

## 6 Times 371

Chapter 371 Dammit! Just Look At That Body.

bender

After a remarkable Tuesday, Alan figured he needed to take it easy for a while. As he awoke, visions of the previous day flooded his thoughts. Between the memories of fucking Heather and getting repeatedly blown by his mother, his penis was hard in seconds.

He recalled his mother's "cock hungry alarm clock" treatment, and looked around his room, half-expecting to see her there. But he found himself alone. He remained in his bed and waited until his penis had calmed down before leaving his room to take a shower.

Susan didn't dress provocatively or act out of the ordinary during breakfast. In fact, she wore a plain T-shirt and shorts, much like Alan did most days. She did seem slightly embarrassed though, and simply nibbled silently on her rice balls while avoiding direct eye contact with him.

Alan thought to himself, I'll bet this is just a passing phase. It fits her recent pattern to take a step back after doing some new thing. She's just freaked out at what a total nympho she was yesterday, and she's probably trying extra hard not to repeat what happened yesterday morning. She needs some time to absorb that. But that was her true nature. I imagine she'll be begging to suck my cock before night falls.

He was right, especially about Susan's fear of repeating what had happened on Tuesday morning. She certainly wasn't against giving him a blowjob, since she had fully embraced her role as "one of his personal cocksuckers," but she was wary of doing anything sexual around Katherine. Thoughts of the way Alan had played with her bare tits even while Katherine sucked him off filled her with shame.

As a result, when Alan announced that he needed a break, and didn't even want any morning stimulation, Susan went along with it. She wasn't entirely happy about it, but she didn't feel like she should sexually satisfy him with Katherine nearby either.

Katherine normally teased him a little when Susan wasn't around, but unfortunately their mother was almost always close by. So it was a tame morning all around. Alan left for school without a single orgasm, or even anything flirty happening.

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When Suzanne came over to the Plummer house for her morning exercise session with Susan, she saw that her friend was frowning. Since Susan was puttering around in the kitchen, Suzanne sat on a stool at the kitchen counter and said, "Okay, talk to me. What's got you down?"

Susan looked down shyly. "Oh, nothing."

"Come on; it's not nothing. Look at you: you're wearing a boring T-shirt and equally boring shorts, so I can tell right there that things aren't right. Are you going to make me tickle it out of you?"

That made Susan smile and remember just what a wonderful, close friend Suzanne was. "Okay. I'll tell you. It's just that it's so silly and meaningless. I feel like I blew it this morning. I didn't do anything with my Tiger. Nothing! He left not ten minutes ago and I'm still depressed about it all. You can probably guess from the clothes I'm wearing how unsexy I was. I mean, I didn't even flash him a single nipple. Today's going to be a lousy day, I can tell."

Soon, Suzanne had worked the full story out of Susan. Once it had been told, Suzanne commented, "From what it seems to me, it's partly your fault and partly his. He was pretty overwhelmed yesterday, you know, since you say you saw eight marks on his orgasm chart. But still, he's a very, very sexually potent boy. If he doesn't take the initiative, you need to. In a couple of hours he's probably going to be suffering some painful blue balls, since you didn't do your part and help him blow a morning load or two."

"I know." Susan was wringing her hands, not doing any actual kitchen-work. "And what will he do for relief? It's going to bother me all day. But what was I supposed to do with Angel right there?"

Suzanne shrugged. "I don't see what the problem is."

"What? How can you say that? Need I remind you what happened yesterday morning? There was no end to the debauched craziness. Angel even bobbed her mouth over his member while he played with my big breasts. Could things get any more improper? I didn't even tell you the full story then because it's so embarrassing. While all that was happening, in my mind I was calling myself..." Her voice trailed off.

"What?" Suzanne asked impatiently.

"No. I can't tell you. It's still too embarrassing."

"Susan, are we not the very best of friends? You can tell me anything, absolutely anything, and I won't judge you harshly. You know that."

Susan sighed. "You're right. It's just that it's so... Well, if you must know, I called myself... God, I must have been out of my mind. Temporarily insane! I called myself his 'tit slave.' Okay?" She looked away, blushing furiously.

Suzanne grinned slyly. Oh my. That's cute, and absolutely delightful. "Tit slave." She's coming along nicely! But she merely said, "I see. And what did you mean by that, exactly?"

Susan's hands shook as they held the edge of the counter. "Don't make me tell! Oh, if you must know, it's that... the thing is... God, I can't believe you're making me say this. The problem is, I get so horny! Especially when he plays with my breasts. I start thinking that it's like he owns them."

"Your big tits, you mean," Suzanne clarified. She liked to repeat "big tits" a lot so Susan would come to use that as the default term instead of "breasts."

Susan nodded. "Yes. He plays with them so aggressively, like I don't have any say in the matter. As if they're there just for his pleasure. I mean, he was kneading them and mauling them while his very own sister was giving him a blowjob! Isn't that wrong? It must be wrong. And she wasn't just giving him any old blowjob; she was really going to town, sliding her lips tightly, sucking and even suckling on that delicious, thick cock-meat..."

