to the deadly sin of Lust sometimes, but it's not like I'll go to Hell for any of this. After all, I'm doing a good deed, helping him with his prescribed medical treatment.

Then she remembered her goodnight kiss from the night before. She was hoping it could become a nightly tradition, so she acted like it was something they'd done for years. "I guess I should tuck you in and give you your kiss now, since it's already so late."

She sat on the edge of his bed while he got under the covers. She leaned in and they kissed each other on the cheeks, nose, forehead, ears, and even neck. But even with her newfound love of blowjobs, a mouth-to-mouth kiss was still taboo, now that she'd mostly calmed down again.

His hands were kneading her ass cheeks as they kissed. But since she was still naked, he reached out between the kissing and groped at a tit.

It took her a few moments, but she finally said, "Stop that, you naughty, naughty, cum-filled boy."

Her words sounded more arousing than chiding, so he kept on playing with her boob.

She finally growled unhappily. Naturally she liked what he was doing, but she worried that it would make her lose control again, and she knew that her husband and daughter were due home soon.

"What?" he asked innocently, even as he kept on playing with her body.

She griped, "The rules! When your father leaves, I might just have to give you a hand, so to speak, more frequently than just Tuesdays. But only if you're a very good boy. Or I should say 'man,' because you're a real man now. He'll be home any minute, as will your sister, so behave."bender

They kissed a little more in relatively innocent ways, with Susan again exploring his ears with her tongue and lips, while Alan preferred to fondle her ass since that was one squeezable erogenous zone he was allowed to touch.

After a few more minutes he sighed happily. "Aaaah! You know, Mom, this is almost as much fun for me as the blowjob. Er, I mean the abnormality check. Lying here with your naked body on mine, I feel so close to you."

As she nibbled his nose, she pointed out, "That's because you are. We couldn't get much closer."

"Yeah, but I mean emotionally. You're the greatest mom ever, but you're so much more. It's like... you belong to me, and I belong to you."

She shivered upon hearing that. She loved every word, but the phrase "you belong to me" was what really made her shiver. Oh! It's so true! I do belong to him! I'm his big-titted, cocksucking mommy now. Mmmm. His personal cocksucker! Oops, I mean one of his personal cocksuckers. I don't want to tell him that too often because he's liable to get too excited with Ron still here, but that's what I am!

Eventually, her worry about Ron coming home motivated her to disengage and stand up.

She collected her clothes and the phone she'd brought with her. She made such a sexy production out of bending over and picking them all up that he got mentally aroused again, even though his dick was a goner for the rest of the evening.

After blowing him one last goodnight kiss, she left, still nude, still holding her clothes and the phone in her hands. She felt sad about having to go, but she consoled herself that there would be many other times like this in the future.

Man! Mom is all woman! I just can't square the "new mom" with her prudish ways. Maybe it's true when they say the prudish librarian types turn out to be the hottest firecrackers. She's so intense and passionate it literally takes my breath away. Maybe she's making up for a lifetime of lost opportunities? Whatever. I'm just blessed that she's "coming out" for me!

Not five minutes later, Ron drove up the driveway.

Suzanne phoned immediately: "Susan, he's here!"

Susan answered the phone. "I know! I've got it covered. I'm in the bathroom getting cleaned up. Not surprisingly, Tiger left me all covered in his spermy goo." That was a prevarication, since he'd shot his load in her mouth, but it's how she felt and she wanted to boast a little.

"How was it?"

"Glorious! I was terribly naughty, but I don't feel as guilty as I did before. Your tips worked out great. Thanks! You should have seen the look on his face when I blew him TWICE!"

"Twice? Susan, I'm impressed."

"Well, it was only once more since I talked to you earlier. Still, it was great! Gaawwwd! I just feel like his creamy seed is all over me! It's the best feeling ever. It's like I'm covered in his love! I think there's a lingering spermy smell. But let's talk about it tomorrow; I can hear Ron entering the house. Gotta run!"

"Okay. Bye!"

Later that night, as Susan lay in bed with her husband, she felt really guilty and vowed not to let such behavior happen again. Or at least, not much. I can't do that every day. As much as I'd love to! No. It's wrong. I shouldn't have implied anything more to him. I'm so weak. "Slave to your cock." What was

that?! It was like I was high on drugs. God, I really need to get my head examined. Are evil, sinful forces that much at work inside me? Lust is a cardinal sin, after all. But it is for a good cause, a medical necessity. Suzanne says I really have no choice in the matter...

I'm so torn. I need to talk to Suzanne tomorrow, first thing after breakfast. She's so wise; she'll tell me what to do.

She tossed and turned, then decided, No, for once, I can't rely on her advice. She really needs my help in keeping Tiger's fat cock well drained every day, so she's biased on this. She'll just talk me into serving his cock again and again and again. I have to make up my own mind. I know I live for my children much of the time, but I have to think about what's best for me sometimes too.

She tossed and turned for a few more minutes, following her racing thoughts. Finally, she concluded, Just Tuesdays. That's all. If I limit it to just Tuesdays, I can go wild and suck his cock a good five or six times that day. Maybe help him reach his quota all by myself. Mmmm! Yum! Then that'll have to hold me for the rest of the week. Right?

Okay, Tuesdays and emergencies. For instance if he has a really bad case of blue balls and no one else is there to help... The thing is, he has so many emergencies. His member seems to be erect ALL the time!

All right, here's the deal. If I can just hold my urges to one day a week, or thereabouts... Just a couple other times here and there... Please, Lord, give me the strength to resist!

Chapter 262 Private Time With Glory

Alan woke up Wednesday morning feeling weary but excited. He was weary because he hadn't been able to sleep as much as he needed; he was wiped out from so many great sexual experiences.

He was also excited, because he sensed that his mother had reached some kind of tipping point. Their path forward wasn't clear, but it was obvious that there was no going back. That was an absolutely huge development, because she was the linchpin to sexual permissiveness at home.

Unfortunately, when he came down for breakfast, Ron was there, reading a newspaper and eating scrambled eggs and fried tomatoes, with Susan cooking in the kitchen. It was all so painfully traditional that Alan didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Susan had resumed wearing her old clothes, including her usual apron. She showed only the slightest hint of cleavage. She glanced at him with a friendly smile and "good morning" greeting, but that was it.

When Alan went to his room to get his backpack and school books, Susan came in and closed the door. Looking nervous and guilty, she said, "Tiger, what we did yesterday was ... not a bad thing. I'm happy to help you with your medical problem, as long as you remember that what I said and did was just to help inspire you. But you need to forget about those wild things I said in the heat of the moment, okay?"

He nodded, although there was no way he would ever forget.

She said, "I've been thinking about your father. True, things haven't been good between him and me, and our sex life died long ago, if it ever really existed in the first place, but can I really blame him for that? The way I used to be - a cold fish in bed, literally frightened and ashamed about sex - that's at least partly my fault, due to my prudish hang-ups."

She continued, leaning against Alan's door as she talked, as if to hold it shut. "In any case, what we're doing behind his back... it isn't right. I believe he's basically a good person."

He wanted to speak out about the problems between her and Ron, but knew that it wasn't his place. He figured the situation would probably resolve itself soon, since he was sure that, due to all the dramatic sexual developments in the house, Susan's marriage was doomed regardless. He didn't want to look like he was trying to usurp Ron's place as Susan's sex partner, even though that's what he actually wanted to do. Furthermore, he thought the best thing to do when she was going through one of her now-common mood swings was to just be agreeable until it blew over. So he responded simply by nodding with understanding.

She continued, "Even just talking to you right now makes me feel sinful and guilty. Now that your abnormality check is done for the week, can we just go back to being a normal family until he leaves? That's only two more days. Can you take care of things yourself for two days? Maybe with whoever your mystery assistants are at school?"

"Sure, Mom. That sounds completely reasonable. But you forgot to mention Aunt Suzy. She can be a big help."

"No, I didn't. She's kind of in my doghouse right now. She's been pushing me too hard, making me do crazy things. I wouldn't have gone so far lately if it hadn't been... Well, let's just say that I think it'll be good if she cools it for a couple of days too. She means well - I know she does - but when she gets carried away, her advice isn't always that good."

Dang! Major cock block! What a drag. But he said, "Okay. Whatever you say. Sorry if you feel like I've been pushing you into things you don't want to do. And I know Aunt Suzy means well, so I hope you're not too upset with her."

He seemed to be done, but then he added, "That said... It just occurred to me that if you can't help, and Aunt Suzy can't help, then what's going to happen? You don't want me to commit the sin of Onan, do you? I thought we were past that."

"Oh dear me. No! Not that! Anything but that!" She frowned with worry, then asked, "What about your big-titted cheerleaders at school? Can't they pick up the slack?"

He flashed back to what had happened with Heather the day before. As great as it was, he highly doubted it would happen with her again. But that still left him getting help from Glory and Kim. "Mom, I'm getting help from at least one female at school, but I can't say who or how many. Anyway, that's at school only; it doesn't help at all when I'm home."

She asked, "What about Brenda? You'll be seeing her tonight, you know. And Suzanne says you're all set to wow her."

"Maybe so, but that's just to talk. She also says it will take WEEKS to seduce Brenda. So that doesn't help at the moment."

Susan's frown deepened. "Oh. Oh dear. What about your other mystery helper, then? For instance, the four mysterious checkmarks on your orgasm chart from Saturday?"

He spoke carefully, since he didn't want to reveal the help Katherine was providing. "I can't talk about that at all. Sorry." Then he lied, "But that doesn't help at home anyway." Then, hoping to get Katherine's participation out in the open, he suggested, "What about Sis? She's eager to help me, and she's been great with the visual stimulation."bender

Susan was adamant, folding her arms under her massive rack. "Definitely not! She's not ready."

"How 'bout if you and Aunt Suzy just help with handjobs for now? That's not so bad."

She fretted, looking nervously all around the room. "Well, I don't know. I'll think about it. Okay?"

"Thanks, Mom! You're the best. But now I've really gotta run or I'll be late for school."

As he left, Susan gave him a non-sexual kiss and hug. It was like the old days before his treatment began, when she'd been reluctant to even hug.

As soon as Alan was alone, he thought, That sucks, big time. But on the bright side, at least Mom isn't mad at me and she hasn't fallen back into full-on prudish mode. She did say "What we did yesterday was... not a bad thing." That's really major! All I have to do is wait two days for Ron to leave and hopefully things will change around here again. Maybe sooner. Besides, getting it on with Aunt Suzy, Glory, and a sexy cheerleader or two at school is like a billion times better than my best-case scenario just a couple of weeks ago! I actually got to fuck HEATHER yesterday! Pinch me; I'm dreaming, 'cos I still don't believe it.

Then there's Sis, who's turning out to be a real wild card. Who knows what could happen with her, and when? Maybe we can sneak away for a couple of hours, like we did over the weekend. Hey, the next couple of days are actually looking pretty good! In fact, when it comes to the long term, "the future's so bright, I gotta wear shades," as the song goes. Things are progressing nicely on a lot of fronts, including maybe with Brenda. Heck, the fact that there even ARE fronts is awesome! Besides, now that I think about it, Sis and I have a session at Kim's house tomorrow afternoon, so that's another awesome thing to look forward to. Cheerleader orgy! Woo-hoo!

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The new bright spot of Alan's school day was his private time with Glory.

She had resigned herself to the fact that their sexual relationship was for real, and it was pointless for her to continue trying to deny her feelings for him or think that she'd bring it to an end, at least any time soon. She couldn't wait.

Unfortunately for Alan, he wasn't up for more sexy fun. In mind, yes, but not in body; his penis was still recovering from his "sex binge" of the previous day.

Glory's hands were on his crotch almost the instant the last of the other students had gone, but his dick had been so overworked that even getting hard was painful for him. His lack of response led her to wonder about the explanation.

She pulled down the elastic waistband of his outerwear shorts and placed her hand on the bulge in his underwear. What she found was flaccid. "Alan, is there something wrong? We've been together three times and you're already tired of me?"

"No way, Glory," he replied. "I've been whistling 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' all day long." That was true, since he was referring to his 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah' version. "But my dick hurts. It really does. Why don't we practice kissing?"

So Glory had to content herself with kissing and groping. The gossipy teacher wondered to herself what, or more likely who, had gotten his cock so worn out. She resisted the urge to pry because she was afraid of the answer.

After a few minutes of tender cuddling, she came up with an idea. "You know, we talked about varying things up. Not just meeting at lunch, but after school sometimes too, as well as not meeting at all on some days. What if we try to meet after school today?"

He thought, Man, this is like a dream come true, that the woman of my fantasies is asking me that. But I'm pretty darn wiped out. Plus, maybe there'll be some kind of sexy fun when I get home. Could I handle Glory AND whatever sweet delights await me there?

He admitted, "I'm not sure. If I can't get it up for you now, will that change in less than two hours? Maybe my body is telling me to take the whole day off."

"But you can't. Aren't you more or less required to cum a lot every day, regardless?" She had serious doubts about the validity of his orgasmic treatment, but she was willing to use it to her advantage in the moment.

"That's true."

She thought back to the great time they'd had the day before when she'd dressed up as a police woman. "Hey, I have an idea. What if I dress up in something special and we have another role-play? Wouldn't that inspire you?"

He replied sincerely, "To be honest, merely thinking about you inspires me plenty. It's just that I'm not sure if it's smart for me to be inspired today. Maybe when my body tells me to take it easy, I should listen."

"Pshaw. You've gotta push yourself or you'll never run a marathon or accomplish anything major. If you're not out-and-out hurting, I'm sure it'll be fine. Tell you what. I'll sweeten the pot even more. Remember how I gave you a spanking on Friday?"

"How could I forget?"

"Turnabout is fair play. Maybe it's time for you to spank ME! You can be the teacher, and I'll be the naughty student who needs to be punished."

"Are you kidding me?!"

"I'm serious." She was warming to the idea the more she thought about it.

"I'm so there! Even if I have to crawl over a field of broken glass. Man! Glory, you're the best! I don't deserve you!"

She chuckled. "That's true. Still, it seems you're stuck with me." She abruptly pulled herself from his embrace. "Now, go eat lunch with your friends. You don't want to make a habit of skipping lunch to be with me."

He left a short time later when she practically pushed him out the door. She was in a hurry because her mind was racing with her role-play idea, and she wanted to do it up right. She figured there was just enough time for her to race home, grab some clothes, and race back before the start of fifth period, so that's exactly what she did.

