

6 Times 351

Chapter 351 Amy's Talk

Katherine was slightly sore from her extensive fucking, but nevertheless she still found the energy to help Amy shave her pussy. It had just been shaved the day before yesterday, but Katherine noted, "You can never be too careful about these things." In fact, they were now shaving each other's pussies every day almost without fail.

Katherine was feeling highly sexed lately. Since, for the time being, she could only be with Alan a couple of times a week (at their S-Club meetings), she consoled herself by mutually getting off with Amy.

They stopped by Alan's room and asked if he wanted to join in, but he declined.

Katherine standing nude with Amy checking Kat's pussy with her arm around her

Even though the two girls had never discussed it, they were both aware that their 'checking for bumps' was just a pretense, so Katherine didn't have to restrain herself. Amy was game for whatever Katherine wanted to do sexually, to the point that they were both having fun coming up with excuses to innocently 'explain' why they were doing something so sexual.

For instance, Katherine had a further chance to note Amy's "fluid leakage problem." As Katherine later told Alan, she'd discovered that twisting Amy's nipples added to Amy's leakage dilemma, especially when she fingered Amy's G-spot at the same time. Their only real problem was that they had to be careful that they didn't make too much noise.

Susan assumed the two girls were spending their time in the bathroom doing "girl stuff" with makeup and what not, so with the doors locked they didn't have to worry about being found out. But since their cries of ecstasy could give the game away, they were careful to climax very quietly.

After Amy left, Katherine knocked on Alan's door, then simply went in.

He was in the middle of reading a textbook, but he put it down.

Eschewing preliminary small talk, she said, "So, I noticed you didn't want to help out with Aims tonight."

"Nah." He stared off into space, looking thoughtful.

"Wanna talk about it?" She sat on the edge of his bed.

He sighed. "I dunno. ... I don't want to sound ungrateful or anything. I'm living a dream. But even in a dream, sometimes a guy needs a rest."

She smiled reassuringly. "I understand. That's why I came in here fully clothed. You were pretty pooped at the end of the Service Alan Club, and your expression since then hasn't really changed."

He grimaced. "Do you really have to call it that?"

"Yes!" she giggled.

He rolled his eyes.

She asked, "But is that all it is? With Amy, I mean?"

He pondered that before replying, "I guess... I guess I'm a young guy, and I'm pretty much controlled by my libido. When I have a chance to play with Aims, I can't turn her down. But during the times I don't have a hard-on-

She interrupted him with a mock gasp. "Does that really happen? I've heard rumors about that happening once or twice, back in the Early Renaissance perhaps, but I have yet to see it with my own eyes."

He made a face at her and lifted his textbook, pretending he wanted to hit her with it. "Very funny."

"Sorry. You were saying?"

He continued, "When I'm not aroused, I kind of wonder if what we're doing with Aims is right. I mean, it's fun, but isn't there kind of a mean tinge to it? And she's practically been a sister to us since forever. I haven't been as close to her in recent years as we used to be, but she's still a really good friend. It doesn't seem right to trick her."

Katherine said, "I've thought a lot about that, but I think you're wrong. Look at Mom. There's all kinds of deception going on there. Aunt Suzy's deceiving her, she's deceiving herself, and we're deceiving her too. For instance, we're not telling her that we're fucking. But look how HAPPY she is! Yeah, she has these times when she kind of backslides and feels bad. I take it she's in one of those moods tonight, since she's been hanging out by herself in her room. But overall, she's like a new person! And most of the time she's so jubilant that just being around her makes me totally psyched too. Isn't it all worth it? Over time, her lingering issues will fade away, and then this house'll REALLY rock!"

"Yeah, I can see that. That's why sometimes I look into my soul for the guilt, but I don't find any. I kinda wonder why not, but I think it's because it all feels so right. Like what you and I are doing. It just feels so good and right! It deepens our love for each other. I could never imagine going back!"

She reached out for his hand and squeezed it. "Same here. I love you, big time, Big Brother. But getting back to Amy, it's the same thing. Yeah, maybe it started out like we were taking advantage of her, but things are changing already. You should join our next session and see. She and I are having sexy fun, and we don't need any pretense anymore. We joke about the whole 'checking for bumps' thing. And in time it'll only get better. Haven't you seen how she and I kiss and stuff? She knows it's totally sexual, and she loves it!"

He squeezed her hand. "I'm glad to hear that. But I still feel a bit uneasy. Maybe I'm getting so supersaturated with all this sex every day that my conscience is starting to reassert itself a little bit."

She pretended horror. "Oh no! We can't have that!" She snatched his textbook from him and held it like a flyswatter. "Where's that pesky conscience thing? I'm gonna tan its hide and teach it its place!" She waved the book around menacingly.

He reached out and gave her a hug. "Thanks for the talk. I feel better. And thanks for giving me some space. I really needed it."

She winked at him. "But of course! That's what us number-one-fuck-toy sisters do!" Deliberately sounding like a hawker in a commercial, she joked, "Not only are we number one in sales, we're number one in customer satisfaction! Plus, we're recommended by four out of five dentists for their patients who chew gum."

They both had a good laugh while he ruffled her hair endearingly. "Sis, you're the greatest."

They kissed for a little while, but it was a loving and bonding kiss, not a horny one.

After the kiss, he said, "Sis, you know I love you, and I'm psyched that you love me so much too, but I don't know if this whole 'fuck toy' thing is healthy. And I'm not talking about for you, 'cos you'll argue that until the room runs out of air. I'm talking about for me. I mean, the way you and Kim were fawning over me today... Sure, I loved it. But I can feel it going to my head already. That's gonna turn me into a real asshole before long."

Katherine asked with worry, "What do you want me to do?"

"Just cut back on the fawning, okay? I love that you want to be my fuck toy, but also that you're an uppity fuck toy. I guess what I'm saying is, be more uppity. Be more demanding. You know what I mean?"

She smiled; she could live with that. "I do. And I'm gonna start by calling myself your number one fuck toy even MORE!"

He protested "But Sis!"

"Hey, you said be more uppity. I'm doing what I want, and that's what I want."

He shook his head in frustration.

She smiled. "Don't worry. I'm just yanking your chain. I know what you mean, and I'm gonna help. Less fawning. Keep it real."

His face brightened. "Exactly! 'Keep it real.' I like the sound of that. I mean, let's have wild, crazy monkey sex all the time. Most definitely! But we can do that and keep it real too. You don't have to call it a 'Service Alan Club' and treat me like I'm some kind of demigod or something. I feel like that's creating bad karma. Hubris and all that. I'm just your same ol' brother after all, right?"

"Right."

She said that to placate him, but she didn't really mean it. She realized that she'd have to be careful not to make the fawning too overt, but she knew she'd never been happier than when she was serving him sexually, and she wasn't about to stop. Unlike Susan, she knew what she wanted and she didn't have any moral qualms or second thoughts about it.

Chapter 352 Brenda Is Coming Over For Dinner?

Susan was in a bad mood, and she'd been in one most of the day.

As had become the pattern, Suzanne had spent her morning workout time with Susan to successfully convince the formerly repressed mother that she didn't need to feel guilty about her morning cocksucking, or about anything else she might do with her son. But Suzanne eventually had to leave, and with Susan spending most of the day by herself she slowly went into another sexual relapse.

Even so, had Alan come home directly after school, chances were good she would have been on her knees between his legs in a matter of minutes. But because he hadn't, she'd grown increasingly depressed. The very extent of her disappointment convinced her that she needed a break to put things into perspective. Thus, by the time he did come home, she was dressed rather conservatively, although she still adhered to the house rule of no panties or bra. She was wearing such clothes largely so that he would order her to dress more sexily. Subconsciously, she really wanted him to "force" her to do all kinds of sexual things to and with him.

Unfortunately, by the time he got home he was too exhausted to start anything with her. He was also confused by her mixed signals. He went straight to his room to chill out.

As a result, Susan ended up feeling even more disappointed and regretful, both about her "fate" of being "forced" to sexually serve her son and that she hadn't chosen a sexier outfit so he would want her to serve him right away.

Suzanne came over shortly after Alan returned home. She noticed Susan's mood right away. After some cajoling, she got her to confess what was bothering her.

Susan complained, "I don't know what I want. I keep flipping like a switch. There are times I feel bad. I'm letting sex take over my entire life. It's gone far beyond just helping Tiger with his medical problem. I've started calling myself one of his personal cocksuckers, and I think of myself that way now too! I spend half of the day thinking about his penis and whether it's being taken care of properly, and if it's not, when I can take care of it. It's not right!"

Suzanne was sitting right next to Susan on a living room sofa. She had an arm around her back, and rubbed her soothingly. "I don't see what's so bad about it. That's how I am too. I'm one of his personal cocksuckers too, so his cock is on my mind most of the time, just like you. That's what it means to be a personal cocksucker."

"Really?! You feel that way too?" She looked at Suzanne uncertainly.

"Of course." Actually, Suzanne was exaggerating for effect, knowing what Susan wanted to hear. But there was a lot of truth there too.

Susan grumbled, "Well, one thing that bothers me is that if I'm going to be so focused on his penis, at least I should end up sucking it more often. I thought that once Ron left, I'd be naked and kneeling much more often. Choking and gagging on his thick meat at least three or four times a day. Maybe more! But that hasn't happened yet. How does the saying go? If you're gonna do the time, you might as well commit the crime? Something like that."

Suzanne gave her a comforting squeeze. "I understand how you feel. I want him more too."

Susan spoke with extra passion. "I mean, why can't we just have a quiet evening for once, where he spends an hour or two watching TV, and then another hour or two doing his homework? And I could be right there lying on the sofa over his leg, or in between his legs, happily bobbing and slurping all the

while. When I get tired, that's what titfucks and handjobs are for. I really want to explore this whole new titfucking thing! That's such an exciting new vista!"

Suzanne grinned at Susan's enthusiasm. "Don't worry, there will be evenings like that. And yes, you're going to loooooove titfucking. But remember that being the personal cocksucker to a man like him is both a blessing and a curse. He can only cum so many times a day, and he needs great variety. So... sometimes you need to wait."

"I know. Don't remind me," Susan grumbled.

"In fact... I hate to bring this up after what you've been saying, but the reason I came over now is to help you with dinner. Remember, Brenda's coming over to eat with us tonight. Eric and Brad went to some stupid sporting event, so I can be with you the whole time."

Susan let out a low, unhappy growl. "UUUUGH! Great. Just great. I need more competition from her like I need another hole in my head. Is there any way we can get out of this?"

Suzanne tried to soothe her with more back rubbing. "You're the one who set it up in the first place. It's too late to back out now. Besides, don't forget that she knows the incest secret."

Susan groaned again, but with more resignation. "I know, I know. That's awfully convenient, again. He gets what he wants. But what about me? Where is this all heading? Am I fated to be his personal cocksucker forever, bobbing on his cock every day for years and years to come?"

Suzanne spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, yet also registering surprise, as if she didn't understand why Susan would ask such an obvious question. "Why, yes. Of course! What else? And it's not just cocksucking. You focus on that because it's your favorite part. As you like to say, Tiger is the man of the house now. That's doubly so with Ron back in Thailand. In fact, Ron may well never live or even visit this house again."

Susan nodded in contemplation. "That's very possible."

"So if your Tiger is man of the house, you're much more than just one of his personal cocksuckers. If he's the man of the house, doesn't that mean he effectively owns everything in the house, including you? Including Angel?"

Susan gasped. "I... I suppose so! But, but... what does that mean?!"

"It means that you have to serve him to your fullest. Like he's your husband, only much more so. We can start tonight. If he wants to fuck Brenda, and of course he does, then you need to help make that happen. You were doing really well there with her for a while. Remember the nude photos you took and all your clever scheming? What happened?"

Susan said glumly, "I don't know. When I'm having a bad day like this, everything looks different. I wish I could have a... never mind."

"What? A nice long cocksucking?"

Susan nodded shyly. "You see? I love it too much. And it makes me jealous."

"No, that enthusiasm is very good. Why don't we start with cooking dinner together. Then, if we finish and Brenda's still not here, and Sweetie is up for it, well, let's just say you'll need to limber up your jaw."

Susan's mood transformed. She got up and went to the kitchen with vim and vigor.

Susan and Suzanne proceeded to whip up an impressive dinner of stroganoff, couscous, and pumpkin pie in record time. Susan's eye was on the clock, because she knew that Brenda was due at seven o'clock and she was likely to be on time. So any time prior to that could be her special personal time with her face in Alan's crotch.

As they cooked, they also discussed how to handle Brenda's visit. Alan had previously complained that he didn't want everything with Brenda to be carefully stage-managed behind his back, so they agreed to let him take the lead and direct the flow of the evening. But they also came up with some special events that they might or might not put into play.

The more they talked, the more Susan's enthusiasm to assist with Brenda's seduction returned and even grew. At times, she could get extremely frustrated at the problems of sharing him, but if someone like Suzanne could frame the situation in the right arousing terms (and she did), being "forced" to share him became one of Susan's biggest turn-ons.bender

While the food was cooking and there wasn't much to do, Suzanne went upstairs with Susan to her bedroom and helped her pick out a sexy outfit to wear. Suzanne already had her own selected. The idea was to outdo Brenda in how revealing her outfit was, so Brenda would feel pressured to wear something even more revealing next time.

With that accomplished, Suzanne told Susan that she'd finish off the cooking herself, since there wasn't much left to do but wait anyway. Then she said, "That means you need to break the news to your Tiger that Brenda is coming to dinner. I don't think he even knows yet. To make it easier on him, I say you tell him while you're wearing these" - she pointed to Susan's prescription glasses - "and those" - she pointed to Susan's collection of high heels at the foot of her closet - "and nothing else. Oh, and if you have trouble getting the message across because your mouth is full, well, so much the better."

A beaming Susan gave Suzanne a mock salute. "Yes, ma'am!"

Suzanne walked back to the kitchen with a warm feeling in her tummy. Aaaaah. I love making Susan feel good. She deserves it, after all her troubles with Ron. I know exactly what she really needs to be happy, and I'm going to make sure she gets it, in spades. Right now, she's deep into her oral phase. Soon, I'll introduce her to titfucking. That'll blow her mind even more! Then, step by step. Perhaps have him going down on her next. Then maybe anal sex, or dual blowjobs. I'm betting it won't be long before he's fucking her needy pussy, and then she'll REALLY know what it means to be happy!

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Alan had tried to do his homework, but he found he couldn't get serious about it. His mind was always on sex. So by the time Susan came to his room, he was reading The Lord of the Rings instead. He knew the whole story very well already, so it didn't take much thinking, and he figured the completely different world of Middle Earth had the best chance of fully distracting him for a while.

That plan went right out the window when Susan came in wearing just her high heels. She didn't even say a word. She simply walked to where he sat in front of his computer desk, spun his desk chair to a different direction to face her, knelt between his legs, fished his penis out of his shorts, and started to suck on him.

Realizing that reading was hopeless, he kicked back with his hands behind his head, and luxuriated in her cocksucking talent. His penis had been flaccid, but quickly engorged in her mouth.

After about five minutes, when she had him truly throbbing with joy, she stopped to speak. Mindful of what Suzanne suggested earlier, she didn't pull his cock all the way of her mouth, but she craned her jaw still wider to at least be somewhat intelligible. "Bah da waah, Brendush gonnah be commung for dinnah."

That startled him. "What did you say? Brenda is coming over for dinner?"

