

## 6 Times 311

### Chapter 311 The Book Of Isaiah Says THAT?

Alan climbed back up the two flights of stairs to his room, to recuperate and to do a little reading. But when he opened his door he was in for a big surprise.

Susan still lay on his bed, wearing nothing but her birthday suit. The fingers of one hand were deep in her cunt while her other hand mauled her tits. She was headed for yet another orgasm; she'd lost count of just how many she'd had while anticipating and fantasizing about her turn to suck her son off later in the day. Her clothes lay scattered on the floor beside the bed.

She was so carried away with what she was doing to herself that she hadn't noticed him opening the door.

He decided it was better that way. He knew she'd be mortified if she got caught like this, and that was the kind of thing that could trigger her guilt and some kind of backlash.

It might have been different if he'd been more aroused. He could easily have gotten carried away from watching the sexy scene. But although he was extremely stimulated mentally by what he saw, his penis was still down for the count, since he'd climaxed with Suzanne only a short time ago.

So, after taking a mental picture to savor later, he carefully and quietly closed the door.

Unable to use his own room, he wandered back downstairs. No one appeared to be around and he didn't feel like doing anything special. He felt mentally exhausted by all the stunning events in his life lately.

He sat on a sofa in the living room, turned on the TV, and found a college football game to watch. He was a big football fan, but only for professional football, and especially for his nearest home team, the San Diego Chargers. So he didn't pay much attention to the game on TV.

He found himself spacing out, thinking, I'm suffering from mental whiplash. So many things have happened in just the last day or two. And Mom! Her attitude has totally changed, especially in these past few days. I mean, even as I sit here she's up in my room, naked and masturbating! On my bed! And

this is a woman who, well - I know she looks like a goddess, but I always saw her as a MOM, basically without any sex drive. She was always so typically mom-ish, despite her busty beauty. But she's totally in heat right now, over ME! It's crazy!

He closed his eyes, just to rest a little bit during the commercials. But he immediately fell asleep on the sofa.

The next thing he knew, Susan was standing over him, shaking his shoulder. "Tiger? Tiger, time to wake up. I think you've had a long enough nap, especially so early in the day."

He felt disoriented. He sat up - he'd slumped down in the sofa unknowingly when he'd drifted off - and turned around. Susan was there, but she was wearing her old non-sexy clothes and looking perfectly normal. This was confusing, because he somehow pictured her still masturbating nude on his bed. "Um..." was all he could manage.

Suzanne walked past, carrying bags of groceries into the kitchen. She was dressed in non-sexual clothing as well, at least by her standards. "Howdy, Sweetie," she said in passing. "Have a good nap?"

"Um, yeah." Wow. Aunt Suzy. Was my dick really all the way down her throat just a little while ago? How weird is that? Now, everything seems strangely normal. Trying to hide his confusion, he got up and helped bring in more of the groceries.

A few minutes later, he sat at the kitchen counter, sharing some newly bought pineapple juice with Susan and Suzanne. Things were so normal and non-sexual that it was still discombobulating for him.

He thought, I guess there are times things are going to be wild and crazy, and other times that are just gonna be the same ol' same ol'. I have to get used to these swings. It's fitting that they went shopping, 'cos it's a good reminder that normal tasks like buying food and fixing and eating it still have to take place. I need to make space for both sexual AND non-sexual things in my new life.

With that in mind, he suggested, "Hey, you know what would be fun? Why don't we play tennis? Aunt Suzy, is your court free?"

She smiled. "Let me check the schedule." She stared off into space for a few seconds before smiling at him knowingly. "You know it is. It hasn't gotten much use lately."

Everyone in the Plummer and Pestridge families played tennis, since the Pestridges had their own private court in their backyard and the two families were so closely intertwined. But skill and interest levels varied. For instance, in the past Brad and Eric had played tennis a lot, but they had stopped once the Pestridge family had effectively split in two and Eric gained so much weight, while Brad got interested in playing football instead. Everyone else was very athletic and fit, and could play pretty well.

The main reason the court wasn't being used much lately was because Alan was usually the main instigator for playing tennis, and during the fall he played very little at home since he was playing at school five times a week. But it was the weekend and he was in the mood to do something "normal" and non-sexual, so he said, "Let's do it, then. Are Amy or Sis around? If not, we could have a threesome."

Susan suddenly blushed, and Suzanne laughed. Alan was caught between embarrassment and amusement at his accidental double meaning.

Suzanne quipped, "Excellent idea, Sweetie! But we've got everything we need right here. We can play with your balls, and maybe you have something long and hard we can hold tightly and swing around?"

Susan's blush deepened. "Suzanne! Really!"

Inspired by that reaction, Suzanne went on, "Susan, what if you and I try to take him on, two-on-one? I think we could lick him. Do you agree? Do you think we could give him a good licking if we work as a team?"

Susan gaped in shock and clutched at her hefty rack, thanks to the obvious double meaning of licking. Her heart was suddenly thumping hard as she envisioned sharing a blowjob with her best friend. She was speechless.

He thought with amusement, Well, I suppose things aren't gonna go all the way back to normal, even during "down times." I love how Mom can still get that embarrassed about such mild joking around. Sweetness!

But Suzanne said, "Seriously though, tennis is a good idea. I've got some things to do, and the others are out and about, but you two can play."

So Alan and Susan went upstairs to change clothes and get their equipment while Suzanne finished shelving the rest of the groceries.

The two of them met up back in the dining room and made ready to go to the Pestridge tennis court via the sliding back door and the path between their backyards.

However, before they could leave, Suzanne came out of the kitchen and looked Alan and Susan over as if they were having a formal inspection. She gave Alan only a cursory look since he was in his usual shorts and T-shirt, then she focused her attention on Susan. Finally, she said to her, "I hope you're not planning on going like THAT!"

Susan was suddenly very worried. It seemed her world had gone topsy-turvy lately, and she never knew what to expect anymore. She asked, "What's wrong? These are the kind of clothes I've always worn to play tennis."

"That's the problem," Suzanne stated. "Need I remind you about the visual stimulation rule? No undies! Period!"

Susan complained, "But wait! You told me it's okay to wear them when I go out. And you didn't have a problem when I wore undies while I went shopping with you a little while ago. In fact, you wore undies too."

"Yes, but that's only because we don't want other men to see you looking too sexy. Your hot and curvaceous body is for Sweetie's use and enjoyment only. Ditto for me."

Susan was mortified. "I know that. That's a big part of what it means to be one of his personal cocksuckers. But we're going outside!"

"True, but I happen to know that Brad and Eric are gone all day."

"Fishing?" Alan asked.

"Not this time," Suzanne explained. "They've gone to some car race. Why they'd want to see cars drive around and around in a circle for hours is beyond me, but that's what they're doing. So, Susan, that means no other men could possibly be there, just your cutie Tiger. I think you know what that means."

Susan's nipples sprung to full hardness. She could feel a dizzying wave of lust starting to wash over her. But she pointed out, "Fair enough, except that we'll be playing TENNIS!" She looked down shyly at her huge rack. "You know I have major support issues."

This was a valid point. Just like Suzanne, Susan had to use a special sports bra for extra busty women whenever she took part in any athletic events.

Suzanne knew that, but she said, "Hmmm. Well, let's see what we have to work with. Strip down to your undies."

Susan was incredulous. "What?! Here?!"

"Sure. Why not? Don't talk about modesty when we all know how much you love gobbling Sweetie's fat knob, not to mention showing off your lovely fit yet voluptuous body to him. Come on; we don't have all day."

Suzanne was being a bit harsh, but she wanted to use the tennis practice as another opportunity to break down Susan's sexual barriers, and also to test the link between Susan's humiliation and her libido, based on what she and Alan had been talking about in the basement. That's why Suzanne had said she couldn't play tennis herself that afternoon, when in fact she could have. And that's why she was taking deliberate steps to put Susan back into a very horny state before the tennis started.

Susan put down her tennis racquet and slowly stripped down to her underwear. Then she bowed her head, closed her eyes, and pinned her arms behind her back. She felt completely ashamed, but her body was also on fire from intense arousal. Alan was staring at her so intently, ogling her with his eyes, it almost felt to her like his hands were wandering all over her body.

"A-ha!" Suzanne exclaimed, after about a minute of letting Susan just stand there in her underwear. "That doesn't look like your heavy-duty sports bra to me. In fact, if I didn't know better, I'd say that's a very expensive, lacy, revealing, sexy bra. What happened?"

"Um..." Susan was a terrible liar, and couldn't think of a good excuse.

Suzanne prodded, "You wore that less for support and more to titillate and arouse your hunky son, didn't you?"

"Okay. Guilty as charged!" Susan confessed. "But why is that bad? After all, I do want to help with the visual stimulation, and every little bit helps."

"True, but you were lying to both of us. You said you need extra support, but you were hoping your big tits would bounce all over the place during tennis, thanks to your flimsy bra, and that would make Sweetie so hot you'd soon have his thick cock sliding in between your lips! Weren't you?"

Susan just squirmed in place, looking very guilty about that. She shyly muttered, "It is my turn to have him next... What's wrong with wanting to make sure he'll get in the mood?"

"There's nothing wrong with that. Just don't lie to us." Suzanne pressed, "And if you're obeying the visual stimulation rules, you can't be half-way about it. Take off your underwear too."

Susan looked at Suzanne with wide-eyed shock. She'd grown to love getting naked for her son almost any time, but with Suzanne there too and acting like an interrogator, stripping was very humiliating. She whispered, "Do I have to?"

Suzanne crossed her arm and gave her a stern look. "Yes, you do. Since you're a good Christian, let me remind you of Isaiah 47. Do you remember what that says?"

Susan protested, "No. The Bible is a massive tome. You can't expect me to remember an obscure passage like that."

Suzanne put her hands on her hips. "Then, Sweetie, please go to the den and retrieve the Bible from the bookshelf. Then bring it here and read her the passage."

He quickly found the Bible and returned. Suzanne was still glaring at Susan, making her squirm with obvious sexual arousal.

Suzanne took a couple of steps to where he stood and pointed on the pages he had opened. "Read from this line to this line, please."

He found it weird to quote the Bible in such a situation, especially with a raging hard-on in his shorts, but he did so. "'O daughter of Babylonia, never again will you be the lovely princess, tender and delicate. Remove your veil, and strip off your robe. Expose yourself to public view. You will be naked and burdened with shame.'"

Susan gawked in surprise. "The Book of Isaiah says THAT?!"

Alan replied, "It does." He noticed that the next line was, "I will take vengeance against you without pity." That suggested to him that Suzanne was taking the quote out of context, to say the least. But she obviously had her reasons, and he wasn't about to correct her.

Suzanne said, "That's obviously a reference to beautiful women who misbehave. Just like you've misbehaved with your lie about your bra. Beautiful, busty women such as yourself end up naked and humiliated quite a lot. It's all part of serving a powerful and demanding cock. Consider yourself lucky if Sweetie doesn't give you a harsh spanking!"

Susan shook her head in amazement. "Boy! I read the Bible from cover to cover several times over, but it seems I missed all the most interesting parts."

Suzanne chided her, "We're waiting."

Susan bowed her head and closed her eyes again, and then submissively stripped. She was outrageously horny already. She worried that she'd be even more embarrassed when the other two saw how wet her pussy was once she took her panties off, as well as smelling her musky arousal.

Alan didn't know where Suzanne was going with this, so he put the Bible down on the kitchen counter and wisely stayed quiet. Knowing Suzanne, he figured it would lead to very good things. His dick felt like a steel pole in his shorts.

Susan had stripped completely, but she carefully covered her pussy mound with both hands. She didn't want to reveal her wetness, which was getting wetter all the time.

Suzanne simply stood there and stared at her, as if she were trying to make up her mind about something, while in actuality she was just letting both Susan and Alan get more and more aroused from the situation.

Eventually, Suzanne waved her hand in an impatient motion that made clear Susan had to remove her hands from her privates.

Susan's face was beet red as she pinned her hands behind her back. She looked down through her deep cleavage at her soaking pussy, and the rivulets of cum down her inner thighs. Oh dear! Just look at that! I'm so WET! I bet I'm smelling up the whole room too. Why does Tiger always have this effect on me?! She stared at the bulge in his shorts with open desire. It's unfair! He's just too well-hung and sexy!

Now that she was buck naked, Susan kept fidgeting nervously, shifting her weight from one hip to the other. That kept her ripe, bouncy boobs in constant jiggle motion.

Alan seriously considered, Man, I should just take my dick out and stroke it, and damn the consequences! Or, better yet, tell Mom to suck me off, right here and now! She'd do it too, even with Aunt Suzy watching. Just look at her. She's that horny!

But... Aunt Suzy always has some kind of genius, devious plan. I've gotta trust her judgment. It always ends up great for me.

Suzanne finally said to Susan, "Okay, here's the plan. I have to concede that your breasts are so outrageously large that it'll be difficult for you to play tennis without any support at all. But on the other hand, a rule is a rule, no exceptions, and you're not allowed to wear undies around your son. So, what we'll do is, I'll let you use one of my tops. It's tight enough to give some support, kind of like the spandex tops you and I wear for our workouts. It's an exciting red, rather than the traditional tennis white, and



it's décolleté enough that you'll be a bouncy, jiggy, bosomy spectacle for Sweetie here, yet not injure your breasts. And of course it goes without saying that you'll play without panties."

Susan's eyes opened in alarm again. "But Suzanne!" One of her hands reflexively came around from her backside to cover her pussy and bush.

Suzanne stared at that hand disapprovingly until Susan finally put it behind her back again. Suzanne told her, "Now, go upstairs and put your undies away. Then I'll take you back to my room and get that top for you."

As Susan put her tennis top and shorts back on, she pouted, "Suzanne, you're such a meanie."

"I can be, but it's for your own good. Rules are rules, and we need to show Sweetie that no one is above them. Not you, not me, not even him." She pointed in Alan's direction.

Susan nodded obediently. She seemed to accept that completely. She never stopped to question where the "no undies" rule came from in the first place.

Suzanne was tickled pink. Knowing how much everyone in the group played tennis, she'd recently bought a top just for the purpose of having Susan wear it for playing Alan in a private setting. It was about as outrageous as it could be while providing just enough support for Susan to run around. Suzanne loved few things more than seeing one of her clever schemes coming together just as she'd hoped.

Once Susan had gone upstairs, Suzanne immediately unzipped Alan's shorts.

"What are you doing?!" he exclaimed, even though the answer was obvious.

As she began to jack him off, she said, "What do you think? Wasn't that hot? I saw you have a big fat boner trapped in there, and I'm helping you enjoy the moment. But don't ask questions, because we've only got a short time until she comes back downstairs."

He looked down at her hand sliding up and down his shaft, and then ogled her body while she sat on the adjacent stool. He nodded.

"Good. Here's the plan. Tennis is a nice idea, and I hope you have fun and get some real exercise. But we can't let up on your mom; we've got to keep her in a state of sexual excitement 24/7 so she'll scrap the rest of her prudish outlook. She may seem pretty hot to trot right now, but we actually still have a long way to go."