Chapter 263 Roleplay With Glory

Alan had a hard time concentrating through his fifth- and sixth-period classes. All he could think about was the promised after-school role-play and spanking with Glory. He knew his worries about not being able to get erect were unfounded, because he got plenty erect just thinking about it. Playing tennis kept him busy and flaccid for most of sixth period, but as soon as tennis was over, it was like he had an iron bar in his shorts.

It was almost torturous to make his way slowly to Glory's classroom after the final bell ring. He wanted to run, but forced himself to walk. The upside was that by the time he got there, all of her students were gone. In fact, she was just as eager as he was; she'd even managed to change into the clothes she'd snatched from home by the time he knocked on her door.

Once she confirmed it was him and him alone, she let him in.

It was a very good thing that the hallway was empty, because he just stood and stared at the sexy vision standing before him. My GOD! Why does things like this keep happening to me?! It's like everything is sexually supercharged all of a sudden, and I don't know why. But, dang! Who needs a why when she looks this good?!

Glory carefully and quickly walked around him, closed the door, made sure it was locked, and then resumed her position in front of him. She wasn't striking a particularly sexy pose, but she didn't have to, because her outfit was jaw-dropping enough. Thanks to the clothes she'd picked up from home, she was playing the role of the naughty schoolgirl to the hilt.

She was wearing a red-and-white striped top that covered her shoulders and upper arms, and not much else. Her boobs were dramatically exposed, with her nipples just barely covered. The top was tied right beneath her rack, leaving all of her tummy bare. It was clear she wasn't wearing a bra.

She wore short jeans shorts slung low on her hips. As if that wasn't revealing enough, she'd left them unzipped, exposing the top of her bush. She held some textbooks in one hand to complete the student look. She also wore high heels, which, although they didn't really fit the schoolgirl motif, definitely made her legs and ass look even more enticing than usual.

She said, "So, Mr. P., I hear you wanted to see me about something?"

Since Alan had been thinking of little else the past two hours except their role-play, he already had his teacher persona to slip into. He barked, "That's Mr. Plummer to you, Glory. Look at you! You know you can't come to school dressed like that!"

Glory struck a deferential pose, clutching the textbooks to her midriff and dropping her head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Plummer. It's just that..."

"What? You know I'll have to punish you. What were you thinking?! I can even see some of your, well, your hair... down below! It's outrageous!"

Glory acted shy and embarrassed. "To be honest, sir, I just pulled my shorts down a couple of inches. You're the only one who gets to see me like this."bender

"And why would you do that? Glory, you've been my most difficult student, by far. Always getting into trouble. Well, it stops today. If you're going to act like a willful child, then I'm going to treat you like one! You leave me no choice but to give you a spanking!"

She nodded, while still obediently looking to the floor. "Yes, sir. Mr. Plummer, sir."

He waved a hand imperiously and impatiently. "You know the routine. Take off your clothes and bend over my desk."

"Take off my clothes, sir? All of them?!" She put her textbooks down and started fiddling at the knot of fabric just under her breasts.

"Certainly. I'm not going to let you get away with blunting the force of the spanking with your thick jeans shorts. I'd let you keep your panties on, but you're obviously not wearing any. That's another rule violation, by the way. I'll have to give you another ten smacks for that!"

Glory had already been highly aroused in anticipation, but she was getting even wetter and more aroused in response to Alan's confidence and authority. He really seemed like a take-charge teacher. She bent over outrageously and pulled her jeans shorts down her legs. However, she just had to ask, "Fair enough, but why do I have to take my top off too?"

"For starters, you're hardly wearing a top to begin with. I'm going to have to confiscate your clothes since they clearly fail to meet the minimum school requirements. Secondly, who says I'm only going to spank your ass? Since you're showing an outrageous amount of cleavage, perhaps you need to be spanked there as well."

She didn't know if he was serious about that. She'd never even heard of such a thing. But she knew that, even though the role-play was feigned, the spanking she was about to receive would feel very real. She thrilled to think he might spank her breasts too - provided he did it in a sexy way and not a truly painful one.

He stood watching in impassive silence when she took her clothes all the way off (except for her high heels, of course). However, she could tell his poker face was an act by the way his shorts were tenting outrageously. That made her smile. I don't know what's going to happen with this spanking, and I can't wait to find out! But I DO know that he's not about to get out of here until I have my lips around his fat cock and I suck him to a cummy explosion! Since we can't fuck, I'm going to turn cocksucking into something that will absolutely melt our brains!

Indeed, Alan was so excited that it was a marvel he wasn't romping around the room and bouncing off the walls. I don't know which is better: Glory in her naughty schoolgirl outfit, or when she's buck naked. I'm a total winner either way! DANG! There's so much misery and trouble in the world. But at a time like this, I'm flying far from the Earth, basking in pure joy! It was awesome enough to do something like this with a total hottie like Heather, but this is my history teacher, for crying out loud! I wish I could tell somebody! But who would believe it?! Hell, it's happening to me right now, and even I can barely believe it!

Now that she was naked, Glory stood straight like a soldier, with her hands behind her back and her legs spread straight and wide. "Mr. Plummer, sir? Where do you want me?"

He pointed to Glory's desk in front of the classroom. "Bend over my desk, of course." But then he got an even more wicked idea. "No, wait. Clear the desk off. Sweep the papers to the floor if need be. Then crawl onto the desk on all fours."

Glory almost dropped her role, because she considered that too outrageous. "Are you serious?!" Then she thought, Hell, why not?! It's big enough, and it can easily support my weight. I'll never, ever see my desk in the same way, but so what? God damn! This is why Alan thrills me in a way Garth could never even imagine. I love it!

He was starting to have second thoughts. In truth, he wasn't nearly as confident as he seemed.

But before he could take back what he'd said, her expression totally changed. She flashed him a naughty smile and said, "Yes, sir!" Then she crawled up on her desk. She deliberately positioned herself so he'd be able to walk up behind her and easily reach her thrust-out ass.

He walked behind her and brazenly caressed her bare ass cheeks with both hands. Then he quickly yanked his shorts all the way off. It was a great relief to have his raging erection fully freed. He went right back to fondling her ass.

He felt so giddy and triumphant that he was almost dizzy. He thought, This is where my recent experience with my other sexy ladies pays off. The old me could never have handled this, because my brain would have exploded several times over by now. Everything is too fucking sexy to take! I doubt there's ANY other student in this school who could cope with spanking our total fox of a teacher while she's naked and on all fours on top of her own friggin' desk! But can handle it, thanks to all the super sexy stuff I've done back home. Fuckin' A!

He took some moments to close his eyes and breathe deeply. Then he tried to get back into the teacher mindset. As he continued to blatantly run his hands all over Glory's ass, he said, "I've heard rumors about you. Very nasty rumors, that you're a total slut. They say you'll put out for just anybody. Is that true?"

"Mr. Plummer, sir! I must protest! That's completely untrue! I, I... If you must know... I have a crush on one of my teachers, and I'm not interested in anyone else! That's the only reason I dress like I do!"

She didn't need to say that he was the teacher, because they both knew that's what she meant.

She thought, What a kick! What a total rush! This is what I call truly living! I'm on the verge of cumming from the hair on my head to the tips of my toes, and he hasn't even started the spanking yet! It's a good thing we're not trying this at lunch, because the chairs are going to be floating in a lake of my pungent cum before we're through!

She panted, "Sir! Do what you have to do! I've been bad and you need to spank it right out of me!"

"Indeed. Brace yourself! Here it comes!" He was far too excited to think about establishing some kind of verbal procedure. Instead, he held her in place with a hand on one ass cheek, and then smacked her hard on the other.

She cried out. She was surprised how hard the smack was. She'd figured this was going to be a sexy spanking, not a "real" one in any sense. But the smack was as hard as she'd expected a truly disciplinary spanking to be. She complained, "OUCH! DAMN!"

He said, "Sorry, Glory. Spare the rod and spoil the slut. I can't go easy on you, or you'll never learn. It's for your own good." As he spoke, he caressed both her ass cheeks like he'd been doing. But, for the first time, his fingers explored their way into her ass crack, and below, along her perineum (taint) to her soaked pussy lips.

When he reached the latter he said, "I'm concerned that you'll find this arousing instead of punitive. That's why I can't go easy on you. We both know you have a crush on me, and you've had one for a long time. That's why I have to remain strictly professional." Even as he said that, he pressed a finger against her clit, causing her to moan with erotic need.

Then he abruptly pulled his hands away, raised one up high, and swung it down on her other ass cheek.

Again she cried out. Then she complained, "OUCH! Mr. Plummer, PLEASE!" She loved that she was calling him "Mr. Plummer." Actually, she loved absolutely everything about this, especially the complete

role reversal. She'd never been sexually spanked before in her life, and she didn't consider herself the submissive type. She highly doubted this was something she'd want to do often, because it did hurt a lot, but it was great as an occasional surprise.

"Please what?" His hands were right back fondling her, freely running all over her ass and pussy mound. As he ran the tip of his index finger up and down her wet pussy lips he said, "I'm concerned you're not taking this seriously. I told you this is to punish you, not to arouse. That's why I'm checking you down here."

She thrust her ass back at him, hoping to get his finger to slip inside her. "Mr. Plummer! If you keep checking, I'm going to lose it! Don't check so much!" When she said "lose it," she was talking about cumming. She'd been on the verge of cumming before the spanking even began, and now that it was in process she was hanging on for dear life.

Alan could sense how worked up she was, and he greatly desired to give her a big "O." So he sped up his efforts. He smacked her ass several more times, in relatively quick succession. But it was only quick in comparison to the first two, because he spent a lot of time between smacks "checking" her arousal, most especially by stimulating her slit and clit every way he knew how.

After the sixth smack, she lost control. She'd been humping back at his hand without a shred of dignity or restraint, when out of the blue she let out a piercing wail. Her entire body trembled as her much-needed orgasm slammed into her. She had to brace herself to some extent, because there wasn't much desk surface on either side of her, and she was afraid of falling to the floor.

He loved the pleasure he was giving her. But he was also eager to cum himself, or at least get close to it. Although his shorts were pulled off, his erection wasn't getting any "action" at all.

Glory remained on all fours on top of her desk, mostly because she didn't have much room to do anything else.

As her gorgeous, fit body continued to heave and pant while orgasmic aftershocks coursed through her over and over again, Alan crawled up on the desk behind her. He knew it was a bit dodgy, but the desk looked to be a solidly built one and he thought it could support them both. He didn't have much room, but he wanted to get his boner involved. He removed his shirt and even his socks, because he got off on the idea of being completely naked on top of his teacher's desk.

He resumed fondling her ass and pussy, to her great delight. But then she stiffened with alarm when she felt him guide his cock up to her inner thighs. She spoke in a highly alarmed voice. "Time out! What do you think you're doing, young man?!"

He said sheepishly, "Just... I thought this looked like fun..."

"Of course it does, but don't think for a SECOND that I'm about to let you fuck me! Get that thought out of your head! I told you that's not possible until we get the nature of our relationship established, if we can do that at all. I've been having the time of my life. Don't ruin it by trying to push too far!"

The idea of fucking her was definitely on his mind, but she objected so strongly and passionately that he lowered his expectations. "Glory, trust me. I definitely am NOT going to do that! I just kind of want to rub it against you in that area. You know me; I'm a nice guy. I don't want to ruin our new relationship before it even gets very far. Please believe me! I will NOT do that to you today. I promise!"

She grumbled, "Maybe those are your intentions, but accidents do happen. It's too dangerous!"

"What if I do this?" Holding his erection up, he rested it up against her ass crack, so the tip was pointing above her. It was well away from her pussy.

"Well... I don't know. Maybe. I suppose we can try it for a minute."

YES! Sweetness! He tried to get back into teacher mode. "Okay, Glory, let's resume your spanking. I'm keeping my dick where it is to, uh..." - he scrambled to come up with even a half-baked excuse - "um, to, uh... to test your resolve. Your, uh, willpower. Okay? Here we go. Brace yourself!"

He resumed his earlier pattern of occasionally smacking her while spending more time fondling her ass and pussy. The only problem was, with his cock nestled in the groove of her ass crack, he was in danger of accidentally smacking himself in a very, very painful way. He tried to avoid that by smacking the outer sides of her ass cheeks, down by the tops of her thighs. That helped some, but still, his boner bounced around after each smack.

After a few more smacks, he admitted defeat and repositioned with his penis below her pussy, as if he was about to dry hump her. That was much better in case of an off-target smack, but it greatly increased the danger of accidentally sliding his cock into her pussy, just as she feared.

Glory realized the likelihood of them fucking, accidentally or not, was increasing by the moment, and she wasn't ready for that. She was alarmed because she found herself ardently wishing that he'd just slip it into her already and give her a solid pounding.

To prevent that from happening before she lost all control, she carefully repositioned on the desk. It wasn't easy, but she managed to turn herself all the way around. Then, still on her knees but with her face in his crotch, she took his cock in hand and fed it into her mouth. She started to suck.

That effectively ended the spanking, since he could no longer reach her ass. It effectively ended the role-play as well, since she was unable to talk. However, neither of them minded one bit. Alan had been worked up to a fever pitch, so he was grateful for the sudden direct attention to his cock.

The only downside was that he was so very aroused that he couldn't hold out once she started sucking. In fact, he lasted only a few minutes, and even that was a near epic struggle. With a loud, wordless cry, he erupted into her hot, greedy mouth.

She sucked him through his orgasm, continuing until he went flaccid. She didn't have another orgasm of her own, but she didn't really crave one since she'd just had an enormous one a few minutes earlier. She managed to savor a lot of his cum on her tongue, but nearly all of it went down her throat before long, leaving her face clean.

Once it was over, the two of them crawled down from the desk and rested against it, side by side. They kissed and cuddled a little, but they were too exhausted to do any more than that.

After they were fully recovered, Glory gave him a mini-lecture about the danger of getting that close to fucking. She reiterated her intention not to fuck as long as they were just "sex friends."

He promised that he would be more careful in the future.

They were both completely sexually satiated and tired, so Alan headed home not long afterwards, once he helped her clean up and cover the smell of sex in her classroom.

Chapter 264 Suzanne Monopolizing Alan ?