"Uh huh." Her lips tightened around his shaft and she resumed her intense suction.

Susan

But he put a hand on her head trying to slow her down. "Wait! Tell me more. What's she coming for? What's the plan?"

Susan tried to keep talking and sucking, but soon realized she had too much to say. So she merely licked and stroked him as she quickly explained what was happening. She only told him the basics, and emphasized that he would take the lead and everyone else would follow. She didn't clue him in about all the various developments with Brenda since the last poker party. He didn't even know about the nude photos or the photo session yet. She figured there were more enjoyable ways for him to find out.

Mostly, she just wanted to get back to full-on cocksucking, which she did.

He kept his hand on her head, since he had to frequently slow her enthusiastic efforts. He thought, I'm beginning to think Mom is kind of addicted to sucking my dick! Is that wild or what? When I think back to how prudish she used to be, not that long ago... UH! Gaawwwd! She's gonna make me cum too soon! Hnnng! DAMN, she's good!

And Brenda's coming over. Brenda! Man!

Chapter 353 Brenda

Brenda was still highly conflicted about what she wanted and what she was willing to risk. She told herself that she was merely still in "information gathering" mode. She had two main goals in visiting the Plummer house for dinner. One was to impress Alan, so he would strongly desire her. To that end, she wore a very sexy dress that put a strong emphasis on showing off her deep, deep cleavage. The gap in front of her dress plunged down so far towards her belly button that she couldn't wear a bra with it. Her second goal was to find out more about him and everyone else in his group, in order to make a more educated decision on what she should ultimately do.

She knew that a certain amount of sexually suggestive activity and talk would take place, given what happened at the last poker party. She was determined not to object to any of it, but at the same time not let it unduly affect her. Most of all, she felt she couldn't give in to her lustful urges and lose control.

That was her plan; it lasted barely a minute.

Suzanne had apprised Katherine of the situation with Brenda not long before Brenda's arrival. Like Alan, Katherine knew the general strategy but wasn't told many details or given specific instructions. She just had enough time to rush upstairs and find something sexy and revealing to wear.

She was still changing when Brenda rang the doorbell. That left Suzanne to answer it. The stroganoff and pie were ready to go and keeping warm in the oven, so Suzanne had already changed into her own daringly sexy dress.

Suzanne and Brenda greeted each other with pleasant hugs and pecks on cheeks. After the front door was closed, Brenda looked around and asked, "Where are the others?"

Suzanne matter-of-factly replied, "Katherine is still getting dressed. She should be down shortly. Whereas, Susan will take longer. She's in Alan's room, sucking his cock."

Just like that, Brenda felt like her world was shattered into a thousand pieces. She knew that oral sex happened in the Plummer house daily, but to have Suzanne state it so plainly, as nearly the first thing out of her mouth, made her weak in the knees. She actually reached out and grabbed hold of Suzanne's shoulders to stay standing. "What?! What did you say?!"

Suzanne played dumb, pretending there was nothing to get shocked about. "I said that Susan is in Alan's room, sucking his cock. So she may not be down for a while. For one thing, you know how long it takes before he blows his load. She could be there a very, very long time indeed." She grinned knowingly. "But also, she's obviously not wearing any clothes, so it'll take a while for her to dress. She believes cocksucking is best done while only wearing high heels."

Brenda felt like the floor disappeared from beneath her feet and she was floating in space. It wasn't just the cocksucking talk; it was the details mentioned. She actually thought, Gaawwwd, it's so true! It IS best done wearing only high heels! She told me that repeatedly, and she's living it! He could be blasting a creamy load all over her fantastic naked body any time now! How am I supposed to stay calm, knowing that?!

Just then, Katherine came bounding down the stairs, looking and acting chipper while still wearing an extremely revealing outfit. "Hey, Brenda!"

Brenda looked up and nodded weakly. She was reeling so much that she felt dizzy.

Katherine gave Brenda a big hug, forcing Brenda to let go of Suzanne's shoulders. Then the ebullient girl pulled back and said, "Hey! Guess what? Did you hear my big news?"

Brenda was grateful for the change of topic. "No, what?" bender

"I'm a full-on cocksucker for my brother now! I was kind of doing it anyway, kind of a lot. So I guess it was inevitable: Mom walked in on me a couple of days ago when I was bobbing on my brother's fat cock. Naturally, she was pissed and made me stop. But then, just a few minutes later, she took over and spent a long, long time finishing him off. Because who can resist, am I right?" She giggled. "Since then, she gave into the inevitable, and now I'm allowed to serve him just as much as everyone else! Isn't that great?"

"Um, yeah." Brenda looked pole-axed, and felt that way too.

Katherine added in a chipper voice, "By the way, I love the miles of cleavage. You look totally slutty, but in a good way, if you know what I mean. I'm sure that'll help inspire Brother big-time."

"Er, uh, thanks." Brenda closed her eyes and turned her head in embarrassment. She was suddenly regretting the choice of her black dress, because it did indeed show off "miles of cleavage."

Katherine wasn't quite done. "Yep. Brother's gonna get a big, fat, stiff cock for sure. Then one of us will have to help him out. Wow, it might even be my turn next. Cool!"

Brenda nodded weakly. She decided she needed to sit down, and fast. She looked over to the living room and started stumbling in that direction.

Seeing her difficulty, Suzanne held her arm and guided her safely onto the near sofa. Then Suzanne and Katherine took seats near her.

Brenda stared wide-eyed between the two women. I thought I was ready for this visit, but I'm not! Shit! What happened to keeping cool? I just totally lost my shit the minute I stepped through the door!

And to make things worse, much, much worse, now I know what they mean with all this cocksucking talk! Last time I was here, that was just a theoretically arousing thing. I didn't know how it truly felt. Now, thanks to Susan's rousing tennis match talk complete with dildo in my mouth, I have some small taste of the erotic joy they must feel. Even as we speak, Susan has her lips wrapped around her son's cock! Her tongue is dancing on his sweet spot, like always, and her fingers are sliding up and down his massive shaft!

The worst part is the symbolism of it all! She's SERVING him, shamelessly! Naked and kneeling, like a good slut should. And he's towering over her, like he's her lord and master! "Lord and master!" Oh dear God, no! Not those words! He IS her master! And now he's Katherine's master too! His SISTER! And he's got his aunt Suzanne! Fuck, I'm going to faint! Is there nothing that can stop him?! He could come for ME next!

Brenda had to adjust how she sat, because she was already worried about leaking fluids onto the sofa. She was ruining her choice of clothes, and hoped the others didn't notice how her long nipples were standing up high.

Katherine continued, "Since then, Mom has been pretty cool. For instance, this morning before school, we basically tag-teamed him. I gave him a handjob and a footjob while Mom strutted around naked to

help with the visual stimulation. Then she took over with a big ol' sloppy blowjob. I actually got to feed him his food while she blew him. Isn't that awesome?!"

Brenda muttered, "Um, yeah. Uh, congratulations." But her words didn't begin to reflect how she really felt. MY GOD! He was fed by his sister while his mother sucked him off? He's living like a king! No, like a lord! A lord and master! No, please, no! I beg you, no! No more! Too hot!

Brenda was practically swooning, even though she was sitting down.

Suzanne leaned towards her with concern. "Is there something wrong? You look a little pale."

She tried to bluff it out. "No, I'm good. Maybe I'm just... I could use a little water."

Suzanne looked to Katherine. "Could you get her some water please?"

"Sure thing." Katherine hopped up and headed to the kitchen.

Suzanne decided to take things easier on Brenda for a while. She'd had fun giving Brenda a shock right off the bat, and Katherine gave a great assist, but she didn't want Brenda to actually pass out before Alan even showed up. So she blandly said, "Anyway, that's what's new over here. What's new with you?"

Brenda was still bug-eyed. "Uh... well... How am I supposed to follow THAT?!"

To her relief, Suzanne laughed at that, and they shared a good laugh.

After that, the conversation turned to more or less normal small talk, although that was relatively speaking. For instance, after Katherine came back with the water, she asked Brenda for her reaction on her new sexual "promotion," and Brenda found herself trying to sound sympathetic. Brenda felt freaked out about it, to say the least, but she fought hard to hang on and fit in.

As the small talk continued, Brenda thought, Things SEEM normal now, on the surface. But I know that's a lie. For one thing, Susan is still upstairs, sucking Alan's cock! What I wouldn't give to see that! Hell, what I wouldn't give to BE that, to be in her place! But like Susan keeps telling me, it's a long road there. I can't allow myself to think about what Susan is doing: the panting, the gurgling, the sweat dripping down her face, the cum sliding down his cock for her to lap up every last sweet drop... I can't think about ANY of that or I'll fall apart!

Worse, they have me on a knife edge. At any moment, Suzanne or Katherine could say something super sexy and make me cry uncle! Just fall to my knees and beg for mercy! I know it's gonna happen too, because this house is like the place where all my favorite sexual fantasies happen, for real. Too sexy! Too much!

However, to her immense relief, nothing was said that rattled her. In fact, things were exceedingly normal for about ten minutes as Katherine talked extensively about school, her teachers, her friendship with Amy, and other non-sexual matters. Suzanne got out a bottle of wine and Brenda gulped a glass down straight away to help calm her nerves. Brenda started to feel like she had things under control after all.

Then Alan came downstairs with Susan hand in hand. Brenda's world flipped over again, simply because it was Alan and she had put him on such a high pedestal in her mind. Brenda had butterflies in her stomach to be so close to him again, to put it mildly. At least she was able to stand up steadily when Alan and Susan came into the living room to exchange greeting kisses and hugs.

Susan greeted Katherine, Suzanne, and then Brenda in turn with quick hugs and pecks. Then she moved back for Alan to have his turn.

Alan hugged and kissed Suzanne first. There was nothing that shocking about it, even though he French kissed her and squeezed her ass a bit. It would have been acceptable contact between husband and wife in a room full of people. But of course Alan and Suzanne were not husband and wife.

Then Alan hugged and kissed Katherine, exactly like he did Suzanne. This was much more shocking for Brenda, knowing that the two of them were brother and sister. Even though the French kiss was brief, Alan was clearly marking his sister as his, especially with the way he fondled her ass.

Brenda felt her heart would thump right out of her chest when her turn came next. He wordlessly came up to her and gave her a brief hug with his arms around her back and then a peck on each cheek. That was it. He pulled back and started talking to Suzanne about something.

Brenda was practically heartbroken. After seeing him French kiss the other two, she thought she would be getting the same treatment, but she didn't. At least she got to feel her big tits press tightly against his manly chest, but that contact was frustratingly brief. She felt cheated that she didn't even get a quick ass squeeze. The worst insult of all was that she'd worn a dress with shockingly revealing deep neckline, more daring than any dress she'd worn in public before, and he seemed to take no special interest in her daring cleavage.

Actually he did take interest, very much so. But he was trying not to show it due to Suzanne's strategy of having him play hard to get.

Brenda fretted, SHIT! What am I supposed to do?! Susan and Suzanne say he doesn't have any special interest in me, and I guess they're right. There's so much damn competition in this room. I thought I would outdo everyone with my bold outfit selection, but it looks like they've outdone me. Dammit!

After the usual suitable time, the group moved from the living room to sit around the dining room table. Susan brought out the food (baked salmon was the main course) and then said a short prayer.

All that was like any typical suburban family having dinner, except Brenda noticed that during the prayer, Susan prayed for Alan to have prolonged stimulation and frequent orgasms. Just hearing that tidbit thrilled Brenda to the tips of her toes, because it hinted how deeply this new sexual lifestyle was embedded at the Plummer house.

One other shocker for Brenda was that when the group moved from one room to the other, she noticed that Alan had a raging erection again. He wore the same kind of loose slacks as the previous time she'd seen him, as well as a similar dress shirt, so his bulge was almost comically obvious. She was flabbergasted that he was erect again so quickly after what Susan did to him upstairs. Her opinion of him as an insatiable super stud went up yet another notch.

What she didn't know was that Susan and Alan had played basically the same trick on her that Suzanne and Alan did last time. Yes, Susan really did suck him off, and for nearly half an hour too (if one included periodic strategic breaks). However, they stopped after she had a big orgasm, not him. He was willing to suffer without a climax in order to further impress Brenda. He'd had five minutes to go flaccid while Susan dressed in her room, since coming downstairs with an erection would have been a bit too much.

Brenda had been doing okay, and even enjoying the conversation. But now that she knew his dick was stiff, she was much more nervous.

However, aside from that one little trick, Alan didn't know how explicit he should be with the conversation. Since he hadn't been informed what had happened to Brenda since the last poker party, he didn't know where she stood. So he didn't steer the discussion in a sexual direction. Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were trying to follow his lead, so they didn't either. He didn't physically flirt either.

Brenda was shocked when the situation or discussion became sexual, but also felt frustrated when it didn't. She remembered her goal of trying to get Alan to desire her, so throughout the meal she tried many tricks in order to capture his attention. Since she'd long known that her huge breasts were her most attention-getting feature, she made sure to keep the conversation centered on breasts whenever possible, even if it was something non-sexual, such as back pain and other problems they caused.

As long as they were being discussed, that gave Alan a valid excuse to look at them, and her a valid excuse to touch them. Furthermore, she laughed at any joke, causing them to jiggle. She would turn her head quickly when someone else spoke, causing more jiggling. There was much jiggling indeed, since her dress showed so much cleavage that she had no choice but to go bra-less.

She had many other tricks in her arsenal. She squeezed her upper arms together, causing her orbs to bulge up and out. Since Alan was sitting across from her, she loved to lean way forward when he was talking, as if she was highly interested. She was, since it was him, but she also loved to let her tits dangle for him. Sometimes, she slumped down a little, causing her huge globes to rest on the table in an enticing manner, like two heavy boulders. She even ran her hand or a finger over the exposed skin, sometimes daring to draw a finger right down her cleavage. She even managed to bring one or both of her legs above the table edge at times. Often she would keep her eyes closed, so he would feel free to look to his heart's content.

While she was doing this, she was usually thinking sexy thoughts, often as if she was talking to him. Come on! Look at my tits some more, Alan! You know you want to. Don't you just want to FUCK these big beauties? Susan has shown me the light about blowjobs. Now, I know just how pleasurable they can be, for both of us. It must be the same for titfucks. I can't wait for your huge cock to plunder my tits too! I don't know which I want more, for you to fuck my tits or mouth! Both! Lots of both!

Due to this kind of thinking, she stared into his eyes with an unusual sexual intensity and increasing frequency, often even when other people were talking. And if she wasn't staring at his face, she frequently burned a hole through the table in her attempt to look at the bulge in his lap. She thought a lot about that too. I just know you're stiff for me right now. I know it! Are you thinking about turning me

into one of your sluts? Are you imagining all the different ways you could use and control me? Because I am! Is that what's keeping you so erect?

Other times, Brenda's thoughts were more longing and wistful. For once, she stared at Susan instead of Alan and thought, I wonder what it would be like to live in Susan's shoes. Sucking Alan off during breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Sucking him when he drives the car. Titfucking him while he watches a movie. Trying to take a shower alone, covered in sudsy bubbles, only to end up even more covered in hot cum! Waking up in the middle of the night to find his cock half-way down her throat! I'll bet all that happens to her, daily, and MORE! She's NEVER safe! He could snap his fingers at any time, and she has to strip, kneel, suck, and serve! Woooooowww...