He nodded again. He looked down at Suzanne's stroking fingers, then he twisted a bit on his stool and glanced nervously towards the stairs. He knew they'd be able to hear Susan coming down the stairs before she could see them, but he was still worried about getting caught like this. (Although, had he been thinking clearly, he might have realized there was nothing "illegal" about what they were doing, according to the current house rules.)

Suzanne continued, "So, after you've had a good workout, try to push her sexual buttons. This will be good practice for you. I know you love her deeply, but she's a submissive type and you need to learn how to dominate her. And this is a particularly good time to practice humiliating her in the right way, like we discussed earlier."

"But we'll be playing tennis! You want me to do something sexual right in the middle of the tennis court?!"

"Sure," she said calmly as she jacked him off. "Remember, that's MY court, and I designed the backyard very carefully so my family could have complete privacy there. Eric and Brad will be gone for hours. Between the walls and all the greenery, plus the downhill slope out back, there's no way anyone else can look in. As you know, it's a big, big, backyard, much bigger than yours. Just don't shout, 'I'm fucking your mouth, Mom!' at the top of your lungs, and you'll be fine."

"Bu-bu-but..." he stammered. "But even so... we're gonna be outside!" He was having a hard time thinking, thanks to her relentlessly stroking fingers. Knowing that she didn't have much time until Susan returned, she was focusing almost exclusively on rubbing his sweet spot.

"That's good," she said. "She's got all kinds of sexual hang-ups we need to break down. A big one is a phobia against having any kind of sex in public."

"I've got that phobia too!" he cried too loudly. "And with good reason. It's dangerous!"

"Shhhh! That's better then. You can kill two birds with one stone, and work on your phobia at the same time. Just think of a bright future, where you're tanning yourself by the pool, with Susan and I lying naked between your legs while taking turns bobbing on your cock. That should happen. In fact, it needs to happen, a lot! Are you still so opposed to sex outside?"

His hands clenched into fists and he clenched his teeth, because a great surge of erotic pleasure ran through his body. He squeezed his PC muscle repeatedly until the crisis passed.

Then, just like that, she let go of his pre-cum-soaked erection, tucked it back into his shorts, and zipped him up. She explained, "I hear Susan starting down the stairs. That was just to help put you in a randy mood. But you need to save that cum for her. Give her a facial, right there in the middle of the tennis court!"

His breathing was fast. "Whoa! Aunt Suzy! I don't know... I don't think I'm ready for that."

She sipped the last of her orange juice, showing no sign of what her hands had just been doing. She wiped his pre-cum off on a napkin, and said, "Kid, you have to ask yourself: Are you going to be a man, or are you going to stay a boy? If you really want your mom to service you sexually every day for years to come, and totally love every minute of it, you have to become the kind of man that she needs."

"What kind of man is that?"

But instead of answering, Suzanne stood up and looked past him. Susan was walking through the living room to rejoin them. "Susan! You're looking good. Sweetie, look at all that bouncy action under her top. Susan, too bad you can't play like this, in your usual top but without any breast support at all. Let's go!"

Susan's face was red. "Suzanne! Please!"

Chapter 312 Erotic Tennis

Susan met Alan at the tennis court on the distant edge of the Pestridge backyard. She had a very red face because she was blushing furiously, partly due to what she was wearing. She could live with the sexy, revealing top Suzanne had picked out for her, although she was concerned about whether it would

provide enough breast support, especially given how dramatically the neckline plunged to show off her deep cleavage. What bothered her far more was that Suzanne had disapproved of the skirt she'd chosen and picked out a far shorter miniskirt. That was extremely alarming, since Suzanne stuck to her guns in not letting Susan wear any panties.

Susan's pussy was still very hot and wet, as it had been ever since she'd been forced to strip in front of Alan and Suzanne. She'd tried to dry it off when she was upstairs, but it was wet again by the time she came back downstairs.

She was also blushing as she started to stretch and limber up on the tennis court, because she was thinking about what Suzanne had just told her. Before Suzanne had let her leave the Petridge house, she'd given her a bit of a pep talk. She'd said, "Now, Susan, I know that some of the things I'm making you do may seem embarrassing, if not downright humiliating. But remember your Tiger's serious medical need. To be a good big-titted mommy, you have to be willing to go the extra mile. What that means is different in different situations. Imagine if your son had been in a terrible accident; you might have to stay up most of the night, night after night, giving him pain medication and hearing him scream and cry in agonizing pain."

Susan had gasped in dismay. She was very easy to manipulate because she wore her strong emotions on her sleeve.

Suzanne had continued, "Luckily, that's not the case here at all. Instead of giving him a pill, your 'medicine' is sucking and licking on his wonderfully fat penis for extended periods of time. In fact, you're extremely lucky that you can actually have a great time helping him out, if you approach it with the right attitude. Never forget that you're one of his personal cocksuckers now. Don't think of playing tennis without panties as a bad thing; think of it as a wonderful opportunity to get his big, powerful erection rock hard, as it should be, and then to keep it that way. Remember, it's not just a matter of how many orgasms he has a day; it's also the prolonged stimulation that he gets before each of them."

She had concluded, "The Good Lord has blessed you with an exceptionally sexy body. Maybe He had a purpose for that. Maybe it was so you could properly serve your son's fat and constantly throbbing erection in his time of great need. Ron is gone and Tiger is your man now. He's the man of the house. What's more important in your life than serving his cock with all your love? I can't think of anything. Can you?"

Susan had shook her head because she couldn't either.

"I know you're still getting used to the fact that it's your duty to drop to your knees and slurp and suck on his fat dick whenever he needs it, or even just wants it. And I know you're going to be terribly embarrassed at first while playing tennis today, since you'll be constantly flashing your tits, ass, and pussy at him. But remember you're doing this because you love your son. Your goal today - and in the future whenever you play tennis with him - should not be to get the highest score. It's to keep him hard and horny with visual stimulation, and then use your hands and lips and tongue to drain him of all that nasty cum buildup. So go out there and do your best. I know you can do it!"

These words were very much on Susan's mind as she opened a can of tennis balls and swung her racquet to stretch her arms. Suzanne's right, as usual. It doesn't matter if we're inside or outside, or what we're doing. I've made a commitment to be Tiger's "centerfold mom," and that means keeping his balls well drained at all times. That doesn't stop just because we're playing tennis. Bless her soul for keeping my head on straight. Suzanne is the best friend in the whole world!

Alan had been distracted tying his shoes and putting his stuff on a side bench, but now he walked to the middle of his side of the court and started his usual stretching exercises too. But then he noticed that Susan had suddenly stopped moving and was just standing there, looking at him. "Um, Mom, aren't you going to finish stretching? You don't want to pull a hamstring."

She looked abashed. "Uh, no, I'm good."

"Ha! Good one. But seriously, get stretching so we can get started."

She resumed her stretching, but it soon became apparent why she had been so reluctant to do so when he was watching. Her outfit was much sexier than a typical white tennis outfit, with an almost pornographic lack of fabric. Her miniskirt barely went below her pussy. That meant that when she started to bend over to stretch her legs, she didn't just expose a little bit of her ass - she exposed all of it. Her very wet pussy was out there in plain sight when she did that. She constantly had to flip her skirt back down, because it tended to get stuck up around her waist.

And her borrowed top was nearly as bad. It was sleeveless and so thin as to be almost transparent, a minimalist sports-bra top that failed to come down enough to cover her belly button. It did provide vertical support by wrapping tightly around her back, supporting her breasts from beneath and constraining them somewhat from above. But the only side-to-side support was from the outsides of the top. Her breasts were pressed against each other, providing mutual lateral support and deep cleavage, allowing them to sway back and forth within the confines of the top.

She thought, I need to have a sexy, exhibitionist attitude. But it's one thing to think that and it's quite another thing to do it while actually standing outside under the bright sun. I'm utterly exposed here. And my pussy! It's so hot! Hot, wet, and throbbing! Tiger has me dressed like some kind of shameless... sex toy. Good Lord, that's exactly what it's like. I'm here for his amusement... and that's so damn HOT! I'm his busty sex-toy mommy! How on Earth am I supposed to concentrate on playing?

As if she wasn't embarrassed enough, she recalled her conversation with Katherine a few hours ago, where she'd chided Katherine for calling herself a "fuck toy," only to have Katherine get her to admit that she got off on terms like that and "sex pet." She sighed. "Sex pet," "sex toy," "fuck toy" - what's the difference?! The bottom line is, my old life is over! My new life has begun, and serving my son's fat cock is going to be a very big part of it! I just have to accept that, and stop worrying about being embarrassed all the time. It's like Suzanne said a little while ago: beautiful and busty women like me end up naked and humiliated a lot when we're dominated by our well-hung sons!

That wasn't exactly what Suzanne had said, but it was close.

Susan rushed through the rest of her warm-up. Alan warmed up even less, since he was mostly just standing there and pretending to stretch while ogling her as she repeatedly flashed her pussy and ass.

Then she suggested they forgo the usual practice rallies and go straight to playing a set. Her face was still ruby red with embarrassment. She was eager to get the match over with as fast as possible. Plus, she was mindful that she had been promised his next cocksucking, so she was eager to get back to the privacy of his bedroom so she could have a relaxed, prolonged oral session with him.

She won the rally for serve, and then made it through the rally without incident. So far, so good. Maybe this won't be as bad as I'd feared.

But when she tossed the ball into the air to serve, stretching high to hit it with her racquet, her right nipple popped completely free from her tight top. Distracted by this, she let the ball drop to the ground without connecting with it. "Um, hold on, Tiger. I'm having a bit of an, er, problem here. Just a second... That's better."

With her top back in place, she tossed the ball up again, but the exact same thing happened a second time. This time practically her entire boob popped out along with the nipple.

She was stumped. She asked, "Um, Son, would it be okay if I serve underhanded?"

He was trying not to snicker. "If you do that, you know I'm going to cream you. You've got a wicked serve; it's the best part of your game."

She grumbled to herself, I think he's gonna "cream me" in any case, and I'm not talking about the score. This is so humiliating! And outside, no less. Anyone could see me!

No, I can't think like that. I have to remember Suzanne's wise words. Winning today isn't about getting the most points; it's about getting the most cum out of him. There's nothing more important in my life right now than sucking every last wiggly spermie from his heavy balls, and if my big tits popping out with every serve can help with that, then so be it.

With that new resolve, she served again. Her tit popped out again, although it was the left one this time. But she hit the ball hard, and in the seconds while she waited for his return hit she managed to tuck it back into her top. The rally proceeded more or less as usual, although she was more restrained than usual in making sudden movements. She actually won the point, to her pleasant surprise.

They continued to play the game. Normally, their skill levels would have been comparable, but Susan was at a big disadvantage due to her continued and mostly futile efforts to at least protect some of her modesty and dignity. She was constantly flashing her bush and labia as she jumped around the court, and she flashed her ass even more. Her massive boobs generally stayed inside her top except when she served, but one or the other would pop out at very inopportune times. Sometimes she would even end a long rally with both her nipples on display.

The most humiliating thing for her though came between their points, when she had to bend over and pick up the balls strewn around the court. They were only playing with a single can of three balls, so Alan or Susan typically had to pick up a ball after each point. Alan usually had nothing better to do at those times than admire her fantastic bare ass. That led her to really hate her miniskirt, because it seemed to want to ride up to her waist and stay there.

At times when she had to pick up balls that she'd hit into her side of the net, Alan would stand on his side of the net and reach over and fondle her bare ass. She secretly enjoyed that, and occasionally she would take her sweet time picking up the ball. But, inevitably, she would remember where she was and abruptly stand up and try to tug her miniskirt back into position.

But it turned out that all this didn't really hinder her score, because Alan was even more distracted than she was. Many times he would get so distracted by her flashing that he'd simply stop and stare, completely forgetting to run after the ball. Soon she got clever and began deliberately flashing him at key moments during their play.

Alan actually was the slightly better player in general, so normally he would have won. He was on the high school tennis team, after all. But their matches were almost always close, and she made him work for every win. Thanks to all her sexy flashing, she took an early lead in the first set.

This hadn't happened in ages, and she started to get cocky. Each time her tit popped out, or she had to bend over to pick up a ball, she grew a little more used to it. After a while it ceased to bother her much (which had been part of Suzanne's intent in getting them to play), because she was usually able to effectively forget that they were outside and that there was at least a theoretical possibility others could see.

As a result, she found herself taking longer and longer to pick up balls. She'd spread her legs wide, wiggle her ass, and always point her ass towards Alan so he was guaranteed a good show. Her hot, pulsing pussy was dripping copiously, so much that her son could see the glistening of her inner thighs from across the court. But she didn't try to clean herself, but rather just reveled in just how wet and horny she felt.

Once, when she was bending over near the net and letting him fondle her ass again, she purred happily as she felt his finger slide up and down her gushing pussy lips. But then she remembered her rules and stood up straight. She looked all around with worry. "Son, be careful! You know that's not allowed."

"Sorry, Mom."

She wagged a finger at him and walked back to the base line for another serve.

They continued to play, with Susan getting the better of him, since her nakedness distracted him even more than it did her. After she took a 4-to-1 game lead, they took a water break at the bench.

As they sat next to each other, sweating and breathing hard, he asked her, "So, Mom, kinda weird, huh? What do you think about playing 'erotic tennis?'"



Had he asked her that after the first couple of games, she would have said "Terrible!" But at that point she just smiled and said wryly, "It's... interesting. What bothers me though is how unfair it is. Here I am, letting it all hang out pretty much for every point, and you won't so much as take your shirt off!" She gave him a sexy pout.

He spread his legs wider, adjusting his crotch. "How's that?"

Once he withdrew his hand, she saw he'd pulled his erection out from the bottom edge of his short shorts. A good three of four inches of his thick cock was hanging out, resting against his thigh.

"Oh my! My goodness!" She licked her lips and looked around nervously. Every now and then she remembered where they were, which sent jolts of fear and excitement through her. Why can't we be done already?! We should be up in his room. Angel sucked him off for nearly an entire hour, and I can't wait to beat her time. If we were anywhere else but here, I'd be on my knees and slurping and gagging already!

He said, "Tell you what. If you win this next game, I'll take my shirt off."bender

She smiled and ran her hand across his chest. "Mmmm! Then I'll be able to see my studly son's manly muscles." She purred saucily as she squeezed his biceps, "I'd like that very much. You're such a GROWING boy!"

She looked back down at the exposed inches of his hard-on. She felt an almost irresistible compulsion to stroke it, but she couldn't forget where they were.

He continued, "However, if you lose, you'll have to take something off too."

She looked down at herself. "But I don't have anything left to take off! That would be... obscene!" She asked with great worry, "What would I have to remove?"

"That's up to me. It could be anything. It could be your shoes. It could be your glasses. Your cap, maybe. Who knows?"