Her eyes bugged out. "Oh God! Now it's all coming back to me. I could actually hear just how tight the suction was, and all the slurping, the noisy slurping! And the smell of his powerful male seed! It's no wonder I went a little wild with that crazy 'tit slave' thinking. But I prayed to God about it last night and again this morning, and I believe in my heart that the Good Lord will forgive me."

Suzanne asked matter-of-factly, "What's to forgive? Remember, thanks to Sweetie's special medical condition and his prescribed treatment, you get a free pass. You can say and do and certainly think

whatever you want, so long as it helps him have many prolonged orgasms. And even though he obviously couldn't read your mind, having sexy thoughts about being a 'tit slave' helped your mental attitude, I'm sure. After all, doesn't that get you SO HOT, thinking that he owns your tits?"

Susan didn't answer. She was increasingly aroused by this kind of talk, but she was also still blushing and incredibly embarrassed.

Suzanne prodded, "Don't you love the fact that he could do anything to your big tits, whenever he wants? Close your eyes and imagine that he walks into the kitchen right now, this very moment."

Susan closed her eyes and braced herself. She was both fearing and looking forward to continuing her sexual talk with her friend.

Suzanne continued, "He sees you dressed like this, and he's appalled." She changed her voice, trying her best to imitate Alan. "'Mom, what the hell is wrong with you, dressing like that? Are you going to some bingo game at the retirement center? I want to see you topless with your big tits bouncing around for my pleasure. Like they always should be. Well? ... What are you waiting for?'"

There was a pause.

Susan opened her eyes and looked at Suzanne. "Do you want me to... uh..."

Suzanne replied firmly, "It's not what I want; it's what your cutie Tiger wants." She switched her voice again. "'Mom, hurry it up. Are you or are you not my tit slave?'"

Susan replied, quietly and uncertainly, "I... I... I am."

"What's that?"

"I am." Her voice was a bit firmer.

"Of course you are. And don't just take off your top; take it all off. And don't just take off your clothes; do a sexy little striptease."

Susan briefly opened her eyes again and asked, "What, right here? In the middle of the kitchen?"

Suzanne continued her Alan imitation. "Mom, it doesn't matter where you are or what you're doing. Your number one task is to pleasure my cock. That includes visual stimulation. And it doesn't matter who you're with either. If Sis is there, that makes no difference whatsoever. Is that clear?"

Susan dropped her head in defeat. "Yes, Son." But she was anything but sad. She absolutely adored being sexually defeated by her son. In fact, she felt energized and aroused enough to begin her striptease, even though there was no music playing.

Suzanne was having a ball. She fingered her own pussy a little bit as she watched Susan take off her clothes in a very sultry manner. She wasn't worried about being caught, due to the counter hiding her hand motion. This is the bomb! I need to have more discussions like this where I play the Alan role. I know my voice sounds nothing like his, but so what? Susan really gets into it. It's like a switch has been flipped.

Dammit! Just look at that body. What a fit body. So close and yet so far for too many years. Soon she'll be mine! God, just look at those mighty tits come into view! It won't be long before I'll have my hands on those. In fact, maybe we should take this dialogue a step further, with some hands-on action.

Nah. I can't get too greedy. One step at a time. She might even accept it at first, but I'd go too far and freak her out. How could I control my hands or my lips on a body like that?!

Soon, Susan was down to just her socks, leaving her effectively nude. But she danced around quite a bit before she got around to taking her socks off.

Suzanne thought, It's amazing. If you didn't know her and only saw her all dressed up in a heavy, loose sweater, you'd probably just think that she's an exceptionally pretty soccer mom. But not only is she hiding the body of a perfect goddess, she's got so much sexual passion that it's not even funny! Look at her dance like she was born to it, yet she's standing in the middle of a kitchen with no music playing, inspired entirely by her lusty thoughts about her son. That's truly amazing!

Susan's sexy dance eventually came to an end after she ran out of clothes to remove. She stood in the middle of the kitchen, with uncertainty and embarrassment threatening to overwhelm her again.

Suzanne reverted to her normal voice. "So what we've learned here is that sexy thoughts can inspire you, which in turn will inspire him. Imagine if he really were standing here right now. Can you picture how thick and long and stiff his cock would be? It would be like a steel flagpole! You'd have a hell of a time just opening your mouth wide enough to cram it all in!"

Susan's doubts faded again. She stared dreamily into space. "Oh, but what a joyous struggle!" She licked her lips repeatedly.

Suzanne had an idea. She got up, picked up a counter stool, and carried it around the kitchen counter to where Susan was standing. Then she pulled it up close to the counter and patted the seat. "Here. Sit down. We've got a lot to talk about."