Look at her now, flashing him such a loving smile. She's probably thinking what she'll be doing to him the minute I'm out the door. I'll bet she's salivating already! She truly adores her son's big snake of a cock, just like a good mommy-slut should. Dammit, I can't get over the fact that she's his MOTHER! Her real life is better than the best incest fiction I've ever read. And when is he going to fuck her cunt? I'm sure that'll happen soon. She's so lucky that I can't stand it!

On the surface, all was normal with Brenda. But just under the surface, her invitation to him couldn't have been any more obvious. Yet he still didn't take advantage with any sort of flirting or innuendo in return. He was trying the "playing hard to get" strategy, but for once he was acting too aloof. He definitely noticed her come-ons, and he couldn't help but frequently stare at her big tits, because her many little tricks were impossible to ignore and his self-restraint could only go so far. But that was about all he did.

Brenda was secretly very frustrated. She felt daunted by the competition. She worried that her physical assets simply couldn't compete with the loving bonds he shared with the others at the table, given their impressive beauty too. After the delicious meal was over, she went to use the bathroom to pee, but also to check herself in the mirror and regroup.

Chapter 354 How Can I Resist Him?

Once Brenda was well out of the room, Suzanne whispered to Alan, "Hey, you, you're blowing it!"

He whispered back, even though Brenda was on the other side of the house by then, "What do you mean?"

"She's expecting a highly sexual man, a dominating kind of man. Have you not seen how she's been acting? Her blatant titty show targeted at you? You're letting her down."

"What about showing off my bulge?" He was still erect, and it showed, thanks to Brenda's "titty show."

Suzanne gave him a scoffing look. "Big whoop. That was for, like, two seconds, with the table in the way. Besides, she saw your bulge plenty last time. You need to do something outrageous!"

Susan and Katherine were listening, and they nodded in agreement.

He looked at each of them, and then asked all three, "What do you recommend?"

Susan looked to Suzanne for confirmation, and then said, "We have just the thing. Don't we?"

Suzanne nodded. "We do. Let us try something. Best not to ask what exactly and just roll with the punches, okay? You're really good at that. You'll figure it out."

"Sure." He'd wanted to be in charge of events this evening, but he realized he hadn't been aggressive enough. That was a common problem for him. He could be sexually aggressive if the mood was right and the signals were clear, for instance with the way he'd roughly treated Heather and called her names when he'd fucked her. But he waited for such signs and didn't try to push things enough to get a clear signal one way or the other. He figured he could use some help.

Brenda didn't stay long in the bathroom. When she came back, Susan intercepted her in the kitchen. She whispered confidentially in Brenda's ear, "I'm sorry, I STILL haven't have shown Alan your nude photos yet. I didn't really see him at all today except at breakfast and just before you got here, and both those times I was pretty busy with his cock. But never fear, I have a plan to make it up to you so you can see his reaction yourself. You'll see!"

"Um, that's okay," Brenda started to whisper back. But Susan was already walking away, out of the kitchen in the direction Brenda had just come back from.

Brenda didn't know what to think of that, so she returned to the dining table.

But the moment she sat back down, Susan reentered the kitchen with a manila folder in her hand. "Hey, everybody! Come gather round! I have something neat to show you."

Brenda's heart sank, since the folder looked like it could hold 8 by 10 inch photos. Oh no! Please, no! Tell me those aren't the printouts of my photos! Pleeeaaase!

Alan, Suzanne, and Katherine gathered around the kitchen counter where Susan was, forcing Brenda to join them. Suzanne and Alan stood on the kitchen side, Susan stood at the end, and Katherine and Brenda stood on the dining room side.

Brenda hoped against hope that the manila envelope contained anything else but the nude photos of herself, but her hopes were dashed when Susan pulled one photo out and laid it in the middle of the counter. Brenda recognized it immediately as one of the first poses she'd struck during the photo shoot. She thought she would simply die of shame, but at least she had some consolation that her head had been cropped out of the photo altogether.

As Susan brought that photo out, she said to the group, but to Alan in particular, "I have some fun nudie photos to show you. I can't say yet who they're of or how I got them. But I want to get your feedback."

Time seemed to stand still for Brenda as Alan picked up that picture and held it close to his face to examine it. She forgot to breathe for a startlingly long time. She was mortified that he was looking at her photo right in front of her eyes, but that didn't diminish her desire for him to give an approving opinion about it.

While Alan was inscrutably studying that one, Susan handed out other photos so each person had at least one.

Brenda only briefly glanced at hers. She looked all around and was further relieved to see that all of the photos were cropped. But even so, she suddenly felt that she must have been insane to ever think Alan and the others wouldn't notice right away that it was her. Her curves were too extreme and unique, and her long nipples were a particular giveaway. She felt for sure that, any second, somebody would say something like, "Hey, Brenda, aren't these photos of you?" Then she'd have to explain herself, and what could she say?

To make matters worse, she was so embarrassed that she knew her face had turned a bright cherry red. And that was damning, because why would that be the case unless the photos were of her? Also, her arousal was off the charts. Her big tits heaved up and down (unsupported by her dress) - another damning clue. Her pussy had been wet all through dinner, because simply being near Alan when she knew he had a hard-on was too exciting, but now it positively gushed, overflowing her panties and trickling down her inner thighs. That, in turn, created a pungent, musky smell that was another damning clue.

She feared that once she was "outed" as the subject of the photos, her entire story would come out and she'd end up confessing her great desire to serve Alan, taking the decision about whether she even wanted that out of her hands due to her passion of the moment. From there, he would demand that she prove it or get spanked, and she'd find herself kneeling in just her high heels in front of all the others, choking and gagging on his fat cock! This created a vicious circle, because such thoughts thrilled and frightened her in equal measure, making her tell-tale signs such as her heaving chest and blushing face, even more obvious. That in turn made her more humiliated and horny, and so on. She had to clutch at the edge of the counter top to merely remain standing. She shut her eyes tightly and braced for the worst.

Alan had recognized right away that the picture he was holding was of Brenda. Susan and Suzanne in particular had acted quite smirky and excited about the mysterious surprise they said they were going to spring on him, so he knew there had to be some special meaning in the photos even before he saw them. Just looking at the one full frontal photo, the answer seemed obvious. He'd a lot of pornographic pictures over the years, mostly on his computer monitor, but he'd never seen a woman with a figure quite like Brenda's. And even through her clothes he'd noticed how far her nipples stuck out, which was confirmed in the photo.bender

So far, he'd kept a poker-face. But, just to be sure, and seeing that Brenda had her eyes shut tight, he looked quizzically to Katherine, since she was across the counter from him with Brenda, and then nodded towards Brenda.

Katherine was in the know about the photos already, so she smiled and nodded knowingly.

It was hardly necessary for him to confirm, since he saw Brenda's burning red face when he glanced at her to check if she was looking back at him. He thought, HOT DAMN! Wow! I wonder what the story is with these. Not just one nude picture, but many, from every angle! And how did Mom get ahold of them?! I smell an Aunt Suzy scheme in progress! Heh! So cool!

He considered how he should play this. Clearly, Brenda was about to die of sheer shame, unless her great arousal got to her first. He was developing a good sense of how to arouse a woman with a little humiliation, but Brenda looked more like she was about to hyperventilate or pass out. He decided that to reveal that he knew the photos were of her would be cruel and over the top at this point. Instead, he would play dumb, very dumb, and help her come back from the brink.

So he said about the photo in his hand, "Gee, Mom, this is one sexy lady. Do you know her? Do I know her?"

Susan replied, carefully, "Now, Son, you know I said I can't tell you anything about that. Maybe sometime later. But right now, I just want to get your reaction."

"Hmmm. Let me see another one then, or two."

Brenda wasn't religious, but she had her eyes shut tight and was praying hard. She heard the sound of papers shuffling, and surmised it had to be Alan looking at more of the photos. She had the counter edge in a vice-like grip with one hand while she had an arm under her huge rack in an attempt to minimize the wild bouncing of her great knockers.

After a pregnant pause, Alan said, "Well, this woman certainly has the curves. She looks pretty darn sexy to me. What a rack! She's really stacked! Do you think those are real?"

Brenda heaved with relief at those positive words. YES! He says I'm sexy! And yes, they are real! All real!

Suzanne spoke up. "In my opinion, they have to be real. Look at this one. See how they're dangling down? Only real breasts do that."

There was more shuffling of photos.

Despite her great embarrassment, Brenda couldn't resist peeking out of one eye to see which photo Suzanne was referring to. OH NO! It's one of the ones where I'm bending over and clutching my ankles! The SHAME! The SHAME! Why the hell did I ever let Susan talk me into going that far?!

She had to close her eyes again and clutch the edge of the counter with both hands this time, because a strong orgasm ripped through her. Luckily for her, her fear of getting caught was so great that she forced herself not to make any special noise or movement. She just stood there and let it happen, as if she'd lost all control and had to pee there standing up. Actually, it was quite similar because of the copious wetness trickling down her thighs.

Suzanne could guess that Brenda just came, even though it wasn't blatantly obvious, from the way Brenda's face scrunched up and then relaxed. Plus, there was the way Brenda's massive tits were heaving up and down even more than before, even considering that she wasn't cradling them with an arm anymore. Suzanne was secretly delighted. She also was pleased that Alan was playing coy and not letting on that the pictures were of Brenda, just as she had hoped he would. She decided it was time to reward him, as well as blow Brenda's mind into oblivion that much more. She figured Brenda could handle it after cumming.

Suzanne had been careful to stand on the same side of the counter as Alan while making sure Brenda stood on the other side. That allowed her to reach into Alan's slacks. Since he wasn't wearing any underwear, to better show off his bulge, her fingers immediately wrapped around his long shaft and started to stroke.

Now it was Alan's turn to be flummoxed. Not only was Suzanne jacking him off, she wasn't even being that subtle about it. Susan and Katherine caught on right away and smiled with knowing approval. Only Brenda was still in the dark, and what would happen when she opened her eyes? But he remembered that Suzanne and the others counseled him to do something outrageous, and this certainly qualified. Besides, it felt too fantastic to make her stop.

So he continued to examine the photo of Brenda lewdly bending over while pretending to ignore Suzanne's sliding fingers. Thinking about how Suzanne said the picture proved the breasts were natural, he even managed to say, "Yep, I see what you mean, Aunt Suzy. Those do look natural. You can also see, well, pretty much everything! Whoever this woman is, she sure cums a lot. Brenda, you don't mind if we freely discuss this kind of thing, do you? You're not offended?"

Brenda opened her eyes in a panic. She was still riding out the tail end of her orgasm, and she was barely in control of her body or her mind. She knew her face was cherry red and her big tits were bouncing outrageously on her chest, with her dress no help at all. If Alan looked at her now, she was sunk. She expected the worst.

However, Alan knew that the signs of Brenda's arousal, not to mention her embarrassment, were so blatant that he couldn't make eye contact with her and continue to pretend to be clueless. So he studiously examined the photo from close up instead.

The others had come to the same conclusion and wanted to keep the pretense going. They were all looking down intently at their photos as well.

Brenda looked around from face to face. She couldn't believe her luck, but she didn't question it. Even though she felt like she'd just been fucked standing up, and looked like it, she tried to pull herself together and quickly respond to Alan before the silence made someone look her way. "Um... well... NO! Of course I'm not offended. Just keep on looking and talking about that picture. I don't mind that at all."

She added in her mind, Especially keep on looking DOWN. Don't look up! Dear God! What am I going to do about my face?! How do I make my blush go away?! Hell, how do I stop feeling so totally humiliated so I stop blushing more?! Look at him: he's staring right at a photo of my fully exposed pussy! My leaky, leaky pussy! And I just told him to keep looking! And what about my real leaky pussy, now?! I'm going to be dripping down to the floor in another minute!

Now that she was recovering some more from her orgasm, she was able to cradle her tits with an arm again to stop their crazy bouncing. She still needed her other hand to grip the counter edge and keep her standing.

Katherine spoke up while staring at her own nude Brenda photo. "Well, I think that whoever this woman is, she's got an amaaaazing body. Geez! Just look at the size of those boobs! I wish I had boobs half that size. And check out her ass too, Bro. In my picture, she's kind of twisting her body in place, so you can see her ass and boobs at the same time."

Alan responded, "My picture is pretty much all ass. And I have to admit it's a pretty damn fine one too. Her legs aren't bad either, especially when they're firmed up with her high heels and the way she's bending over. I wonder if they look as good in a relaxed pose."

Susan helpfully shuffled through the photos and selected one for him. "Here, look at this one." She'd selected another picture of Brenda's backside that showed off her legs to great effect.

"Thanks." Alan whistled appreciatively as he studied the new picture. His enjoyment of it was intensified by the way Suzanne was rubbing his sweet spot. "Yep. Nice legs indeed. Too bad we can't see the face in any of these, though. Or even the hair. Why is that?"

Brenda's eyes opened in another panicky alarm. She held her breath as she waited for Susan's reply.

Susan said, "Sorry, I can't tell you that. Consider it a test to see what kind of body type you like the most. If you saw the head, that might bias you."

Brenda allowed herself to breathe again, relieved. Good answer!

Susan continued, "I picked this woman's pictures because I thought she had an ideal body for you. Isn't this your exact type?"

Alan looked at Susan as he replied. (Luckily for Brenda, Susan was standing on the other side of him, at the end of the counter.) "Well, I don't know about THAT. 'Ideal?' Hardly. She is sexy, no question. But, to be honest, Mom, you're more of my ideal. I like a woman who's taller and not just this outrageously curvy." With that answer, he was trying a sweet and sour approach. He complimented Brenda's body some, but made clear that he wasn't as impressed as most men were, to keep her striving.

It was an effective approach. Brenda was soaring high one moment and crashing down the next. But all in all, it was about the answer she expected, and even wanted. Clearly, Alan wasn't easy to please, and that made her want to work harder to impress him.

So far, Brenda hadn't noticed the way Suzanne was playing with Alan's erection. She had her eyes closed most of the time, and when she had them opened, she was looking up at faces. But now, she was calming down some, relatively speaking, and she looked around the counter top to see which photos of her were being looked at.

While she did that, she noticed the tell-tale motion in Suzanne's arm. It wasn't hard to catch, since Suzanne was all but asking to get caught. She gasped, loudly, but no one seemed to notice. NO! NO! It can't be! But it IS! She's DEFINITELY giving him a handjob, not even three feet from me! I can't believe it!

If the orgasm Brenda was still recovering from rated a ten on a one-to-ten scale, her new surge of arousal shot up to eleven. She very nearly spontaneously climaxed again, and only didn't because her body was in a refractory phase from the last one. But actually, I CAN believe it! OF COURSE she's jacking him off. This is Alan! His cock is hard all the time, and their job is to keep him constantly throbbing with pleasure! So how can she NOT?! I'll bet the others know and approve, and wish they could be helping instead. Suzanne's trying to be subtle about it, for my sake, but with a cock that long and thick, there's no subtle way to stroke it!

GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD! This kid is incredible! He needs more helpers, definitely! Busty, beautiful sexy helpers who want to love and worship his cock, like me! How can I resist him?! It's hopeless!

Brenda realized that she was likely to cum again soon, despite the fact that she wasn't touching her privates and she'd just cum a few minutes earlier. She further realized that whenever it did happen, she probably wouldn't be able to stay as quiet as the prior time. She had to escape, and fast!

She simply let go of the counter and walked out of the room, towards the living room.

Since the others were all trying hard not to look at her, she was well into the living room when Katherine finally looked up and asked, "Hey, Brenda. Where are you going?"