Alan went home hopeful that he could take it easy for a while. After what had happened with Glory, he figured he'd take a nap before he even contemplated any more sexual activity.

But Suzanne had other ideas. She knew that she was supposed to play it cool until Susan felt like she'd been punished sufficiently, which was at least until Ron left and possibly longer. Even though the two buxom mothers were getting along great and had had a fine time exercising together that morning, Susan still felt it necessary to punish Suzanne for continually pushing her into highly sexual situations where she often ended up with Alan's erection in her mouth. Susan had decided that her main problem was that she hadn't been tough enough, so now she was trying to take stronger stands all around.

Suzanne didn't like that. She didn't think it was fair that she'd be forced to go days without any Alan fun, after she'd done Susan such a big favor by helping her discover her sexual side and have more orgasms than in the whole of her previous life. So Suzanne decided it wouldn't harm anyone if she could have a little secret fun with Alan when Susan wasn't home. Besides, she wanted to give herself a big reward for how far she'd managed to bring her scheme along in such a remarkably short time.

But when Alan got home, Katherine was already there, hanging out in the living room. Immediately after he came in, Suzanne came over from next door as well. Susan was in the kitchen baking more oatmeal cookies. (That was a sign of love for her, especially since she was determined not to express it in other ways.) Ron was still at work.

Katherine was reading a magazine on a sofa, but she jumped up and ran excitedly to the front door to greet Suzanne, as if her arrival wasn't an everyday occurrence.

"Hi, Aunt Suzy!" she yelled as she ran into Suzanne's arms. The two hugged each other, then kissed. First Katherine kissed one cheek, then the other, and then her lips met Suzanne's. Their mouths opened, and their heads twisted from side to side as they jockeyed for the best position.

Alan thought as he watched, Whoa! That's no mere greeting kiss. They're doing it square on the lips, and with some tongue! They're French kissing? What the fuck?! Whoa!

The kiss wasn't that long, and they both walked into the living room as if such kissing was nothing unusual. Katherine winked at Alan and then went back to her reading. Susan remained in the kitchen without being aware of what had happened.

But Alan was positive he'd never seen his sister and "aunt" kiss on the lips before. What was THAT? Was that a sign of something really sexual? Or are they just being friendly? I hear women sometimes kiss on the lips without it meaning anything. But still. I've never seen them do that with each other before. Hmm... Is this part of "sexing things up" around the house to help me out? Because if it is, it sure is working!

Suzanne had brought her bikini over and said she was in a mood to use the pool. This was very unusual, as she wasn't much of a swimmer and even less of a sunbather due to her very fair skin. When she did swim, she usually used the pool back at her own house.

Alan realized there must be some ulterior motive for her behavior. Since they all knew that Ron wouldn't be home until around dinnertime, he figured she was up to some sexy mischief. Even though he was exhausted and needed a nap, he decided to hang out by the pool for a bit first and see what she would do.

Susan was keen on enforcing her punishment as part of her new "get tough" resolve. She went out to sunbathe with Suzanne so she could keep an eye on things. She was trying not to get into a sexual situation, but she was "forced" to put on a skimpy, sexy bikini of her own in order to compete with the one that Suzanne was wearing.

Katherine, somewhat surprisingly, didn't join them. She wanted to play it cool until Ron left, and she wasn't sure how well she could conceal her incestuous desires from her mother and Suzanne. She felt like there was a big "I fucked my brother!" sign on her face. She was especially worried that Suzanne would figure out what was going on if she spent time watching her interact with her brother, since Suzanne was so perceptive. She hoped Suzanne wouldn't mind if she knew, but she wasn't sure.

Suzanne wanted to make sure that Alan didn't go to his room for a nap. While he was getting himself a drink in the kitchen, she said to him as she opened the sliding door to the back patio, "Sweetie, make sure to meet me out back in a few. There's something we should discuss." Then she quietly removed her

bikini top while standing right in front of him. She gave him a promising wink and then tossed it aside, making clear it wasn't going back on.

He gulped. His penis engorged fully in about two seconds flat.

She noticed the new bulge in his shorts and grinned knowingly. "Hrm. I'm suddenly feeling desirous of a thick sausage. I wonder why that is?" She licked her lips suggestively, then turned and walked away towards the pool, using her trademark exaggerated hip-swaying sexy walk. She knew that would hold his attention, especially given her thong-style bikini.

Alan came out a short time later after taking care of some things in his room.

The two busty mothers appeared to be sleeping on adjacent lounge chairs. Or at least they had their eyes closed behind sunglasses. That gave Alan a great opportunity to gawk at their centerfold-worthy bodies. Dang! Schwing! I'm the luckiest guy on Earth! Major busty MILF babe-age! I love seeing them together like this. They really are like twin sisters from the neck on down.

But as he came up to them, he cast his shadow across Susan's legs. She sensed he was near and sat up.

Suzanne sat up too, but she just grinned like a Cheshire cat.

"Nice bikini, Aunt Suzy," he replied mischievously. "I especially like the top, but the bottoms aren't half bad either." Suzanne still wasn't wearing a top, and the bottoms were more of a G-string than a bikini, which didn't even completely cover her bush. He also noticed and appreciated the lewd way she was sitting, with her legs splayed out wide as if waiting to be fucked. She'd had her legs spread like that when he'd first arrived, when she was lying down, so she'd obviously been trying to get him horny.

Miffed, Susan said, "Tiger, don't pay any attention to Suzanne's bathing suit, and I use the term 'bathing suit' loosely. She's promised me that's she'll wear something else next time."

Then she turned to her friend and said crossly, "Suzanne, I told you this would happen! You're corrupting him!"

"If you don't like the bikini, Susan, I can take it off," Suzanne suggested innocently, making a motion to begin pulling her bikini bottoms all the way off.

"No thanks! That wasn't the solution I had in mind!" Susan replied with greater exasperation. She was particularly frustrated that Alan had eyes only for Suzanne, thanks to the fact that her best friend was topless and she was not. She sat up and thrust her chest out in an attempt to compete, but Alan still seemed more interested in Suzanne and her bouncy bare boobs.

"How many people here vote that I should take it all off?" Suzanne asked, raising her hand.

Alan's hand shot up immediately. They both smiled as they knew they outnumbered Susan two to one.

"How many people vote that I should keep it on?" Suzanne smirked.

Susan raised her hand. But rather than accept the two-to-one result, she complained, "This isn't a democracy! This is my house. I make the rules. I don't even know why I let you come out here with that itty-bitty thing on in the first place. Geez! What about propriety? What if my husband saw you like that?"

"Okay, okay," Suzanne said, lying back down. She knew that she was already in Susan's doghouse, and didn't want to make things worse. Besides, they were only talking about taking off her bikini bottoms; she already had the top off, and that put her ahead of Susan when it came to keeping Alan interested.

Susan, on the other hand, still fumed jealously at how much more attention Alan was giving Suzanne. He's hardly even noticing me! If this keeps up, maybe I should take my top off too. Not that I want to... Grrr! Okay, I totally want to! I get wonderfully tingly whenever he looks at my bouncy boobies. But I'd look like a supreme hypocrite after just chastising Suzanne for taking hers off, plus Angel is wandering around the house somewhere. So I guess I'm stuck. Poo!

But she came up with another idea. While she did keep her bikini top on, she began applying suntan lotion in the most sensual manner she could muster. Sitting up with her chest thrust out, she spent most of her time with her hands on her breasts. She pulled her bikini this way and that, supposedly to get at the pale skin underneath. The process was actually more arousing to watch than if she'd been topless.

Alan just stood there with a raging boner for about two minutes, watching his mother put on a blatantly erotic show for him, as well as sometimes checking out Suzanne. (Suzanne was letting Susan "win" this little competition.) It was dead silent but for the sound of the pool filter motor in the distance.

Eventually, a new thought occurred to Susan. "Anyway, Suzanne, I heard you saying you wanted Alan for something. What did you call him out here for? Just so you could make fun of my more sensible standards of decency?"

That was ironic, given the way Susan continued to "apply lotion" to her big tits, especially since she wasn't even using lotion anymore. She was caressing herself under her top in a blatantly erotic fashion, even pinching her erect nipples at times. She clearly was getting hot and bothered.

Suzanne just teased her gently, "No, Susan, of course not. We can make fun of those anytime." She smiled a wry smile. "And you're right, I certainly do want him for something." She made sure that Susan saw that she was looking at Alan's crotch, then licked her lips.

"Suzanne," Susan chided. "I'm not certain what you mean, exactly, but no doubt it's extremely sexual. So please cut it out."

"Okay, I'll stop. But just so we're clear, I was talking about his penis. Specifically, I was thinking how good it would feel if I stretched my lips around his great thickness and started bobbing with lots of suction. But of course I wouldn't neglect using my tongue or my fingers. Aaaah!"

Susan gave her a cross look. "I'd already figured that out. Sheesh!" Nevertheless, she fidgeted and licked her lips with longing.

Alan kept looking back and forth at the two as Susan and Suzanne talked. Between the way Susan was caressing her breasts and frequently flashing her nipples, and the way Suzanne was preening and posing while bare-chested, his only trouble was that he couldn't look at both of them at the same time. His cock was incredibly hard, making him realize that all the pain and soreness had disappeared.

Neither woman failed to spot the long, penis-shaped bulge in his swimsuit. They were staring at it continually.

Susan bit her lip nervously, which was a clear sign that she was getting very turned on. She complained, "Can we talk about something non-sexual for a change? Please?"

Suzanne sat up in her chair to face Susan directly. "So what makes you think I'd be thinking something sexual? Maybe you're projecting." As she shifted positions, she jiggled her bare tits in an exaggerated fashion, making sure Alan could see them from where he stood. She also sat up in her chair, leaning forward and putting her hands on her knees. Supposedly that was to get even closer to Susan, but actually it was so Alan could have a great look at her nearly naked ass.

Susan knew what Suzanne was doing. "Please! You're going too far. You had something pressing for Alan?"

Suzanne thought to herself, That one's too easy. She couldn't resist the play on words. She continued to stare blatantly at the lewd bulge in Alan's swimsuit. As she wiggled her butt, covered by only a thin string down her ass, she replied, "Actually, I was rather hoping that Sweetie had something pressing for me. Mmmm. Yummy. Looks like he does!"

"Suzanne!" Susan huffed. "That's outrageous!"

"Sorry." She sat back in her chair and became more serious. "But remember that part of our jobs is to keep him hard through visual stimulation."

Susan griped, "Yeah, but you're in my doghouse, and that's a slippery slope. If anyone should be providing visual stimulation, it's me!"

"Fine then. Take off your bikini top and preen and pose like you really are his big-titted mommy slut."

"Maybe I will!" Susan said hotly, both angry and relentlessly horny. Her face was red as she undid her top. She continued to gripe, "I don't know why I'm doing this, though. As if we don't already all know his big, fat co-, er, member, is already quite hard."

"True," Suzanne stated, staring shamelessly at Alan's crotch, just like Susan. "But remember that from a medical assistance point of view, it's not just about him popping wood. That's just the first step, which

usually ends in a spermy facial for you or me. As nurse Akami once put it about his sexual stimulation, 'It's not just the quantity; it's the quality.'"

Susan harrumphed and grumbled a little bit, even as she raised her hands above her head in a sexy pose. In truth, just hearing that quote aroused her greatly. "The things we have to do..." She looked over at her son. "How's this, Tiger?"

"Great, Mom! You're the best mom ever!"

"So you say," she said, sighing with chagrin. Then, still holding that pose, she asked Suzanne, "Now, what's this you wanted to talk to him about? Is it about Brenda?"

"No. I think we're pretty set there. We should talk some before she gets here to make sure we're all on the same page, but I don't think he needs any more training. How do YOU feel about it, Sweetie?"

"I'm good. I'm practically bursting with confidence."

Suzanne moaned sensuously. "Mmmm... Is that what's distending your swimsuit? Is it practically busting with confidence? Or just lots and lots of hot cock-meat?"

Susan complained, "SuzaaaAAAAAaanne!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Sorry. Actually, I brought our family hunk out here to offer him a job."

Suzanne proceeded to tell Alan that her pool-cleaner wasn't coming that week, and that Wednesday was his usual day. She concluded by asking, "Could you clean the pool today instead, Sweetie? It's only a two-hour job, and I'll pay you well. How does \$50 sound?"

"Sounds great!" He was genuinely and pleasantly surprised at the opportunity. Even though his family had quite a lot of money, his mother tried hard not to spoil him, so he actually had very little spending money. He was even forced to work crappy jobs during the summers.

Seeing that Alan wasn't looking her way, Susan reluctantly dropped her arms.

Suzanne said, "Okay, Sweetie, why don't we head on over and I'll show you what to do."

They got up and went to the Pestridge house a few minutes later. Because they used the connecting gate between their backyards, they didn't have to go and change first, although Suzanne did put her top back on.

Susan was flummoxed: not only did Suzanne monopolize much of Alan's attention at the pool, but now she'd taken him away altogether. She'd been enjoying posing topless for him, and now she had to stop.

She was already seriously rethinking her stance against helping him until Ron was gone. That darn boy. I swear, he really does have a problem with that rampant, massive member of his. Perhaps I should consider his suggestion that I help with handjobs until Ron is gone. The only problem is, once I get all those hot, throbbing inches in my hands, I can't stop; I just HAVE to stretch my jaw wide and cram it in! It's a compulsion!

And what'll happen once Ron IS gone?! There will be nothing stopping me then. All heck will break loose. My role as one of his personal cocksuckers will come to the fore, and I'll probably spend most of my free time naked and kneeling, slurping and sucking and licking and choking and gagging on his magnificent cock! I can't wait!

Chapter 265 Dangerous Teasing

About the only times that Alan had been to Suzanne's pool area was when there were dinners there involving both families, or when he passed through it on the way to use the Pestridges' tennis court, which was out back and on a lower level, away from both the house and the pool. The Plummer house was the social place to be, which meant the Plummer pool got much, much more use (even though it didn't have a hot tub and the Pestridge one did).

The gate in the fences between their houses was also little used. Amy went through it often, but she was the only one. Suzanne usually felt it was more dignified to come and go through front doors, and Brad and Eric almost never came over any more.

Suzanne and Alan walked in silence.