Suzanne wanted Susan to sit there, because with her sitting on one side of the counter and Susan sitting on the other, they would be close to each other yet still be able to hide what their hands were doing below the counter edge if (or perhaps when) either or both of them wanted to masturbate. She realized that this was actually a much better setup to seduce Susan than just talking while they were exercising in the basement.

She said, "As Sweetie just said during that little imaginary exercise, it doesn't matter who's with you. Not even if Angel is with you. The important thing is to help him cum six times a day, at least. Does that stop if she happens to be around? No! It never stops!"

Susan bowed her head sadly. "I know. I'll try harder in the future. But it's just so tough, trying to change my ways. I thought I understood everything."

Suzanne said, "But really, you understood nothing. All those ideas that others put in your head, those ideas didn't come from Jesus or from God. They came from petty, sexist priests in the Middle Ages who were afraid of women and afraid of sex. Mostly, almost all men back then were afraid of sexually liberated women, because they feared they might not be sexually satisfying their wives enough, so their wives might look elsewhere. But forget all that. What I really want to know is, what happened yesterday. It was a Tuesday. You must have had lots of fun."

Susan's eyes lit up. "Oh boy! I did! But, um, before I tell you everything, can I put my clothes back on?"

"No. This is good practice for when Sweetie is around. You need to get used to being naked around him. Please continue."

Susan said, "Very well. But I have one request: please don't ever mention the term 'tit slave' out loud. Please? I'm trying to wipe that from my brain. And if someone else like Amy or Angel were to hear... or Tiger! Oh my! If Tiger were to hear that, I'd just die!"

Suzanne said, "Fine. You have my word." She meant it too. She figured she had enough material to work with to continue Susan's indoctrination while still being able to keep that promise.

Susan told Suzanne everything that had happened between her and Alan the day before. She went into great detail on the most sexually arousing aspects, as usual. Except that during this telling she was free to masturbate 'secretly', so she did.

Suzanne had the disadvantage of being fully clothed. In fact, she hadn't even changed into her more accessible workout outfit yet. Even so, she still managed to have fun playing with her clit and pussy lips through her clothes.

At one point, Susan mentioned in passing that the head cheerleader, Heather, had come over to study with Alan. Susan only mentioned it to explain how her anticipation was even greater than usual when she finally had a chance to have fun with him later in the afternoon.

But Suzanne seized upon the event, asking detailed questions about Heather's visit. After Susan explained all she knew, Suzanne thought, A-ha! It's like I thought. Sweetie played hard to get for so long that Heather couldn't handle it anymore and went straight for the jugular. Or should I say the cock. I was right that she's the sort who gets what she wants, by any means necessary. This is actually a serious concern; we can't have her dropping by this house at any time, angling for another hot fuck. I'm going to have to talk to Sweetie about that!

I sure hope I'm right that her interest in him is just a flash in the pan. She could be a nightmare to deal with if her interest in him grows. But thankfully, from what I've heard, she's so hard to please that no man can satisfy her for long. If she stays hooked to him longer than expected, or causes any trouble, I'll

have to be more proactive to get rid of her. But most critically, now I'm really worried about the sexual disease aspect! She could be responsible for giving us all something really bad.

As Susan started to describe her adventure with Alan and the chocolate frosting, Suzanne continued to mull over the Heather situation. I wonder what Susan would think if she knew Sweetie and Heather are fucking. I honestly don't think she's put two and two together on that yet.

Maybe that's for the best. Heather isn't just another pretty face and hard body. Even Susan has heard the stories about what a hugely manipulative bitch Heather is. She'll worry. Plus, what if she thinks of the sexual disease risk herself? She's heard Angel complain about what a "skanky, slutty bitch" Heather is. I think it's better to keep her ignorant on this, at least for a while.

Susan continued with her recounting of the chocolate frosting episode. As her tale hit its final climax, she had a nice climax of her own.

Suzanne noticed, even though Susan thought she was being very covert about her masturbating. Then Suzanne announced it was time for Susan to put on a leotard so they could start exercising. Both of them still had more sexy stories to tell, but Suzanne wanted to save that for later, since they still had a few hours to enjoy together before lunch.

#### Chapter 372 Why Do I Suck So Bad When It Comes To Romance? - Christine

On his way to Glory's history class, Christine told Alan that she wanted to speak to him at the start of lunch. So, to Glory's deep disappointment, once all the other students left at the end of class, he spoke to her very briefly and indicated to her that he had to go, but he promised to return as soon as he could.

Alan was even more disappointed than Glory: the lack of any morning relief at home had him dying to get his rocks off. Keeping to his six-times-a-day schedule was tough enough, but his sex-free morning had made it a lot tougher. To wait until he got home from school before cumming was likely to drive him up the wall.

Christine was waiting for him outside the classroom door, after which she walked him toward the cafeteria.



As soon as they started walking, Christine looked at him with concern. "I've got bad news. People are talking."

He looked at the busy hallway. "Hmmm. This is true. My God, for a blonde insight, that is staggeringly perceptive. They also appear to be standing and breathing."