Brenda walked faster, glad that she was out of visual range. She was frightened that the wetness of her thighs could be seen even from behind. She loudly replied, "I'm off to, uh, powder my nose!"

Indeed, she was headed directly to the bathroom, though it definitely wasn't to powder her nose. Once she got there and closed the door safely behind her, she sat down on the toilet, with the lid down, just to breathe and recover. Aaaaah! Thank God! Too close! I just about had a heart attack!

After some more heavy gasps for air, she thought, Suzanne's jacking him off! That's just so very wrong, but... so very, very RIGHT! A real man like Alan, that's the only way to properly treat him! They don't call themselves a harem, but that's what they are! He's the lord and master, and they're his de facto slaaaaves! His sex slaves!

She had refrained from masturbating or even spontaneously cumming since she'd gotten to the safety of the bathroom, because she still worried about making a ruckus. But with those thoughts, she couldn't hold out any longer. A hand reached to her sopping wet panties, pulled them aside, and she found her

clit. She brought her other hand to her mouth and fiercely bit down on it in an attempt to contain the noise.

Again, her fear of getting caught was so great that she managed to stay relatively quiet, at least compared to the way she longed to scream her head off.

Chapter 355 Maybe There's Hope For You Yet!

But Brenda wasn't quiet enough.

Around the kitchen counter, Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Alan all exchanged knowing smiles as they heard strangled shrieks and muffled cries coming from the nearby bathroom.

Susan whispered the obvious. "Did you hear that? Brenda's having an orgasm! A big one, too! Gaawwwd, that makes me so hot! Especially given what you're doing, Suzanne." She playfully teased her, "You're soooo baaaaad!"

"What?" Suzanne played dumb. But she grinned widely, jacking off Alan even more blatantly than before. In fact, with Brenda gone, she pulled Alan along with her to the middle of the kitchen, giving Susan and Katherine an unhindered view of what her hand was doing inside Alan's slacks.

Susan was too worried to enjoy the view. "Not there! We want to drive Brenda wild, but let's not be TOO obvious about it! She'll be back soon."

Suzanne considered that, then nodded. "You're right, even though I doubt she'll be back that soon. I've got an idea. Sweetie, there's something I want to show you in the den."

The way her fingers were working his sweet spot was distracting to say the least. At first he could only manage to ask, "The den?" But then realization dawned on him of why she wanted to use the den. "OH! The DEN!"

Suzanne nodded. "That's right. I want to show Brenda just how much of your cock I can fit down my throat! Let's do it while she's still in the bathroom! Chances are, she'll come back the shorter way, by the den. Especially if she hears us in there!"

Alan tried to resist that idea, but Brenda's photos and Suzanne's handjob had gotten him far too horny. "Oh, man! How can I say no?!"

"You can't! Come on, let's go!" Suzanne pulled her cum-soaked hand out of his slacks, and started to push him towards the den. But then she stopped and said to Susan and Katherine, "If Brenda makes it back, keep on keeping on. Play dumb. Act like you don't know what we're doing in the den, and yet make it obvious that you do."

Katherine nodded. "Right! The Sergeant Schultz approach."

Suzanne paused until she caught that reference to the TV show "Hogan's Heroes." "Right!" She hurried off with Alan.

Once they were safely in the den, Alan pulled his slacks down and held his boner straight out, hoping for some serious action.

But Suzanne simply stared at the door that he'd just closed behind them. She whispered, "We need to leave the door open a crack."

He whispered back, "Oh my God! Mom's right: you're soooo bad!"

She turned her head and gave him a smirky grin. "I know. You'll never be bored with me, Sweetie. But what about the door? We've gotta act fast."

"So you really think she's gonna spy on us?"

"Oh, definitely. I've got an idea: let's split the difference. This door is a bit loose. If you're really careful, you can balance it so it's aaaalmost open a crack. Technically, it stays closed, but one can see it's not

quite closed all the way. And if one so much as touches it from the outside, it opens an inch or so. As a schemer, I know these things." She was arranging the door just so, even as she spoke.

Alan groaned and rolled his eyes. He didn't have much say in the matter. But then he ceased to care, because Suzanne finished with the door, then quickly removed her dress. Since she wasn't wearing underwear, she was down to just high heels in a flash. She closed the distance between them, reached for his cock, and planted her lips on his for a juicy kiss.

About a minute later, Alan found himself lying face up on the short sofa in the room. His T-shirt was still on, and his slacks were merely pulled down his thighs enough to safely expose his balls and rampant erection.

In stark contrast, Suzanne was buck naked with her face in his crotch. The contrast was intentional. She figured that the submissive Brenda would find it extra arousing that way.

She already was busy licking his sweet spot and stroking his shaft when she whispered, even quieter than before, "In a minute, let's not speak at all, unless it's something we're okay with Brenda hearing. Remember, try playing to our audience of one. Groan and moan loudly and often. Consider how things will look from the doorway, and definitely don't block the view. I'll be doing the same."

He groaned, "Okay."

"I'd like to explore some more titfucking with you, but probably not now. Susan has been hyping blowjobs to Brenda like you wouldn't believe, so that's what she's gonna want to see." With that, she engulfed his cockhead and began to bob on it. She held to a slow pace, because she knew that he was very worked up from everything that had been happening and she didn't want him to cum before Brenda could spy on them.

Brenda took her time in the bathroom. After her orgasm ended, she had a new burst of determination to get her act together and handle herself better for the rest of her visit. She put her panties and dress back in place, then checked herself in the mirror.

She mentally addressed her reflection, Okay, that was close, really close, but I averted disaster. They still don't know the photos are of me. They didn't see my red face! Hey, even my blush is starting to go away. Alan was so busy with the photos that he didn't look at me at all. Nobody knows anything! True, I

came twice, but I was silent the first time and then in here the second time, so nobody knows that either. I hope, anyway! Unfortunately, I was a little bit loud this time around. Everything's just too sexy here! I couldn't help it. I still almost can't breathe, because of all the sex in the air!

In any event, I have to be optimistic. What else can I do? My imagination has been getting pretty out of control, but they don't know that. I can still save the evening. Alan even said "She is sexy, no question," about one of my photos. He likes my breasts, ass, and legs. That's something to build on. I'll go back out there with more of my wiggly moves to draw attention to my best asset: my big breasts. Before long he'll be eating out of my hands. Then, not long after that, I'll be eating out at his crotch!

As she left the bathroom, she knew there were two ways to go back to the kitchen / dining room area: she could walk through the front foyer and living room into the dining room, or she could walk down a hallway into the back of the kitchen. She assumed that Suzanne was still "secretly" jacking Alan off in the kitchen, so it occurred to her that if she chose the hallway, she might be able to walk in on them and observe them without being seen in return.

She couldn't resist the temptation, so she started down the hallway. But she didn't get far before she heard curious sounds coming from the den up ahead. She stopped in front of the den door and listened carefully. NO! ... YES! That most DEFINITELY is the sounds of sexy slurping! That can only mean one thing: a handjob wasn't enough. Suzanne is full-on blowing him, just behind this very door!

Brenda's sense of being back on top of things was torn apart in a flash. Her heart started beating fast again, and her arousal spiked so high that she had to lean against a wall for a moment until she could cope. She had carefully dried her thighs and blotted her soaking-wet panties as best she could, but she suspected that area would be a swampy mess before long. The sounds she heard through the door confirmed everything she'd come to believe about Alan.bender

She considered ignoring them, just walking past to join Susan and Katherine, but that thought lasted for about a millisecond. The temptation to eavesdrop was too great, especially since she could hear Alan and Suzanne surprisingly well. (Of course, she didn't realize they were being extra loud just for her.) Her hesitation was overcome when she heard Suzanne say: "Oh, Sweetie! I love your cock... so much! Going... deeper! Mrrmph!" As if that wasn't pussy-tingling enough, there was a muffled aspect to Suzanne's voice, suggesting that her mouth was full of thick cock even as she spoke.

Brenda looked up and down the hall to check whether the coast was clear. It was, but the problem was that the door to the den was very close to the door between the hallway and the kitchen. She listened carefully for sounds other than the thrilling noises coming from the den, and realized she couldn't hear Susan or Katherine talking.

That made her curious. The door between the hallway and kitchen was closed most of the way, but not all the way. She opened it wider and quietly crept through it, just enough to look at the kitchen counter area. To her great relief, she saw no one there. Peeking a little further into the kitchen, she could hear and see all the way to the dining room, and realized that Susan and Katherine had returned to the dining room area.

That was great news, because it made her spying less likely to be discovered than if they were still in the kitchen. She closed the door between the kitchen and the hallway for extra security.

She was feeling emboldened and encouraged, even while her heart was thumping like crazy due to great arousal and the potential for being caught.

She finally turned her full attention to the den. She noticed the door was ever so slightly ajar. Curious, she lightly touched the door, just to see what would happen.

Just like that, the door opened another inch! That was enough to create a crack just big enough to peek through.

She wanted to groan in some kind of lusty chagrin. Aaaah, fuck me! Again! It's like there's some kind of sexy conspiracy forcing me to peek. Everything is just making me too horny! How can I not look now?! Fuuuuuck!

She tried to resist peeking, telling herself it was far too risky, but lust was driving her on. After just one brief glance, she was hooked. She couldn't see very much of the room, but it was like Alan and Suzanne were perfectly positioned for her, because she had a very good view of Suzanne's head bobbing right over Alan's crotch. (Of course, they WERE perfectly positioned for her.)

Suzanne had Alan's cockhead in her mouth, but she wasn't bobbing down any further than that. And with the way she happened to be holding his shaft with just the fingertips of one hand, Brenda could see nearly all of his erection, minus his cockhead.

That sight literally took Brenda's breath away: she forgot to breathe until she ran low on oxygen, then had to take big gasps to recover.

HOLY FUCK! IT'S SO BIG! SO BIG! OH, GOD DAMN!

She tried to be quiet with her deep breathing, but she wasn't quiet enough. Both Alan and Suzanne heard. They didn't need to look over to the door to confirm that she was there, since that would be way too risky. But now that they knew they were being watched, their arousal levels skyrocketed.

Suzanne immediately switched her style so she was merely licking her way around Alan's cockhead. That allowed her to show off her long tongue and just what it could do. It also exposed more of Alan's erection for Brenda's eyes while being less stimulating for him. That was important, because he was groaning with the struggle of trying desperately not to cum.

At first Brenda was frightened at the sight of Suzanne's tongue. It looked so freakishly long that for a brief moment she seriously entertained the idea that Suzanne wasn't really human. Just as quickly, she dismissed that as absurd. Suzanne's tongue was just long enough to be humanly possible. She also belatedly remembered that Susan had recently made a passing reference to Suzanne having an unusually long tongue. But the scare got her heart racing even faster. She actually worried that she might pass out from too much excitement; being found unconscious in front of the den door would be horribly embarrassing!

She watched another minute or two of Suzanne's licking, but she simply couldn't take it. It was too intense, like staring into the Sun, except it was as if she was staring into pure lust instead of bright light. This was truly the most arousing sight she'd ever seen in her life!

She quietly staggered back down the hall towards the bathroom. She had to make another pit-stop there. If nothing else, she needed to deal with her panties again; they were as wet as a towel that had just been dunked in water. She also again had long rivulets of her juices flowing down her inner thighs!

However, she didn't stay long. She worried that she'd been gone a suspiciously long time already, so she hurried back to the dining room much sooner than she wanted.

Susan and Katherine were amused at seeing Brenda so very aroused. They all got off on being embarrassed by Alan in sexual situations. They didn't fully understand it, but they could sense from her lusty reactions that Brenda was a kindred spirit in that regard, so they enjoyed seeing her react similarly to being embarrassed by him. But they also could sense when things were going too far, realizing that Brenda was too frazzled at the moment to be pushed any further.

Thus, when Brenda came back to the dining table and sat down, they acted as if nothing unusual had happened. Brenda had again cleaned herself up in the bathroom, so her hair was in place and other surface aspects were as they should be. But she still had a stunned, dazed air about her. Obviously, she couldn't get over what she'd just seen in the den, added to everything else.

Brenda tried hard to engage. Looking around, she realized the photos were all gone. "Where did those photos go?!"

Susan smiled. "Don't worry. I put them away."

Katherine said to Brenda, "You know, after you left, it occurred to me that the photos looked a lot like you. Well, like what I think you'd look like without your clothes on. And wasn't your face really red?" She wasn't trying to razz Brenda; in fact, it was the opposite. She thought events would seem more believable in retrospect if at least someone noticed the obvious clues, and this was a relatively safe moment, with Alan out of the room.

Brenda realized denial was futile. Besides, an admission wasn't so bad with just Katherine and Susan present. She looked around carefully, then whispered, "Okay, if you must know, it WAS me! Those pictures are of ME! But please don't tell anybody! Especially not Alan!"

Susan whispered, "Remember, Suzanne already knows. She helped me print the photos."

"Okay, then, don't tell Alan. That's what really matters! He can't know!"

Katherine nodded. "Don't worry; your secret is safe with me. But what's this all about?! Where did those pictures come from? Why did Mom have them? And why were they being shown to us?"

Brenda narrowed her eyes and glared at Susan. "Because your mother played a dirty trick on me! Susan, you weren't supposed to show him those when I was right there too! I just about DIED!"

Susan was a terrible liar, but just this once she managed to effectively play dumb. "But I thought you wanted that. No? I thought you wanted to see his reaction?"

Brenda complained, "I wanted to GET his reaction. But not BE there! Too scary! Good God!"

Before she could say more, Katherine asked with apparent innocence, "But what's it all about? What's all this about wanting to show them to Alan?"

Brenda sighed heavily and gently put a hand on her forehead, as if she was checking for a fever. I should stay away from this house. They're going to make me die before my time. It's one shocking, sexy surprise after another. Exactly like last time!

She calmed her nerves, more or less, and said, "It's a long story. I'd rather not tell it now. But the short version is that Susan snapped the pictures, at my request."

Katherine was playing up her supposed cluelessness. "But why?!"

Brenda sighed heavily again. Her feelings were all over the map. Her desire for Alan was growing all the time, but she feared giving in to her submissive lusts. The more her desire grew, the higher the stakes grew, increasing her fear.

Susan saved her from answering by boldly saying, "Don't answer that!"

That startled both Brenda and Katherine.

Susan continued, "Katherine, Brenda here obviously has an interest in helping Alan out with his special problem. I think you can see the clues, from her nude photos to the way she's dressed. That said, Brenda, now is not the time to make any commitments, or even talk about it. This is a very important, serious thing, and you shouldn't be acting rashly. You might not feel the same way tomorrow that you feel right now."

Brenda was amazed. She felt like she'd been slipping off a high cliff, only to be rescued by a helping hand from Susan at the last moment. She was extremely relieved she could dodge Katherine's question. She nodded, breathlessly.

Katherine, knowing how she was supposed to help Suzanne's strategy of making helping Alan look like a highly desirable prize only for the best of the best, folded her arms and scoffed. "Helping Brother? You? Hrumph! We'll see about that!"

Susan played the good cop in the "good cop, bad cop" routine. She took Brenda's hand and held it supportively. "Brenda, don't mind her. Just relax. Take some time and seriously think about what you want. There's another card game party coming up in just two days, so if you come to that, it can help you figure out what you want. Okay?"