Suzanne had a big smile on her face as she walked hand in hand with him. She thought, Like taking candy from a baby. It's so easy to manipulate Susan, and of course I can do whatever I want with my Sweetie. I've never unleashed my full manipulative powers on her, since she is my best friend and a very moral person. But doing this is an exception, because it's what she really wants deep down. She's loving life! But I'm loving life even more these days. I might just go all the way with my Sweetie today, hee-hee-hee.

Not that I would, actually. The time isn't ripe, 'cos once I get started I'm gonna need it all the time, and Susan wouldn't be ready to hear about that. But I could if I wanted to. Everything is so close. It's all coming together!

She went into her house for a minute while she kept him waiting by the side of her pool. She wanted to double-check that no one else was home or would be back soon. After calling Eric on the phone and talking to him briefly, she walked back outside.

Standing next to Alan by the side of the pool, she took her bikini top off again, then revealed her real purpose. "Time to show you what to do, Mr. Pool Boy. There's not much to the job, actually."

He had a hard time paying attention to what she was saying because he was overcome by lust. Nevertheless, he stood there and waited for his orders.

She stood proudly before him, posing for him with her hands on her hips. One hand casually tugged at her minuscule bikini bottoms, pulling them to the side so he could see most of her bush.

He gushed enthusiastically, "Aunt Suzy, have I ever told you that you're a goddess?"

She laughed. "Yes, but not yet today, unfortunately."

"I'll have to make a daily habit of it then, because you are perfection."

"I could think of worse daily habits, like smoking."

They were both all smiles, and Suzanne was particularly happy at the compliment.

But she then complained, "I'm not perfection. What about my blue veins?" She ran her hands over her exposed boobs, tracing some barely visible veins with her fingers. "Or how about the crow's feet around my eyes?"

He responded sincerely, "Every single thing about you is so sexy that the phrase 'bust a nut' is a literal worry for me. Just seeing you touch your boobs at any time," - she responded by doing just that - "it's like my cum is going to swell up and erupt from my dick."

She took her hand away with an exaggerated look of concern, like she could actually ruin his penis by touching herself there.

He smiled at her humor. "I love everything about you, inside and out. I even love your imperfections, because they're a part of the you that I've known and loved since I was a baby. Besides, your face doesn't look old at all; it looks sexy, experienced, and knowing."

She unconsciously licked her lips as she imagined an endless stream of cum flowing out of his dick like water flowing out of a garden hose. Damn, he's a charmer! This is why I love him! But she merely said, "You know how to make this ancient, ugly hag feel great."

"Hag?! Ancient?! UGLY?! Are you totally insane?! I take offense at all that. You're not allowed to call yourself such horrible names. I won't let you."

"My hero." She locked arms with him and clung to him tightly. Naturally, she took the opportunity to rub her nearly naked body up and down his muscular one. "But you're distracting me. I still haven't told you your job, Mr. Pool Boy. The first thing you have to do is get naked."

"Hmmm. That sounds interesting." He joked, "I will if you will."

She made a mock sigh. "If that's what it takes to get you to follow orders, then very well. As if I'm in danger of being overdressed as it is! But since you insist, let's do it both at once." Her hands went to her waist so she could remove the bikini bottoms, the only thing she still wore.

"Hey, wait a minute." He was enjoying this. "Are you sure this is legal? I say we have another vote on taking it off, now that we're in a different legal jurisdiction."

She laughed heartily. "Sure. All in favor of Suzanne and her Sweetie getting naked and naughty, raise their hands."

Suzanne and Alan raised both hands each, so four hands were in the air.

"All in favor of Susan's stupid, fuddy-duddy rules and keeping their clothes on, raise their hands." After a suitable pause with no hands to be seen, Suzanne said, "The motion carries, four to zero."

Alan pushed his shorts down to his ankles, revealing a proud erection.

But Suzanne waited with her bikini bottoms. Instead, she said, "Sweetie, I'll give you the honor of taking these off, but remember, we have to obey some rules, even without Susan here. Don't do anything unless I give the okay first, okay?" bender

"Okay." He could scarcely believe his luck. Taking advantage of the fact that he was naked, he stood right next to her and took his time taking her bikini bottoms off. Not only did he seize the opportunity to explore her crotch and butt as much as he thought he could get away with, but he also let his exposed erection rub up against her creamy, pale skin. Since the two of them were nearly the same height, it poked close to some dangerous areas.

"Hey, Sweetie, who gave you permission to do that?" she finally asked. She wasn't going to complain until she felt his cock rubbing up against her inner thigh, putting it within six inches of her slit. It left a little smear of pre-cum.

He was all smiles. "Do what? Take off your suit? You did."

"Don't play dumb. I'm talking about something hard and long rubbing against me."

He continued to rub his boner up and down her inner thigh as he took off her bikini with the speed of a snail. "Oh, you mean this?" He grabbed his erection with one hand and directed it even closer to her slit.

When she didn't say or do anything, he continued, "Technically, everything I'm doing here is part of taking off your bikini. You know I've always been one to take advantage of legal loopholes." He slid his stiffness between her legs, so it was rubbing the outside of her crotch. Then he began subtly dry humping her.

"All right, smart-ass, finish taking the damn thong off me already. I'm not worried about loopholes; it's you taking advantage of just plain holes that worries me more. What if your mother saw us like this? Mmmm!" In fact, she loved what he was doing, but she hoped to discourage him just enough so that he'd merely keep doing that and not get any bolder.

She moaned in pure delight, which undercut her admonishment. The pre-cum from his cock was now mixing with the dribble of fluid coming from her cunt, and she realized how easy it would be to allow him to slide forward just a little bit more. I love you so much, Sweetie! I won't be truly happy until you're balls-deep in me, pounding me hard with your big cock! But not today. So damn close, but not today!

Once the bikini bottoms were down below her knees and finally freed from one leg altogether, she lay back down on her lounge chair. They were getting too close to actual fucking for her to feel comfortable. She'd assumed that he would stop then, but he didn't.

He continued to hold her bikini bottoms in one hand as he brought them down her left ankle at a glacial pace. With Suzanne lying down, he began to rub his erection right on top of her clit.

Suzanne knew they were getting in extremely dangerous waters now. But she loved it so much that she found herself opening her legs wider and wider. Before long, she was completely splayed out and he loomed over her with his hard-on in the ideal position to begin fucking.

This is what I need! Sweetie, once I let you in there, I'm never gonna let you out! But please don't rub against my clit like that. That's my magic button that opens my legs wide. You keep doing that, and in another minute you'll have all eight inches inside me. Susan and her rules and punishments and prudishness can go hang! Ugh! God!

Alan was positively euphoric - he felt confident that he would finally get to fuck Suzanne, now that they were safely alone and their bodies were lined up just right. His heart was pounding wildly. The situation was exciting enough already, but the thrill skyrocketed as he grew increasingly certain that they were going to fuck.

He continued to slide his hardness back and forth over her clit and labia, hoping that would drive the last of her resistance away. He let go of her bikini bottoms completely so that he could concentrate fully on sexual pleasure, although they still dangled around her ankle.

She felt incredibly tempted to let him go, but worries about Susan held her back. She imagined the kind of blowup that would follow if Susan heard her screaming "Fuck me harder!" from over their backyard fence. It was a solid, high fence so one couldn't see from one backyard to another unless one went through the gate, but of course it provided little impediment to sound.

So finally she said, "Naughty, naughty. This is why my parents always warned me about lawyers. They always take advantage. Stop that this instant, or someone is going to be in trouble, and I'm not sure if it's gonna be you or me. I'm serious."

However, she added to herself, Or, just stick it in! Show me what a MAN you are! Don't take no for an answer! Take ME! In truth, she would have easily given in if he had been more aggressive.

He stopped, since he didn't know how conflicted she really felt. He'd been aggressive because she was so obviously enjoying all he did, but he also always obeyed when he was told to stop. She was like a second mother to him, and he greatly valued her happiness, love and respect. Yet he didn't remove his erection from its position right on top of her bush, clitoris, and slit. His hot, needy thickness kept throbbing against her most sensitive areas.

Minutes passed as they remained in that exciting and dangerous position.

She was dizzy with the possibilities. Phew! That was too close! If he only knew how willingly I'd spread my legs for him, if he would just show a little backbone. But the danger's not over. As long as his boner is in such a tempting spot, this is touch and go! I really have to insist, before he does something we'll both love! If only Susan wasn't so close!

But just as Susan's breasts were her weakness, Suzanne's was her clit and cunt. She knew she'd give in soon, and she couldn't imagine getting fucked by Alan for the first time and not screaming in ecstasy to the high heavens. Then they'd get in big trouble with Susan, who was just over the fence. The progress she'd made breaking down Susan's willpower could go down the drain. So she finally forced herself to add, "Again, Mr. Letter-of-the-law, the implication in the stop command is that you actually take your penis away, like I told you to before."

"Oops! I was going for the literal interpretation of your most recent command." Inwardly he was deeply disappointed that his ploy hadn't worked, but he tried not to let it show. He'd gotten used to cumming many times a day. But, mostly due to his lingering soreness, he had only cum once so far that day, so the overwhelming desire to cum was making him unusually aggressive.

"I know you were. Now remove it already! You've dropped my thong, so fun time is over."

She thought, I definitely appreciate his boldness. This is just the kind of thing I'd normally love to encourage. If anything, I want him MORE aggressive. I can only imagine how great life will be when my Sweetie is roughly grabbing me and surprising me with random fucks all day long. But unfortunately, there's no way I can risk full-on fucking at this point unless I'm sure Susan isn't home, and I'm pretty sure she still IS home, and in the back yard to boot. She might hear if either one of us cries out, even if she's inside her house. I'd probably get so excited that I really would scream that loudly!

He reluctantly moved so his crotch was no longer pressed against hers. But he said, "Au contraire. The fun is not done. I'm not finished stripping you. I was just resting." He took hold of her bikini bottoms again and resumed pulling them down the ankle they had been resting on.

She chuckled, despite herself. "'Just resting?'" That's rich. You really are a sneaky one, you know that?"

He still delayed as much as possible. He had mere inches to go before the bikini bottoms went around her heel, but he had no intention to get to that point any time soon. Instead, he continued to hold them in place while he rubbed his erect dick all up and down her pale left leg.

She eventually had to laugh at his arousing stubbornness. "Is there some kind of holdup?" she asked, half hoping that he'd stop and half hoping that he wouldn't. She was right on the edge of a climax, and wondered how long she could hang in that delightful state.

"Yes. You're so sexy that I think it's fried my brain. I seem incapable of doing anything but rubbing my dick against your skin, for some strange reason." He kept on having fun running his hands and boner all over her legs.

Chapter 266 This Is A Preview Of The Future!

Eventually, she said, "Okay, stud, enough of that. Remember that you're here for a job? I think it's time to start." She kicked her bikini bottoms the rest of the way off, since by this time they were dangling from her toes.

"Now?" he whined. "But I was having so much fun."

She said, "Trust me. I know you'll like this."

He stood, reluctantly, and began to walk away from her even more reluctantly.

"Hey. Where do you think you're going? I said I have a job for you, and it's over here. Believe you me, you're going to find it plenty of fun." She got off her lounge chair and fell to her knees a few feet away from him.

"What do I have to do?" he asked, slow on the uptake for once.

"All you have to do is stand up. Right here in front of me."

He stood. A smile slowly spread across his face as he saw Suzanne get on her knees before him, toss her hair in a very alluring manner, and beckon him near. Wow! Out of the frying pan, into the fire! But what's the positive, orgasmic version of that saying? Out of Playboy, into Penthouse? Or vice versa?

She shot him one of her intense "come hither" looks. "So here's what you have to do: your Aunt Suzy needs you to make a big deposit of cum right down her throat. You think you can do that?"

He asked, "This is my job? The one you're paying me \$50 for?"

"It's part of it."

"Wow! I'm a gigolo now! Sweetness."

She laughed. "Yeah, right. Hey stud, my tongue is getting lonely over here, and my lips are feeling slippery and need something to slide on. Can you do it or what?"

He walked right up to her, all smiles. "I think I can try."

"Smart kid. But remember: we have to be quiet. We don't want your mom to know what we're up to. So no loud moans or screams. Okay?"

He nodded eagerly.

She cradled his erection with both hands and licked at the tip. Yum! I must have said "big cock" to Susan a thousand times in the last week alone, but it's true. This is a really nice one. A big fat cock! Lucky, lucky me, because I fell in love with him before I knew just what he was packing.

Alan had been lost in thinking about nothing but the possibility of fucking Suzanne, but for some reason her words made him think seriously about where he was and what they were starting to do. He realized they did need to be careful. He lowered his voice. "Okay, sure. But I thought you told me recently that your house was completely off limits for this kind of thing. What about your husband? Or Brad?" His cock twitched with extra excitement at the reminder that she was a married woman.

She stopped licking long enough to answer, "I noticed you didn't mention Amy? You don't mind if she sees us? You naughty boy!" She licked a bit more, completely circling her way around the crown, just below his glans. Then she laughed as she thought out loud, "And good thing you remembered that now. As if they wouldn't mind you rubbing your cock on my clit, but they'd draw the line at cocksucking!"

"Hmmm. Good point," he chuckled.

"Anyway, those two are out. I surprised Brad with a new fishing pole this morning, virtually guaranteeing that he and his dad would go off for and fish all afternoon. They took the bait, so to speak." She couldn't help grinning from her pun, even as she attended to his dick: <slurp, slurp> "They're crazy about playing with their fishing poles, but the pole I've got here is a lot more fun." <Slurp, slurp>

She squeezed his cock to make sure he caught her meaning. Then she slurped and licked some more. "I even called Eric a little while ago just to" - <slurp> - "just to make sure they're still safely far away."

Alan thought she was done talking because she suddenly took his entire cockhead in her mouth and began working it. Her extra-long tongue could do insanely arousing things that normal tongues simply could not, and one such technique was that she could draw circles around the crown - the base of his cockhead - while it was all the way in her mouth. It was one of her very special tricks.

But just as she was really getting into it, she popped it back out of her mouth to say between more licks, "Then there's Amy. She and Angel went to the beach for the afternoon. So we've got the whole house to ourselves. All you have to do is make sure to keep your voice down. I'm not too worried unless Susan goes out back, and she rarely goes there by herself. It's a bit risky, I know, but I just can't resist you today!"