Christine showed no reaction to his attempted joke. She appeared lost in thought. "Hmmm. I wonder... Should I kill you now, or wait till later? If I kill you now, there will be too many witnesses. Still, I'm awfully tempted."

He laughed. "I suggest you kill me later, or else you won't be able to get any answers from me. In the meantime, what do you mean exactly?"

"I'm saying people are talking ABOUT you. There are all kinds of rumors swirling around."

He was genuinely surprised. "Me? Why me? I'm a nobody. I'm not a part of this school's kiss-ass power games at all."

She looked around constantly as they walked, trying to make sure that no one was listening. "Even so, there are rumors that you've gotten extremely close to some of the cheerleaders lately. There are even rumors that something is happening between you and Heather."

He was secretly disturbed to hear that, but he did a good job of acting surprised and incredulous. "Heather?! Are you kidding me? I've heard nothing but bad things about her. Why would I want to hang out with her?"

"You've got me. I think she's the biggest... Well, I'm not going to say bad things about people behind their backs. But I'm glad to hear there's no truth to those rumors."

He didn't want to confess anything to Christine, but he knew he had to bend his rules somewhat because she'd undoubtedly find out more soon. "Well, I wouldn't go that far. I mean, I am hanging out with some of the cheerleaders. After all, Katherine is my sister and Amy is like family. Now that they're both on the squad, I'm getting to know some of the others through them."

"Sure, sure. But these rumors are about sexual hijinks. For instance, there are also rumors that there's something going on between you and Kim."

He tried to sound clueless without actually lying. "Really? Kim? Isn't she openly lesbian?"

Christine stopped walking and put her hands on her hips. "Alan! Don't you remember last Wednesday, when Kim came up to you in the cafeteria entrance and practically humped you on the spot?"

He was forced to stop too. "Humped me? Come on. She just came up to me and said 'Hi.' What's wrong with that?"

"She was flirting with you, big time! I was there; I saw it."

"Okay, maybe she was. So perhaps she's somewhat bisexual instead of completely lesbian. But whatever happens between her and me, that's none of your business. You're too curious! Do you remember when we talked on Thursday and you promised not to pry into who I might be dating?"

Her face went from determined to frustrated and apologetic. "I know. But dammit, I can't help myself!" She stamped her foot in frustration, which inadvertently set her huge rack jiggling, despite her minimizer bra.

Thanks to the jiggling, he drifted into fantasy. In a daydream vision, he pictured Christine naked and on top of him, riding him cowgirl style. Her heavy globes bounced wildly, just as he saw them bouncing in real life in front of him. They bounced so much as she repeatedly rode his cock that she had to hold them against her chest with both hands.

Oh man! he thought. So awesome! I can't even imagine how good it would be to have sex with her. It's not just her movie-star looks. She's so friggin' athletic. She'd be able to go all night long! And even though she's the supposed "Ice Queen," it's easy to see that she's got incredible passion boiling just below the surface. Oh God! I'm getting a serious boner. If sex wi-

His thoughts were cut off when Christine snapped her fingers in front of him. "Hello? Are you still there?"

"Um, yeah." He tried to wipe the silly look off his face and refocus on their conversation.

She would have asked why he'd unexpectedly spaced out, but it had happened to her so many times that she'd gotten used to it. Instead, she tried to press on. "Look, we're friends, right? How can I not be curious about that? If we were both girls, or maybe both guys, you'd tell me all about it."

"Maybe, maybe not. What if I keep your brain occupied with lots of great blonde jokes?"

She gave him a frustrated but amused look.

"In fact, I've got a good one for you right now. What do you call it when a blonde dyes her hair brown?"

Christine just rolled her eyes, not wanting to encourage him.

"Artificial intelligence."

She sighed. "That doesn't even make sense! Besides, I've got a joke for you. Why are dumb-blond jokes so short?"

Before he answered, he thought, Dang. I've got a hard-on again. I swear, I can't talk to Christine for three minutes before she gives me a boner. Even with all the sexual satisfaction I've been enjoying lately, that hasn't changed one bit. Distracted, he simply asked, "Why?"

"So brunettes can remember them."

"Touché. But did you hear about the postcard a blonde sent while on vacation? It read: 'I'm having a fantastic time. Where am I?'"

Christine couldn't help but grin a little bit at that one, although she quickly suppressed it. That was one reason why he loved telling her blonde jokes, because he found it cute and amusing how she'd find them funny despite herself. She put her hands on her hips again and gave him another determined look. "Alan Plummer, I do believe you're trying to change the subject."

"Hmmm. Guilty as charged." He resumed walking towards the cafeteria, causing her to keep up.

"Hmmm... What can I say?" He pondered the issue some more, taking into account how she tended to figure things out sooner or later, whether he wanted her to or not. "I told you last time that I've started dating, real dating, and I'm kinda making up for lost time. I also told you that I'm not dating any one girl exclusively, at least not yet. Maybe there's some truth that I'm involved with some of the girls from the cheerleading squad."