Brenda nodded again. "Thanks. I'll do that." And she did feel much better. But she also thought, "Just relax?!" HA! Fat chance! How can I do that when I know that Suzanne is sucking him off AS WE SPEAK?! Right over there, in the other room! Damn, I can still hear her noisy slurping and gagging ringing in my ears! I can still see her lips stretched impossibly wide around his tree trunk cock! And the way she was buck naked while he was fully dressed. I don't know why, but that sight is SO FUCKING HOT! It really shows he's in charge!

Susan said, "Okay, enough about that, then. Not another word. Alan and Suzanne are nearby and could come back at any time. We don't want them to overhear us."

"Oh, where are they? What are they doing?" Even though Brenda knew the answer, she wanted to see what answer she'd be given.

Katherine snickered playfully. "Do you want the polite answer, or the correct answer?" She giggled.

Brenda sat up stiffly again, proudly thrusting her big tits forward. "The correct answer, of course. As I keep telling Susan, I'm a big girl. I can handle it."

Katherine looked at Susan, uncertain what she should say. However, Susan didn't give her any obvious direction. So she said to Brenda, "Since you say you want to help Alan, I suppose we don't have to be so secretive. But it's up to you. Guess."

Brenda was glad for a chance to answer that, especially since she was certain about the answer. "I know a lot more than you think about all the help you give him. Knowing Alan and his great needs, Suzanne probably took him to some private place in the house where she could suck him off."

Katherine expressed surprise. "Very good! Maybe there's hope for you yet. And what do you think about that?"

Brenda got bolder still. She grasped her heavy globes from below and held them up. "It makes me very hot and horny, that's what I think! I love that Alan is such a sexually insatiable young man. I love that he has many beautiful women who help him. I love that it takes that many women to keep him satisfied! He's not like other men. Not at all!"

Katherine was genuinely impressed. "Wow! Nice!"

Susan was impressed as well. "Good answer, Brenda. But we really need to stop now. Sure, it's likely that Suzanne will be sucking him for another half hour or more, but you can never be sure. Let's just talk about other things until they get back, okay?"

So that's what they did. But Brenda felt much better about her evolving situation. Her hope was rising that she could find a place as one of his women.

As it happened, Alan and Suzanne returned after "only" another twenty minutes. Alan had been worked up even before Suzanne started sucking him. Then, knowing that Brenda had peeked in on them made him practically delirious with erotic ecstasy. It took all of Suzanne's considerable oral talent, and quite a few strategic breaks, for them to last even that long. Eventually, they decided together not to fight it any longer, and they shared a great mutual orgasm.

Afterwards, they considered lingering in the den to further puff up Brenda's opinion of him, but they decided against it. They both felt that Brenda already was fully convinced he was a total stud, and too much hype would lead to disappointment down the road. So they went back to the dining room after making themselves presentable in the bathroom.

Brenda didn't stay much longer after that. She wanted to, but she was emotionally and physically exhausted. She actually had only been at the Plummer house for an hour and a half, but it had been one heart-stopping arousing shocker after another for her.

She did get one last significant thrill as she was saying goodbye at the door, though. Each woman gave her a hug and a kiss goodbye. Then it was Alan's turn. She was disappointed that he only gave her a kiss on each cheek. But while he was doing that, he firmly held her ass cheeks through her dress. And with

his hands caressing her ass cheeks like he owned them, he looked into her eyes and said, "It was nice having you here tonight. I look forward to having you again. I hope I'll get to see a lot more of you in the very near future."

As he made that last comment, he looked down into her cleavage in a very knowing and blatant manner.

Brenda was beyond delighted. He's going to HAVE ME! She exclaimed, "You will! You will!" She squeezed him tightly, with a lot of deliberate rubbing of her hard nipples into his chest.

He was so encouraged by her reaction, including the feel of her soft tit-pillows against him, that he very nearly brought his hands up to fondle her rack. But then he remembered the plan to act aloof, so he pulled away instead.

She left the house soon thereafter. She was frustrated at how some things had gone, but overall she was nearly walking on air.

Chapter 356 So Why Are You Giving Me This Good Advice?

Alan, like Brenda, was tired both physically and mentally. He went upstairs, making clear that he wanted to be alone for a while. He wasn't mad at anyone; far from it. He just felt like he needed some alone time.

Suzanne went back to her own home to spend some time with Amy. She'd felt bad knowing Eric and Brad were out and Amy was left to fend for herself for dinner.

Suzanne considered going to the Plummer house later that evening for more sexy fun with Alan, but for once she wasn't in the mood. She thought, Because of my "Elle" impersonation on Saturday night, I'm more ready than ever to get properly fucked by my Sweetie. The way I look at it, we're still at zero real fucks; that one didn't count. My memory of it is a bit hazy: it seems more like one of my unfulfilling erotic dreams. Lord knows I've had enough of those lately, ever since my cuddly Sweetie started turning into such a hunk.

It's probably a good thing I don't remember it too well, because my need for him is already almost more than I can bear. My pussy is so ready! All these blowjobs and titfucks just whet my appetite, especially

when Brenda is spying on us! Phew! That was hot! But it still isn't time. I have to remain in control of my emotions and not just think from between my legs. For one thing, I shouldn't screw up his tennis tournament; that wouldn't be fair. Once he starts having sex with me, he'll barely have enough energy remaining to even walk onto a tennis court! I should wait at least until the weekend. As soon as his tournament is over...

Blowjobs and titfucks are well and good, but it's high time that I get properly FUCKED! I NEED to get fucked! With the mood I'm in right now, I wouldn't be able to say 'No'. He'd start licking my pussy... Oh God! That would feel soooo goooooood! Then, in a matter of minutes, he'd be shoving his thickness aaaaaalll the way in, impaling me to the hilt! Dammit, I'm working myself up too much just thinking about it.

No. I need another day or two to get over the whole "Elle" incident. Tomorrow is Tuesday, when Susan will have him. Then, by Wednesday, I should be back to normal.

However, she realized she needed to see him soon to discuss what she'd recently learned about Heather. So, around nine-thirty, about one hour after Brenda left, she put on some unusually-conservative (for her) clothes that thoroughly covered her body and went over to his house. She figured that he'd had enough time to recover from his Brenda adventure. Her clothes would communicate that she was there just to talk, and nothing else.

Alan was at his desk, still doing his homework. He looked up and smiled when he saw Suzanne pushing his door open while knocking on it.

Everything she usually wore was sexy in some way, but this outfit was not, at least relatively speaking. Although she'd unbuttoned a few buttons at the last minute to expose a lot of cleavage, even that was restrained compared to her usual attire lately. He read that correctly as a "hands off" signal.

Suzanne pulled up a chair. After making some small talk she said, "Okay, let's get down to business. I'm NOT here to talk about Brenda."

"You're not?"

"No. Tonight was a big success with her. Let's let that settle for a while and discuss it tomorrow. Okay?"

"Sounds good. Very good. I do need time to process that. What are you here about then?"

"Remember how we talked the other day about me looking into Heather?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I have the scoop on her. But first, I'd like to know exactly what's happened between you and her."

He stiffened. "What makes you assume there's anything to talk about? I don't want to confirm or deny anything."

"Come on. It's me. I know you; I can tell something happened. I can see it in your face when her name is mentioned. Something happened a few days ago. Let's not play games."

Alan complained, "Aunt Suzy, please. Don't make me tell you. I don't like to kiss and tell. Isn't that kind of private?"

"Usually, yes. And don't worry; I won't tell your mom or sister or anyone else. But it's important that I know. Heather is not just 'some girl'! I already knew that she's a really powerful, and therefore dangerous, girl at your school, and now I'm doubly concerned about her. If you're going to handle her successfully, we need to work together. Also, look how well things went with Brenda. You're turning into quite a ladies' man. That's great, especially for you, but the more lovers you have, the greater the danger for everyone involved. What if you were to get an STD, for instance? Think how that could spread."

He sighed. "Okay." Then he proceeded to tell Suzanne of all his recent encounters with Heather, including the one time they'd had sex.

Suzanne remained silent, just taking in everything he said. When he was done, she said, "Thanks for all that. Very interesting. Very interesting indeed. Now, let me tell you what I've learned about her."

Alan said, "Hold on. I'm curious; how did you get your info about her in the first place?"

Suzanne smiled knowingly. "It's a small world. I just happened to run into her mother Helen today. I was at a coffee shop and all the tables were taken, so I asked to sit at hers. Imagine my surprise when I found out who she was."

He grinned and rolled his eyes. "What a coincidence! Somehow, I doubt that happened by pure chance."

Suzanne's smile widened. "Well, okay, maybe I stalked her a little first to find just the right moment to 'happen' upon her, but 'stalking' is such a harsh word. Anyway, I got to talking about my two kids and all the troubles they put me through and how one of mine was a cheerleader, and wouldn't you know it, she started unloading all of her frustrations about her own kid. It was like taking candy from a baby."

He shook his head. "Aunt Suzy, you're a genius. A conniving genius."

"Tell me something I don't know." She winked. "Anyway, Heather is a self-centered, power-hungry bitch. But you already knew that. From what you told me about your encounters with her, you have a good bead on her. I have to say you've handled yourself well so far. You're a challenge for her. You're interesting and different. Most importantly, you haven't shown weakness, and you've played hard to get. That's key."

She continued, "But let me tell you some things you don't know. Frankly, I don't fully understand why she's so bitchy. Some people just have inherently ornery personalities, and maybe she's one of those. Or maybe Helen didn't tell me everything. But at least some of who she is can be understood by how her parents treat her. One interesting thing is how much of an elitist snob her mother is. Several times, she said things like 'And that's not something a Morgan does.' She seems to think highly of her family name, to say the least."

Alan asked, "Are they from some super prestigious family? Hey! What about J. P. Morgan? He was a famous, super-rich robber baron, right?"

Suzanne smiled tolerantly. "Yes. Actually, I thought about that too. But I didn't just 'bump' into Helen without doing some background research first. After all, I had to find her and where she hung out, so I could arrange our 'chance' meeting."

"I looked into Heather's family tree, and there's nothing special going on on either side, and certainly no connection to the J. P. Morgan fortune. It's true that Helen's family is fairly wealthy, but the way she

goes on, you'd think she shits gold bricks. Besides, Morgan is her husband's last name, so you'd think her family background would be irrelevant to that. In my opinion, Helen's sense of privilege and entitlement is out of whack. Again, I don't know all the details, since I didn't speak to her that long and I couldn't pry about everything. But, for whatever reason, Heather got all that from her mother. Heather doesn't just think she's great; she KNOWS it."

Alan considered that, and nodded. "Yeah. Now that you mention it, she seems to think that she's the most beautiful girl in school. She went on and on about it, like it was an indisputable fact. And heck, she might be, at least for some people, but it's hardly indisputable in my opinion. There are others: Christine, for starters. In my book Sis and Amy give her a run for her money, plus they're a lot nicer."bender

Suzanne nodded. "I know. And it's not just beauty. It sounds like she basically thinks she should rule the school like it's her divine right or something. But here's the thing. Do NOT under any circumstances confirm her inflated sense of self-importance with compliments. If you do that, she'll grow bored with you fast. People like her are weird. On the one hand, they're full of confidence and bluster, but on the other hand, they have secret nagging doubts too. On some deeper level, she's gotta wonder if she's really all that great."

She continued, "I can't read her mind, but it's only human nature. Besides, I know her type. I had a college roommate once who was like her in a lot of ways. Her insecurity is well suppressed, but deep down it's always present. If you ever waver, she'll try to convince you of her greatness, and if she ever succeeds, that'll help convince her that you're not worth pursuing."

Alan nodded. "Huh. Okay... So, no compliments ever. Luckily, I was kind of doing that already. My encounter with her happened just one day after you gave me your advice about Brenda. The two are waaaaay different. But I tried the 'confident, cocky, yet aloof and hard to get' approach you advised for Brenda, and it worked on Heather too!"

Suzanne smiled. "That WAS very fortuitous timing. I'm not surprised; that strategy works on a lot of women, maybe even on most women. It's just human nature to want what we can't get, or is very hard to get. Sadly, that's why nice guys finish last so often: they're not seen as a challenge."

"I can see that."

"That said, Heather is a special case. You've gotta go in a different direction with her than Brenda from now on. Very different. Think of her almost like a vicious animal, like a lion or tiger. You can't show her any weakness at all, or she'll pounce!"

"What if I flat-out insult her?" He was struck by a thought. "Hey! Did I mention that when we had sex, I called her a 'slut' and a 'bitch' and a 'fucking cunt' and all kinds of mean things like that, and she loved it?"

Suzanne said, "You said something to that general effect a few minutes ago. But you have to be verrrry careful there. It's one thing to say that in a sexual way as something to get both of you hot; it's another to say that in another context like you really mean it, for the purpose of emotional injury. The key with girls like her is to be straddling that fence. Mind you, I didn't say 'no compliments at all'. Instead, be very selective with compliments and only praise her if you honestly believe she deserves it. Don't be too harsh either! Whoa; that's a very dangerous game. If she decides you're an enemy, she'll stop at nothing to crush you."

He said with worry, "Uh-oh. The more I think about it, the more I remember saying some really mean things to her. I was angry and I just kind of went off in a way I've NEVER done to anybody before. And I wouldn't have done it then either, but I kind of started down that path and she seemed to eat it up, so I just ran with it. Am I screwed now?"

Suzanne smiled. "It depends on your definition of 'screwed'. If we're talking about having a lot of hot sex with your gorgeous blonde, tanned head cheerleader, then yes, you're probably really 'screwed.'" She winked.

He chuckled. "Uh-oh! Woe is me!"

"From what you've told me, it sounds like that name-calling crap really turned her on. After all, she's already been dropping some pretty heavy hints that she wants you to fuck her again. If and when you do, you absolutely should do what you did before. You stumbled onto some things that just happened to push all her right buttons. So keep on pushing those buttons, you lucky fucker!" She playfully gave him the middle finger.

He grinned impishly. "Hey. It's not ALL luck."

"No, it's not, I'll give you that. Anyway, it's gonna be really tricky with her. You have to straddle a fine line. I'm thinking it would probably be best for you to behave stand-offish towards her, like she's no big deal and you can take her or leave her. Act like you're the one in the driver's seat and it's her job to impress you, like you've been doing with Brenda, only more so. But don't upset her or insult her except when she's so hot for sex with you. If she gets all hot and bothered, THEN go with all that slut talk. Even then, though, you need to watch her reactions and be careful: you have to make sure she's responding to it in the right way."

He rubbed his chin. "Hmmm... Sounds tricky. How do I get her all hot in the first place without being able to use the stuff that arouses her the most? But I noticed you said 'if and when' I have sex with her again. What do you mean by that?"

Suzanne sighed. "The 'if' part was pretty much wishful thinking on my part, I'm afraid. If it were up to me, I'd say drop her like a hot potato. She's dangerous! Yeah, I know she's gorgeous and you've made clear that she's a hot fuck, but she's just not worth it. I'm particularly worried about STDs. I know you say she insists that she's clean and all that, but she's had so many sex partners that she's a disaster waiting to happen. However..."

She paused dramatically, and then went on, "However, I know you. Plus, I know how eighteen-year-old horny boys think: you think with your dick! You had a really wild, intense sexual experience with her. AND she's the head cheerleader and pretty much the most desired girl in school. So there's probably just no way that you'd say no to her again. In fact, if it weren't for all the sexy fun you've been having at home every day, you'd probably be falling hard for her and trying to boink her on a regular basis. But if that happened, she'd dump you in an instant. The fact that you're not chasing after her with your tongue dragging on the ground is what makes you so intriguing and desirable to her. But anyway, I know I can't stop a raging river with my bare hands. You're like a kid in a candy store: you've discovered sex and are going more than a little wild over it all."