"Or, more likely, it could be my top!" She frowned nervously. "Then I won't be able to play." She could deal with her current limited breast support okay, for a limited time, but to have no support at all would be an entirely different matter. That would quickly become really painful, and she could easily injure her breasts. She feared that if that happened she'd have no choice but to concede the match.

He was cryptic as he tucked his hard-on back in. "Perhaps. Who knows? Maybe you'd better just win the game then, so you don't have to find out."

She stood up dramatically. "You're on!"

Alan's six-times-a-day treatment had not been an always happy experience for Susan. She'd been in a lot of embarrassing and awkward situations where she suffered a lot. But one thing couldn't be denied: she was living again. It was as if she'd rediscovered her joy for life. She felt a great thrill rush through her as she contemplated both winning and losing the bet. Either way, she knew it would be interesting.

She walked back to the court with a fierce determination to win, and she gave it her all.

But Alan was equally inspired to win. Much like a pool shark, he'd deliberately underplayed his game earlier, to make her overconfident. But now he stopped holding back.

It was close, and the game went to "advantage Susan" at one point, but Alan eventually won.

### Chapter 313 Damn Hot In The Tennis Field

They met at the side of the net. Susan was about to launch into a big explanation about how she couldn't play without any breast support at all, but she never got the chance, because he said, "Sorry, Mom. Looks like you lose your skirt."

"My skirt?! Oh no! Son! You're such a meanie!" However, she was extremely horny by this time, and all the sweaty physical exertion just seemed to fuel her lust even more. She turned around, slowly shimmied out of her miniskirt, and spread her legs wide.

She asked in a saucy tone as she stayed bent over, "Is that what you want to see? Does it make you happy to see your mommy's naughty pussy out in the open like this? Are you proud at how soaked you've made her? Do you want to run your hands over her ass? Nasty boy! Meanie! I bet you won't stop until you've got me completely naked!"

He inhaled deeply, reveling in the musky aroma of wet pussy. "Nope, I won't. In fact, this next game, we'll play for the same stakes. If you win, I'll take off my shirt. If I win, you'll take off YOUR top."

"Oh no!" She immediately turned around and tried to pull her skirt down to cover her pussy. She'd gotten into the habit of doing that during the game. The only problem was, she wasn't wearing the skirt anymore. Flustered, she attempted to pull her top down instead, but it was so taut and short that she couldn't even cover her belly button with it.

Frustrated, she shook her fist at him. "Oooh! You! You're toast! I'm gonna win this game, and then the next one too! Then YOU'LL be playing naked!"

To her surprise, he held his arms open wide, indicating he wanted a hug.

Without thinking why, she closed the distance with him. For years, her prudish habits had made her hug-averse, but lately she couldn't get enough of them.

She'd had a vague notion he was going to apologize for being so aggressive, but instead he started French kissing her and fondling her bare ass.

Within seconds, his fly was somehow unzipped and his cock pressed up against her bush, burning her skin with its erotic heat. And also mysteriously, her shoulder straps slid down to her elbows, effectively pinning her arms at her sides and leaving her huge melons completely exposed. His hands alternated between kneading her ass cheeks and her creamy tits.

She mewled in protest but completely ineffectively, since she was too busy dueling with her tongue to break the kiss and complain with words. She just made her usual "Mmmm!" sounds, which came out sounding more erotic than upset. Oh no! His cock really NEEDS to get pleased by my hands! But not here, out in the open where anyone could see! We could be ruined if they know who we are!

Alan remembered Suzanne's advice to be more aggressive, so he was trying to do just that.

The mysteries piled up, because she somehow found herself jacking him off as they kept kissing, even though she hadn't intended to do that. Her hand just kind of wound up there, and she found it impossible to simply hold his shaft without stroking it too.

She thought as she panted hard, Dear God! So good! So good! I don't even care where we are. Well, I do care, but it just can't be helped this time. Suzanne is so right! How lucky am I that the 'treatment' my son needs involves constantly pleasuring this manly cock? Mmmm! And the way he's pulling on my nipples... My Lord, this is Heaven on Earth!

But then she felt a particularly powerful breeze blow up her ass crack and between her legs, tingling her pussy, and even though she already was very mindful of their outdoor location, the breeze heightened her shame that she was standing outside, right in the middle of a tennis court, wearing little more than tennis shoes, a cap, and a top hanging uselessly around her waist. She abruptly pulled back until she was out of arm's reach.

She stood there still proudly topless, and asked, "What was that all about?"

"You're just so hot and sexy, I can't resist. I even love the way you look and smell when you're all sweaty."

Darn it! she cursed to herself. My son is such a sexy, confident STUD! How can I resist, when he talks and acts like that?

But she finally did her best to put her skimpy top back into place. Oh my! I can't believe this is all I have to wear. It's more naked than naked!

Then she said, defiantly, "Stand there looking all cocky, Mr. Big Cock. But I have news for you: you're gonna LOSE! You're gonna go down in flames! You might as well take your shirt off now and stuff it in a toaster, 'cos it's toast!"

He was all smiles, because he loved her feisty spirit. "Yeah, well, we'll see." He tucked his erection back into his shorts and bent down to pick up a tennis ball. Then he stood and asked, "Whose turn is it to serve?"

Susan picked up her racquet and strutted back to the serve line to play the next game.

As Alan stood on his side, ready to resume playing, he had to stifle the urge to laugh. There was something really amusing about seeing his mother standing there with an intense look of determination, yet naked from her belly button on down. Her dark brown bush stood out against her very fair skin in the midday sun.

Unfortunately for Susan, her mind was determined enough, but her body had reached such a horny fevered pitch after his fondling and kissing that she was pretty much rendered incapable of playing tennis competently. She didn't give up, but it was as if her skill was cut in half. After losing the first two points, she knew she was going to lose the game, and with it, her top.

They played out the rest of the game, but her skills continued to nosedive as her loss became more of a certainty. All she could think about was how she would soon be standing in the middle of Suzanne's backyard, wearing nothing but her tennis shoes, socks, cap, and glasses. Thinking that only increased her arousal, which made it more difficult to play, which made her still more aroused, and so on. It was a vicious circle of constantly-increasing lust.

By the time the game mercifully ended and Alan won, her pussy juices were dripping far down her legs. She tossed her racquet away and fell to her knees, because she was simply too overcome with lust to remain standing.

My God! My GOD! Tiger just defeated me. And I don't just mean in tennis; he utterly destroyed me, body and soul! I thought I was so clever, flashing him at just the right times, but there's no beating his clever mind and powerful cock! I really thought I'd get him to take off his shirt, at least, but no! As usual, I end up buck naked and panting for his thick cock-meat!bender

He put his racquet on the bench, picked up a bottle of water, and walked to the side of the court. He stood in front of his mother and took a much-needed chug of water. Even when he was playing at his best it had been a tough match, because Susan had such a fit and athletic body.

She sat up on her knees and dramatically pulled her top over her head. She tossed it away, not caring where it went, just like her racquet. It seemed to take minutes for her big tits to stop jiggling.

He held his breath. Jeeeesus! Of course I'm well aware that Mom is stacked and stunning, but dammit, at times like this it's like I'm hit by a two-by-four all over again! DAMN, I'm friggin' aroused beyond belief!

She cupped her globes from underneath, saying, "Look, Son, look! You won!"

"Not necessarily," he pointed out, as he finally resumed breathing. His heart was racing wildly, yet he managed to sound relatively calm as he asked, "Thirsty?"

She nodded.

Instead of simply handing her the water bottle, which would have forced her to stop clenching her immense breasts with both hands, he held it over her face and poured it towards her mouth.

She opened her mouth wide and enough water flowed in to quench her thirst. But of course the water also gushed all over her face.

Satisfied at the very sexy display, he handed her the bottle so she could actually drink normally.

She took a long sip, after which she exhaled heartily, showing her appreciation.

But then she leaned even further back and resumed pouring the water over her naked body. She focused on her big tits, completely drenching them. She emptied most of the nearly-full bottle, leaving even her tummy and legs quite wet.

Chills ran up and down her spine as the cool water splashed over her hot, sweaty skin. All her nerves tingled. But what she loved even more was the blowjob symbolism. She'd had to open her mouth wide, just as if he were about to slide his manhood into it, so it was easy for her to imagine that it was his cum pouring all over her, not just water.

She gasped, "Oh! Tiger! MMMM! So HOT!" So much cum! So much! Such spermy goodness! He's drenching me in his fertile seed! I wish he really could cum this much, every time!

He smiled from ear to ear; he definitely had to agree with the "so hot" sentiment. But he continued to speak casually, as if she weren't naked and soaking wet in the middle of the tennis court. "The game score is only three to four. You're still in the lead. You just might pull this out." He didn't believe that for a second, though, not anymore. She looked wild-eyed, and he frankly doubted she could even get it together enough to stand.

She continued to maintain her obscene pose, with her tits thrust up and out. She shook herself a little bit, causing water to fly in every direction. "That means nothing and you know it! You know that I can't play out the rest of the set without a sports bra. I've been thoroughly defeated in every way... and it feels so good! You were holding back, not playing your 'A' game until the end. I can see that now. So clever! Playing me like a puppet on a string. Oh God, it makes me so hot to be totally bested by my own child!"

#### Chapter 314 Fun Time In Tennis Court

Susan gave him a devastating "come hither" gaze. "Son, come here and claim your reward."

Alan wasn't sure what she had in mind, but he stepped up to her until his crotch was practically in her face.

"You say I can still pull this out? I'll tell you what's going to get pulled out," she muttered passionately as she unzipped his fly.

Seconds later, she had his cockhead in her mouth and was happily bobbing on it. She was overjoyed beyond words. But more than that, she was content, as if all were right in the world again. Suckling her son's cock just felt so good and so right that she no longer cared where she was or who might see.

She thought, Dear Lord, I love this so much! Now that I'm getting over my foolish prudish resistance, I'm free to truly enjoy myself and revel in every little thing about it. I love that my tongue is giving him tremendous pleasure. Hearing his ecstatic moans is VERY sweet music to my ears, always. But it's so much more than that. I love the act itself, including how naughty it is! Mmmm! I love having to stretch my mouth open wide to engulf his thick cock. I love flitting this way and that with my tongue while my lips steadily slide back and forth. MMMM, yes! Just like what I'm doing now! I love his male smell, which makes my nostrils flare and sends chills down my spine. Oh, and I love the taste! And not just the

unusually delicious taste of his cum, although that IS the best. I even love the taste of merely licking his shaft! And his pre-cum! Plus, I love the sheer heat of it!

She bobbed on him deeper and faster, inspired as she continued to ponder. Gosh, I love absolutely everything about sucking his great cock! But that's not all. I love what's happening outside of my mouth and hands too. I love kneeling submissively with my tall son towering over me. He makes me so proud, the way he's learning to dominate me! I love being completely naked for him, and feeling this outdoor breeze gives me goose bumps everywhere. BRRRR! I love how my big tits bounce freely, and especially how they do so in perfect time to my rhythmic sucking. Mmmm! I love the way he runs his hands through my hair or bends down and pinches my nipples. I love holding onto his ass for support, running my fingers up his ass crack, and toying with his anus. So naughty! Tee-hee!

And that was just for starters. She truly loved everything about it. And she could have read off an even longer list about the joys of making him cum, feeling it happen, and then tasting and swallowing the results of all her hard work. Ever since Suzanne had told her that cocksucking was an art, she wanted to study and perfect her calling, to literally become the best cocksucker in the entire world.

So, needless to say, she gave great head. Her relative lack of experience didn't matter.

Alan had to struggle just to remain standing, because her passionate tongue-lashing turned his knees to jelly, so he had to grip her head with both hands just to stay upright.

But he worried even that might not be enough to remain standing. Realizing the net was a few feet behind him, he was about to tell her that he needed to take a couple of steps back to rest his ass on it. He hoped there wasn't much give and that would be enough to hold him up.

But then, thinking about the net, he had an even better idea. "Hey, Mom. I hate to make you stop, but please stop! Then, I want you to run around to the other side of the net and kneel down over there."

That request was so strange that she pulled his boner out of her mouth to ask, "Why?!"

"Because then I'm going to stick my dick through the net, and you can finish me off like that."



Her eyes twinkled with delight. "You naughty, naughty, VERY bad boy! I love it! Okay, just a second!" She got up and held her breasts and she ran around to the other side of the net and then knelt right in front of it.

He walked right up to the net and stuck his pole through one of the gaps in the netting.

She immediately engulfed his cockhead again and resumed where she'd left off.

In truth, there was hardly any difference from before. The netting didn't get in the way, so the main impact was psychological. But both of them got a big kick out of it. Plus, this new position allowed Alan to rest his hands on the top of the net and support his weight nearly as much as if he'd been sitting. He really needed that, because he felt his bones were turning into noodles.

Several more glorious minutes elapsed. She sucked and sucked until her cap fell off. A few tears even fell from her eyes. Finally, he felt his balls tighten up, and he knew his next spermy eruption was imminent.

Luckily, she sensed when he was approaching his climax, and dialed down her efforts accordingly. That enabled him to struggle on for a few more minutes, but she was so enthusiastic that soon he was right back to the very edge. She again tried to give him a break, and again that gave him new life for a little while.bender

This process repeated several times. Alan couldn't believe how long this endless onslaught of erotic euphoria lasted, especially since they were in the Petridge backyard.

As her lips continued their seemingly endless tight sliding, she stared up to her son's face and thought, Look at me! Everybody, look at me! I'm totally naked, totally ashamed, totally horny, and totally loving it! Mmmm! I'm defiling this nice tennis court with my wanton, lewd, slurpy cocksucking noises, but I don't care! I wish Suzanne could see me! I wish Brad and Eric and Amy all would come home and see me too! I even want the neighbors to see me! Everyone! Mmmmmmm! I want the WHOLE WORLD to know that I'm my son's big-titted mommy slut and I serve his powerful, fat cock with PRIDE and JOY!

MMMM! Mmmm, mmmm, mmmm! I'm just gonna DIE of spermy cocksucking joy! Come on, Tiger! Give me your yummy load already! Give it to me!

What she didn't know was that, in fact, Suzanne had been sneaking around her backyard from time to time and checking up on how they were doing. When Suzanne saw that Alan was reaching the real intended end game, the one of arousing and sexually humiliating Susan, she stuck around. She watched all of their last two tennis games from behind some bushes, capturing it all on a video camera. She figured that someday, once Susan had completely converted to a sexually-free way of life, she could give her a nice surprise by showing her the rough video footage.

Suzanne made sure to record all of Susan's epic blowjob. She was tickled pink at what they were doing through the net, and she was very glad that would be recorded for posterity. Her only frustration was that she wasn't close enough to listen in and record the sound as well.

When Alan finally came, it wasn't a direct result of anything Susan had or hadn't done; it was because he simply lost the energy to keep going at such a dizzyingly high level of arousal, and with that lost the willpower to hold back the urge to cum.