"SOME?! Alaaaaan!"

He held his hands up in a "why me" pose. "What? Is that a crime? Use your common sense to sort out the likely truth from the ridiculous rumors. I'm not going to kiss and tell, nor name names, so that's the best you'll get from me. Why is it such a crime to date more than one girl at a time? Lots of people do it."

Christine slumped in defeat. "I know. It's just, well... I don't like it when people say all kinds of bad things about you." That was hardly the real reason, and she knew it. But she couldn't admit to his face that she didn't want him to date anyone else so he'd be free to date her.

He asked, "Can't you do something about that? You know me. Shoot down the more ridiculous rumors."

"I can do that."

"By the way, what are these crazy rumors about Heather and me? That should be good for a laugh or two."

Christine had to turn away in embarrassment, since she had immediately recalled the rumor that Heather was interested in Alan because he had an extremely large penis. She fumbled lamely, "Oh, you know..."

"No, I don't. I don't pay attention to school gossip at all." He was glad that his erection was finally subsiding.

"Well, uh, I mean... Just that she'd have anything to do with you at all sexually. I mean, a girl as beautiful as her, and you..."

He stopped. "Christine, what are you saying? It sounds like you're saying I'm not good enough for her. So what if she's really beautiful? Are you saying a beautiful girl wouldn't be interested in a 'lowly nerd' like me? I wish I could tell you who I'm dating, so you could rethink that. Heather is not a nice person. If anything, she should be lucky to date someone as nice as me! I'm insulted!"

Christine was mortified at her faux pas. "I didn't mean that! I totally didn't mean that! I don't know why I said 'beautiful'. I was thinking of her being so snobby and refusing to even talk to anyone she didn't consider socially important. Except to put them down, of course. I'm sorry!"

He stared at her hard, but then his mood softened. "That's okay. I understood what you meant. I'm not upset with you so much as... well, I don't want to be part of the 'cool crowd,' but at the same time it hurts to know that people generally think of me as such a social nobody."

They were right at the door to the cafeteria. He looked at it and said, "You know what? I don't really want to go in there. I'm not feeling hungry anymore. I'll see you later." He started to walk off.

"Wait!"

He stopped.

"You're not mad at me? Really?"

He turned around. "Really. We're still going on our practice date this weekend, aren't we?"

"Definitely! But are you sure?"

He reconsidered, and then admitted, "Well, maybe a tiny bit peeved, but then you probably feel that way every time I tell you a dumb-blonde joke." He grinned.

She smiled with relief. "Nah. To be honest, you make me laugh, and I like that. I'm just frustrated that there isn't a tradition of dumb-brunette jokes for me to draw on so I can fight fire with fire."

He suggested. "Start your own then. Take a blonde joke and just change it to a brunette one. I don't know why you didn't think of that already. Oh, wait." He looked up at her blonde hair significantly, as if that explained things.

"Bastard!" But she laughed at his implication. "Okay, fine, I will. Why did the brunette guy tiptoe past the medicine cabinet?"

"Oh, so it's dumb blonde gals against dumb brunette guys? I like it. You're on!"

She smiled widely, but also gave him a fierce look. "Yeah! It's ON! And answer the question already, buster."

"Hmmm. I don't know."

She looked significantly at his hair, in the exact same disdainful way he'd looked at hers. "Figures. Anyway, it's because he didn't want to wake the sleeping pills."

He chuckled. "Good one. Now, I'm really gonna go. I don't wanna deal with that whole cafeteria scene today, where each clique has its own table and all that crap. It's depressing. Why can't people just be... I dunno... normal?"

"Are you sure? I could come with you."

"Nah. But thanks. I'm good." He walked away.

She decided not to push it, since she figured he was still a little miffed at her from her faux pas, and that was probably a big part of why he wanted to be alone.

She turned around and went into the cafeteria. Good job, Christine. You really stepped in it, big time. By implying that he's not good enough for a beautiful girl, he's gonna think I believe that he's not good enough for me, since everyone says I'm beautiful. He already thinks that, because I turned him down. But nothing could be further from the truth! Dammit! If it weren't for the fact that he's already dating other girls, almost certainly including Amy and Kim, I'd be tempted to tell him he should ask me out again, for real!

I'm such a friggin' idiot! And the fact is, I'm too chicken to ask HIM out. Why do I suck so bad when it comes to romance?! Am I doomed to always be unhappy?

### Chapter 373 Fun Times With Gloria

Alan hustled back to Glory's classroom minutes later. He was proud of himself. He'd figured he'd end up eating lunch with Christine, and thus missing spending any of the lunch period with Glory. But thanks to Christine's faux pas, he was able to come up with an excuse to get away. He loved hanging out with Christine, but sexual fun with Glory was undeniably better, especially since he hadn't climaxed even once yet that day.

He knocked on the door.

Glory was surprised. "Alan? Is that you?"