He nodded. "Guilty as charged."

She went on, "So I'm trying to do some advance damage control here. I'm telling you how to handle her so that you can come out of this without getting hurt, and so you at least don't make an enemy out of her. Also, so you don't bring some diseases into our family and give them to all of us. It's almost certain that, before long, she'll tire of you or you'll get tired of her. You two are just waaaay too different to be compatible for more than a few fun fuck sessions. So let your ya-ya's out and have a lot of fun."

He was disappointed to realize that she was probably right.

She added, "Think of it like riding a bucking bronco. It's a wild ride, but it doesn't last long, so enjoy it while you can. When it's all over with, we'll have to talk again. Hopefully, in a couple of weeks, you'll calm down some and we'll be able to talk more sensibly about who your sex partners ought to be. In the meantime, be careful to avoid getting infected."

He thought about that. "Boy. When you put it that way, I feel kind of dumb. Maybe I should just tell her 'no thanks' and walk away right now, while I still can. I mean, we've only done it that one time. It would be pretty easy to walk away at this point."

Suzanne smiled knowingly. "That shows what you know. Remember, it takes two to tango. Heather gets what she wants. You can act like you're in the driver's seat all you want, but don't be fooled. You're just discovering what sex is all about; you're not 'master of your own domain' yet, as Seinfeld put it. The bottom line is, if she wants to fuck you again, she will. If she goes all out to tempt you, you won't be able to resist. Eventually, yes, if she stays interested in you for long enough, you'll develop more resistance to her charms, but right now you're still in that 'kid in the candy store' phase. Basically, I'm pretty sure she's going to keep fucking you until she gets bored with you."

He asked, "So why are you giving me this good advice? Isn't that just going to prolong how long she uses me like some kind of boy toy?"

Suzanne responded, "Think of it like you're a surfer riding a big wave. You catch the wave, but you know eventually the ride is going to end. And the end is never pretty. You don't ride a big wave and end up standing. But how you wipe out depends on your level of skill. If you know how to hold your breath and handle yourself, you make it okay, and then you get right back up to ride the next wave. If you're clueless, you could get seriously hurt or even die. I don't want to see you hurt. Besides, what you learn about handling her will help you in handling all the other Heathers you'll run into later in life. And there are lots of people like her, to varying degrees, though most aren't likely to be so extreme."

"Wow, thanks," he said. "By the way, I didn't know you were into surfing."

"I'm not. But I do live in Southern California, and I have at least half a clue, so give me some credit. I'm not happy that you and Heather hooked up in the first place; I'm not happy about it at all. But it's a done deal. To keep going with the surfing metaphor for a minute, are you going to ride the wave, or is the wave going to ride you? You mean a lot to me, and I don't want to see you hurt. So let's continue with what you need to do to stay one step ahead of her."

She went on, "Let's look at her relationship with her father. That's always very telling. Again, I can't know everything from one conversation with her mother, but I gather that Frank - that's his name, by the way - loves Heather a lot, but he's made some big mistakes in raising her. She wants his love and attention and feels like she's not getting enough of it. You'd be surprised how much things like that will affect her sex life and her choice of partners. That happens on some deep subconscious level. Let me go into more detail and explain how we can use that to your advantage..."

Suzanne and Alan continued to discuss Heather for the next half hour. She gave Alan many useful insights. Overall, Alan had already been on the right path when it came to staying one step ahead of Heather, but that had been mostly luck, plus his uncanny ability to roll with the punches. After talking to Suzanne he had a much better idea of what to do in the future, and thus much greater confidence. As Suzanne pointed out, when it came to Heather, maintaining confidence and swagger was half the battle.

Just before Suzanne left, she asked him, "Do you have condoms on you at all times? For instance, in your wallet?"

"Um, no." He felt stupid for having to say that.

She asked, "Where do you keep your wallet?"

"In a front pocket, or in my locker when I'm playing tennis."

"Good." She took a string of foil-wrapped condoms out of a pocket and tossed them at him. "That figures. It shows how much you're thinking with your dick and not your brain. Take those and use them! Put them in your wallet. Do NOT have sex with Heather again without using one. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am." He was chastened; he knew he deserved it.

He was slightly disappointed that Suzanne only gave him a peck on the cheek when she left, but he wasn't too upset about it. He wasn't that aroused anyway.

The only problem was, it was hard for him to get back to doing his homework. But, eventually, he managed.

Later, Susan came to his room to give him a goodnight kiss and tuck-in. She wore yet another new see-through nightie. (She practically had her own closet full of those now, if one included all the ones that were borrowed from Suzanne.) Her desire for sexy fun had overtaken her worries.

But even though she'd come in before his usual bedtime, he was all but asleep already. Although he'd gotten a good night's sleep the night before, his body still needed to recover from so much unaccustomed mental and physical excitement.

They talked for a while, but in the end she did little more than kiss him on the nose and actually tuck him in, in a relatively non-sexual, motherly way.

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Susan went to bed feeling very disappointed by the relatively small amount of sexual fun she'd had with her son. She'd enjoyed her breakfast blowjob with him, but that was marred by Katherine's presence. She'd been able to blow him for quite a while just before Brenda arrived, but hadn't received her usual cum bath at its conclusion. She'd thought he'd be cumming on her three or four times a day once Ron had gone back to Asia, but clearly that wasn't happening.

Her only consolation was some words Suzanne had told her recently: "Your son is becoming such a sexual stud that you're going to have to learn to share. There will be days you may not touch his cock at all. But don't be sad; be proud that he has so many sexy helpers who are all sharing the joy."

Another really bright spot was the fact that the next day was a Tuesday. She could hardly wait.

Chapter 357 We're Just So Wicked! - Susan

Alan woke up a few minutes before his alarm clock was supposed to go off, something he often did after a particularly good night's sleep. For the first time in days, he felt well and truly rested, and his dick felt great too.

He looked over at his clock and saw that it read 6:54. Then it occurred to him that the day was a Tuesday. Ah, yes. Tuesday. Excellent. God, how I love Tuesdays! I wonder what Mom has in store for me today. Just how many abnormality checks am I going to get? This is going to be great!

He rolled over and looked to the other side of his room. There, sitting in front of his computer, was his mother Susan. The shades were drawn, so the light from the computer screen was the only light in the very dim room, but it was enough for him to clearly see that she was naked except for a pair of panties.

He thought, Whoa! Sweetness! That's what I'm talking about! Is every Tuesday for the rest of my life going to be like this? Because I certainly wouldn't be complaining if that were so. No sir! Not at all.

He still hadn't turned off his alarm clock or made any other noise to indicate that he was awake. He wanted to admire the view of his mother's divine naked form a little longer, before she became aware of him, so he kept quiet. I'll bet she's here to wake me with the "cock-hungry mother alarm-clock" blowjob that she promised but has done so rarely. That would be awesome. But what's she doing in the meantime?

He was able to see more clearly as his eyes cleared after waking. She's masturbating. No surprise there, though I wish I could watch her do it more often.

Susan was groping one of her big tits with one hand, while the other was down the front of her panties. It didn't take a genius to know what her fingers must be doing down there.

He continued thinking, But what is she masturbating to? She's looking at the computer screen. My screen. I hope she isn't looking at my porn collection. That's kind of embarrassing, even if we did buy some of it together when this all started. I've got all kinds of incest stories on there.

He strained to read the screen from across the room while avoiding any noise that might alert her. There was no way he could read the text, but he saw that the screen was mostly filled with a picture of a smiling kid wearing a baseball cap. Hey! That's a picture of me! Let's see. That would be from four years ago, when I was on that baseball team. Wow, that's kind of freaky: she's getting off on pictures of me in a baseball uniform when I was fourteen years old! Did she have the hots for me then? No, that's impossible. I guess she just likes a good picture of me.

Susan clicked through several other pictures from a folder Alan had of some of his favorite digital images through the years. She lingered on the ones of him, and especially on the ones of him and her together. Then she gave up looking at the screen altogether as she drew closer to a climax.

He noticed her lean forward towards the computer and check out the time on the screen's bottom right corner. He closed his eyes again before she could turn his way. Given that it was only a few minutes before his alarm was to go off, he knew she would be coming over to him. That left him extremely excited, since he knew what was about to happen next.

He heard her quiet footsteps, then felt her gently drawing herself up onto his bed. Then he heard the click of her turning off his alarm clock. His heart beat louder in anticipation with every passing second.

She gingerly and ever so slowly drew his blankets and sheets down. He heard a gasp, then a whisper: "God, it's so good. So hard! So good! I'm the luckiest mother in the whole world..."

He'd made a practice of sleeping in the nude ever since his sexual awakening, so she didn't have to worry about removing his pajamas.

He could feel her weight slowly shifting on the bed, until he sensed she was between his legs. And then, finally, incredibly, he felt her hands on his erection. He heard another whisper: "So hard. Always hard. Always. Mmmmmmmmm! Hard and big! Dear Lord, I thank you for this delicious feast!" Then he felt her sink her mouth around his excited rod.

She didn't do anything more - she had his hard-on pointing up with her face at the tip so she could look out over his stomach and watch for any sign that he was conscious. Clearly she wanted to make sure that he was fully awake before beginning to suck in earnest, just in case he might wake up with a sudden jerk or yell.

Since he was already awake and loving life, he decided to be a little playful, so he spoke before even opening his eyes. "Hmmm. What's that feeling? Something strange. ... Why, that must be my new alarm clock! 'The cock hungry mother' model! I really love that alarm clock!"

He opened his eyes and looked down his body towards his crotch.

His mother looked back up at him, smiling. Her mouth was filled with cock, but she managed to murmur, "Good morning, Tiger! Riiiiing! Riiiiing!"

Then she went after his boner with abandon. Her cheeks sunk in as she sucked it in as deep as she could go, given that she didn't know how to deep throat.

He sat up and leaned forward so he could stroke her hair while his boner stroked her tonsils. "Good morning, Mom. I love it! To what do I owe this great pleasure? Is it because it's a Tuesday?"

"Mmmm hmmm," she replied without pausing to take the cock from her mouth.

"Awesome! I'm really getting to love Tuesdays. Screw 'Thank God It's Friday.' I much prefer 'Can You Believe Your Cocksucking, Huge-titted, Fine-assed, Long-legged, Gorgeous, Sexy Mother Is Going to Give You Lots of Blowjobs Tuesday.'"

She chuckled through her prick-stuffed mouth. She was very proud of her growing cocksucking skills.

"Can I look forward to plenty of abnormality checks today?"

Her tongue swirled around and around the cockhead inside her mouth while her lips sucked on the shaft. "Mmmm hmmm."

"How many, Mom?" bender

She took his dick out of her mouth long enough to answer, "So many! All day! Your mommy needs your cock, Son! She needs it bad. She needs it like she needs air to breathe! She'll suck it as often as you can stand it, and then suck it some more! Not just on Tuesdays. Any time. Always. Forever! She just looooves to suck her little boy's cum-filled cock! So yummy!"

Wow! he thought. I wasn't expecting THAT answer! Sweet! Does that mean we can say goodbye to her "old Mom" ways? Well, probably not, but I've got nothing to complain about if she regularly wakes me up like THIS!

Seeing the shocked and pleased look on his face, she bent down and inhaled his cockhead again. She closed her eyes as she liked to do most of the time when cocksucking, so she could fully concentrate on her efforts.

And what efforts they were! It was as if it was torture for her to keep his cock out of her mouth to say so many words, after which she tried to make up for lost time. Her hands clawed at his hips and stomach as if she were desperately trying to save herself from drowning. As usual, she moaned insistently, "Mmmm... mmmm... MMMM! MMMM! MMMM!"

Soon, he went from gently stroking her hair to grabbing her head and holding on for dear life. He was so excited that he hardly lasted five minutes, even with all his developing PC muscle control.

Even so, she was very happy, shaking all over with numerous orgasms of her own. Even if her son hadn't touched her in any way, and even if she didn't touch her pussy herself, the mere act of giving him a blowjob almost always caused her to have at least one climax.

Alan gave her an especially big load. It was more than she could swallow, so she had to pull him out of her mouth about halfway through. Even then, copious amounts flowed down her chin. Naturally, he blasted the second half of his load all over her face.

She sat up so his cream would fall on her immense boobs instead of on the bed. She said, "Boy! You were really backed up, weren't you? It's a good thing I came in here when I did. I'd hate to see you walk around all morning with your heavy balls sagging with so much powerful sperm, all wiggling and squirming to get out!"

He knew that was completely biologically impossible, but he wasn't in a rush to correct her.

She ran her fingers through the rivulets of cum running down her cheeks and chin, and even on her neck. "Oh my goodness! Would you look at that?" She tilted her head way down, knowing full well that would cause several streams of cum to slowly drip directly onto her big tits, like runny maple syrup.

She pretended dismay as they both watched the dripping. "Oopsies! I'm just making this spermy mess worse, aren't I? Maybe this will help." She raised her heavy tits and tried pushing them together. Since much of his cum had dripped directly down into the deep abyss between her perfect globes, or was running towards it, she managed to smear a lot of it into her skin.

Needless to say, Alan was extremely turned on by all this.

"That's better," she concluded, even though she was still sliding her huge globes against each other. "I think I got most of it. Of course, I'll smell like your cum all day long. And my cleavage will shine suspiciously. But I don't care. When I'm out shopping or walking around, I'll bask in the secret knowledge that it's my son's sperm providing that sheen!"

He groaned lustily. Then he pointed out, "You know, there's still a lot on your face."

"Is there?" She pretended to feel her chin for it, when in fact she was deliberately smearing it around, spreading it even further. She thought, I love cum! So much spermy goodness! It's like physical proof of my Tiger's love! At first, I thought it was icky, but I know so much better now. And as good as it tastes, it's kind of a waste to swallow it immediately. I've got to stop doing that. I want it blasted all over my skin. Mmmm! THEN I'll gobble it all up! That'll be almost like getting two doses. Tee-hee!

As she kept working it into her skin like facial cream, she complained, "We're just so wicked." But she couldn't stop smiling. "Now my cleavage AND my face are gonna shine with your manly essence all day long!"

Chapter 358 What A Great Life! - Susan

When she was done and they had calmed down a bit, she caressed his cheeks and said, "Thank you. Mommy thanks you so much for your big load of yummy sperm."

"No. Wait. I should thank YOU, Mom. You were great. You did all the work; you did everything. I was just lying here enjoying it."

"It's nice that you're so polite, but don't thank me. It's your mommy's duty to suck you off whenever you like. She wants to be your favorite cocksucker. Your mommy thinks your sperm is the greatest drink in the world."

"Sperm?" He knew that wasn't the technically correct word, since sperm was just a small part of his semen, but somehow it sounded better than 'semen', especially the way she said it, as if it was almost too naughty a word to contemplate.

"Yes. Sperm. Spunk. Semen. Jism. Cum. Mommy loves it! So don't thank me for enjoying it. That's like giving someone a big bag of money and thanking them for taking it off your hands. Mommy thanks you for sharing it. She doesn't care what it's called as long as it's exploding over the inside of her throat! Or on her face! Or tits! Would you like that?" She pressed her tits together and presented them before his face. "Would you like to spray your love all over Mommy's big fat tits?"