Since his boner was deep in her mouth, his cum started to fire straight down her throat. He was on such a delirious plane of arousal that he forgot to warn her. He also completely forgot about the net his hard-on was poking through, although he was still gripping it.

She didn't like his cock being that far in her mouth, since it meant she missed out on tasting his cum. So she pulled back until just the very tip of his cockhead was against her lips, which allowed his cum to shoot this way and that in her mouth, seemingly filling it up with his sweet seed.

Once she felt his spurting weaken, she pulled back even more, allowing his last couple of ropes to splatter across her face. That wasn't much, compared to how much had gone into her mouth, but she liked it when at least some of his cum ended up visibly "marking" her skin.

When her blowjob ended, Alan crumbled to the ground like a dead man. He tried resting against the net, but it sagged because he was below the taut top edge. So he slipped the rest of the way to the ground. As he lay there, he panted with exhaustion, "Talk about being completely defeated! You slayed me!" After some more panting he added, "Right now a single limp noodle could beat me in tennis! Ugh! Man!"

Susan had similarly collapsed on the other side of the concrete tennis court. She didn't care how dirty her nude body got; she had no choice because she was too weak to do anything after her own powerful orgasmic rush.

She thought, He's lying! I didn't defeat him; he defeated me. And losing never tasted so good! In fact, it tastes exactly like his sperm!

They rested like that for a few minutes, too tired to say or do anything else. They were both utterly drenched in sweat, from the tennis match plus the sex afterwards, with their hair matted to their foreheads. Also, they stank. They could not have cared less.

Eventually, Susan managed to stand up, flop and fumble her way over the net, sit down next to Alan, and plop her face down in his crotch. She was much happier without the net separating them. Finally responding to his comment, she said, "Speaking about limp noodles, I see one that needs cleaning." Then she started licking his flaccid penis and balls.

Enough time had passed that his penis didn't feel so extremely sensitive anymore. Getting his dick licked didn't do a lot for him when he was flaccid, although he really appreciated the gesture. But it was different when she licked his balls and even took turns mouthing his testicles; that felt great. He closed his eyes and luxuriated in this pleasure bonus.

He thought, Good grief! After all that, you'd think she's done, but then she has to clean me too! She must be highly aware of where we are, but even that doesn't stop her. Incredible!

After she finished, he asked, "That was nice. Can I clean you too?"

She was shocked. "What?! Lick my pussy?"

He nodded.

"Tiger, you know you can't do that! That would be very improper. I'm sorry, but that entire area has to stay off limits!"

But after she said that, she decided his cock and balls could use another cleaning, from top to bottom. Although she wouldn't let him lick her, the fact that he wanted to do so inspired her, so she resumed her licking of him, purring contentedly as she did so. The thrill of her exposed location kept her arousal humming at a very high level.

He sighed inwardly at her continued adherence to the rule that kept her pussy off limits. Weird. I guess I've gotta bide my time on that one.

She'd been hoping that all of her cleaning would cause his penis to resurrect, but it became clear that wasn't going to happen anytime soon. Eventually, they both revived enough to start to seriously consider where they were and how it would look if someone found them.

Susan sat up and began to fret about the possibility that Brad and Eric might return home. She also renewed her worries that some neighbor might see and recognize they were mother and son. She didn't know that Suzanne was also keeping an eye out so they wouldn't get caught.

Wearily, Susan and Alan dressed and tried to make themselves presentable. Susan went straight to her shower, while Alan went to the shower he and Katherine usually used, across the hall from his bedroom.

Even though Alan had already taken a nap earlier in the day (without meaning to), he was so drained in every way after that fantastic blowjob that he went straight to bed after his shower and fell into a deep sleep.

#### Chapter 315 Isn't Cocksucking Fun?

Not surprisingly, Susan was very distraught at her behavior on the tennis court. She worked off her guilt in a frenzy of house cleaning. But every now and then she would stop what she was doing and savor her recent erotic memories, most especially about what had happened on the tennis court. Then she would blush furiously and get back to cleaning.

Suzanne decided it would be smart not to talk to Susan about what had happened, at least not yet. She could tell that Susan needed more time to process the experience. That was a big reason why Susan had gone on a cleaning frenzy; she needed time before she was ready for her next sexual adventure.

However, Suzanne's curiosity concerning Susan's Brenda-related secret was absolutely killing her. She helped Susan with the cleaning, but after about half an hour she couldn't stand it anymore. When they

happened to be working side by side in the kitchen, she asked, "By the way, have you had a chance to talk to Brenda yet?"

"No, I haven't. Sorry. There've been a lot of distractions."

"True. But this is a quiet time, what with Alan taking a nap and all. In fact you could hardly pick a better time than this."

Susan sighed in resignation. "Oh, very well."

To Suzanne's surprise and disappointment, Susan went upstairs to her room to make the call. Susan was clearly intent on keeping her secret a secret, at least for the moment. Suzanne could easily have eavesdropped one way or another, but she decided to honor Susan's wishes in the matter. Susan was adamant that Suzanne would really appreciate the news if she could just wait until things came together, so Suzanne restrained herself.

Susan sat on her bed as she called Brenda while wearing just a sexy nightie. Brenda was also in her bedroom when she got the call. After only brief small talk, Susan asked, "I'm dying to know: what have you decided about the pictures and everything else?"

Brenda let out a heavy sigh. "I knew you were going to ask me that. I still haven't made up my mind."

An exasperated Susan demanded, "Oh, please! What's so difficult?!"

"These are extremely difficult decisions! They could affect the rest of my life!"

bender

Susan asked eagerly, "Well, if I put a theoretical gun to your head, which way are you leaning? Can you at least answer that?"

Brenda sighed again. "I'm leaning towards keeping my options open."

"What does that mean?!"

"It means I don't think there's much harm in simply gathering more information. After all, you said it's a long road to becoming one of Alan's women, and getting a reaction from him to my nude pictures is just one step. Isn't that right?"

"That's right."

"So I'm not going to make any kind of commitment just to see if he's interested in me. I could meet him a couple more times, just to gather more information. I don't have to make any commitment until well after that."

Susan was delighted. "That sounds reasonable. So you HAVE made a decision then, haven't you?"

"I guess. It's just..."

"What?"

"I still don't know if your lifestyle is right for me. I like the IDEA. Heck, I adore the idea! But would I enjoy it in practice, on a daily basis? I have my doubts. To try to answer that question, after I saw you last I bought a big plastic dildo."

Susan asked, "Didn't you already have one? I'm just guessing, but now that I've had my sexual awakening, I understand that pretty much everyone masturbates, men and women."

"That's true. And I did have one already. But this one is bigger. Thicker. Alan-sized."

"Ah. And?"

"And I figured that if I'm interested in being one of his women, one of his sluts, then I damn well better make sure that I enjoy handjobs, blowjobs and titfucks. Especially blowjobs. It sounds like there are a LOT of those."

Susan giggled with glee. "That's true!"

"So I tried it with the dildo. No spark. Nothing. I practically hated it. It was just like before, the few times I went down on my soon-to-be ex. A tiresome obligation. Maybe I'm just not right for your lifestyle."

"Nonsense! That's balderdash. Poppycock! The thing is, I'm not an expert. There are things I don't even want to know, because it would take away a bit of the magic. But even I can tell that context is everything. The mental aspect is everything. It's not just the physical act; you have to get in the right mindset." Susan pulled her nightie down to expose her breasts, because any talk of blowjobs got her aroused, and she knew things would get hotter from there.

Brenda asked, "How do I do that? When I hear you talk about sucking your son's cock, it sounds like the greatest thing in the world! My mouth waters and I can't wait to do it myself. But then, with the dildo, it's such a let-down. How can I practice and get good for him if I'm not even inspired enough to use the dildo?"

"I understand. You're not using it in the right spirit." She made a quick calculation. She considered going over to Brenda's to show her and inspire her, but there wasn't time because she had other, more urgent things that she wanted to do. "I'll tell you what. I'll teach you how to love sucking on the dildo if you promise to hand over the pictures today. All of them. I can't wait to see them. Have you edited them yet?"

"Unfortunately, no. As you can tell, I've been dithering. I've looked at them a heck of a lot, but to be honest, I don't know how to use the right computer programs, like Photoshop. It's frustrating, because my son Adrian does. He's a whiz at that kind of thing. Normally I'd get him to help, but I can't exactly show him nude pictures of his mother!"

"Well, there you have it then. You need to hand the pictures over to me anyway."

"Can YOU edit them? You don't strike me as the computer whiz type."

"No, I'm not. Far from it. But Suzanne is. Well, not exactly a whiz, but she can do everything she needs to on a computer, including edit pictures. On top of that, we have a special printer with special paper for printing high-quality color pictures."

"I don't know. I don't know if I want Suzanne to see me like that."

"Sorry, girl. We're a close-knit team here. If I see them, and Alan sees them, how could Suzanne not see them too, sooner or later? In fact, odds are good Katherine will see them too. We don't share our secrets with the outside world. You're the only exception, and that was largely my mistake. But within our family we share pretty much everything. The important thing to remember is that Alan will not know the pictures are of you. He'll just think it's some busty fox. Suzanne is great at scheming. If you put this in her hands, she'll do better at it than I will."

"Hmmm. I still don't know. I do want Alan to see the pictures, because otherwise I can't take the next step. And I don't know exactly how else I could edit them. I can't exactly go to Kinko's for a job like that."

"No, you can't. Also remember, I'll teach you how to love the dildo as much as if it was Alan's real cock."

"THAT I've got to see! I don't believe you!"

"Have we got a deal? I'll prove it to you right now."

Brenda hesitated, but only for a few seconds. "Okay, deal. But I'm only handing the pictures over to you IF I'm fully satisfied with this dildo experience. I don't just mean something mildly okay; I want to go hog wild over it, losing myself in the experience like I just can't get enough!"

Susan couldn't have been more confident. "No problem. Do you have it near you? Where are you?"

"In my bedroom, sitting on a chair."

"Good. Get the dildo and take ALL your clothes off. Then put your sexiest pair of high heels on. Sit back on the bed and switch to speakerphone mode. Can you do all that?"



"Sure. Just give me a minute. But I've gotta warn you, I'm VERY dubious."

Susan's lips curled into a smile. "I'm not. You'll see."

A couple of minutes later, Brenda was back on the line, in speakerphone mode. She wanted to give the experiment a fair shake, so she really did take her clothes off. She even put high heels on, although she was sitting up in bed on top of her covers. "Okay, I'm ready. Now, what is this magic that you're so sure about? We're not even in the same room. What could you possibly say to me over the phone to get me to enjoy a blowjob?"

"That's easy. I played tennis today. In fact, I finished just a little while ago. I'm going to tell you all about it."

"What, are you nuts?! How is that supposed to work? Are you going to try to bore me into a trance?"

Susan chuckled. "Hardly. You'll see. Because I was playing tennis with Alan, and this was no ordinary tennis match."

"Huh. You're serious, it seems. Should I do something with the dildo?"

"Not yet. But keep it within easy reach. Just between you and me, if you want to touch yourself in naughty places while I talk, that's okay. It's even encouraged." Susan had taken her clothes off too, because she was planning on taking her own advice, but she wasn't willing to admit that to Brenda.

Susan started telling the story of the tennis match she'd just experienced with Alan. She gave a very detailed account that started even before it began, back when she was in the house arguing with Alan and Suzanne over what she was allowed to wear.

So at first Brenda wasn't that aroused, or even particularly that interested. However, it wasn't long before Brenda was hooked. Susan skipped past nearly all mention of the tennis they'd actually played, instead focusing on the sexual aspect, and especially her sexual humiliation. From what had happened at the photo shoot, she could tell that Brenda got off on that sort of thing as much as she did, if not more so.

Soon, Brenda was huffing and puffing and playing freely with herself, particularly her pussy, clit, and nipples. She was glad that Susan was doing nearly all the talking, because she was almost too winded to even breathe. Occasionally she would ask a question, but more often she'd exclaim how hot Susan's story was. It would have been a great story for her as fiction, but she knew for a fact that it really had happened to Susan only a short while earlier, which made it the hottest story she'd ever heard.

For a long time, Brenda's dildo was completely forgotten. But then, as the story started to reach a flaming-hot intensity, Susan told Brenda to pick up the dildo and pretend it was Alan's cock. She still wouldn't let Brenda put it in her mouth, but she would allow Brenda to "help keep it hard" by stroking it from time to time.

Brenda's attitude towards the dildo was totally transformed. Previously she hadn't been in an aroused mood and the dildo had just been a piece of plastic. But now, with Susan's shockingly arousing story continuing, in her mind the dildo truly became Alan's big erection. She was frustrated, because she wanted to stroke it, play with her nipples, and play with her pussy and clit all at the same time, but she didn't have enough hands. She kept switching back and forth between stroking the dildo and stimulating her erogenous zones, squealing in orgasm from time to time.

Then Susan reached the climax of her tennis story, when she had been totally defeated by her son and he'd claimed his prize by fucking her mouth right in the middle of the tennis court, through the tennis net no less. As the description of her blowjob started, she finally allowed Brenda to suck on the dildo.

Brenda was nearly out of her mind with raging lust. She sucked on the dildo like her life depended on it. She was so enthusiastic that she repeatedly pushed it deeper into her mouth than she could handle, coming dangerously close to triggering her gag reflex. The resulting loud choking and gagging sounds delighted both Brenda and Susan to no end.

Brenda felt even more emboldened and aroused by that, to the point that she actually tilted the dildo up high above her face with her head tilted way back, and brought it down in an inspired attempt to deep throat it. She had no idea what she was doing since she'd never tried deep throating before, so she failed. But just the effort, as well as even more choking and gagging noises and sensations, thrilled her even more.

Brenda also appreciated that when she had been stroking the dildo, she'd needed to use one hand to hold it in place and another to stroke it. Whereas she could pound it in and out of her mouth with just one hand, leaving her other hand free for masturbation.

She had an exceedingly loud orgasm well before Susan finished the blowjob part of the story, and the muffled sounds of her attempting to scream despite her mouth being crammed full of the dildo further aroused both women, causing their excitement to soar ever higher.

Susan had a couple of orgasms of her own, but she was embarrassed about that and tried to keep them secret. Brenda was so carried away with the tennis story, plus her own gasping, moaning, and frequent screaming, that she hadn't put any thought into the possibility of Susan masturbating. In her mind, Susan was on the tennis court getting her face fucked. Except, at the same time, Susan was her, and she was the one getting thoroughly humiliated and dominated out in public by Alan's powerful cock.

Eventually, the story wound down. Both women were content to recover for a while on their beds.

But the line was still connected. Eventually Brenda said, "Okay, you win. THAT was convincing. The dildo became Alan's cock in my mind, and I loved it!"

Susan couldn't resist crowing a little. "You see? What did I tell you? It's all about context, and attitude. Isn't cocksucking fun?"