"Yep. There's been a change of plans. I've got the rest of lunch free."

"Oh. Good!" She went to the door and unlocked it, but then said, "Don't come in just yet." Nearly a minute passed until she said, "Okay, you can come in now."

He opened the door, slipped inside, and carefully locked it behind him. He found his favorite teacher sitting on her desk, naked except for stockings, garter belt, and fancy briefs. She'd always liked to wear fancy, frilly things to her classes. She pretended to be shocked to see him, ineffectively covering her tits with an arm.

"What are you doing here? Don't look at your teacher that way! I was just changing. I hope you're not planning on taking advantage of me!"

He could tell she was eager to begin some more role-playing. They had gotten into acting out fantasies lately.

He smiled, and then pretended to be shocked too. "Ms. Rhymer? Oh my God! You're naked! I can't believe my favorite teacher is a slut! I'm shocked!"

"I am NOT a slut. I was just changing! Really! I wasn't masturbating while thinking about you. Oops! I shouldn't have said that. Well maybe I was. Oops! I shouldn't have said that either."

He chuckled, especially at her guilty-as-sin facial expression.

"Okay, so maybe I'm not a total innocent, but you won't say anything, will you? You won't tell your friends about this, will you? You're my teacher's pet, right? You'll be good, won't you?"

"I was your teacher's pet. Now it's more the case that you'll be my student's pet. I might be quiet, in return for, shall we say ... certain favors." He walked toward her in a menacing manner.

"Oh no! What do you mean? Do you want a good grade? I'll give you an A! I promise."

"I'm already getting an A. No, I want something else. I want you!"

"Alan! No!" she shrieked. He planted his lips on hers and the two of them kissed madly, turned on by their pretended drama.

But she wanted more, so she worked on taking off his clothes while they kissed.

Before long, Alan found himself naked with his teacher's mouth around his erection. He grabbed her head and moved it forward and back on his tool, though she didn't really need the help.

She continued with the act. "If I suck you like this" - she slurped and licked and breathed raggedly - "will you... will you promise not to tell anyone?" Freed from talking, she took him in deeper.



"I don't know. It depends. It all depends on how good you are: on how well you can blow me. And how often."

She pulled off again to say, "You bastard! I'll get you for this!" But even though she sounded sincere, she was busy licking at him as she spoke. And then when she was done, she engulfed his cockhead once more and resumed bobbing.

Glory was giving a truly incredible blowjob. She was acting as if her career really depended on it. She didn't deep throat him, but she didn't need to blow his mind. Between her enthusiasm and his lack of a morning climax, he gave up a heated, heavy load within just a few minutes.

Since there was still considerable time left for lunch, the two of them quickly ate their sack lunches and idly chatted while his penis recovered. Then they resumed their role-playing.

Alan clapped his hands, signaling that they were back in their roles. "Okay, teacher, or should I call you my 'dick slave'? What are you going to do to prevent me from telling everyone what I saw when I came in here?"

"Now just a minute, young man. You're a very nice boy. I'm very proud at what an upstanding, well-behaved gentleman you are. Certainly you're not going to blackmail me? Aren't I more than just a teacher to you? Aren't we good friends?"

Glory's plea was so heartfelt that Alan almost failed to believe she was play-acting. Furthermore, he was such a softy that he could hardly continue after such an appeal. However, he forced himself.

"Glory, you know I like you very much. That's why this pains me so much. But if I don't teach you a lesson, someone much more unscrupulous will. Now crawl over here and stuff this thing in your mouth."

"Crawl? Why, young man -"bender

"Hey. Do as you're told. This is for your own good. You may be a horny slut, but I'm going to cure you with my cock. So do it. Now."

Glory rolled her eyes. "I appreciate the enthusiasm, but treat your teacher with at least some respect, okay?"

He realized she was momentarily stepping out of her role to complain. Oops. Guess I went too far on that one. Crawling is pretty demeaning. "Okay, then turn around and present that ass of yours to me. And call me sir."

"Yes, sir!"

She eagerly presented her naked ass toward him. "How is that, sir?"

"Very good." He pondered his next move. He briefly considered fucking her in the ass, but found the idea disgusting. Besides, he'd heard that took a lot of time and preparation, and he didn't have a clue what to do. He thought about putting his face there, but found that distasteful too. Lacking any other ideas, he just rubbed his hands over her ass cheeks.

His rubbing didn't seem to be worthy of the way she'd dramatically presented her ass to him, so he wetted his finger with her pussy juices, then stuck it up her anus and poked it in and out for a couple of minutes.

After a while, he scooted up closer so he could rub his hard-on against her bottom. But that's all he did with his dick.

"Is that all that you know to do with an ass?" Glory asked with amusement.

"Hey. You're ruining my fantasy."

"Oh. Sorry." She indeed was genuinely sorry. She realized that her attempt at gentle teasing had gone over as poorly as had his crawling idea.