"Oh man!" he groaned. "You know it!"

"Next time, then." She winked. "But enough talk; it's also Mommy's duty to clean you off when she spills your precious seed like this. Every drop is precious. Excuse me for a minute - or five! - while I lick your cock and balls completely clean!"

Sure enough, she thoroughly licked his crotch completely dry (not that there was much of a mess there to begin with, since most of the cum had ended up on her face or in her mouth).

She cleaned him with her tongue so enthusiastically that soon he was erect again. His "cleaning" was rapidly becoming another blowjob. Once he became stiff enough, she was able to hold and stroke his re-erecting pole with both hands. She started concentrating on licking his sweet spot, knowing that would make it rise the rest of the way.

But he said, "Uh-oh. We should stop." He pushed her head away while he still had some self-control. "I have a feeling we could go on like that all day."

She asked, "You mean, I'd wake you up as your special alarm clock, and suck you until you cum? And then I'd immediately stroke you back to full size so I could suck you again? And then we'd do it again, and again, and again? Can you just imagine your poor, helpless, big-titted mommy staying in your bed all day, forced to service your cock like some kind of love slave? MMMM!"

Her words distracted him so much that he didn't realize she was again jacking off his now fully-erect dick until she stopped talking.

bender

He asked, "What happened to how reluctant you were yesterday? Remember those clothes you were wearing? And you pretty much didn't come out of your room all evening, once dinner was over."

"That was wrong of me!" she asserted strongly while still stroking his shaft. "When I'm wrong, I'm wrong. I was just plain wrong. You should have used your manly power to order me to wear something else. As one of your personal cocksuckers, it's my duty to check up on you periodically and see if you need any special help." She lapped against his sweet spot for nearly a minute, demonstrating just what kind of help she was talking about.

But she had more to say, so she went back to just stroking him and lightly blowing air on his cockhead. "Son, sometimes, I'm gonna have... relapses, if you will. It's a struggle for me not to slip back into my old ways; that's how I was brought up. When that happens, please have patience with me, okay? Just order me to put on a sexy nightie and serve your cock! That'll straighten me out real fast, just like I'm straightening this out!" She tilted her head and got busy licking up and down one side of his pole.

"Argh!" he complained. He gently but firmly guided her head away from his dick. "It kills me to do this, but I have to push you away. I only have an hour to get ready for school, so it's a tight squeeze to get everything done. Now we're starting late, so we really gotta rush. Plus, Sis needs you for breakfast too." Naturally, he wasn't against having a lot more fun with her, but he wanted to do it downstairs where Katherine could hopefully get involved, or at least watch.

"Oh, poo," Susan pouted. "Poop-de-doo. What a meanie." Suddenly she stood up while remaining between his legs so he could have a better view of her statuesque body.

He could see that her panties were literally dripping, as if water were coming out of a completely drenched towel. And all that wetness made her panties partially see-through, allowing him to easily see the contours of her dark brown bush and even her engorged pussy lips.

She grabbed her boobs with both hands and played with her nipples. "Are you sure you don't want to play with Mommy a little more? I think this is one of those special occasions where you could play with my titties to your heart's content, and make me scream your name in ecstasy. Isn't it so delightfully naughty to have Mommy as your little cocksucker?"

He sat up. "You'd better believe it is! I'm definitely going to take full advantage of your offer. By the way, I take it you're finally okay with the word 'cock'? Sometimes you are and sometimes you aren't, and I get confused."

"Well, let's not give our innocent Angel a potty mouth. But it's okay if it's just between you and me, your little cocksucker mommy. Plus, there's really no good way to say cocksucker without saying 'cock!' A lot!" She giggled.

He stroked her long silky hair. "You're not so little, Mom. Everything about you is big. Big and tall and curvy. And soft. And sweet. And perfect. So fucking perfect. So beautiful."

He ran his hands up and down her arms slowly, and then around her shoulders before his hands migrated naturally down to her tits. But to his surprise, she reached out and grabbed his hands before they could reach her shapely globes.

She said with a twinkle in her eye, "You're right. We can't allow all this fun to interfere with your school schedule. We can do more of this later. Right now, it's time for your shower and breakfast. Chop chop!" She pushed him backwards, making him stumble out of bed.

He didn't understand her shifting on-again, off-again moods, but he didn't try to fight it. What a drag! And just when she'd convinced me to play some more. Comedians always go on about how hard it is to understand women. I'm starting to see what they mean!

He walked over to the drapes and opened them, letting a flood of light into his room.

Still wearing nothing but her soaked panties, she walked over next to him where he was standing in front of his window and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Sorry about that, but sometimes I lose sight of what's important. And school is very important, more so even than working on your energy problem."

He nodded reluctantly.

"We have to have boundaries. There's a time for play, and there's a time for work. Now's the time for work. Remember, Tiger, when you go down to breakfast, Angel will be there, so we have to go back to being relatively normal. I'm reluctantly allowing her to help you with your special problem, but I don't want her to turn into some slutty harlot along the way. So, unfortunately, I can't wear clothes as sexy as I'd like to. But if at some point you find your massive erection is throbbing and straining from all that terrible cum buildup and you just can't stand it, just 'get my attention,' if you know what I mean. You know how to do that."

She added under her breath, but just loudly enough for him to hear, "Oh God, do you know how to do that!"

He placed a hand on her ass cheek and caressed it. "It's like that right now and pretty much whenever I see you, but I'll try my best."

She sighed with deep pleasure, "That's right. Fondle my ass. Just like that. Get my attention with your strong, controlling hands! Then I'll know your cock needs relief, and you and I will go somewhere for some privacy so I can take care of it. I hope you fondle my ass a lot today. Your big-titted mommy is going to need kneepads, because she's going to be on her knees all day long, sucking your cock into exhaustion with waves of pure ecstasy!"

He thought for sure she'd drop to her knees again, but instead she stepped to his side and said, "Now you need to get a move on. There is that thing called school. Eight hours where I have to go without you."

"Ugh. Don't remind me." He stood there, as if lost in thought, while his hand continued to roam over his mother's ass. They were standing so that she was still within easy reach. He avoided her thighs and crotch, mostly because he knew those areas were a swampy jungle of wetness, and he needed dry hands to get dressed.

The two of them stared out his window at the new day, instead of at each other. They didn't seem to be in any hurry, despite the talk about him getting ready for school. Both were happy just to share this moment with each other.

"Hey, Mom," he said eventually. "I wonder - do you think anyone can see us from here?"

Alan's room was on the upper floor, but it looked out over the street. However, they had a big front yard, so it was quite a long way past some trees and a fence before reaching the sidewalk.

Susan was frightened to show her face, but she put such worries behind her when she mentally repeated the comment he'd told her a couple of days ago: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of."

She said confidently, "No. We don't really know too many of our immediate neighbors anyway. If anyone did see us, they'd probably just think you're some guy with his girlfriend."

He found it very interesting that she was arching her back and thrusting her chest up as she said that, but he didn't ask about it. "Hmmm. You're right. But what if I AM with my girlfriend?" He leaned towards her and said more quietly, but playfully, "What if my mother IS my girlfriend?"

Susan literally swooned. Her nipples suddenly grew extra erect, so much so that it was actually painful. "Tiger, please! Don't say that! You know that's not true, but it makes me so tingly and juicy to hear it. It makes me so hot! I'm not your girlfriend! But if I were... Oh God! The very idea! ... I'm, I'm just helping you out with your medical problem. I'm just one of your personal cocksuckers. That's all."

She was really squirming about now, because her own words were making her hotter. For some reason, she found the idea that she was his "personal cocksucker" but not a girlfriend or anything else official like that to be extra thrilling.

He kneaded her wiggling ass and cooed, "If someone looked up here right now, I'm sure they'd think you were my girlfriend. They'd probably think we'd just been fucking all night long."

He heard her gasp, which made him smile.

He continued, "You look young enough to pass for a high school student. The only problem is that you're too gorgeous. You're much too amazingly, fuckably, fantabulously gorgeous to belong in our high school. You'd cause a riot everywhere you went."

He reached up and briefly pinched her nearer nipple, then pulled his hand away before she could complain. He resumed kneading her ass cheek. "Otherwise, I'd say you should come with me to school today. I'd be proud to introduce you to all my friends as my super hot girlfriend. They would positively melt with jealousy and lust."

"Alan Plummer! Stop that right now! 'A riot.' Really!" She protested, but with a delighted voice, not an angry one. "You're going to make my head swell like a balloon with all your compliments. And please don't mention the 'F' word. Between your devilish words and what your hand is doing to my butt, I have

half a mind to throw you on your bed and have my way with you, buster." She added in a sultry near whisper, "Or let you have your way with me."

The two of them continued to stare out the window a while longer as they both considered that delightful possibility.

Alan noted how comfortable she had become with her nakedness. She didn't seem even slightly bothered by the possibility that some neighbor might look up at her. He figured that, in fact, it was most likely turning her on even more. He felt like he could stand there all day long, naked as the day he was born, staring out the window next to his mother. Exploring her ass cheeks with his hand certainly made it a lot more fun, especially since he'd pulled what little fabric there was out of her ass crack so he could freely fondle there too. But in fact only a couple of minutes had passed.

Finally, she asked him uncertainly, "Do I really look that young?"

"You do, Mom, you do. It's like a teenager having a teenager for a mother. But you're right. We should stop." He looked at his alarm clock. "Oh shit. Seven-fifteen already. This is going to be close. But what a great way to be late."

He gave her ass a firm slap and then hurried over to his dresser so he could pick out some clothes.

She loved the ass slap. In fact, her knees very nearly buckled as she a sudden surge of lust overtook her completely.

She sauntered out of his room with a beaming face and a dripping pussy. She purposely held her cum-slickened legs together after she closed his door, before walking down the hallway to her room. My son keeps me squishy twenty-four hours a day. That's no lie. Squish, squish, squish!

She rubbed her legs together even more. What a great son! What a great life! Squishy squishy squish.

She would have liked to just fall on her bed and masturbate the morning away, dreaming of more cocksucking (because to dream of anything more intimate was too scary for her). But she was needed in the kitchen, so she threw on some ordinary clothes. However, she purposely didn't clean off her thighs, nor did she wipe her chest or face.

Chapter 359 I Will Do No Such Thing!

Susan had purposely dressed in a bland manner to see what Alan would do about it. She was angling to get spanked. She came downstairs wearing a loose gray sweater, an ordinary dress, and beat-up sneakers.

To her secret delight, even though Katherine was sitting right there eating some oatmeal, Alan said, "Mom, you disappoint me. Don't you want to help with some visual stimulation?"

"Yes, normally, but I assume you're not going to need to get hard again before school." She was prodding him to be more aggressive.

"You can't assume that."

"Well, I'll remember that for next time."

"Mom, I want you to put on something sexy this morning. Not just tomorrow."

"Oh dear. That sounds like an order. Is that an order?"

He was puzzled by her behavior, given what had happened the morning before. "No. Not an order. A strong suggestion."

"Well, you're going to have to do better than that." She thought, Order me around! Suggesting is for wimps!

Alan, though, held a deep mental resistance to ordering his mother around. He felt that it wasn't a respectful thing to do, and he wanted to always respect her. All he could say was, "Please. I'd really appreciate it."

"Okay. Tomorrow I'll wear something really nice." She still was goading him on, as if she were trying to train him to be more aggressive.

"MooooOOOOooooom! Today is a Tuesday. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She thought, Grrr! He's really hitting below the belt. How am I supposed to resist that? But she just said vaguely, "It means everything to me, dear. Tuesdays are very special. Don't you agree?"

"Then can't you change?"

Katherine finally butted in. "Mom, Brother wants you to go change right now and that's an order. Geez!"

Susan immediately stopped what she was doing in the kitchen and hurried towards the stairs. "If you insist, Angel." She wanted Alan to see how compliant she could be if only he were firmer with her. She went back to her bedroom and changed into a sexy nightie and grabbed her red high heels.

As soon as she left, Katherine complained to him, "I probably shouldn't be helping you out, but man up! She wants you to be more bossy with her. Can't you see that?"

"I can, most of the time, but it's ingrained in me not to treat a woman like that. Especially her. I mean, she's our mom! She's the one who orders us around!"

Katherine gave him an exasperated look and went back to eating her fruit bowl.

Coming back downstairs, Susan felt even more ashamed than she usually did in such situations, because her two children were already dressed for school. Her appearance in a see-through nightie really seemed out-of-place.

Alan said, "Wow, Mom, you look great!"

She wanted to show off for him. In fact, she'd delayed putting her high heels on so she could bend over and show off her ass right in front of him. But her embarrassment was too strong at the moment for

something like that. Holding her heels behind her back, she tried to hurry right past where they sat in the dining room and make a bee-line to the kitchen.

However, before she could get past, Katherine said, "Hey, Mom, not so fast. Aren't you going to present yourself for inspection?"

Susan stopped before she reached the kitchen counter, but kept her back turned to her children. "Inspection? I don't know anything about an inspection."

"Sure, Mom," Katherine said. "We have to see if that outfit is Alan-worthy."

Susan slowly turned her head around while trying to keep her pussy and tits from being seen. "Alan-worthy?"

"Yeah. Does it make him hard? Brother's totally flaccid right now, so this is a perfect time for such a test." She reached over to where her brother was sitting and started to unzip his shorts.

He noted, "Um, Sis, there's a good reason why I'm flaccid. My dick is feeling overtaxed. Almost numb, in fact. Cumming again right now would not be a good idea."

"Who said anything about cumming? Let's just see if we can get your little soldier to salute. Mom, stand right there and we'll check out how your outfit rates on the ol' stiff-o-meter."

So Susan stood in front of her children, blushing and looking aside in mortal shame. She was so nervous that she kept shifting her feet back and forth, causing her tits to wobble, while also drawing more attention to her long legs. "Angel, please! Can I go now?"

Katherine looked at her brother's dick. "Wait a sec... Nope. Still no response."

"Oh my goodness."

Katherine finally noticed that Susan's feet were bare. "Hey! What's up with your feet? I thought you said you were going to put on some high heels. You know how Bro loves 'em."

Susan looked down with heavy guilt. "I know. I love 'em too. I feel naked without them. Well, not 'naked' naked, you know. In fact, I usually am naked when I'm wearing them. I feel like... naked in a bad way, if you know what I mean. But I'm holding them here in my hands."

Katherine said with exasperation, "Well, put them on already!"

Susan looked to Alan. She had hoped he would be the one to give her such an order.

He nodded.

That was good enough for her. She bent over and made a big show of putting on her heels. She wiggled her ass in a most enticing manner, directly aiming it at her son's crotch.

When she finally stood back up, she was sure his dick would be as stiff as a steel rod. But it was only at half-mast, at best. Katherine was doing her best stroking it, but it was sadly bent forward like a banana.

What Susan didn't know (and Katherine only suspected) was that Alan was deliberately forcing himself not to get fully hard, in hopes it would drive his mother to redouble her effort.

Katherine complained as she stroked, "Come on, Mom. It's not working. You've gotta do better than that."

The busty mother was exasperated. "Oh, poo! Please! I have to cook. I don't have time for this Mickey Mouse."

Katherine frowned. "You're right. This thing is dead as a doornail. Looks like we're going to have to go for the nuclear option." In fact, his dick was still semi-hard, but by his recent standards that wasn't much at all.

She leaned forward and whispered in her brother's ear, but loud enough so that her mother could just hear, "Brother, see that dark brown furry patch between Mom's legs? How would you like some of that?"