"Oh. My. GOD! I had NO IDEA! It's the greatest! And that was merely with a plastic dildo. I can't even imagine what it would be like with the real flesh-and-blood Alan and his pulsing, throbbing cock!"

"Oh, it's better! Much, much better! And not only that, but you get your big, creamy, delicious, spermy treat at the end for all your hard work!"

"UNGH! HNNNG! Oh God! I can't wait! That does sound fantastic!"

"It is! Which means you owe me some nude photos, girl!" Susan giggled with glee at that.

Brenda groaned. "Oh, shit! I didn't think there was any chance I'd lose that bet. But you won fair and square, so I'm willing to pay up. In fact, it never felt so good to lose. God it felt good!"

Susan giggled some more. "Funny you should say that, because those were the exact words that I thought after Tiger bested me on the tennis court. These are still early days, like I keep telling you, but

I've got a funny feeling that I'm going to end up saying that a lot. He'll stand triumphant time and time again, his great cock jutting proudly into the air, and I'll wind up kneeling and naked, my face and tits doused in his spermy goo. But that's the life of being one of his personal cocksuckers."

"His what?" Brenda had heard "personal cocksucker" from Susan once or twice already. She was starting to think it was some sort of official name.

Susan grinned and replied enigmatically, "Oh, I'll tell you all about that later. I don't want to get you worked up all over again. Now, about the photos, I have an idea. I'm about to go shopping."

"How can you go shopping after that?! Especially since it really happened to you. I would need days to recover!"

Susan giggled. "There's no time for that around here. As soon as Tiger has blasted his load all over your face and tits, the process starts all over again. Even as I'm thoroughly licking his balls clean, I revel in the knowledge that inside those balls, millions of little new spermies are being created. That's one reason why it's fortunate that he has lots of big-titted lovers. It would be too much for me, taking care of his cock all by myself!"

"I can see that." Brenda was awed. "It DID really happen to you, didn't it? You're not just making that all up?"

"No way. I wouldn't lie to you about that. Besides, that's just one adventure I've had in the last twenty-four hours. Now that Ron is gone, it seems that things are twice as cummy and tingly as before! I could tell you many stories."

"Please do!" They both giggled over that. But they also knew this was not the time. They were sexually satiated.

Then Brenda asked, "So what's this about you going shopping?"

"Oh, yes. I'm about to leave shortly, as soon as I freshen up. And it's not just any shopping trip, either. I'm in the middle of remaking my wardrobe, from the fuddy-duddy clothes I used to wear to lots of cock-

stiffening super sexy outfits! I was thinking that while I was out and about, maybe I could stop by your place to pick up your memory card with the photos on it. Or we could meet somewhere."

"Definitely! Let's meet somewhere! Now that you mention it, I want to buy some sexy new outfits for him too. Maybe we can go shopping together?"

"Sure. That would be fun. But I thought you were still undecided on him?"

"Fuck that! Not after what just happened!" Brenda realized it was dangerous to let her passion run unchecked, so she added, "I'm not saying I want to go all the way and commit to him now. But I definitely want to take the next step and see where things will lead."

"Good!"

Susan was very proud of herself. After the phone call ended, she thought, Now, I REALLY can't wait to tell Suzanne all that I've done with Brenda lately. Even with my jealousy over Brenda's breasts, it's too much fun to talk to her like that. I can't resist! I suppose there could be a lot worse things than having a new, beautiful, super-busty friend like her to share the joy of pleasuring Tiger's cock. Just so long as she doesn't take up too much of his time. But I still want to wait until I can actually look over those nude photos before I reveal it all to Suzanne!

Chapter 316 Sexy Time For Kath & Amy

bender

While Alan was napping, Amy went to the Plummer house, looking for help in shaving her pussy.

Luckily, Katherine had just come home. They met in Katherine's room. Amy stood at the door. "Hey, what'cha doin'?"

"Oh, nothing. I've got bad news though. Alan's taking a nap."

Amy frowned. "Seriously? Bummer!"

"Hey, I'd be more than happy to help you with the shaving and whatnot."

Amy's frown was replaced by a blindingly bright smile. "Really? Cool beans!" She suddenly turned shy. "Can we practice another kiss or two though?"

Katherine was all smiles too. She felt a shiver of excitement run down her spine, because she loved Amy like a sister, and lusted after her too.

Amy looked a bit nervous as she crossed the room for their kiss.

But before she got there, Katherine looked at her with mock-confusion. "What are you doing? I hope you don't plan on kissing me like THAT."

"Like what?"

Katherine made a sour face. "With all those icky things covering your gorgeous body. I believe most people call them... clothes. Yuck!"

Amy's disappointment turned to joy, and she giggled along with Katherine. Her smile was so bright it practically lit up the room. "You said it, sister!" Within seconds, she had shed her clothes.

Katherine hurried to catch up and take off her own clothes. Her arousal soared as she realized she'd soon be French kissing Amy again, in the nude.

Not too many seconds later, their bodies met and their lips locked.

Perhaps influenced by Susan and her erotic noises, they repeatedly "Mmmm"-ed with pleasure as they necked passionately.

Katherine wanted her hands everywhere on Amy at once, and she was so excited she hardly knew where to put them first. When she and Amy had kissed intimately the day before, Alan had been there, so the excuse had been that they were just kissing "to help make his thingy happy." But with Alan now not present, Katherine knew it was obvious that Amy was enjoying their kissing.

Since they'd both been nude the last time, and were already familiar with fingering each other's pussies, there wasn't much need for either of them to hold back, and they didn't.

After a few minutes of tongue dueling, Amy said, "Mmmm. This is fun!"

As Katherine cradled Amy's boobs, she replied, "Yes. Yes it is! Aims, you're my best friend. And now we can be even BETTER friends! Isn't that great?"

"Yeay! Totally!" Amy kissed her again.

Katherine still wasn't entirely sure what Amy thought about this kind of kissing, or their other sexual activities lately, or what Amy wanted to do with Alan exactly. She also wasn't sure just what to say though, because if Amy really was naïve about all this, talking frankly could make a mess of things.

She got a clue though when their next kiss ended and Amy said, "Aaaah. Nice. But I guess we should get to the shaving. Do we have to put our clothes on just to go to the bathroom?"

"Nah," Katherine replied. "I've got some towels we can wrap around ourselves. All we really have to do is pop out into the hall for a few seconds. The odds of Mom seeing us are almost nil."

"Coolio. Any chance Alan will wake up? It would be fun to kiss him too. And even do other stuff!"

"Other stuff?" Katherine asked cautiously.

"Yeah. You know. Like, with his thingy. It seems to need a lot of attention." Amy giggled.

Katherine relaxed a little bit. "Yeah, I suppose it does. Is that something you'd be interested in helping out with? And I don't just mean once or twice. His thingy has big needs, pretty much every single day!"

"Oh, TOTALLY! I'm soooo all over that! You and I, we can help him together, right? It's, like, something we can have way fun with, dont'cha think?"

Katherine checked her feelings for jealousy, but she was surprised at just how little she felt. She worried frequently about losing Alan's attention to Susan or Suzanne, but Amy seemed harmless, and just too much fun and too lovable to get upset with.

Besides, Katherine had a good feeling that she could use Amy to her advantage. She thought, Help him together? Definitely! I know I'm attractive and sexy, but I'm not some perfect voluptuous goddess like Mom or Aunt Suzy. But if Aims and I team up, even those two can't compete with that! Aims is just so easy to manipulate, it'll be like having a copy of me. With our two tongues and lips on his dick, he'll have to give even our busty moms a rain check, at least some of the time!

Katherine smiled from ear to ear. "Great idea, Aims!" Then she kissed her lips again.

Amy responded eagerly, showing off her kissing skills. But after a minute or so, she pulled back and said, "Uh-oh! How are we supposed to do this, 'cos our boobies keep getting in the way."

It was true - both girls were so endowed that they had to be attentive to even get their lips to touch. But Katherine turned that around to a positive. "That is kind of a problem. But just imagine if Alan could see us. He'd get off on watching our racks rub together, don't you think?"

Amy's eyes lit up. "Oh! TOTALLY! Let's do MORE of that! Plus, it's just fun to do even when he's not here to look!"

Soon, they were just as focused on rubbing their tits, and especially their nipples, together as they were on the kissing. It felt fantastic, and neither of them wanted to stop.

Katherine found herself thinking, Brother's gonna love seeing this! But it also has its own reward. I'm his number one fuck toy, and I'm damn proud of that fact. But maybe Aims can kind of become my fuck toy too. Our fuck toy. Her body's so soft and squeezable and fun to play with! Also, she's so lovable and



enthusiastic. She's always been a great friend, and now we're becoming lovers too. She's way into this, I can tell!

The two girls went back to the bathroom next to Katherine's room, in part so they could play with each other's pussies. There was their usual amount of "checking for bumps" and "investigating the leakage problem."

Katherine advised Amy that the leakage problem still had no answer, but that it demanded more investigation in the very near future. This was the same conclusion she'd had every single day since they'd started. They almost never stopped giggling during such "investigations."

She could tell by now that Amy had caught on to the whole "leakage problem" pretense. But still they maintained the charade, absurd as it may have been. It was more fun that way, plus it was easier than bringing certain issues out into the open. For instance, Katherine figured that Amy's position about sex with other women such as herself would evolve naturally. So asking her if she was bisexual only risked causing problems. Katherine suspected it was possible Amy didn't even know what "bisexual" meant, and that was probably for the best.

Alan had shown Katherine how to find Amy's G-spot, and then Amy was able to find Katherine's. They were both "very disturbed" to find one of the actual bumps, and spent many long minutes trying to massage their respective bumps away, to no avail. Both agreed these particular bumps would need much more "hands-on" investigation.

Again, Katherine figured Amy was wise to this, but again it didn't really matter by this point. They practiced kissing quite a lot more as well.

Before they were done, Amy also asked if she could borrow a dildo. (She hadn't wanted Katherine to use a dildo on her recently when Heather was there, but that mostly had to do with the situation, especially Heather's presence.)

But Katherine said that would have to wait for another day. This asking for and denying the dildo was getting to be a daily ritual too. Katherine always said "No" because she wanted Amy to become completely dependent on her and Alan for all her sexual pleasure. So far, it appeared to be working like a charm. Amy was coming over even more often than before, always ready for pussy shaving or a "bump check."

But today Katherine wanted to do something new. She suggested she had a novel solution to their supposed "leakage problem."

She said, as they sat on the bathroom floor, pumping fingers into each other's vagina, "Aims, here we are, always checking out the same hole, but we've forgotten to check the other one! Is there also a leakage problem there? If not, why not? If you could investigate that too, maybe we could solve our problem."

"What, you mean your asshole?" Amy asked bluntly. "Yuck! That's gross. I don't want to touch that."

"I know it sounds weird, but you were just asking the other day how you could pay us back for all the help that Alan and I have given you. I don't think this is too much to ask. It's very clean. I just washed thoroughly. Just put a finger in there, after you get it lubed up with your pussy juices. It's no big deal." Katherine had been miffed that her anal fingering with Kim hadn't worked out, so she'd looked it up on the Internet and discovered the crucial importance of lubrication. She was keen to try it again, or have it tried out on her, so she could test to see if it was something she could do with Alan.

Amy still appeared wary, so Katherine volunteered, "Here, I'll put a finger in yours first. Then you'll see it's not so weird, and can even feel really good." Katherine began sawing at Amy from both sides, with two fingers in her vagina and another up her anus.

Pretty soon Amy had to admit that it felt pretty good. She finally was persuaded to stick her own finger up Katherine's butt.

It felt good, and Amy had fun poking around there. Amy had no revulsion about her asshole as long as it was completely clean, and Katherine's was. In fact, within minutes, Katherine asked Amy to replace that finger with her tongue, and Amy had no objection to even doing that.

Amy's tongue was soon contentedly probing deep into Katherine's anus as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Katherine not only liked the feeling of having a tongue up her butt, but she also liked the feeling of power in ordering Amy to do it. Although she didn't normally get off on power the way Heather did, there was something intoxicating in having someone as subservient and unquestioning as Amy stick a tongue in one's anus.

Amy washed up very thoroughly once she was done with Katherine's ass.

After more orgasms all around, Katherine admitted they appeared to be no closer to solving the "leakage problem."

But Amy suggested they continue to explore their butts in the future, just to be sure. By the end of the session, Amy exclaimed, "Mmmm. I love licking butts. I'm a butt-licker! Do you think Alan will let me lick his butt? It's fun to be naughty!"

This gave Katherine some new worries. Later, when she was alone, she wrote in her diary, as part of a longer diary entry:

I like Amy's sexy "anything goes" attitude - in theory. The problem is, she's gonna be that enthusiastic doing anything with Brother too. I don't want to have to compete with that. Is teaming up with her really such a good idea? What if he ends up spending a lot of time with her alone, time he could be spending with me instead?

No, that isn't the way to think about it. The fact is, sexual things are gonna happen between him and her in any case. Now that the ball has started rolling, there's just no way for her not to get pulled in. She's too beautiful and willing, and their feelings for each other are too strong. If it's gonna happen anyway, I need to get on top of it and control it. I may not be a master manipulator like Aunt Suzy, but when it comes to Aims, I don't have to be. I'll tell her what to do, and she'll happily say "M'kay!" like always.

Together, we will be an unbeatable team. He could actually end up spending MORE time with me, if Amy and I get really good at pleasuring his cock together. And if there's anyone I'd most want to do that with, it's lovable Aims. It'll be great!

Chapter 317 What's An 'Extra Two-Incher'?

When Alan finally came downstairs, it was already five o'clock. The only thing that had motivated him to leave his room was to get a snack in the kitchen.

The afternoon continued to slip by fairly normally for Alan and everyone else. Susan announced that she was going shopping, and did so.

Suzanne wanted to stay at the Plummer house, since that's where all the sexy, fun things were happening. So she went to work on the computer in the den for a while.

As it so happened, Alan needed time to process and recover. He remained scarce for a while after his nap. He stayed in his room and read a book for class; it was about political intrigues in the Roman Empire.

That was all just as well, because everyone remaining in the house was feeling tired and listless from just too much sex.

Although the downstairs area appeared to be empty, when he entered the kitchen, Suzanne came in from the adjacent den. She flashed him a big smile and a thumbs up.

As was so often the case, his eyes went straight to her deep cleavage. Even though she was wearing a pin-striped business suit, she'd taken off her bra and blouse when she arrived at the house, leaving a tantalizing peek through just her jacket.

"What's the good news?" he asked. "Did you make a ton of money?" He asked this because Suzanne spent a lot of her time trading stocks and bonds online. She was so good at it that she didn't need a "real job," and it left her with lots of free time. Sometimes she used Susan's computer in the den for trading if she didn't feel like going back to her own house to check the markets.

But she said, "No, silly. It's the weekend, remember? The thumbs up is for you! GREAT job with your tennis win over Susan!"

"Technically, I lost, four games to three."

"True, but you won when it came to stealing her heart. Those last two games were classic!"