"That should be: 'Sorry, sir.' You don't know how to address me properly. Get over here and put this in your mouth while you contemplate your mistake."

"Yes sir!" She turned around and popped his boner in her mouth.

They continued like that for the remainder of the lunch period. She mostly jacked or sucked him off, although there were times when her mouth was free and they talked some more about her imaginary blackmail punishment. He got a big kick out of that, and it appeared that she did also.

To his surprise, there wasn't any deep throating. He guessed that maybe she was saving that as his reward after the tennis tournament.

Alan, though, was anything but passive. He was learning to not simply sit back and revel in a good blowjob; instead, he actively worked his hands and mouth on whatever part of her body that he could reach. By the end of their lunch period, they each had worked up quite a sweat, which they were both very proud of.

He found it extremely difficult to leave her and attend his next class, and she found it equally difficult to resume teaching. He was frustrated that he never seemed to have enough time with her. She felt the same.

Still, as much fun as the time spent with her had been, he felt a bit disappointed, especially at the end. He wanted to do a lot more with her than just take part in blowjobs, especially since he was getting those so often at home. He felt like he'd missed a chance to try something different, such as performing cunnilingus on her.

She'd also been hoping he'd do more, although she understood the time limitations they were under. As they were dressing she said to him, "Seriously, I need to teach you more things to do with an ass. Don't be afraid of it. You have a lot to learn."

Her remark made him feel very much like a baby-faced kid, especially since he knew she was right.

Chapter 374 I'm Gonna Kill This Boy With Pleasure! - Suzy

Alan's tennis competition lasted so long that when he finally returned home, he fell asleep immediately and napped for most of the remaining afternoon.

Katherine was overdue for a cocksucking turn with him, but while he was napping Suzanne "traded" positions with her. The older woman thought it was important that she have some time with him that day, so when Alan woke he found Suzanne there.

"Howdy, pardner," she drawled in her assumed Texan accent. "Have a good day?" She sat across the room wearing nothing but high heels, looking very happy and energetic.

"It's been good. But I guess I'm a bit spoiled: lately, I'm used to great." His penis had risen within seconds, after just one look at her, but his mind got there more slowly.

"Let me guess. You had a pretty incredible day with your mom yesterday." She crossed the room from where she'd been sitting and pulled his covers down.

"How did you know?"

"It was a Tuesday. She's really something when it comes to Tuesdays. Somehow I suspect she did more than just a simple penis abnormality check." Grasping his erection, she started stroking it. Her complete nakedness no longer even merited comment; that's just how much things had changed.

He smiled in fond remembrance, answering in a drawl: "Yep, she shore did." He looked down at her and finally noticed that she was wearing high heels. That excited him even more.

Suzanne began lapping at his sweet spot while continuing to stroke the rest. "Remember, she and I work out together almost every day. And while we do, she tells me EVERYthing. We didn't yesterday, so we had a lot of catching up to do today. Aaaah..." She paused in her talking to savor licking his cock with her long tongue.

Just when he concluded that she was done talking, she added, "Thinking about it makes me hungry for chocolate... and cock!"

There was an even longer pause while she swallowed his cockhead and bobbed down his shaft. She resumed licking his sweet spot, but her lips slid tightly back and forth just below his cockhead at the same time.

That went on for a minute or two, until Alan was convinced she was done talking and kicked back to fully luxuriate in the pleasure she was giving him.

But then she pulled off again, saying, "And let's not forget what happened in the morning! Playing with your big-titted mommy while Angel sucked you off? That was brilliant! Your mom told me over and over this morning how guilty she felt, but she couldn't deny how arousing it was." Suzanne stopped to lap her way down to his balls and back, using a clockwise motion. Then she added, "Just talking about it made her hot as an oven. Oh boy! Even though she knew I was watching, she couldn't help but pull her top down and play with her tits in imitation of what you'd done to her."

Alan trembled all over. He was struggling hard not to cum, but between Suzanne's sexy talk and the work of her over-long tongue, he felt he was going to blow his load at any moment, for sure.

Suzanne sensed this, and suddenly let go of his dick altogether.

That caused it to bob in the air, and just having that happen was nearly enough to push him over the last little bit. He panted hard as the urge to cum slowly passed.

Suzanne was a bit miffed. She worried that it was the talk about Susan and not what she was doing to him that had made him so horny so rapidly. She smiled and said, "Playing with Mommy is a lot of fun, I'm sure, but you're not going to forget your old Aunt Suzy, are you?" She resumed pumping his boner as a helpful reminder of how much fun she could be. The tone of her voice was light, but she was actually hiding a serious concern that Susan was hogging too much of his attention.

He'd just barely managed not to cum, and her stroking was keeping him wonderfully aroused but also dangerously near the edge. Still, he knew it was very important to ease her concern, so he somehow replied, "Of course not. First off, you're not old. Second, you're really important to me. I can't even begin to tell you how much I love you."