She ran her long tongue all the way from the top of his erection down to the base of his balls and back again. She liked that his privates were mostly hairless, except for one small, thick tuft of dark pubic hair. That was well above his balls, so it never interfered with her licking or sucking. It was almost as if he'd shaved his genitals, though she knew that he hadn't.

He was feeling in a teasing mood. "So, this is what the regular pool boy does every week? Not bad work! How much does this job pay, again?" He lovingly ran his hands through her lush, curly, reddish-brown hair.

"In his dreams. Sweetie, you're the only one for me. I hope you know that. I'm insulted if you think your cock isn't all the cock I'll ever need. And more importantly, that you're not all the man I need. However, having you do this every Wednesday ain't such a bad idea. I'll have to see if Susan will go for it."

She kept sucking.

Naturally he loved what she was doing. His only regret was that he was standing up. He was so overwhelmed that he was learning just what "you make me weak in the knees" meant. He clutched at her head, mostly to help prop himself up.

It took her only a minute or two to bring him to the verge. "Are you ready?" she asked as she sensed his balls tightening.

"Ready, my ivory Amazon goddess!" he replied excitedly.

She sucked him again until he began spurting his cum. She kept guzzling his seed until he was just about done, while at the same time frigging her clit until she had a nice climax of her own. Then, completely surprising him, she pushed him backwards.

He staggered around, trying to regain his balance, but they were right on the edge of the pool and he had nowhere to go. The fact that his shorts were still tangled around one of his feet didn't help. He fell backwards, splashing into the pool.

He came to the surface and gasped for breath as he spit water out of his mouth. He had been taken completely unaware. "What the hell did you do that for?" he finally asked.

She laughed heartily. "No reason, except that it was fun. But looks like you'll have to be naked for a little while now."

He looked down at his soaked T-shirt and his shorts floating nearby. "Awww, shucks," he joked. He didn't exactly mind that prospect.

She said slyly, "I think maybe I'll get my book and hang around the pool today. Just to enjoy the view."

He pulled himself out of the pool as she said this and stood before her.

"You look delish. Your muscles are definitely developing."

"Very funny stunt, Aunt Suzy. I'm not laughing."

"Come on. You're smiling at least," which was true.

Suzanne was having trouble stopping her chuckling over the incident. She was having the time of her life and hoped this was just the first of many such afternoons they would spend naked together.

She went to sit down on her lounge chair. "Now, as for your real job..."

But when she began to explain he jumped on top of her, before she could even sit in the chair. That took her by complete surprise. Since he was wet, fresh from the pool, and she was dry, she let out a loud squeal when his wet body enveloped hers. He wasn't particularly thinking about sex; he was trusting Suzanne to set the pace with that. He just wanted to have fun and see what developed, so he launched a full-on tickle attack.

Within seconds, Suzanne was screaming and laughing with delight (but not too loudly), while at the same time begging for mercy. But he kept on, so she tickled back. Tickling soon gave way to caressing and hugging, and then French kissing.

Alan was hard again by this time, with his erection pressing urgently into her thigh, so he rubbed it up and down her soft skin.

Suzanne loved it but realized that they were still in the same situation as before: with Susan next door it was still too dangerous. She knew she had to get him to back off or they'd be fucking in earnest before very long. "Down, boy," she said as she gently but insistently pushed him away.

He backed off reluctantly, moving to the chair next to hers, where he sat facing her. His rigid rod stuck straight up, swaying lightly with every movement he made.

She looked at it and teased, "It doesn't look like you have any 'shyness with women' problem anymore!"

Then she became relatively serious. "All right, here's the plan. Remember your job? The bad news is, you actually do have to clean the pool. Otherwise, if your mother were to come over and notice the pool

was still dirty, she would grow suspicious. I still plan to pay you, but I'd like to reward you in another way too. Do a little work, then I'll suck you off. Do some more work, you'll get some more cocksucking. Repeat until the pool is clean or you can't get it up anymore, preferably the latter."

She gave him a saucy look, then continued, "I noticed that you didn't add any checkmarks to the chart in your room today, and we know that Susan refuses to help. Like they used to say in the old Mission Impossible TV series, 'Your challenge, Ms. Phelps, if you choose to accept it, is to tease at least six orgasms out of Alan Plummer before the day is over.' Does that sound like a good way to spend the afternoon?"

"Hell yeah! But I don't think it's humanly possible to shoot six times in one afternoon." His grin grew wider as he added, "But I sure don't mind trying, though."

"What doesn't kill you will make you stronger."

He liked that. "But now that you're here with me, why not just stay naked and do all kinds of nasty things together all day long, like we voted to do earlier? Why just cocksucking?"

"It's called plausible deniability. And anyway, I may bend your mom's rules a little - okay, a lot - but she'd kill me if we actually fucked, so don't even think about that. Not now. Not today."

"Well, what about if I eat you out? I'd really like to do that."

She replied harshly, "Don't test me!" Realizing he might misunderstand, she clarified, "I would like that TOO much."

"And that's a bad thing?!"

"Yes." She said that in a way that ended the discussion. Her thinking was that once he started doing that, she'd get so horny that he'd be fucking her before long. But she didn't want to tell him that for fear he'd put that information to use.

So he spent most of the time raking leaves out of her pool, while she appeared to read her book, though she spent a good bit of time ogling what she called to herself: "Sweetie's cutie patootie." She pulled her lounge chair right up to the edge of the pool to get the best view that she could.

Alan's shorts and shirt were left in the sun to dry, leaving him as naked as Suzanne.

Half an hour later, she asked him to cover her with more suntan lotion. (She'd carefully covered herself with lotion earlier in the day, when she was with Susan. She needed to, given the fairness of her skin.)

That request quickly led to Alan's erection wandering all over her body. He even had the cheek to write "I love you" on her back, using his prick as the pen. He tried to leave a trail of pre-cum to serve as the ink, but that didn't work so well since there just wasn't enough of it to get a steady flow.

However, she figured out by feel what he must be writing, so she said, "I love you too!"

They both laughed at that.

Then she told him assertively, but not harshly, "Cute, but cut out the funny business. And don't make me laugh so hard. Your mom might hear us and get nosy."bender

She thought, And I thought the day couldn't get any better. He really loves me! I knew he does, but I love it so much every time he says it. This is just like we're boyfriend and girlfriend. I feel so young, so carefree; it's like I'm a teenager again! Seducing him was the smartest thing I've ever done.

She turned over and grabbed his erection. "I'm looking for a pen to write a response," she said. "But my problem with pens is that I have to suck on them while I'm trying to think of what to write."

That led to another long cocksucking session, during which she occasionally fingered herself. But she seemed unwilling to go any further, not even letting him go down on her.

Alan was consoled that she allowed him to rub his hands over her oily, coconut-scented body while she pleased him. She hadn't let him do that as much as he wanted before.

However, Suzanne's "rules" said that her pussy was off limits, so he kept his fingers from that area. That was unfortunate for him, because had he only fingerfucked her for a minute or so, he would have found her pulling his boner into her hot pussy a short time later. But that's why that area was off limits to him in the first place, because she couldn't trust her self-control if he touched her there.

Eventually, after he had a great orgasm, she returned to reading her book and he returned to cleaning the pool. But they joked and teased and tickled and kissed each other so much that neither made much progress.

Then there was the problem of her fair skin. She kept needing him to apply suntan lotion to her, all over. That usually progressed to at least a handjob before he finished and returned to his pool work.

At one point, she thought, This is a preview of the future! Soon this will be our lives every day, just hanging out and having sexy fun, except with fucking and cunnilingus too. And Susan and Angel will be tanning in the nude here with me. Tiger will be our "boy toy," keeping our pussies eternally engorged and sore due to getting fucked so much!

Just when his clothes got reasonably dry and he was going to put them back on, she "accidentally" dropped them into the pool, but by then he didn't mind. At first, he found being nude in a somewhat-unfamiliar outdoor environment to be humiliating, but as the day went on he began to quite enjoy it. Knowing that her eyes were on him kept him nearly constantly hard, which was only fair, since she was as naked as he was.

Soon he noticed that she had more or less given up on the book, instead spending most of her time watching him while her hands played with her pussy. Apparently her hands got tired or she wanted more stimulation, because after a while she went into the house and came back with a small vibrator. He watched in fascination as she stuffed it into her cunt. It was quite small and disappeared completely inside her.

He never would have suspected its presence if he hadn't watched its insertion, though the way she continued to squirm around in her lounge chair and play with her nipples certainly implied that something was turning her on.

It was truly remarkable that any pool cleaning occurred at all, but, ever so slowly, he managed to make at least some progress on the job.

During another break in their sexual play, after he had another orgasm and while he was actually working on the pool, she asked him from her lounge chair, "By the way, I've been meaning to ask: what exactly happened between you and your mom yesterday, with the abnormality check? I tried to get her to talk about it this morning, but she wouldn't say a word, so I figured it must have been pretty special."

In fact, Susan had described it in great detail during their morning exercises, but for once Susan hadn't gotten all horny recounting it because she'd been trying hard to be "good" while Ron was still in town. But Suzanne wanted to hear Alan's version, since she was certain that Susan had not told all.

"Oh, it was." Alan proceeded to tell about his repeated difficulties in getting aroused, and his mother's increasing and near-desperate urge to help that led to the great blowjobs that she finally gave him.

They both naturally became increasingly turned on as he talked. Before he got very far into the story, he found himself sitting next to her while her hand stroked his hard-on.

When he started a detailed description of his mother's first Tuesday blowjob, Suzanne responded, "You mean like this?" and started sucking his cock yet again.

He didn't get to hear her reaction to what Susan had done, as she was too busy sucking by that point. His story trailed off as he became fully focused on what she was doing, even though it had only been half an hour since her previous blowjob.

In an ideal world, Suzanne would have been happy to have his cock in her mouth nearly all day long, every day, assuming that it couldn't be in her cunt. On this day she was getting pretty close to that ideal.

Between her infectious enthusiasm and her near-constant cocksucking, Alan was having a tremendous day as well. The only real limit to their sex play was how quickly he could get hard again. That was the only time when any pool cleaning got done, while he was recuperating.

As Alan again neared climax for what would be the fourth time since he'd started his "pool work", Suzanne's cell phone, which was lying on a nearby table, began ringing. It switched over to take a voice message after a few rings, but then it rang all over again. And again. "Damn, I should have left that thing inside," she said, before returning to slurping on his prick.

Chapter 267 Suzanne, You Traitor!

When the phone rang again, she decided that she just couldn't ignore it any longer. She crawled a few feet across the patio to get it. "Sorry, Sweetie. Hold on a sec. It might be an emergency." She sat down on the pool deck and picked up the phone.

He walked over after her, coming up from behind, and began fondling her tits even as he rubbed his boner along her back. He licked at her shoulder blades, loving her sweaty, salty taste.

It rang again and she finally managed to answer: "Hello?"

"Suzanne, you traitor, you..." It was a very angry Susan.

"What's wrong?!"

"You know damn well what's wrong, you, you, you... you backstabber... you deceiver! You're mocking me AND my rules! Alan's 'cleaning job' was just a thin excuse for you to suck his cock all day long!"

Both Suzanne and Alan looked around. (Alan could hear Susan's voice quite well since she was shouting into the phone.) They half expected to see her somewhere, perhaps leaning over the fence, but they couldn't see any sign of her.

Suzanne was too stunned to answer. She knew that Susan very, very rarely got angry, but when she did it was truly frightening.

"Answer me!" Susan finally yelled. "Or are you still too busy sucking his cock to speak?"

Suzanne turned around and pushed Alan away. She was actually relieved by that last question, because it meant Susan wasn't currently looking at them from somewhere across the fence.

"I think maybe we need to talk about this," Suzanne eventually said in a quiet voice, in an attempt to get Susan to calm down.bender

"Damn right we should! You two get your sorry asses over to my house right now! You... you... fucking cocksucker!" The phone clicked dead.

"I think we're busted," said a worried Suzanne. "I've never heard her so mad!" She was particularly shocked to hear Susan use the word "fucking" in anger, since Susan hardly ever cursed at all, and never used that word when she did.

She began putting her tiny bikini back on. "Pick up your wet clothes. We have to go and face her wrath." At the last minute, as she was walking away, she remembered to take the small vibrator out of her cunt. She walked with her arms crossed over her immense breasts.

Alan didn't know what to say. He felt terrible for having being caught disobeying his mother, so hung his head low.

They walked through the gate that formed the only break in the tall wooden fence between their houses. There were a large number of trees and bushes on both sides of the fence. Because her pool wasn't visible from the gate, Suzanne had thought that there was no way they could be seen. She knew that they hadn't made too much noise, so she wondered how they'd been discovered.

A livid Susan met them on the other side of the gate. She stood in a robe that would have covered her up well enough if she had arranged it carefully. But as she began yelling and pointing her finger at Suzanne, the robe opened wide up top, so that it was held closed only by the sash at her waist.

"Suzanne, I'm so hurt! I'm beyond words! I ask you to keep it cool for two days until Ron has gone. TWO whole days! Is that so much to ask?! But noooOOOOooooOOOOoooo!"

Alan found it exceedingly difficult not to get horny from staring at his mother's massive mammaries as they bounced around. For some reason, her rare display of anger was turning him on even more. He wondered about that, concluding that perhaps it was because she was displaying an unusual amount of passion.

Jesus H. Christ! he thought. My mother was built for lots of fucking. That's all there is to it. How could making love to that body possibly be wrong?

Her anger turned to shock when she saw Alan. He was naked except for the wet shirt and shorts in his hands, which he held out in front of his crotch to provide some coverage.

"Look at you two!" she yelled. "With the clothing you're wearing, I just might be able to cover a postage stamp!"

It was true that Suzanne's bikini bottoms were about as small as they come, and she didn't even have her bikini top with her. But Susan's diatribe about covering up would have seemed more convincing if her own huge, exposed tits hadn't been bouncing around so much, gyrating with every word. At some deep level she undoubtedly was aware of what she was showing, and at that level she wasn't going to lose a chance to compete with Suzanne for Alan's attention. But at a conscious level she was truly unaware of how much she was flaunting, because she'd lately become so accustomed to being naked.

Then she turned her wrath on her son. "Alan Evan Plummer!"

He gulped. He knew it was always bad news when she used his full name.

"What on Earth do you think you're doing, traipsing and gallivanting around outside completely naked? What if someone were to see you? God, your father might be home any time. Or Eric or Brad or the girls might see you. Go to your room. I'll deal with you later!"