He narrowed his eyes. "Wait a minute. Did you talk to her about this?"

"No, not yet. I don't know where she went to exactly, but she's not here. Hmmm, I wonder where she is, now that I think about it. All I know is she's out shopping, but she didn't say what she was intending to buy."

"Then how do you know what happened?" He picked up an apple and started to cut it into slices.

"I have my ways," she said, with deliberate mysteriousness.

"Such as?"

"You wouldn't BELIEVE how much money I spend on the Psychic Friends Hotline!" But seeing that he wasn't going to let the question go, and didn't even laugh at her joke, she said, "Okay, fine. I spied on you guys. But it was for a good cause. Getting Susan to open up sexually is tough. She has so many moralistic hang-ups that breaking them all down is like a full-time job. I don't want anything to go wrong. Mad at me?"

He thought about it as he ate a slice of apple. "Nah. Not really. You're just being you, and plotting and scheming is what you do best. Your schemes always work out well in the end, even though your means are sometimes, shall we say, ethically challenged. Besides, you're so beautiful that it's impossible to get mad at you."

"That's true," she teased. She was particularly appreciative he said this when she was mostly clothed. She picked up one of the apple slices and gave it a few provocative licks before biting into it.

He asked, "So, speaking of scheming, how's the 'corruption of the innocents' plan coming along?" He kept eating the slices.

"Great, actually. What happened on the tennis court was absolutely pivotal to getting her to feel like she belongs to you."

He marveled, "Wow! Mom? Belonging to me? Woooowww!"

Suzanne smiled at that. "I was too far away to hear what was said, but I can just tell. Did you have a fun time, by the way?"

He practically stared at her bug-eyed. "Are you kidding me?! Holy cow! It was awesome! The blowjob at the end - you saw that, right? That was just the icing on the cake!"

Suzanne was all grins. "Excellent. I could tell that she had just as much fun as you did, although in a slightly different way. When you humiliate her, she really gets off on that."

"I noticed!"

"Your mom has had decades of brainwashing from a bunch of religious wackos, so just getting her to surrender fully to her blowjob lust is a battle. It's like pulling a rubber band and having it always snap back into place. But you give her so much happiness and sexual ecstasy that I think she's finally totally hooked. We'll see, though, how she is later. Her emotions are all over the map lately. I never know what mood she'll be in from one hour to the next."

"You're telling me!" he agreed emphatically. "One hour to the next? More like one minute to the next! She-"

Suzanne rested a finger across his lips, and gestured for him to be quiet.

He waited a bit while she seemed to be listening closely for something. Then he asked, quietly, "What is it?"

"That was the garage door. She's back. She'll be coming in the house in... three... two... one..."

"Howdy!" Susan said, as she came into a front hallway from the garage. "Anyone home?"

Alan whispered, "Impressive. Aunt Suzy, you know us all so well, it's kind of scary."

Susan walked straight down the hall to the kitchen, carrying three very heavy shopping bags. Her face brightened when she saw Alan and Suzanne standing there. But she also got a bit abashed as she looked at Alan a second time, as she obviously was recalling what had happened earlier with him on the same tennis court.

Suzanne recognized the names of the stores on the bags and said, "Oooh! Clothes! What'd you buy? What'd you buy?" She took one of the bags from Susan before Susan could put the bags down on the counter.

"No!" Susan protested, once she was able to put the remaining two bags down. "That's not..."

But it was too late, because Suzanne had already pulled several items from the bags, and held them up for Alan to see. One was a very skimpy and semi-transparent nightie. The other one turned out to be an even skimpier and more insubstantial nightie. Suzanne whistled in appreciation. "Ooh la la!"

Suzanne put those back in the bag, and rifled through it some more. She told Susan, "Wow, look at this. You have enough nighties in here to outfit an entire army! Well, that is, if there were a very, very sexy army made up entirely of tall, busty, naked women."

Alan grinned, and quipped, "That's one army I wouldn't mind fighting."

Susan's face had already turned cherry red. It turned even more red when he winked at her. Somehow, she was powerfully reminded of their tennis match, and she felt such a thrill race down her spine that it nearly knocked her off her feet.

Suzanne said, "And if you add in your purchase a few hours ago of a whole bag of pineapples plus lots of pineapple juice, I'm starting to see a pattern."

Alan asked cluelessly, "Cool. I love pineapples. But why so many?"

Susan looked away, even as she unconsciously licked her lips. "Never you mind. It's, uh, good for you."

Suzanne considered explaining how Susan had discovered that pineapple and certain other fruits could help make Alan's cum taste even sweeter. Katherine had given Susan that tip that very morning, but Suzanne had already found out because, when it came to Alan's cum, news travelled fast. Suzanne had since checked out the idea on the Internet and found some evidence to support it. However, she decided against telling Alan, since she didn't want to make him too conscious about how his eating habits could affect his sex life. It made no difference; he didn't need any instruction on that matter, since he'd long loved consuming sweet and fruity things, which resulted in his tasty cum.bender

Susan's embarrassment only got worse when Suzanne asked in a teasing, sing-song voice, "Soooo, I wonder why you bought all these sexy clothes? Who could you be trying to arouse and impress with this mountain of lingerie? Hmmm. Very mysterious!"

It was true that Susan had bought a virtual "mountain of lingerie." Normally, she lived a humble, modest lifestyle, despite her wealth. She didn't have that much clothes for herself, at least not when compared to other women in her income bracket. But she had met up with Brenda at the shopping mall, and after Brenda handed over the memory card with the nude photos on it, the two of them went shopping together. They fed off each other's sexual enthusiasm, causing Susan to buy much more than she'd ever bought before. The wealthier and more profligate Brenda actually bought even more.

Suzanne had been holding up a pair of semi-transparent panties, but Susan snatched them away and put them back in the bag. "Very funny," she grumbled.

She was so embarrassed that she was almost trembling. But she thought back to the words Alan had told her yesterday, and repeated them in her mind: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." That helped her relax some, especially when she thrust her tits out at the same time.

She said with increased confidence, "It so happens that my old clothes just don't cut it around here anymore because of... well, certain changes. And Suzanne, I appreciate you loaning me practically half your wardrobe, but you need your clothes back and I need some sexy clothes of my own."

Suzanne said, "Don't worry; I think it's great. I'm just razzin' ya a little bit. And it looks like you picked some really great stuff!" She held up another see-through nightie. "What do you think, Sweetie? Can you picture your mom in this?"



Alan beamed at Susan as his dick suddenly engorged. "Mom, I'm so psyched! You bought all this for me? To help me with my condition? You're so caring and sweet!" He walked over to her and gave her a big hug.

Susan was so happy that she practically floated away on a cloud of happiness. It didn't skip her attention that she felt his still-growing hard-on brush against her, and that made her even happier.

But then Suzanne frowned, and gravely told Susan, "There's just one problem."

Susan asked, "What's that?"

"It's impossible to buy this much stuff without immediately trying something on and showing it off to the man you love."

Susan's big smile returned when she realized Suzanne had just been razzing her again. "That's true," she gleefully agreed.

Suzanne dug deeper into the bag, and whistled again. "Susan, this bag is full of extra two-inchers!"

Alan asked, "What's an 'extra two-incher?'" He was still hugging Susan, since she smelled and felt so good.

Susan turned her blushing face away in embarrassment. "Never you mind about that! It's, uh, it's a girl thing." Her mind was filled with a vivid image of Alan's already long and completely turgid cock growing an extra two inches right in front of her eyes, thanks to the revealing clothes she was wearing.

Suzanne and Susan soon went upstairs, taking the bags of clothes with them. Alan was told to sit tight in the living room and eat some more fruit.

Just as they reached the edge of his hearing, he thought he heard them joking with each other about how they hoped he'd eat all the fruit in the house. I don't get it, man. Does fruit increase sexual energy or something? Weird. Oh well. Boy, I can't wait to see Mom in her new clothes!

Plus, what's great is that there's been a pattern with Mom of two steps forward and one step back. After what happened on the tennis court, I thought for sure she'd kind of withdraw at least into a semi-prudish mode for a while. But no! Not only did she not do that, she went out and bought a whole mountain of sexy clothes, and in a really short time. She must have told some sales clerk, "Give me all your lingerie in my size." Well, almost.

Maybe Aunt Suzy is right and we're at a key turning point. It'll be great if we don't have any more steps back. Here's to nothing but big steps forward from here on out! Before long, I'll be fucking Mom, Sis, Aims, and Aunt Suzy all the time! Why not? Mom's the key. If she's okay with it, anything goes!

Chapter 318 Kiss Me Again, Mom!

Upstairs in her room, Susan briefly explained to Suzanne that she actually had gone shopping with Brenda, and that the big secret that she was keeping was now in her possession, in the house. (Brenda had given her camera's memory card to Susan in a zip-lock bag, and Susan had carefully stored that bag in a secret place in the den as soon as she returned home.)

Naturally, that clue caused Suzanne's already great curiosity to skyrocket even higher. But Susan wouldn't say anything more. She had other more important things to do right away, but she promised they would talk about it once they had sufficient free time. She promised Suzanne that she would not be disappointed.

Susan came back downstairs all alone a couple of minutes later, click-clicking along in her four-inch high heels. She wore a highly-arousing purple nightie that looked like it was made out of material lighter than puffs of cloud.

He whistled in appreciation. "Mom, you look so hot that they'll need to put you in some kind of asbestos decontamination chamber."

She laughed. She was beaming with delight and bursting with energy, it looked like she was about to start spontaneously jumping around. She stood in the middle of the dining room, next to where Alan was sitting at the kitchen counter, providing him with a sultry, slow 360-degree twirl. Then she struck some provocative pinup-girl poses.

As she did that, he asked, "Why'd you pick that one?"

She beamed as she explained, "Suzanne said it was the hottest of a very hot bunch."

"I suspect she's right. It's great! Can I touch it? I want to test something."

"What's that?"

"I want to know if it'll set my hand on fire."

She giggled gaily. Then she turned around and thrust her ass out to within his easy reach, showing that she was ready to be touched there.

He immediately went to town on caressing her ass cheeks through the silky fabric, but he didn't stop there. He soon pulled her to him and kissed her on the lips. As they necked, he pulled her tremendous tits all the way out of her nightie and began to knead them roughly.

After a minute or two of kissing, she playfully swatted one of his groping hands and said, "You're not allowed to do that, you know. That whole area is off limits. Except for special occasions." She'd rather lamely added that exception, because it was hard to deny the fact that he was finding ways to play with her tits pretty much every day.

He sensed that she was so horny already that her resistance to breast play was paper thin. He hoped she'd give in on that if he was insistent. "You mean I can't do this?" He pulled on both nipples, briefly pulling her tits forward and into a more conical shape.

"Oh!" she gasped lustily.

"Or what about this?" He twisted both nipples aggressively.

She panted, "Please, please! No!"

He kept twisting, but asked, "You're serious? Why not? Compared to a blowjob, this is nothing."

Her hefty tits were heaving and swinging wildly as she tried to answer in a gasping, near-orgasmic voice. "If you must know... You, you know already! My... My tits... Oh! Oh no! ... Too... too... MMMM! Yes! ... You make me too horny! UGH! No! Can't... control myself!"

He had mercy on her, so he went back to playing with her ass cheeks, this time including her ass crack. He liked that the nightie was between them, because its silky smooth texture was fun to stroke. But then he half-kidded, half-chided, "But what did I tell you about wearing underwear?"

She'd managed to get her breathing under control once he'd let go of her hefty melons, so she said, "You told me I should never wear them except outside the house. And Mommy obeys her handsome, well-hung son. She must obey, especially when it comes to servicing and draining his big cock!" She fumbled with the button on his shorts as she said that, managing to get his fly undone.

He said sternly, "Unfortunately, a nightie is a type of underwear, isn't it? I'm afraid you're going to have to take it off immediately."

"Okay!" she answered excitedly as she slid her fingers all the way up and down his erection, like she was reconnecting with an old friend. She could have been upset at his order, since she'd just bought so much lingerie, but she could tell that he was just trying any thin excuse to get her naked again. She loved wearing her new purchase, but getting naked on her knees sounded even better to her.

Her fingers had just wrapped around his shaft, but she let go and stood back up. She purred sensuously, "If my hunky, virile son tells me to strip and get totally nude, then I must obey! After all, the doctor said I have to be some kind of..." - she searched for the right word - "sex object for you." She slowly and tantalizingly shimmied the nightie down her body, letting her boobs jiggle as it slid off her torso.

Spreading her legs a bit, she slowly inched the nightie down her legs. "Looks like I have to do what I'm told. I must OBEY!" Obviously she was really getting off on that idea, without any hesitation or guilt. "Obey my cocky, spermy, cum-filled son! Mommy wears exactly what her son tells her to wear, even if it's nothing but my high heels! After all, it's the house rule, and Mommy would get a big fat spanking if she's naughty and tries to cover up..."

As the nightie slid down to her ankles, she bent forward and lightly shook her massive rack. She stared straight at his exposed boner and licked her lips ostentatiously. Then she turned around slightly so she could wiggle her bare ass at him as well.

Oh, God! I'm naked, again! I just bought all those clothes to wear for my son and it's kind of pointless because I'm probably going to be naked around him most of the time from now on. But I wouldn't have it any other way! I'm one of his personal cocksuckers now, his big-titted mommy slut! This is the life we live. I don't even care anymore if acting like this is necessary for his medical problem. I'd gladly do it anyway!

His blood pressure rose and his heart pounded. "Mom, can I ask you a favor? Could you buy me a thesaurus?"

"Sure, Tiger. But why bring that up now?" She was puzzled why he was asking for that instead of watching the seductive way she was bending over to pull the nightie all the way off her feet. She'd gotten the nightie off one foot, and that allowed her to spread her legs stiff and wide. She pretended to have trouble getting the nightie off her other foot so he could enjoy a long look and especially notice just how wet her pussy was already.

He was so transfixed that he forgot to answer her question. He knew he wasn't supposed to do it, but since she couldn't see, he stroked his raging erection a little bit.

While seductively wiggling her ass, she prodded, "Tiger?"

He snapped back to the here and now. "Right. Um, I'm bringing it up because I need to find new words to describe just how sexy and amazing you are. The words I know just don't do you justice. Seriously."

"Awww. You're so cute and kind!" She was finally stark naked. She threw herself into his arms and wound up sitting in his lap. She twisted and turned, grinding down on his turgid shaft. It was as dangerously close to fucking as they'd yet come, because his erection was sliding against her labia.bender

She thought, OH YES! Fuck me, Tiger! Enough with the handjobs and blowjobs! God knows I love 'em, but I need to get seriously fucked! Angel has got the right idea: fuck toy! Make me a true fuck toy for you by fucking me!