Without thinking, Susan spread her legs a little bit, drawing even more attention to her pussy.

He protested, "Sis, I don't-"

But Katherine ignored him and continued, "There's a real tight, hot hole right there. How would you like to slide your big pole right into her swampy wetness and take her - make her your total slut? You know she wants it. She's already addicted to your cock, so why not plow her like she needs to be plowed? Just look at her! Look how wet she's getting! Her cunt's getting all lubed up in preparation for swallowing up your hot-"

Susan cried out, "Angel! NO! We can't talk about that. You're breaking the rules!" But even as she protested, her body was sending out other signals. She'd been fidgety before, but now she was panting and moving jerkily while her blush spread down to her chest.

Katherine looked down at her brother's crotch. "Oh! Goody! Houston, we have lift-off. I knew that would work." She didn't need to look to see his erect state, since her fingers had never stopped stroking him, and she could definitely feel how stiff he was.

Alan was frustrated. His plans to get Susan to break new barriers by playing hard-to-get-stiff had been foiled by Katherine's sexy talk. But between his sister's handjob and his mother standing there in her see-through nightie, he knew there was no way he could will himself back to flaccidness.

Susan looked at her son's instant erection and sighed. "Angel, you're incorrigible. That was so improper. You can't talk like that! I do NOT need to "get plowed." I'm doing okay unplowed, thank you very much. And where did you get the idea that I'm addicted to his cock?"

Katherine replied, "Mom, I was mostly just saying sexy things to get him going. But come on. Are you saying you're NOT addicted?"

Susan blushed. "This conversation is over!" She stomped out to the kitchen trying to look mad.

But that was just a show. She'd previously opened the mental door to thinking about getting fucked by Alan. In fact, she'd come awfully close to actually getting fucked by him at the Halloween party, and then again not long after that party when Alan sat on her lap. She'd been trying to close that door ever since, but Katherine's comments had kicked it open even wider.

As Susan cooked breakfast, she was on edge, in deep mental turmoil. The fact that Katherine was lightly stroking Alan's erection from time to time, not to make him cum but just to keep it "hard and happy," only frustrated Susan even more.

She considered ordering Alan to put his erection in his pants, if only so she could cool down before doing something rash. But she decided that since it was a Tuesday, she didn't want to be so discouraging. She wanted Tuesdays to be as special for him as they were becoming for her. However, she made a note to chastise her daughter later.

As she stood there cooking, her pussy was growing wetter and wetter. That made her think about how the wetness was lubrication to help a dick slide into her pussy, and that thought just caused her to get even wetter still. She still hadn't gotten the taste of his sweet cum out of her mouth, and that fanned the flames of her lust. When those would fade somewhat, she'd tilt her head downward and inhale the smell of his cum from her cleavage, because her skin smelled cummy there too. The constant taste and smell of his seed caused her repeatedly to nearly drop to her knees in orgasmic abandon.

As she tried to cook, she thought, No way am I addicted to his cock! Besides, so what if I am? She says that like it's a BAD thing. When he whips out that long snake, how am I supposed to resist?! Be reasonable, Angel! I'm letting you help out largely because I know that once you've got a taste, resistance is useless! Mmmm! That's such a hot thought! My daughter and I are two big-titted "babes" growing increasingly addicted to his powerful cock!

The whole time she cooked breakfast, her juices continued to roll down her legs and drip onto the floor. She loved it, even though it distressed her that Katherine might see her wetness too. My virile, well-hung son keeps me in a state of perpetual wetness and arousal, ready to swallow his cock at a moment's notice. It just seems so right! It must be part of God's mysterious plan.

Alan ate quickly so he'd have time for more hanky-panky before having to leave for school.

His sister saw what he was doing, so ate quickly as well.

When he finished eating, he asked, "Hey Mom, can I have some more pineapple juice?"

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"Sure, Son."

As Susan prepared the glass of juice, he asked, "By the way, what's with all the pineapple juice lately? Not to mention fresh pineapples too. Was there a sale at the health food store or something?"

Susan blushed. The real reason was that she'd read that pineapples and some other fruits could help improve the taste of Alan's already delicious cum, but there was no way she was going to admit to that. She muttered, "Um, it's, uh... I heard it's very good for you." She figured that had to be true, at least technically; she just wasn't specifying in what way.

As soon as she brought the glass of juice to the table and put it down, Alan said, "Stop!" Then he commanded in a firm tone of voice, "Get on your knees in front of me."

Susan was still blushing, and her embarrassment only grew. "Son, I can't. I promised myself I wouldn't do that this morning. At least, not with Angel here."

He responded, "Don't worry, Mom. I'm not asking you to do THAT. Besides, I don't want you all the way down to my crotch; just sit up on your knees so we can be face to face while I sit here."

"Oh. Okay." In truth, she was rather disappointed because being forced to suck him off sounded tremendously exciting. She got on her knees between his legs.

As soon as she did so, he reached out and pulled her nightie down off her shoulders so that it slid down to her hips. While it was still sliding, he firmly raised her newly-bared breasts with both hands.

She squealed, "Wh-wh-what are you doing?! You know that's against the rules!"

"Well, kind of, sometimes. But remember what you said earlier this morning. This is an exact quote: 'I think this is one of those special occasions where you could play with my titties to your heart's content, and make me scream your name in ecstasy.' And then I said I was gonna take full advantage of that. Now I am." As he spoke, he started to knead her tit-flesh, causing her huge orbs to respond to his motion.

Susan whined unhappily, but she made no move to stop him. She complained, "Oh dear! I did say that, didn't I?" She wasn't completely sure, because so many wonderfully exciting things had happened already that day, but she had a vague memory that he was correct.

Katherine had been sitting back in her chair, waiting to see what would happen. Once she realized what Alan was doing and that Susan wasn't going to resist, she squealed with glee. Then she sat up in her chair, reached out, and resumed stroking Alan's boner.

Susan said to Alan in a huffy tone, "I bet you think you're pretty smart, don't you? Having your busty mother kneel here so you can play with her 38G breasts to your heart's desire while your similarly-stacked sister strokes your big fat cock! I bet you think that's pretty hot, and makes you pretty special!"

He replied smugly, "Yep! You have no idea. The only way it would be any better was if Sis was blowing me."

Katherine giggled with glee. "I can do that!" She immediately bent over, engulfed his cockhead, and started bobbing.

Susan stared, incredulous. Her mouth opened and closed like a floundering fish as she reached for what to say. Finally she complained, "Katherine, you stop that this instant!" She also brought her hands to her chest in a rather halfhearted effort to block her son's groping. Somehow, she wound up pinching her own nipples, since his hands were busy caressing the sensitive undersides of her breasts.

Alan was so turned on by all this that his lust was taking over. He said, "Mom, I think you need to stop telling Sis what to do and pin your arms behind your back."

"I will do no such thing!" the horny mother hotly complained. But even as she said that, her arms went behind her back as if of their own accord. That caused her tits to thrust out even further.

She stared down at her own chest and then at Katherine's bobbing head. Dear Lord! This is outrageous! But Tiger's fingers feel so good! And now he's starting to play with my nipples! No! Not that! I'll get too horny! Just look at Angel go. Seeing her gobble all that thick cock makes me hungry. I must be drooling. If only that were me!

It was all too much for the bombshell mother. She felt so giddy and light-headed that the room seemed to spin. In what seemed like a last-ditch effort to somehow bring things under control, she complained, "Do you realize how totally humiliating this is?"

Her son simply replied, "I do," and kept on tugging and twisting her nipples, knowing just how much that stimulated her.

Her comment backfired, because it only served to fire her lust even more. She squealed, "Dear God! Please help me! Tiger, this is too wanton and debauched! It's like my tits are here just for your personal amusement, like I'm... I'm... a kind of sex toy. You're turning me into some kind of tit slave!"

The term "tit slave" was one she'd recently been using to herself in her hottest fantasies and daydreams, but it was something she'd never before said out loud, not even to Suzanne. Saying that to her son hit her like a Mack truck. It gave her such a rush that she had a powerful climax, even though she wasn't touching her pussy. However, the way Alan continued to play with her heaving tits and nipples certainly helped push her over the edge.

She closed her eyes tightly, bent forward, and screamed without restraint.

Alan was tempted to cum too, especially since Katherine had sped up her bobbing upon seeing and hearing Susan cum.

Katherine was sucking him hard and fast with as much suction as she could manage. But he held on, sensing that if he came again, his penis would end up in pain. Sitting through a full day of classes with an aching penis was not his idea of fun.

It was a very close call, but he somehow made it through. Katherine sensed the magic moment had passed, so she slowed down. In fact, she stopped her bobbing altogether and focused on teasing his sweet spot with her tongue for a while.

Chapter 360 Kissing Mom

Susan was lethargic after her climax, even though her arousal level was still high. The fact that Katherine's head was still in Alan's lap making delighted slurpy noises no doubt served to further stoke her flames of lust. Somehow she managed to stand, but then she just stood there and stared. Finally she was able to speak. "Uh, Tiger? Sweetheart? What about school? Aren't you two going to be late for school?"

He looked at a clock on the wall. "Oh yeah. Damn. Sorry, Sis. We don't want to be late."

Katherine didn't mind being a little late if she could go to school with a belly full of cum. But she could tell that he didn't want to ejaculate again at this time, so she reluctantly pulled off. She smiled up at her mother and ostentatiously wiped her chin clean, even while her other hand kept pumping up and down his shaft with long strokes. "Mmmm mmmm good! I don't know if it's from all that pineapple juice he was drinking earlier, but even his cock kinda tastes like pineapple."

"I'm sure that's your imagination," Susan said as she gazed with laser-like focus at Katherine's pumping hand.

"No, I don't think so. Here, give it a try. Don't you want a nice, long, slurpy, sloppy taste?"

"N-n-n-noooo!" Susan staggered backwards. She nearly fell, because her nightie had fallen all the way to her feet, becoming tangled in her high heels.

Alan saw her tottering and jumped up from his chair to rescue her, managing to stabilize her just in time.

She stepped free of the dangerously-entangled nightie. "Thanks, Son. You're a lifesaver."

"Sure, Mom. No problem." He pulled her close for a tight hug. In so doing, his hands went to her ass while his dick wound up pointing downward and resting against one of her very soaked inner thighs.

She whimpered helplessly, but she was too hot and bothered to pull away. In fact, she put a hand behind his head and pulled him in for a scorching soul kiss.

Katherine stood and watched. Dammit. Mom gets all the attention. But Aunt Suzy's hinted pretty strongly that Mom's the main barrier to our all-out sexy fun in this house, and I'll bet she'll be a lot more cock-hungry after this. So I just need to chill and let this play out.

When Alan and Susan finally ended their kiss, she realized to her chagrin that his hands were kneading her tits again. She wanted to complain, but with his cock burning hotly against her thigh she felt so blissed out that it was all she could do to remain standing.

Look at me! I really am his tit slave! And once again, I find he's got me totally naked except for my high heels. I'm just standing here like his big-titted sex toy, ready to pleasure him in any way! What kind of mother does that make me? A bad mommy! But I love it so!

Katherine tapped him on the shoulder and pointed at the clock. By this time, she was washed and dressed in her school clothes, waiting to leave.

Alan looked at the clock and realized he was pushing his luck. "Oops. Dang. Looks like I got carried away playing with you, Mom. Hey, where's my..." He was about to ask about his backpack, until he realized Katherine was holding it.

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He gave Susan's heaving breasts another squeeze. "Thanks, Mom. You've been really inspirational this morning. From the way you woke me up with your cock-sucking alarm clock to the way you let me play with your fantastic tits as long as I like, wow! I'm gonna be flying high all day!"

He turned to Katherine. "And you too, Sis. You're no second fiddle, that's for sure. I'm gonna be dreaming about your sweet sucking lips and your talented tongue during all my classes."

"Really?"

"Really." He pulled away from his nude mother even though she seemed intent on humping her thigh against his cock, to hug his fully-clothed sister instead. Then he took his backpack.

Katherine loved that he claimed to appreciate her efforts as much as their mother's.

Susan though, remained standing there in just her high heels. She was hotter than an oven, and whatever resistance she'd had was long gone.

Her two children walked to the front door, where they usually said their goodbyes. But before Alan could even open the door, Susan surprised him again by kissing him full on the mouth. Then she whispered to him, "Son, kiss my tits! Bury your face in my big pillows!"

He couldn't resist that offer, since he was still extremely horny. He buried his face in her deep chasm and nuzzled around. Then he kissed his way from one nipple to the other, ending with a long nipple kiss and suckle.

But when he pulled up, his face scrunched up and he sniffed the air. "Mom, your tits smell funny, and kind of sweet. Almost fruity..." He looked at her cleavage. There was no sign of any cum streaks, but her skin did seem unusually shiny. "Ewww! That's my cum, isn't it?"

She smiled shyly. "You finally noticed. You don't mind? It's all rubbed in now, thanks to all your tit play. Don't you remember? I told you I wasn't going to clean my tits or face today. It's just that I love your cum so much."

That was true. She fantasized about soaking in a pool of his cum, gulping it by the glassful. She loved cleaning his bed-sheets, something she did every day now that there were so many wet stains on them. When she did so, she would always first inhale the smell of the wet patches for as long as she could - it was a way to have Alan at home even while he was at school.

Katherine had been standing there watching the whole time. She rolled her eyes and said sarcastically, "Gee, Mom, it's a good thing you're not addicted to his cock, or you might start doing some weird stuff. Like that!"

Susan put her hands on her hips defiantly and gave her daughter an unpleasant look. "You're just jealous! Besides, it won't be long before you're addicted too!" She blushed again, turned her head, and lamely added, "Not that I am, or anything." She knew just how ridiculous that sounded, especially since she was the only one standing there completely naked, with an obviously very wet and pungent pussy.

Alan slung his backpack over his shoulder as he made to go. He wondered what to say, about either his mother having him kiss the residue of his own cum or their catty jealousy. He decided just to let it all slide, so he opened the front door a little bit. "Hey, I gotta get going. See you later, Mom."

She stepped forward and gave him another kiss on the lips, this time with lots of tongue action. At the same time, she stroked the considerable bulge in his shorts. She cooed as she kept stroking, "Tiger, I don't know about letting you to go to school like this, all bursting with spermy goodness. You could be a sexy danger to those big-titted cheerleaders. You're like a machine gun ready to fire! Are you sure you don't want Mommy to take care of it? So what if you're a little late? I can drop to my knees right now and give you the best blowjob of your life!"

He looked his mother up and down, lusting for her and her perfect body. Nevertheless, he was forced to say, "Mom, I'd totally love that, but I gotta listen to my dick and it's saying that it needs a rest. As soon as I start off for school I'm sure my boner will go down and I'll be fine."

"You sure?" She continued rubbing his bulge.

"Yep."

"Positive?" She squeezed it again and rubbed even more vigorously.

"Definitely."

Katherine snickered and giggled.

Susan finally let go, looking crestfallen. As her kids left and she closed the door behind them, she yelled, "Don't forget: today is Tuesday!"

Alan was distraught too, but his dick was sending him signals telling him that he really had no choice but to give it a rest.

As he walked outside with his sister, he thought, How can I ever leave this house of my own free will? It's just too much fun, especially now that Ron's gone. Thank God for Glory giving me something to look forward to; otherwise going to school in the morning would be pure torture.

Plus, today IS Tuesday! Man, I already can't wait until I get back home!