Alan knew when to get lost, so he took off like a rabbit. As he ran into the house, he heard Susan yell at Suzanne, "Just what the hell did you do to him all alone over there? Now you can see why I turned down your offer to be alone with him outside our house!"

As soon as he was gone, Suzanne held her hands up in a surrender gesture. "Susan, please! You're right to be angry! I screwed up!"

"Damn right you did! I'm so mad, I'm about to burst!"

"Wait! Before you explode, let me just say one thing: I plead temporary insanity!" That curious statement bought her a little more time, letting her explain: "I didn't mean to be so bad, I really didn't! But Sweetie showered me with all kinds of genuine compliments! My resistance and willpower just went out the window!"

Susan said in a suddenly quiet voice, "What did he say?" She could easily relate to losing control after hearing her son lavish compliments on her.

Chills ran down Suzanne's spine. She'd known Susan for twenty years, but had only seen her truly angry like this a handful of times. She knew from those times that when an angry Susan dropped her voice like that, it usually signified a calm before an even more furious storm.

Suzanne dropped to her knees, striking a completely penitent and defeated position. She knew Susan would never get physically violent, but words ultimately could hurt more than punches. Suzanne's only defense was the truth. "He said... he said... he really loves me!"

"What?!" Susan had no doubts that Alan loved Suzanne, but certain formalities of distance had been established because Suzanne wasn't a Plummer and she didn't want to threaten Susan's role as Alan's mother. Suzanne had been reticent about directly telling her own loved ones just how much she loved them. (Ironically, given what a wonderful, beautiful and confident person Suzanne was, she had a great fear of rejection when it came to love, which was perhaps one reason her previous affairs had all been short-lived.) Susan knew that if Alan actually had said those words, and she had no reason to doubt Suzanne about that, it would have been truly unprecedented.

"Well, not in so many words," Suzanne admitted. "But when I complained about some little signs on my body that I'm growing older, he said, and I quote, 'I love everything about you, inside and out. I even love your imperfections, because they're a part of the you that I've known and loved since I was a baby.'"

That gave Susan pause. "Really? He said that?" She was touched, wishing that he'd say something like that to her.

"He did! And that's not all! He said many other really genuine, kind things as well! How could I not turn into a big puddle of goo? He's my Sweetie, and I love him!" For her to openly confess her love for him like that was also unprecedented, even just to Susan.

Most of Susan's anger dissipated like a rapidly deflating balloon. She was still highly annoyed, but her flash of white-hot anger had passed, thanks to all this heartfelt talk of love. With her arms folded under her exposed, massive rack, she stared down at Suzanne with a hostile scowl on her face. But she asked thoughtfully, "He really did say that?"

"He did. I mean, what if he said something like that to you? How could you NOT drop to your knees and suck his big fat cock like your life depended on it? Kissing just isn't enough!"

There was another long pause. Then Susan conceded, "I see what you mean. He does tend to sweep a woman off her feet and down to her knees, doesn't he? He's just so genuine when he says something like that; you know he means it to the bottom of his soul. If he said that kind of stuff to me, I probably wouldn't be able to stop sucking his fat cock until every last one of his millions of spermies was in my tummy." Her pussy tingled as she pondered that happening.

Suzanne noted, "Yeah, I don't think he even realized how important his words were to me. He was just shooting from the hip, saying what he really felt. But that's not all! Later, he wrote 'I love you' on my back! And I told him 'I love you too!' Today was a real breakthrough day for me. For us!"

Susan nodded thoughtfully at first. "But wait a minute. He wrote on you? With what?"

Suzanne was seriously embarrassed, but explained honestly, "Uh, actually, he used his fat erection like a pen. He was trying to write with his pre-cum, but I got the message more from feeling the shapes he was making."

Susan's jaw dropped. Unconsciously, she mouthed the words, "So hot!" I wish he'd do that to me! Tiger, you can write all over me! Use your fat cock to write "I love you" right across my big tits!

But then her tone grew harsher. "I see. And I'm glad of that, at least. However, that doesn't get you completely off the hook! Sure, I could excuse a nice long cocksuck if he wooed you and wowed you like that. But I've been thinking about it, and I'll bet you were planning on sneaking him over there so you could suck his cock anyway!"

Suzanne stood up, but kept her head bent forward penitently. "You've got me there. You're right. But again, can you really blame me? Imagine you got to spend all afternoon with your cutie Tiger, with both

of you completely naked. How many minutes would it take before you were on your knees with his magnificent cock halfway down your throat?"

Susan thought about that, but replied testily, "True, but that's not the point! You're changing the topic. The point is, you tricked me by sneaking off to be alone with him! Pool cleaning, my ass. That was just a thin excuse. Why didn't I see it before? Suzanne, I trusted you! I'd trust you with my life! How could you do this to me?"

That made Suzanne feel really terrible, even worse than before when Susan had been absolutely livid. She knew the trust they shared was a very special thing that needed to be protected, and her six-times-a-day scheme was the first time in many years that she'd really violated it.

She confessed, "You're right. I'm so, so sorry! All I can say in my defense is that I thought Sweetie really needed some special assistance. And who was going to help him today, if not me? You took yourself out of the running, and you said I couldn't even give him a handjob. What was supposed to happen when he got erect? Would you rather that he spent the afternoon masturbating in his room, committing the sin of Onan?"

"Well, no," Susan confessed. "But still, don't make yourself out to be a saint. Your motives were selfish! You just wanted to guzzle down a couple of nice thick loads of his yummy sperm!"

"Guilty as charged. But I can be altruistic and selfish at the same time, at least in this case. That's the beauty of his special medical condition: we get joy from helping him out. Everybody wins."

"Yes, but what about Ron?!"

"What about the fact that Alan hadn't cum a SINGLE time today, so far? Do you want him to completely ruin his average, and have blue balls as well? I had to help out!"

"Maybe so. But you went too far; you blatantly lied to me!"

They continued to argue like that for a few minutes. But it wasn't so tense anymore, because Susan's fury had passed. Still, Suzanne knew Susan would remember this incident for a long time to come, and that made her very sad.

Chapter 268 Like Candy From A Baby, Again!

They went back into the Plummer house and continued to talk there. (Ron wasn't expected home until much later, so they weren't worried about him walking in on them.) Susan continued to wear her robe very loosely, even though Alan wasn't there.

After a while, they came around to the issue of punishment. Initially, Susan was going to punish both Alan and Suzanne. But Suzanne eventually convinced her that it would have been completely unreasonable for any boy Alan's age to resist Suzanne's ample charms, especially given his need to cum at least six times each and every day. Besides, Susan had such a powerful lust for her son, it was hard for her to stay mad at him. So Suzanne took the fall and ended up being the only one who got a real punishment.

Normally, Susan wouldn't have felt right punishing someone she wasn't actually related to, but Suzanne was so much like family that she went ahead and said to her, "Here's your punishment. First, you're not allowed to pleasure Alan in any way, period!"

"What?! No! That's too cruel!"

"Listen. I'm not done. The caveat is, unless I give my express permission first. And I'm keeping that restriction until further notice. I'm not going to be handing out permission to you willy nilly, either. For starters, don't even THINK about asking me until Ron's gone."

"But how will Sweetie get by?" Suzanne asked plaintively. "What about his relentless daily schedule?"

Susan replied hotly, "You let me worry about that! Thanks to your irresponsibility, I just may be forced to take matters into my own hands more often, so to speak. In fact, probably my hands and mouth." She blushed a little. "Not that I really want to, mind you, but you leave me little choice!"

Suzanne had a hard time keeping a straight face at that, but she knew this was not the time to say something snarky. She found it interesting that Susan appeared to be completely sincere in thinking she was being "forced" to give Alan such help. But she thought, If Susan needs excuses like that to cling to so

she doesn't have to feel guilty about her sexual awakening, then the more excuses the better. In fact, I should think up some new ones for her.

Suzanne said, "I'm sorry for making you do that. But I do want to make clear just what you'll need to do. It's true that he seems to be getting some help at school, but that's usually only good for one or two checkmarks on his chart. All the rest will be up to you, because you want to limit his need to sin as much as possible. I'm sure I don't need to remind you of the sin of Onan and what God did to him."

"NO YOU DO NOT!" Susan said crossly, her arms still folded under her exposed tits. Without thinking about it or planning it, she was growing more and more accustomed to casual nudity. The fact that Suzanne remained nearly nude helped quite a lot.

Suzanne responded, "Well then, you'll have to make sure he blows his load down your throat at least once before school. Every morning, without fail! That's essential to spreading the task out throughout the day, so he doesn't get too sore. I don't know how you'll manage that with Ron still here, but you'll have to try. Do you think you can handle that?"

Susan had a hard time not licking her lips. "If that's what I have to do, then it's what I have to do. I'll manage somehow." She made it sound like she was making a big sacrifice, when in fact she was already chomping at the bit.

Suzanne was secretly delighted. "And of course his afternoon and evening orgasms will fall entirely on your shoulders. You won't have a lot of opportunities while Ron's in town, so I recommend you steal away with Sweetie to feast on his throbbing cock-meat every chance you get. And blowjobs are the best, because they're faster and leave less of a mess. They're also going to avoid chafing him."

Susan's anger towards Suzanne continued to fade as she found herself thinking about all the delicious orgasmic possibilities in the near future. She especially liked hearing the reasoning that blowjobs were the best option. Wow! I could wind up sucking his cock four or five times a day, every day, even before Ron leaves! My goodness! My belly would be permanently full of his little spermies. And all that talk about being his big-titted mommy slut and one of his personal cocksuckers wouldn't just be sexy talk - it'll be true! I'll be living to serve his powerful manhood! Oh God! Oh God! YES!

She was so floored by this realization, which struck her almost like a divine revelation, that she was forced to sit down. She wanted to jump for joy. Not only could she fulfill her not-so-secret desires, but now she had at least a semi-plausible excuse for doing so.

She pictured herself outside in an endless grassy field somewhere, naked and kneeling, happily sucking on her son's cock. Mmmm! So delicious! I wish that could be me right now, with my jaw stretched open almost-painfully wide, because my son is that well-hung. And it COULD be me. It WILL be me! So much! Mmmm! So much! I'm such a naughty, naughty mommy, but I don't care!

She trembled with excitement, but tried to portray a semblance of calm as she said, "Well, that's probably just how it's gonna have to be for a while."

But she also thought out loud, "It'll be rather cruel to Ron if I sneak off with Tiger like that. I've been thinking. I know Ron cheated on me, but he really hasn't been THAT terrible a husband. And what if I get caught right before he goes? That would really be a disaster."

Suzanne sat down on the sofa next to her and countered, "But you really have no choice in the matter. I forced this on you. Maybe Alan can get by with five or four times a day for the next two days, but do you want him to completely ruin his daily average?"

"What if he... does it on his own... sometimes?"

Suzanne acted scandalized. "Susan! Do you hear yourself?! That's the sin of Onan!"

Susan looked down, chastened. "I know, I know. But he did it so much before all this started. Would a few more times really be so bad, in the greater scheme of things? At least until Ron's gone?"

Suzanne responded with a withering look. "You're the one who's always telling me about how worried you are about sin. If you're feeling guilty, maybe you should try to limit yourself to handjobs until Ron's gone. But the main thing is, one way or another, you have to coax all that cum out of him."

Susan considered that, then looked up at Suzanne with new resolve. "Thanks. I'll try. And I'm sorry about being a meanie, but I really have to put my foot down. I feel like things are spinning out of my control. I need to be firm, or who knows what'll happen around here."

"I understand. I blew it, and I'm not just talking about your son's dick. I should have been stronger. However, I hope you can at least understand why I lost control. I mean, do you know what it's like,

having to go so many days without being able to swallow even one of his creamy loads? Not being able to run your tongue up and down those glorious eight inches? Not being able to lick his balls while your hands steadily pump up and down all over his rock-hard pole? Not even being able to feel his throbbing warmth in your hands as it squirts out his hot, potent seed all over your face and chest? Can't you understand my frustration?"

"Yes!" Susan panted loudly, as another wave of lust overtook her. Had Alan walked into the room just then, she would have had his fly unzipped before he could even say hello.

Suzanne knew that at this point Susan was putty in her hands. She went on to describe again, in intimate detail, all of the sexy reasons why she'd lost control. Then she went on to describe in vivid, accurate detail everything she and Alan had done to each other until the moment that they'd been caught. She even described her blowjobs with a near lick-by-lick accuracy.

Such minor details would have sounded dreadfully boring to most people, but Susan loved to hear it, steadily growing more and more aroused. She had positioned herself so she could surreptitiously rub her pussy a little bit, without Suzanne knowing it (or so she thought). She was eager to learn more of Suzanne's many cocksucking techniques and how she employed them, since she was intent on improving her own skills.

To help herself better describe the different ways that Alan had played with her breasts, Suzanne began to caress herself in the same way.

Susan still wore nothing but a robe (which she'd put on in the first place because of an unconscious desire to expose herself to her son). She found herself shifting and wriggling about as Suzanne's story got hotter and more explicit. She constantly had to re-close her robe. She wasn't trying to cover her breasts - she'd long given up on that - she was just trying to keep her wet pussy hidden from Suzanne's view.

By the time Suzanne began running her fingers up and down her own legs to illustrate just how and where Alan had run his erection over her, Susan gave up even attempting to keep that part of her robe closed. It seemed a bit silly after all, since Suzanne was wearing only her bikini bottoms.

Finally, Suzanne ran out of excuses to keep up her vivid description of sex acts. She ended with, "So that's the story," and looked at a clock on the wall. "My, how the time flies. We've been talking over an hour. I suppose by now Sweetie has taken his afternoon nap. You should go up there right away and give him a firm lecture, or whatever."

"A lecture? You really think so?" She pulled at the sash of her robe again, trying to hide the rivulets of cum currently running down her thighs. Her chest was heaving wildly. She felt that she wasn't in any condition to give Alan a lecture.

"Definitely. Don't even waste time changing and cleaning up, because Ron could be here soon." Actually, she knew that wasn't true; she just wanted Susan to visit Alan's room in nothing but her robe.

She suggested, "I'll tell you what. I'll find my bikini top and put it back on. Then I'll stay downstairs and keep an eye out for anyone coming home. That way you're covered in case you happen to end up stroking or sucking Sweetie's fat sausage as well. I know you're mad at him, but he's way below target today."