But then she realized what she'd just thought, and felt a little bit panicky. That idea opened up a whole can of worms for her; she was worried that she really could go to Hell if they fucked. Wait a minute! Scratch that. I can't say that, or even think it! Blowjobs and handjobs and such are one thing. That's not

really so bad, especially since Ron betrayed me. But fucking is REAL incest! That's a grave sin! If I'm not strong, I could put Tiger's soul in danger as well as my own. I can never do that. That's why we have to have rules and boundaries!

Despite saying that to herself, her outward behavior hardly changed at all. She was too worked up to stop or even slow down. She figured that as long as she remained mindful that she couldn't allow his boner to slip inside her burning hot slit under any circumstances, they would be okay.

He was stunned that she was allowing this. They were passionately necking, and he even managed to reach around her and finger her pussy lips from behind. That was almost a minor afterthought, because the way she was grinding and churning on him was the main show. At times, she even slid her wet pussy lips back and forth over the top of his raging cock!

So far, their French kissing had prevented her from being able to complain that what they were doing was "so improper." But eventually they broke the kiss for air. He started speaking quickly with the hopes of keeping her distracted. He didn't know what to say, so he just continued with the compliments. "Mom, you know, I tend to go on and on about your body, and especially your boobs. It's almost criminal for a suburban soccer mom to have a body this sexy!" He caressed the parts he mentioned when he said, "Your ass. Your hips. Your back. Your long hair. Your graceful neck."

He knew he had her full attention now, so he was taking his time with long pauses and plenty of fondling and caressing between each mention of a body part. And all the while, she was dry humping him with her thighs or even directly with her pussy. (Although there was so much wetness that there was nothing "dry" about what they were doing.)

He brought his wandering hand to her front side. "Your naughty place, including your love button." He ran a finger up and down her slit some more, and then pressed her clit like it was a button.

Susan chided him, "Tiiiiger..."

He quickly moved on before she complained some more. "Your tummy. I love your tummy, especially your belly button. Peek-a-boo!" He playfully poked at her "innie" belly button.

That made her giggle. She was already smiling from ear to ear, because she was having the time of her life.

He brought his hands up and caressed the underside of her breasts. "And yes, these magnificent melons. They are truly spectacular, and they feel as good as they look!"

She moaned orgasmically. "Oh! Tiger!" I really need to stop him! It feels too good! That's my weak spot! If he keeps doing what he's doing, I'm going to cum from breast play alone! And then I'll be so hungry for cock that I'll just let him slip inside me! UNGH! It would be so easy! So easy! And so incredible! But we can't!

To her great relief, his hands kept moving up, exploring all the way up her shoulders and neck until he gently caressed her cheeks with both hands. He lovingly stared into her eyes. "But just as impressive is your face. I love your face, especially your eyes. Your eyes convey so much warmth and caring and love."

She was getting so aroused that it was becoming increasingly difficult for her to speak. The latest shift of her hips had put her sizzling cunt directly on top of his boner again, and she couldn't resist sliding back and forth on it some more. She was a hair's breadth from a great orgasm. "Son... You're just... saying that... You're... you're... trying... to... AHHH! Trick me somehow. Hnnng! With your... Oh! Your... Oh yes! Your BIG COCK sliding against my... MMMM! So naughty!"

Overwhelmed by lust, plus the fact that their noses were practically touching already, she found herself French kissing him some more. She hoped that would prevent her from screaming out loud when her climax hit. It hit her like a sucker punch a few seconds later, but she couldn't stay quiet, so she ended up screaming and moaning into his mouth.

He very nearly came along with her as he felt her entire body tremble and shake. But he somehow held on. He was helped when her orgasm left her too out of it to keep sliding on the top of his cock. In fact, his hard-on was left alone for a while, aside from occasional contact due to her orgasmic writhing.

As he kissed her trembling, moaning mouth with all he had, he thought, A-ha! I've got her now! She's so horny that she's totally losing it. I've just gotta ramp that up some more until she's unable to say no to anything! She's so RIPE! It's friggin' incredible! Could it be? Is it time we finally fuck?! Oh God! Too exciting!

Unable to control himself, he took the hand that had been fondling her ass and brought it between her ass cheeks again. He reached in from behind and managed to slip two fingers into her slit. In doing so,

his fingers actually brushed against his own erection, since it was right there. Everything was soaked with his cum and her pussy juices.

He thought, So fucking great! This is a wet dream come true! Mom is naked and on my lap, and totally willing and horny! For real! Soon, she'll be bouncing on my cock! I just have to hold it together. I can't cum yet. Can't cum! That'll ruin everything!

He was so insanely aroused that he wasn't thinking about the implications of fucking, such as his usual concern that she wasn't mentally ready for that yet. His lust was in total control.

Susan though, was very worried. Yet she was so turned on that she was tempted to just not care. Oh no! Dear God, no! He can't put his fingers there, inside me! That's way, way too sexy and naughty! Gotta... must... resist! I just know Tiger is gonna... HRNNG!

Her attempt to prevent him from breaking the 'no pussy touching' rule was foiled by the fact that that very touching caused her to climax again, even though she was still reeling from her previous one. Once again, she wound up screaming and moaning into his mouth, at least most of the time. She was losing control of her body.

As she sat on his lap trying to recover from that orgasm, he pulled on a nipple with one hand and steadily pumped two fingers in and out of her soaked gash with the other.

She thought, This is bad! Really bad! He's... UGH! Too tricky! ... HNNG! Nipples AND pussy? How can I resist?! Oh! Oh God! ... Just like today with the tennis... Too, too tricky! Can't... Can't... He's made me into one of his sluts, and I love it! He's, he's gonna fuck me! It's fuck toy time! Mommy's gonna get fucked into fuck toy oblivion! Gotta... watch out! It's a sin! Big sin!

She mustered up the willpower to break the kiss. She knew she had to disengage fast, and that was the first step. With the way he was poking two fingers into her hot cunt, she knew that before long not only would she be willing to get fucked, she'd be begging for it.

With his mouth free, he immediately resorted to more compliments. However, even he was having a hard time talking while his breathing was racing out of control. "Mom! I... I just... love you so much! Ugh! You're so impossibly... beautiful! Kiss me again, Mom!"



"Sorry. Can't. Must. Give. Blowjob." She jokingly said this in a strange voice, as if she were a robot or a zombie. She was playing around, but also had the intention of changing positions so she wouldn't give in to the growing temptation to be fucked for real. Meanwhile, her hands found his boner and she held it tightly. That also kept it from slipping into her pussy, but it would be very easy for her to reposition slightly and guide it in at any time.

For nearly a minute, she just held his cock while she brought her wild breathing and pounding heart somewhat under control.

He held his breath, half expecting that she'd slide it in at any moment. But as the seconds passed, he realized that she was winning the battle to regain some self control. Trying to play another angle, he joshed, "Hey. I thought you just said that you had to obey me. I want another kiss on the lips!"

She answered seriously, "Yes, obey, but only within the bounds of the rules. I can't have you just taking advantage of me any which way. After all, I'm your mother!"

The playful way she said that last part made him think she wouldn't completely mind such rule violations. But still, he was frustrated that a desperately desired motherfucking didn't seem to be in the cards.

Chapter 319 Cocksucking Is NOT A Group Exercise!

She slid all the way down his body until she was kneeling between his legs. Phew! Safe! That was too close! It's like the Devil's got a hold of me today and he won't let go.

She felt a shiver of ecstasy down her spine as her sense of danger passed and she refocused on the delightful position she was in. Kneeling in front of my son, naked but for my high heels... God, it's SO GOOD! This is where I belong! It's like he has all the power and I have none. I'm here just to serve! Like, like... like I'm his tit slave! Oh, YES!

Her hands fed his stiff pole into her mouth. Once that happened, and she'd started to lovingly bob up and down on it, her fuck lust slowly subsided. Most of it, anyway; she kept one hand on her pussy and friggged herself frantically. However, that fuck lust quickly transformed into cocksucking lust.

It wasn't long before she was even hotter than before. She started cumming again, and once she did, it was like she couldn't stop. It was as if she were riding on a bumpy road, and each bump in the road gave

her a small orgasm. They came along at unexpected intervals, and there were so many that she quickly lost count.

Her lips rhythmically slid up and down while her head twisted, creating her favorite corkscrew and reverse corkscrew movements on him. And all the while her tongue stayed busy inside her mouth, usually working right on his sweet spot.

She also was careful to slow down and take it easy on him, relatively speaking. Now that the "crisis" had passed, she'd remembered Katherine's earlier comment that she'd sucked him for fifty-six minutes that morning. She wanted to focus on duration more than intensity, and try to beat that time.

She thought, That was too close! That was scary! Rules are rules for a reason. I can never allow him to touch my pussy, or even my nipples, or that's going to happen again! The focus needs to be on his sweet cock, not me. THIS is what it's all about. THIS makes both of us too happy to even speak. Not that I could speak anyway! She chuckled to herself. Mommy can't talk! She knows you're not allowed to talk when your mouth is full, jam-packed with a ten-inch tower of son-cock! MMMM!

Suzanne walked in a couple minutes into Susan's happy cocksucking. She'd changed out of her suit and into a see-through nightie. She'd really liked Susan's new purchases, so for once she was wearing some of Susan's clothes instead of the other way around.

Suzanne acted surprised by what she saw. "Oh my gosh! What do we have here?! This looks so very improper!" She lightly mocked Susan's catchphrase "improper" while smirking with glee.

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Susan wasn't at all pleased by Suzanne's arrival. In her opinion, sex should be a highly private act, so she felt very self-conscious and nervous to have even her best friend watch. But she was enjoying the cocksucking so much that she found it tough to stop long enough to complain. Instead, she closed her eyes and focused even more intently on her tongue work, hoping Suzanne would get the hint and leave.

But the opposite happened. Suzanne actually knelt down right next to her and drew so close that Susan could feel Suzanne's sweet breath on her face.

Alan's dick tingled with extra pleasure, thanks to the added breathing from Suzanne, who lightly blew air onto his cockhead as well. He hoped he'd soon be enjoying his first double blowjob from the two MILFs. Fuck me! This is too good! What a day. ANOTHER one of my favorite wet dreams is coming true! Mom, take it down a notch. I don't want to blow my load before Aunt Suzy joins in!

But instead Suzanne started talking while keeping an arm around Susan's backside. She figured that to do more would be pushing Susan too hard. "Don't worry, Susan; I'm just going to sit here and watch."

Susan didn't reply, since she wasn't about to stop her bobbing for anything. But she briefly opened her eyes, looked to the side towards Suzanne, and tried to give her a discouraging glare. You'd better not touch it! It's mine!

Then she closed her eyes. It was like she was pretending that if she couldn't see Suzanne then she wasn't there, even though Suzanne had her arm around her back.

Sensing Susan's hostility, Suzanne knew she should tread carefully. Her goal was to make Susan comfortable with her presence so the two of them could pleasure Alan together in the future. "My goodness! Girl, you've become a VERY good cocksucker. I'm impressed. Just look at how you suck that thing!"

She looked up at an angle that Susan couldn't, due to the cock in her mouth. "You should see your Tiger's face. His eyes are practically rolled up in his head. If I've ever seen the face of a totally happy guy, it's Alan right now!"

That mollified Susan some. Suzanne's impressed! If anyone is a cocksucking expert, it's her, so that means a lot! I'm so glad. If it's my fate to be one of Tiger's personal cocksuckers and have this thick slab of man-meat in my mouth every day, then of course I want to be the best! MMMM! Tiger, how do you like THIS move? She pinned his cockhead between her teeth and cheek, causing her cheek to lewdly bulge out. Then she raised a hand and massaged his cockhead through her cheek while also tickling it inside her mouth with her tongue. She'd never done that before, but she wanted to do something highly visual that Suzanne could appreciate.

Suzanne clapped with glee. "Oooh! Nice move! VERY nice!"

Susan was happy to hear that. But what thrilled her and what she strived for were Alan's lusty moans.

Actually, he couldn't feel much of what her fingers were doing through her cheek, but he opened his eyes and peeked down, and the sexy sight of it was almost more than he could bear.

Suzanne continued to shower Susan with compliments. Once she felt that Susan wasn't going to kick her out (if and when Susan ever stopped her sucking!), she started a running commentary on the techniques Susan was using, making suggestions on how to pleasure Alan's fuck-meat even more.

At one point, Suzanne said, "That's a good move, but you do the corkscrew too much. I know it's very effective, and it's one of my favorites too, but you have to vary it up more. Why don't you unleash a triple reverse corkscrew on him? He loves that one!"

Susan had been growing annoyed by Suzanne's critique. She couldn't stand it anymore, so she pulled her lips all the way off her son's shaft to complain, "Suzanne! Please! This is a PRIVATE act! Did I ask you to sit here and breathe in my face and give a running play-by-play commentary, like some kind of sports announcer? I think I'm doing just fine here, thank you very much!"

She lovingly ran her fingers all the way up Alan's long shaft, tracing prominent veins, and then back down again. "Look at how hot and hard and throbbing it is. That's a satisfied cock!"

She swiped her tongue around his cockhead a few times, then continued, "I may not have your long tongue, and I know I have only a fraction of your expert moves, but I have real passion! I slather my son's most sensitive spots with my tongue and with my LOVE!"

Suzanne wasn't easily dissuaded. Seeing all this cocksucking up close had made her practically lose her mind. She no longer was thinking long term, but now was looking for a way to join in with some double cocksucking. She said, "That's very good. But you can have the passion AND the expert moves. You don't remember how to do the triple reverse corkscrew, do you?"

Susan had been lapping away at Alan's sweet spot, making him moan loudly. But even as she did that, she managed to shake her head with disappointment.

Suzanne said, "That's okay. I've been teaching you so many sex techniques lately, it's understandable that you need time to remember and master them all. It's the one where your hand moves in one

direction, your lips move in the opposite direction, and your tongue laps in yet another direction. It's a tricky one. Here. And note the bulging and caving of my cheeks as I move my tongue around."

To Susan's great surprise, Suzanne removed Susan's fingers from around the base of Alan's shaft and replaced them with her own. Then, Suzanne's mouth closed in and she said, "It goes like this."

But Suzanne only got to demonstrate the move without interruption for a couple of seconds, because Susan recovered from her shock and yelled, "Suzanne! Stop that this minute! Cocksucking is NOT a group exercise! It's very private! We are NOT going to share him at the same time, now or ever! Besides, technically, you're still being punished, and you still need my permission. Remember how I'm supposed to be mad at you about the whole pool-cleaning incident?"

Suzanne had been taking advantage of Susan's diatribe to continue with her sucking. She used tremendous suction and long bobs up and down Alan's cock, hoping to get him to cum before she had to hand him back. She knew he was right on the edge, so she was tempted to keep going until he squirted in her mouth, no matter what Susan said or did.

But Susan stopped talking and just glared at her impatiently from inches away.

Rather sheepishly, Suzanne pulled off and passed control of Alan's hard-on. She realized that she'd been letting her lust get the best of her, which wasn't prudent.

Susan took the proffered cock and resumed stroking as soon as her fingers wrapped around it. But she also complained, "THANK you! Sheesh! And please don't do that again. I appreciate all your help, but passing his cock back and forth between us is just too weird. It's highly improper!"