She added in her mind, And I'll freshen up down here. This place smells like wet pussy, thanks to both of us! What would Ron think of that?

Susan nodded, replying piously, "Well then, thank you very much. But don't worry, that's not going to happen; I'm going to be too busy reminding my son about the virtues of forthrightness and honesty." But she licked her lips in anticipation just the same.

Suzanne prodded, "That sounds good. But remember, if you're punishing me so severely, then the load is entirely on you. If he's gonna make his daily target today, it's pretty vital that you suck all the sperm out of his big balls at least once before dinner, and again later tonight. You might even have to do it while Brenda is visiting!"

Susan nodded while trying hard not to smile. "I suppose that's possible. If it happens, Brenda will just have to try to understand."

"Indeed."bender

Susan had to force herself to walk slowly, rather than run up the stairs, because she didn't want to look too eager.

Once Susan was gone, Suzanne thought, Like candy from a baby, again! This punishment could work out so well that I'm a bit disappointed I didn't think of it myself. Just so long as it doesn't last too long. Once she's completely hooked on sucking his cock every day, I'll be able to move on to the next phase in my scheme. Pretty soon I'll have him fucking both of us. I can hardly wait!

Chapter 269 You're Driving Me Mad, Mom!

Alan had tried to take a nap, but he was too agitated from his mother's unusual outburst to fall asleep quickly. Seeing that a nap wasn't going to happen, he went to his computer and surfed the web and answered e-mails, because his mind was too scattered to do any homework. He put on his favorite Nick Drake album, "Pink Moon," but even some mellow acoustic guitar music couldn't soothe his troubled mind.

By the time Susan entered his room, Suzanne had manipulated her into such a lustful state that her anger was completely gone. She still wore nothing but the robe, though at least she'd stopped by the bathroom to clean up her sopping wet pussy as best she could. It's telling that she took the time to do that but didn't bother to change clothes.

She actually did give him her lecture about values and virtues. She tried to sound stern and authoritative, but she was only partially successful at best. Her chief problem was that she was still so horny that she had trouble staying focused. Among her other difficulties, her nipples were so hard that they poked out noticeably even through the loose-fitting robe.

As she lectured, Alan had a hard time concentrating. Instead, he thought about her nipples and wondered what was making her so aroused. He also noticed her robe continually opening up more and more, and idly wondered when her breasts would bounce completely free. It was a testament to his attempt to be a good son that he managed to follow her speech at all.

At one point, she explained the punishment she was giving Suzanne, and that prompted him to ask if he was getting punished too.

"Normally yes, you would be too. But this is your time of trouble, what with having to keep your daily target and everything. Besides, Suzanne was the one who tricked me, and you were just being used by her. Also, how could I expect a young, virile man like you to resist a gorgeous, busty beauty like her? But I'm still a bit disappointed in you!" She wagged a finger at him disapprovingly.

He didn't know it, but behind Susan's conscious thought was her feeling that a son with such a big, tasty cock should never be punished, only rewarded, preferably by lots of blowjobs. His recent acting job in pretending to be tortured by sexual frustration also helped in getting him off the hook.

She kept her lecture mercifully brief, lightening her tone as she finished. "Look, I'm sorry. I'm not all rules and boundaries, you know. I'm trying to loosen up and get sexy, just like you asked. Since Suzanne is in the doghouse now, it looks like more of the burden of keeping you stimulated will fall on me. I was just shopping for a new bikini before I caught you two. Why don't we go to the pool and I'll show it off for you?"

Susan was so upset that Suzanne had co-opted all of Alan's attention earlier that afternoon that she'd rushed to the store as soon as both of them left and bought the skimpiest bikini she could find. When she got back she was eager to show it off, and that's how and why she'd realized what Alan and Suzanne were doing, because she went looking for him and she'd heard the sounds of their sexual fun over the wall.

She was still eager to show it off. This latest bikini was thong-styled, just like Suzanne's. It had barely enough fabric to cover her nipples and her bush, and nothing more. In the back it was simply a string that disappeared up her butt crack.

It wasn't a hard sell to get Alan interested in seeing his voluptuous mother in a teeny new bikini. In fact, his desire for a nap disappeared altogether.

She went to her bedroom to change, while he also changed into his usual swimsuit. They met by the pool a few minutes later. Suzanne was nowhere to be seen; she'd made herself scarce because she knew that Susan wanted this time alone with her son. Katherine was still at the beach with Amy.

Susan stood proudly before her son, modeling the new white bikini and a matching white pair of high heels. "What do you think, Tiger? I promised I'd wear a sexier bathing suit. Does this fit the bill?"

He loved the excited, joyful smile on her face at least as much as her exposed, shapely body. "Oh, Mom! Wow! You know it does! You're just as amazing on the inside as on the outside. I love you so much, and that you're always trying to help me out so much, even with all the danger."

Susan was giddy with the compliments. But that mood was broken by his reminder of that Ron could come home and find them there. "Danger? Don't even talk about getting caught, please. Thank goodness your father is out, because I'd hate to see what he'd think if he saw me like this. Even though it IS just a bikini. It's not like I'm showing off anything I shouldn't. But it's just such a daring bikini; he wouldn't know what to think."

She glance at his crotch. Oh boy! Just look at that big fat bulge! Mmmm! So many inches of yummy cock-meat for Mommy!

The two of them sat down on lounge chairs next to each other and engaged in idle chat. There was a buzz of anticipation in the air, but they were playing it cool for the moment, just enjoying being together.

As the minutes passed, Susan started to loosen up. She'd been worried that Suzanne might come out to join them and again steal her thunder, but that worry faded. She commented, "You know, it actually feels kind of funny to wear this, since I don't wear any underwear anymore. I'm getting so used to having my breasts bounce free - and exposed to your eyes much of the time - that I don't know what to think when they're all bound up like this."

"Thank you, Mom, so much, for dressing up just for me. Or undressing, I should say."

They both laughed. "It's the least I can do," she said. "I'm sorry I broke my first promise, from two weeks ago. You know, when I promised to suck you off every single day. It's been difficult for me adjusting to... well, to everything. But really, that wasn't just a promise. Suzanne has helped me see that it's actually my responsibility to make sure your member is well drained on a regular basis."

He could hardly believe his ears. He just nodded his head dumbly.

She fingered the edges of her bikini in a seductive way. "I'm going to try harder to fulfill that vow. We can't forget Nurse Akami's instructions that it's not just a matter of how many times you cum, but we have to keep your, um, member stiff and stimulated for as long as possible!"

That idea was so exciting for her than she had to calm her breathing before she could continue. "Of course, I'll do my best in the visual stimulation department. Like this bikini. This is the kind of bikini that

good mommies wear, don't you think? The kind of big-titted mommies who make sure to use their lips and tongue to always keep their son's balls drained dry!"

Seeing that she was on a roll and didn't need much encouragement, he just nodded. His rod felt as rigid as a steel bar. Man! Mom loves blowjobs so much! I wonder what'll happen when she discovers titfucks too?!

She continued, "But the problem with a bikini like this is that it covers so little you never know what will happen. Like if I try to redo the tie at the back of my neck..." She raised her arms and began retying the bikini top. As she did so, the top slid up her boobs until her nipples were completely exposed.

"You see what I mean?" she squealed. "This bikini is so small I can hardly keep it on at all!"

"Yeah, I definitely see what you mean," he said, very aroused. It wasn't just the bikini that got him going - every last inch of her was hot. She wasn't wearing a hairband, so her long, dark brown hair fell more freely than usual. That, plus the fact that she wore high heels, made her seem nothing like the suburban soccer mom he'd known and loved for so many years. Only her owl prescription glasses reminded him of her "old mom" ways.

She continued to play with her bikini top for several minutes, driving him slowly insane with lust. She showed him all the different ways her nipples could be exposed: by popping a nipple out the top, or the bottom, or one side or the other, or both nipples at once in different variations. Throughout most of this she found her fingers straying to her nipples and brushing up against them, even pinching them. The bikini top had one knot at the back of the neck and another in the middle of the back, and she found different excuses to untie one or the other or both.

Her nipples were not especially large or pronounced, but they grew more erect than he'd ever recalled seeing them before.

His only frustration was that he didn't want to say or do the wrong thing. He figured the danger of that was increased due to her recent angry outburst. So he was forced to let her take the lead, keeping his boner tucked away. It was like sexual torture, but a wonderfully arousing torture.

By and by, she said, "I'll bet you have the same kind of trouble with your bathing suit. For a well-hung, cum-filled boy like you, I'd be surprised if you could keep your big rod cooped up in there at all."

He knew when to take a hint. "Now that you mention it, I'm having a problem too." He immediately readjusted his crotch, making sure to cause his erection to snake down his leg until it poked out. But it wasn't that tiny a suit, and only a couple of inches were exposed. So, correctly judging his mother's mood, he simply slid his shorts down past his knees.

She smiled and licked her lips hungrily as she stared at the erection that now jutted out like a flagpole. "I think you have the right idea there, Son. A big cock like that just can't be tamed or restrained in any way! As you can see, this bikini top is just as much trouble. Don't you think it's better if I take it off altogether, instead of having to always battle it? It simply doesn't fit over my chest very well."

"Oh yeah!" he agreed. He was already holding his erection and rubbing it, but just a little, which he hoped she wouldn't notice. She was really sensitive about the "sin of Onan" issue.

She tossed her top away, then struck another sexy pose for him.

DANG! Mom is a walking orgasm! I can't take any more teasing. I have to step up and say something, or I'm gonna have a heart attack! "Mom, this is just too much for a stimulation-starved guy like me. Could you help me 'do my thing' right now?"

"Sorry. Mommy would love to, but she can't do that. Imagine if Ron comes home and finds Mommy with her hands around her little boy's not-so-little member! Or, even worse, what if he sees Mommy bouncing her head up and down on her son's lap, sucking his cock like there's no tomorrow? Sucking his big, thick Popsicle, except it's such a hot Popsicle too. Throbbing hot! No, that won't do." She clearly was getting more than a little excited herself.

"Mind if I do it myself then?" he asked excitedly. Even as he asked, he was already stroking himself in an increasingly blatant manner. He was so turned on that he already had to firmly clench his PC muscle to stave off an impending orgasm.

"Does your mommy really arouse you that much?"

He laughed. "YES!"

She turned and sat up on her heels, giving him a great view of her backside. "Here. Take a look at my ass. Isn't it just scandalous how little cloth they put back here? I should go back to the store and complain: 'Hey, I wanted a bikini, not a fucking G-string!'"

He was shocked; she never, ever used the word 'fuck'.

She added, "Pardon my dirty language, by the way, but I'm just so angry! What, did they run out of fabric or something? It's like I'm totally nude. I might as well be, except for these high heels."

She looked over her shoulder at him and winked. "Can you imagine that? Your mommy totally naked except for high heels? That would leave me completely helpless to resist your spermy spear!"

He could imagine it well, since that was pretty much exactly what she looked like already. He groaned as he stroked, somehow even more blown away by her high heels and bikini bottoms than if she'd been completely nude. They were proof that she dressed outrageously just to please him. He was amazed that he hadn't already shot his cum all over the pool deck.

She slowly ran her hand over her buttocks. "And this tiny string. It gets lost up my ass crack." She probed her butt crack with one hand. "What do you think Ron would say if he came home right now and saw us like this?"

She looked off in the distance and continued as if she were speaking directly to Ron. "What would you think, Hubby, if you saw your wife wearing nothing but a G-string and high heels, and your son a few feet away with his swimsuit around his ankles, jacking off to his mommy's naked body? Well I have news for you, Ron. Your son is twice the man you'll ever be! And his prick is so THICK and HOT and TASTY! You have no idea how to satisfy a woman!"

She turned back to Alan and looked with genuine dismay at his hand stroking his erection. "Tiger! I told you, you can't do that!"

He moaned, "Mom! Geez, you're just too sexy!" He looked down at where his hand was still sliding up and down his thickness. "I can't stop myself!" bender

She smiled wickedly. "Try, Son. You know that's a sin. So VERY improper!"

He tried merely hold it instead of stroking it, but he knew that his was a losing battle. He wouldn't be able to hold back for long.

She slowly scooted forward. "I hope I don't have to help you out. Are you going to make me do all kinds of wanton, naughty things to your fat cock with my lips and tongue? Why, if I did that, you just might blow your nuts all over your sinful mother's naughty face! Imagine that. Imagine if Ron came home and I greeted him just drenched in your creamy jism? He might think something's not quite right. No, it's better if I just show you the rest of my bikini. It's good if I only help with the visual stimulation. I haven't even shown you the backside yet. Well, not much." She giggled.

He interrupted again. "Mom! You're getting me soooo turned on. Please! I think I'm gonna lose it soon. What should I do when it happens?"

She surveyed the situation and considered the time. God, I'd love to suck his cock, but I shouldn't. Suzanne was supposed to keep watch, but she seems to have gone. And what if my husband really DOES come back and find us like this? This is crazy! I really should have stayed with him in his room. I'd be gulping down his sweet, salty seed right about now. But Ron's due home any minute!

She said, "Tiger, I hate to say this, but we have to stop. Ron might come home anytime. Please go back to your room and finish up there, okay?"

"Fuckin' A!" Alan cursed under his breath. As if I can just start and stop like that, turning my urges on and off like a light switch! You're driving me mad, Mom! ... Fuck! Unbelievable!

But after taking a deep breath or two, he continued with a conciliatory tone. "But that's okay. I understand." He looked at her with dejected puppy-dog eyes.

"Awww..." She wavered, turning fully towards him. "I suppose we could. Maybe just a couple of licks... Just for a minute, to taste a little bit..." She scooted closer.

He prayed with all his might that she'd help, even though he wasn't religious.

But she hesitated, looking extremely nervous. Just then a big truck drove past, which they could hear from their backyard. That reminded her of her husband arriving home, causing her to pull back. "I'm sorry. We can't. Not now."

"DANG!" He sighed heavily. Stupid truck! "Oh maaaaan. ... Well, anyways, thanks so much for helping out. You and Aunt Suzy helping today - this is what I've been missing. Later."

It took incredible willpower and all of his PC muscle training to pull back from the brink, to where he thought it likely that he wouldn't cum at any second. But he did it.

Now that she was distancing herself from helping him, her religious concerns reasserted themselves so she added, "Oh, and remember the sin of Onan."

He thought, You've GOT to be kidding! Is this my punishment for earlier?! He got up and literally ran back into the house, clutching his still-raging erection to his stomach the entire way.

As soon as he was out of sight, Susan headed back to her own room. As she hurried naked through the house, holding her bikini top loosely against her chest, she thought, There you go again, Susan. You turn into a complete exhibitionist at the first sight of your son's cock. But it's so much fun! The problem is, I just can't trust myself not to go all the way. Not to just up and let my son fuck me! Oh God! Now, THAT'S incest, and there's no ifs, ands, or buts about it. I'd go to Hell for sure, and I'd be taking my son with me!

She stopped by the laundry room and looked for something of Alan's. It seemed there was always cum-stained laundry to do these days. She found a hand towel he had used to masturbate into, inhaled deeply to get his aroma from it, then ran with it the rest of the way to her room.

Soon she was on her bed, with one hand in her crotch while the other held his cummy towel up to her nose. She inhaled his scent deeply. This is so wrong. So unsanitary, for one thing. What would my mother think right now, seeing me with this towel? But I can't stop. Good Lord I can't stop! Mmmm! So good!

Now that she was in her room, she started masturbating frantically. She didn't have an issue with female masturbation, since there was no "seed" that was "spilled upon the ground." Suzanne had convinced her that, since the sperm and the egg were the life-creating elements, and since no eggs were lost from her masturbation, there was no harm done in her wasting just a little pussy juice.

Suzanne in fact had been lurking in the den downstairs the whole time. She wanted to stay out of the way, but when she saw Alan and Susan sit down by the pool she couldn't resist spying on them. She ended up getting as hot and bothered as either of them, so she frigged herself to orgasm from her secret viewing spot.

She didn't understand what had caused Susan to run off before getting more intimate with her son's erection. She thought about going home, but then she came up with a new, devilishly-fun idea.

Alan ignored Susan's admonition against masturbation; he considered it wildly unreasonable, given the way that she'd aroused him and left him high and dry. As soon as he got to his room, he started masturbating. He'd had to stop by the bathroom across the hall to piss, and that cooled him down slightly. In fact, it had taken a couple of minutes before his erection had softened enough to let him pee. But with that out of the way, he knew it wouldn't take more than a minute or two before he would be spurting his load.

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Unfortunately, Alan didn't get even that much time, because Suzanne burst into his room mere seconds later. She was still wearing her bikini. She took a look at his hand on his boner and exclaimed, "What do you think you're doing?! Stop that this instant!"

He was so worked up that he felt he couldn't stop. He complained, "But Aunt Suzy! Be reasonable!"

Suzanne shouted, "Susan, quick! Come in here quick! It's Alan!"

Susan was already masturbating naked in her bedroom, but she considered the health and happiness of her children her top priority. Thinking that Alan could be hurt, she jumped up and ran down the hall like her life depended on it. Panting and clutching her boobs from bouncing too much, she cried out, "What? What?"

Standing in Alan's doorway, Suzanne pointed accusingly at where Alan sat on his bed. "Look!"

Susan pushed past and looked inside. Alan had stopped stroking himself due to Suzanne's befuddling panic, but he still had his boner in his hand.

Suzanne accused Susan, "He's committing the sin of Onan, and it's all your fault!"

Susan was torn between rushing to Alan and turning back to Suzanne. For the moment, she just stood halfway in between. "MY fault?!"

"That's right. You worked him up beyond all reason, then you wouldn't even give him so much as a handjob. It's like handing a known murderer a loaded gun and telling him to shoot. You're more guilty than he is!"

Susan didn't know what to say, because she suspected that Suzanne was right.

Alan felt bad for his loving mother. He let go of his penis and said, "Mom, don't worry. The mood is broken now anyway. I promise I won't abuse myself."

"I should think not!" Susan said hotly, while still standing there buck naked. But then she softened. "Even so, Suzanne's right. This IS my fault. I'm so sorry!" bender

Suzanne then lectured Susan about what a cocktease is and why it was so wrong to be one for Alan "in his time of need." She got Susan to apologize some more and promise to never do it again.

Suzanne concluded, "You've apologized now to Alan. Next you need to apologize to his cock. With your MOUTH!"

Susan felt a powerful jolt of arousal. She looked to Suzanne in dismay, even as she started to salivate in anticipation. "But, but... I'm supposed to be mad at him! And my vow, with Ron still here." She gasped. "He could come home any minute!" She stared back at her son's powerful erection and felt her pussy getting wet. Then she started limbering up her jaw with some stretching motions.

Suzanne spoke in a no-nonsense tone. "I know. But if you break a pot, you've gotta clean up the broken pieces. As for Ron, I suggest you hurry, so he doesn't catch you with Alan's cock halfway down your throat. I'm really good at hearing the sound of your garage door opening. I'll cover for you. If you don't suck him then I'll have to, no matter what your punishment for me is, because it's downright cruel to leave him like this!"

Susan sighed in defeat. "Very well. I suppose I deserve it." Since she was already buck naked, she walked to Alan, quickly knelt down, and engulfed his shaft.

Alan's penis had started to go flaccid due this alarming "crisis," but he was still extremely aroused from all of Susan's earlier teasing. Naturally, his dick stiffened fully as soon as she put it in her mouth and started bobbing.

Susan moaned and "mmmm"-ed with pleasure as she felt her lips seal tightly around his iron-hard pole. Aaaaah! This is my punishment. I deserve it for being a naughty cocktease. It's a weird punishment though, because I love it so much!

Suzanne grinned impishly. "Good. That's better." She removed her bikini and closed the door behind her. Then she added to Alan, "By the way, feel free to play with her naked body. Since she was teasing you especially with her big tits, it's only fitting."

Alan reached down and ran his hands over as much of his mother as he could reach. He explored her front and back sides, but naturally he caressed her great globes most of all.

Suzanne stood just a few feet from where Alan sat on the edge of his bed. "Okay, now that we're all comfy, Sweetie, I'll bet you're wondering why I burst into your room in the first place."

He was still reeling from the turn of events. Already, he was worried about cumming, because Susan was sucking him with such gusto. He put a hand on her head, trying to get her to slow down. "Now that you mention it, yeah!"

Suzanne replied, "Because we have to discuss the Brenda situation before Ron gets home. We might not get a chance later. Since he could be arriving soon, we don't have time to waste!"

That much was true, but there were some key bits she didn't mention. One was that she'd been watching the way Susan had been teasing him with her posing, so when she saw him rush back to his room she'd known he'd start masturbating right away. She'd been careful to interrupt him before he came so she could bring Susan in for her "punishment." She was having fun with that, as well as furthering her overall goal of breaking Susan's sexual resistance.

She also wasn't that worried about Ron coming home prematurely. She'd actually called his office and spoken to his secretary while Susan was posing for Alan in the backyard, learning his schedule for the rest of the day. Thus she knew there was no real danger of interruption, but she'd wanted Susan to think that there was, to impart a sense of urgency, thus channeling Susan's nervous energy into her cocksucking. Clearly that was working in spades.

Suzanne added, "So let's talk. I'm confident you're ready to face Brenda, but there are some finer strategic points we need to address."

Alan flopped his hands up and down helplessly. "You expect me to talk?! When Mom is doing THIS to me?! And with you standing there completely naked too?!"

Susan was bobbing and sucking with great passion, but she paused and turned her head. She saw with dismay that Suzanne indeed had removed both parts of her bikini. Then she simply turned her head back to her task and resumed her bobbing rhythm. Darn it! I really should say something. That's so improper. But... MMMM! I just love Tiger's cock so much! I've got a really tight vacuum lock going on. I can't stop to talk now!

Suzanne said, "Good point. Susan, you'll have to ease up on him considerably or he won't be able to talk before long. I think it's best if you just stroke and lick him for a while. Then you can join in the discussion too."

Susan wasn't happy about that, but since she supposedly didn't approve of the blowjob she felt like she had no choice but to agree. She pulled her lips off Alan's cockhead with a loud pop, and asked Suzanne, "What are you doing standing there?!"

Suzanne deliberately misunderstood. "Oh, good thinking. I should pull up a chair."

Susan sighed in frustration. "What about giving me some privacy? And you can't just masturbate like that; it's terribly improper!" She kept her same kneeling position, but began to lick and fondle Alan's balls.

Suzanne shrugged as she brought a chair up close and sat on it. "Yeah, well, what can you do? It's too arousing a sight to resist."

Although Alan had permission to play with Susan's body, he decided he needed to stop doing that for a while, just because he was on arousal overload. He even had to close his eyes awhile.

However, Suzanne didn't give him a chance to recover fully before she continued. "Okay. Sweetie, I don't think we need any more training. I'm confident you'll ace your encounter with her. Aren't you?"

"Um, yeah." He was still reeling from his mother's oral assault.

"Still, we need to figure out tactics. Here's what I suggest. Susan, Katherine, Brenda and I will start playing cards. Since you haven't talked to her much before, I suggest you simply stop by and act curious about her. 'How are you?' 'What do you do for a living?' That kind of thing. Act as if you know absolutely nothing about her except the little bit you learned when you met her last week."

He nodded.

Suzanne said, "Say 'yes,' so Susan can hear you. It's cute how she licks and sucks so intensely with her eyes closed, but that means she can't see when you nod."

"Right. Um, yes." He stroked Susan's hair in appreciation of her presence and efforts.

That caused her to purr with happiness. She planted a long kiss right on his sweet spot, as if trying to plant a hickey on it. Mmmm! Such a GOOD son!

Suzanne went on, "Good. Anyway, act interested, but not too interested. Let everyone else do most of the talking, especially her. We'll ask most of the questions. DON'T look at her body, and especially make a point of not gazing at her breasts. Look only at her face! Look her directly in the eyes! That's VERY important. Can you do that?"

"I may have the occasional slip-up but, in general, yeah."

"Try harder than that. So what if they're so big? Play with your mother's some more if you want big tits."

"Good idea." He wasn't on the brink anymore, so he bent down again and caressed his way to Susan's nipples.

"Anyway, once you've learned the basics about her - which you actually know already - I'll get us to have some kind of prolonged break and manage things so you can have some one-on-one time with her. Susan, are you listening?"

"MMMM!" Realizing that she was just licking and not sucking, so that her mouth could still talk, she clarified, "I mean 'Yes.'"

"You or I need to clue Angel in on our plans. But even if we don't, between you and me, we can drag her to the kitchen or something like that." Suzanne looked from the back of Susan's head in Alan's crotch up to Alan's face. "Alan, your solo time with her is key. That's when you should do the stuff we discussed previously, like use your secret knowledge about her submissive nature to seemingly read her hidden deep desires like an open book. Don't push too hard. Remember that this is just phase one of a much longer process."

"Right," he said, while idly rolling one of Susan's nipples between his fingers.

"After that, I figure everything else is gravy. Assuming that your solo talk goes well, she'll think that ALL of the great things she's heard about you must be true. It'll become a self-fulfilling prophesy as she gives you every benefit of the doubt. From that point on, whatever you do or say, she'll interpret it in a positive light. So the rest should be a walk in the park. Just roll with the punches, like you do so well already, and continue your 'confident and cocky' role-play while maintaining your aloof 'playing hard to get' stance. I know it sounds strange, but believe me, it will work. Remember, you are not in awe of HER; she should be in awe of YOU!"

He nodded. Then, remembering to speak for Susan's sake, he said "Right" again. He thought, I sure wish I could explain what happened with Heather yesterday. I know Aunt Suzy is spot on, because everything she's telling me to do to Brenda worked like a charm on Heather already. So I don't see how I'll fail! I'm not so sure about the rude name calling though. My gut tells me that's a Heather-only kind of thing. But the rest is just the same.

Suzanne continued to lay out her ideas. She'd thought through a number of possible scenarios, suggesting how to handle each of them. She told Alan to generally trust his instincts and his talent in "rolling with the punches." She knew there were too many scenarios to consider them all in advance.

She had some advice for Susan too. Mainly, she wanted Susan's help in hyping Alan's sexual prowess as much as they all could reasonably manage, depending on Brenda's mood and reaction. There was little that Susan loved to talk about more than that, so she agreed readily. Suzanne advised that all the women should dress very sexy, almost shockingly so, but to keep their clothes on unless things with Brenda went even better than expected and Suzanne gave them each some kind of clear sign to be even bolder.

It turned out that Susan didn't need to talk much, because Suzanne was monopolizing the conversation. Alan also didn't have to say much, except occasionally to register agreement or ask a quick question. So, by and by, Susan wound up doing less licking and more sucking. Eventually Alan had to discontinue caressing her body because she went all out, "attacking" his sweet spot with her sliding lips and tongue.

Susan was slurping and moaning so loudly that Suzanne almost missed the sound of the garage door opening, indicating that Ron had come home. Fortunately, Suzanne did hear it, so she warned the others.

That put Susan into a near panic. She had to stop her sucking instantly. She didn't have any clothes with her, so she ran down the hallway, clutching her boobs to her chest. Then she rapidly put on some clothes, including underwear, and made herself presentable before Ron saw her.

Suzanne was disappointed. She'd planned on timing things so Alan could cum as the conversation ended, but she'd gotten so carried away with her scheming that she'd lost track of the time. She said, "Sorry, Sweetie, to end things like that. I suggest you take a cold shower. It's too bad that you didn't cum, but in a way it's a good thing. If you can have a visibly raging boner most of the time Brenda is here, that'll help a great deal."

He let out a long frustrated groan. "Uuuuugh! I guess you're right."

"Look on the bright side. You know what happened just now, with Susan pleasuring you while we talked? That's going to be the new norm once Ron is gone. Your mother loves to suck and you love to be sucked, so why not have it happen all the time? But it's not just her. Brenda and Susan seem VERY similar in my book, from their improbably busty bodies to their submissive mindsets. Soon, it'll be BRENDA bobbing naked between your legs as you and I talk and hang out."

"No way! Are you serious?!"

"Serious as a heart attack. Play your proverbial cards ably tonight, and it could happen sooner than you think."

"Talk about an incentive! Jesus H. Christ!" He looked down at his boner, which was still throbbing and covered in his mother's saliva. "But you're not helping me cool off, like, at all!"

She grinned. "That's what the cold shower is for. But don't cool down TOO much! Even as you act aloof, you'll still want to show off how your cock never goes flaccid."