Then, as if she were suddenly alone with Alan again, she looked up at him and smiled. As her tongue lapped against his sweet spot, she asked, "How are you doin', Tiger? Are you having a fun time with your busty centerfold mommy? Mommy's having so much spermy fun, despite all the rude interruptions."

She glared briefly at Suzanne, who was still hovering close by. "Do you need a break?" She started licking with increasing energy. "Or can Mommy - Mmmm! - make - MMMM! - love - mmmm! - for hours and hours - Mmmm! - to your fat-"

But Susan never got to finish her sentence, because she heard the sound of the door from the garage opening. Then she heard the distant but growing sound of Katherine and Amy talking gaily to each other.

"Oh shit!" Susan never cursed with that word, but she was really upset to be interrupted just as she was about to engulf her son's cockhead again. "Quick, Suzanne! Do something! Intercept them and give us time to make our escape!"

Suzanne looked down at herself in her outrageously revealing nightie. "Dressed like this?"

Susan was already down on her knees next to Suzanne, but she pulled Alan down where he sat in the love seat. She hoped that would put his head below the countertop level from the point of view of someone standing in the kitchen, but she wasn't sure if it would. At the same time, she hissed at Suzanne, "Please! I don't want them to see me like this!"

Suzanne was annoyed, but nevertheless she stood up and rushed across the kitchen. She blocked the entrance from the hallway into the kitchen before the girls could get past.

There was a circle of open space on the main floor of the house, with the foyer in front connecting to the kitchen and dining room area in back via a hallway on one side (with a bathroom and den off it) and the living room on the other side. As a result, Susan and Alan got up and snuck off through the living room.

As two of them crept away, they heard Suzanne say, "Hey, girls! Check it out! Is this a sexy nightie or what? Susan and I are playing dress-up. She just bought a whole store full of clothes, and you two have to come join us!"

That explained her appearance (mostly), but it also implied that Susan was obliged to join them shortly. Thus, although Alan and Susan made it up the stairs undetected, Susan was out of time to finish her blowjob.

Chapter 320 Costume Party

However, Susan wasn't about to be denied. As she quietly slipped into Alan's room with him, she thought, Darn it! It's been a crazy roller coaster of a day. Unfortunately, I won't be able to challenge

Angel's hour duration this time. But if it takes me a few minutes before I show up downstairs, then tough! I've been working hard for that sweet cum load building up in his balls. It belongs in my tummy!

She whispered to Alan, "Quick! Get on the bed! We don't have much time, so please, don't hold out!"

Alan had his doubts. After the scare of the interruption, and then having to stealthily hurry up the stairs, he'd lost his erection entirely. He laid back on his bed with his head on his pillow, and let Susan give it a try.

She crawled up on the bed and laid her naked body between his legs. She took his flaccid penis in her mouth and started to work on it. Darn it! This is no good. He was close, and now it's like I'll have to start all over. And normally I'd rejoice at all the extra sucking that means, but there's just no time! I need to say or do something to speed things up, but what?

Nothing immediately came to mind, so she caressed and licked his growing dick, and decided to just say whatever came to her. "Tiger, I'm one of your personal cocksuckers now. Do you know what that means?"

"Um, I can kind of guess, but not exactly."

In fact, nobody had defined the term yet, but she had a clear idea of it, so she explained that to him. "First and foremost, it means that I belong to you! Almost like a possession. I'm yours and no one else's. Certainly, no other man is allowed to touch me or kiss me."

"What about... Ron?" He was going to say "Dad," but he was trying to break himself of that.

"Including him! Especially him! I guarantee that whatever happens, I'll never be intimate with him again." She hadn't really thought things through, but she realized as soon as she'd said those words that they were true. Wow! Never again! I guess my marriage is well and truly dead, and all that's left is the paperwork. Unfortunately, I still don't have proof that he's cheating, but Suzanne guarantees he is. And how could I go back to him now? I belong to my son! This has gone so far beyond simply helping him with his medical problem. I'm totally hooked on his cock! I don't know what the future will bring, but I can't go back to my old life. I'd die of heartbreak! THIS is my future! Serving my son!

With that, she engulfed him again. His penis had been reviving already thanks to her mouth and hands, but her declaration about Ron quickly finished the job and left him panting with lust.

She bobbed on him for a good minute, using her most effective techniques in hopes of speeding things up. But then she realized she'd never gotten far with her definition of personal cocksucker, and since words had been effective so far, she pulled off him and switched to mere licking and stroking.

"So Son, that's the first part, the 'personal' part. Then there's the 'cocksucker' part. Obviously, that means I'm ready and willing to suck your cock whenever you want it! Just say the word, and I'll drop to my knees!"

"WOW! Really?!"

"Really! Furthermore, to me, cocksucking is maybe the main thing, but it's hardly the only thing. Suzanne tells me there's all kinds of ways for a woman to pleasure a man that doesn't involve... you know..."

"Fucking?"

"Yes. That. You and I, we'll learn all those ways together, okay? You're a VERY virile young man, and you need to cum a lot, every single day! I think that's true even without your medical condition. As one of your sex pets, it's my job to, well, do a lot of this!"

With that, she swallowed his cock again and got back to business. She used her hands, tongue, and lips in harmony to get him off as fast as possible.

Unfortunately for her, Alan wasn't on the same page. He knew Susan was expected back downstairs, but he figured it didn't really matter if she was late or not. He was already so worked up that he could have mentally let go and climaxed at any time, but he wanted to make their shared joy last. So he was holding out like usual.

Susan sensed that after a while, and it frustrated her to no end. But it also impressed her just as much. I should have known! It's never easy to make him cum, never! And that's only right. It takes great effort to



make a great cock like this blow like a volcano. I've been going all out already, but I've got to step up my efforts even more!

She was stumped as to how to do that, but then an idea came to her. She'd tried deep throating him already and without any success. She knew she wouldn't be able to do it with her current rushed mentality. But she'd noticed that when she came close to triggering her gag reflex, the struggle was strangely pleasurable for her, and it made lewd choking and gagging sounds that repeatedly sent shivers down her spine. To her, those sounds were the audio epitome of what her new cocksucking life was all about. She hoped her son would love hearing them as much as she did.

So she bobbed as far down as she dared. Sure enough, that resulted in the very choking and gagging sounds that thrilled her to her core.

It turned out Alan loved that too. His body wiggled around in delight, and he moaned even louder than usual. "Mom! What are you...? Those sounds... They're so... UGH! OH GOD!"

She kept it up for about a minute. It was a different feeling to have so much cock in her mouth, and even though it wasn't quite deep throating, she loved it.

He couldn't take it. Even with his PC muscle squeezing, he was helpless to endure the joy any longer. He cried out, "CUMMING!" Then he did.

Susan was mindful that she was supposed to be downstairs with the girls shortly, plus she already had him deep in her mouth. So she simply kept on bobbing through his orgasm, and after it, until his dick went completely flaccid.

She finally pulled her lips off him. She opened her eyes and wagged a finger towards his face. "You naughty, naughty boy. I told you to cum quickly, and you didn't. I'm going to have to punish you by licking your balls so clean, they shine!" She started in on "cleaning" his penis and balls.

He chuckled at that. "Sorry. But Mom, that doesn't sound like much of a punishment. In fact, it's just the opposite. It feels really good when you do that."

She didn't respond at first, because she'd sucked one of his balls into her mouth. But when she switched to just licking, she said, "Don't worry about it. Remember, I belong to you now. Do what you want to me, short of that one forbidden thing. Well, and certain other rules to prevent that one thing from happening. If I have to go downstairs and you want to fuck my face, then fuck my face!"

He shook his head in awe.

Susan took her usual amount of time licking him clean. She felt pressured to leave, but she was mindful not to rush to make the point that the needs of his cock came first.

But eventually he was left alone. He decided to take a shower. As the water poured down on him from the nozzle on the shower hose, he contemplated recent developments. Mom is so great. I can't even believe this whole "personal cocksucker" business. But she's really frustrating too! I STILL can't touch her pussy? And I'm not even supposed to touch her tits, just because they're so sensitive and easily aroused? That's majorly lame. If she belongs to me now, like she says, then I should be able to touch her wherever I want. And maybe I will.

But even with her new "official" status, she's still got other rules too. For instance, it looks like a dual blowjob with Aunt Suzy ain't gonna happen, at least not anytime soon. Man, that would be too awesome to even imagine! Although it came soooo close. Phew! That was seriously hot, how Aunt Suzy even took over for a while!

But then again, how can I complain about anything? Life fuckin' rocks! Mom is getting to be a super-incredible cocksucker, just as good as Aunt Suzy, but in her own way! How amazing is that? And then there's Sis, and Aims, and Heather, and Glory, and so many other insanely great things going on. But Mom... Oh man, Mom! Maybe if Aunt Suzy keeps working on her, she can knock down her other stupid barriers before long. But please, hurry it up! Having only half the pie makes me so hungry for that other forbidden half!

And speaking of pie... Jesus! To fuck Mom or Aunt Suzy! Or both! Fuck! That's so beyond the beyond! Wow! I would seriously KILL for that!

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Susan joined the others shortly after leaving Alan's room. She was chagrined that not only did nobody mind that she'd been gone, Suzanne told Katherine and Amy that Susan had been delayed because "a special problem had popped up on Alan's crotch." That led to some light-hearted teasing and joking about Susan's newfound cock lust. Her chagrin was that if they knew that's what was happening, she could have taken a lot longer, and given him a "proper" and prolonged cocksucking session.

Susan put a lot of stock in propriety. But her ideas of what was "proper" were rapidly changing, to say the least.

Susan, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine went to Susan's room and had a great time there going through Susan's new clothes. Since they were all close to the same size, they all tried out various items. Only Amy, who was a few inches shorter, didn't fit well into some of the things, but she could wear most of them.

Alan steered clear of the whole process. He'd had more than enough excitement already, so he just chilled out in his room for a while. Besides, he wanted to save his energy for a big party that night, one of the biggest of the year.

In their neighborhood, the exact day of Halloween usually passed with very little activity to mark the holiday, especially since most parents were too scared to let their children go trick-or-treating much anymore. Instead, everyone waited until the next Saturday night for the local big party. A fat, bald, and jolly man named Ralph held a Halloween party every year for everyone in the neighborhood; it was THE party to go to. He was also exceedingly rich (in an already wealthy neighborhood), so his massive shindig was attended by hundreds of people.

Alan, Susan, Katherine, Suzanne, and Amy were all planning on going. However, Suzanne's husband Eric and her son Brad decided to skip the party and watch a program on NFL football.

Everyone was excited, but Suzanne was the most excited of all. Her plan to seduce the Plummer family was proceeding better than she could have dreamt. She decided it was time she gave herself a reward at the party - a very big reward.

Suzanne was very mindful of the fact they would be going to a costume party. Costumes meant the potential for mistaken identities, so she'd cooked up a devious plan a couple of days in advance.

Suzanne bought a costume for Susan. She picked Wonder Woman, because it would force Susan to flaunt her body in public for practically the first time. Wonder Woman essentially wore a one-piece bathing suit, except for a very revealing cut around the boobs and a lack of shoulder straps. She wanted to see how Susan would fare with other men around and not just Alan. In addition, she told Susan that the costume required her hair to be done up in a style that closely resembled Suzanne's. (Actually, that wasn't true, but Susan had only the vaguest idea who Wonder Woman was and what she was supposed to look like.) Suzanne did Susan's hair herself and did her best to get Susan's hairstyle to match her own, hoping that could lead to some interesting mischief.bender

Suzanne also bought three costumes for herself: one of the superhero Catwoman, one of a Renaissance-era lady, and a third that was an exact duplicate of Susan's Wonder Woman outfit.

She picked the first two for the cover they could provide. With Catwoman, she could wear a skintight suit that let her show off her body but still managed to completely hide her identity. There was a mask covering her entire head except for her eyes, nose, and parts of her chin and cheeks. Some of her distinctive hairstyle and color spilled out the back, but at least it was much less obvious than usual. The Renaissance outfit was a frilly dress that had an extremely low-cut bodice. She also planned to wear a black mask with it, as if she were attending a masquerade ball from centuries earlier.

She didn't have one specific plan. Rather, she had several. She had to depend on fate to some degree, so she had different options depending on how things worked out, as well as how she felt at the time. She was dressing as Catwoman to start. In one plan, she would switch to the Renaissance dress halfway through the party, find Alan, and pretend to be a total stranger. If Alan fell for it, she could have fun with him and possibly even get fucked by him without incurring any of the consequences.

The other main option to her plan was to switch into the extra Wonder Woman costume (as well as a wig duplicating Susan's hairstyle), pretend to be Susan, and get intimate with Alan that way. She long had felt jealous about the special love and closeness Alan and Susan shared. She knew she had an extremely close and loving relationship with him too, but she fretted that the powerful mother-son bond meant she would always be missing something. So, for just one night in her life, she wanted to be in Susan's place when she interacted with Alan, and see if it really did feel different. However, in order for that to work, a lot of things had to fall in place, such as where Alan and Susan were and what they were doing.

She had other less desirable options in mind as well, including calling any switch off or acting like it was a joke if conditions weren't right.

The teens put a lot of effort into their costumes too, and without any ulterior motives.

As a joking reference to the nicknames their mother called them, Alan went as a tiger and Katherine went as an angel, as kind of jokey reference to her "Angel" nickname, even if few people outside of the Plummer house would understand that. Katherine wore a very low cut white dress, with a halo on her head that was held up by wire, and translucent wings on her back.

Alan looked somewhat like he was wearing a little boy's pajamas, completely covered in a one-piece suit from head to toe except for a hole for his face.

Katherine's costume caused a bit of controversy before they left. "I hope you don't think you're going like that," Susan said to her daughter.

"What? I'm showing as much skin as you are," Katherine correctly pointed out.

"Yeah, but angels don't go flying around in strapless dresses. And what's that on your breasts that's drawing even more attention to your dramatic cleavage?"

"Those are puffy clouds," Katherine said indignantly. "Angels live up in the clouds, you know." Her "clouds" were made out of a bunch of glued-together cotton balls.

"Yeah, whatever. I don't think any Bible has angels looking like that. Anyway, I know you want to look good for Tiger now that you're... you know, helping him with his problem..." - she looked away, embarrassed - "but consider all the other guys who will be there. What about them? You'll ruin your reputation at school."

After much nagging by Susan, Katherine agreed to enlarge her "clouds" to cover more of her breasts. However, she still managed to be a very sexy, raunchy looking angel.

Amy had come over to help Katherine dress, while Katherine helped her dress. Amy chose to go as Elvira, Mistress of the Dark.

Her costume displayed a remarkable amount of cleavage, but somehow she talked Suzanne into letting her wear it.

Actually, Suzanne would have preferred to say 'No,' but there was no chance to pick another costume because they were all about to leave for the party.