"That's nice, and you know how much I love you." As always, her heart soared to hear him say "I love you," and she was very proud that she now had the guts to say it back. She still had a lot of issues about being open with her feelings.

She added, "But just to remind you what your aunt can do, I'll show you what a titfuck is like." She pulled him up so he was sitting on the edge of the bed, and then she knelt between his legs. This talk of love was getting her quite horny.

Just seeing a total bombshell positioned like that gave him a rush. "What do you mean, 'You'll show me what a titfuck is like?' I've done it with you already, multiple times. Remember?"

"Sure, but that was Tit Fucking 101. Now you're ready for the advanced course." She thought, Sweetie, lover, you don't know what's gonna hit you! I wanna get fucked so bad that it's like a physical pain. But until we can do that without Susan having a heart attack if she finds us, we're gonna do everything else two people can do. I love you so much!

She pulled out a jar of cream she had brought in anticipation of what they were about to do. "The first thing we have to do is lather these babies up so they're as slippery as a water slide. You want to do the honors?"

"I'd be most delighted! Sweetness! But I still don't see what the difference is."

She was silent about what she'd do this time, but confident and knowing.

That really piqued his curiosity. He felt like he could spend hours lathering up and playing with her tits, and doing that also gave his penis a much needed strategic break. But eventually he hurried to finish so he could see what she had in store for him.

Finally everything was ready. Suzanne put his erection in place between her globes, and said, "Now, enjoy this!"

She proceeded to demonstrate her combined titfucking and licking skills. With the long, slippery tit-tunnel she'd created, and the flicking of her tongue at the end of each penis stroke, he felt as if the pleasure was more than he could bear.

At first she pressed her tits together with her hands and slid them around his shaft a bit.

But he soon got the hang of what she was doing and took over that task. That gave him the opportunity to freely grope and knead her tits at the same time.

With her hands free, she somehow managed to reach his balls and fondle them from time to time. That in itself was impressive, since her big tits seemingly covered everything.

But licking at the tip of his cockhead was just for starters. She suddenly lurched forward and took the last inch of his cockhead in her mouth and gave it a good suck while her huge, well-lubed orbs continued tightly sliding around his shaft. Then, while he was still reveling in that, she pulled back only to send her tongue snaking even further down his pole. It was obviously a great strain, but she just managed to reach his sweet spot and tickle it with the tip of her tongue.

Alan was blown away: he'd never had such an intense, multiple oral stimulation from a single partner except for Glory's extraordinary deep throats. He actually had to shout, "Whoa! Whoa! Stop! Please! Gotta... gotta take a break!"

He gasped for air. As his breathing calmed somewhat, he thought, Aunt Suzy is so incredible! Everything she does... The way she sways her hips as she walks, causing her buttocks to undulate... Man, I could just watch her walk all day! The way she talks with her sultry, whispery voice, the way she smells with her subtle tasteful perfumes, the way she dresses when she is even wearing clothes, her chestnut brown hair, her green eyes, her ivory skin... God damn! It's all so sexual. She's so kind and cultured. Intelligent, too. And she loves me. That's the best part of all!

But he wasn't the only one extremely excited. Even as he was busy thinking, she resumed her licking and titfucking because she just couldn't help herself.

He continued to think as he got high off her titfuck, Her body! Her sexual prowess! This feels soooo fucking good! Fuck, man; I need more of Aunt Suzy in my life. I need more of this. Yes!

She sensed just when he was ready to blow from the tightening of his balls, and switched to sucking off the top inch or so while keeping a tit massage going over most of the rest of his throbbing stiffness.

He gave up a seemingly endless geyser of cum, blasting it to the back of her mouth, which overflowed with his seed, causing some to dribble down her chin.

She loved it so much that she didn't want it to end, even after his penis grew flaccid. For several minutes she seductively ran her fingers all over her slicked-up and dripping lips, nearly fucking her mouth with her fingers in a vain attempt to prolong the experience.

When it was all over, he asked as she started to walk to the door, "Wow. When can we do that again?"

She smiled in her worldly-wise way. "Soon. Soon. I actually swapped turns with your sister so I could remind you that your Aunt Suzy knows her way around a cock. I suspect you'll be getting a tongue bath from her too pretty soon." She winked.

"Double wow! But - and I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth here - but why all the focus on my dick? What if I go down on her instead? Would that be so bad?"

"Yes. Yes, it would." She was a shameless flirt, and couldn't help but strike a sexy pose as she stood nude in the door frame.

"Why?! I mean, I love what's happening to me. I really love, love, love it! But it feels unfair. Why can't I reciprocate?"

"First of all, you do. I had a nice cum during that titfuck, and that's par for the course. Your mom, your sister, and me - we all cum a lot more times than you do, actually. So don't worry about fairness."

"But I do worry. It's not normal, having all the focus be on me. I mean, the way the three of you constantly give me visual stimulation all by itself isn't fair."

She was caught in the act, because she was standing in a sultry pose with an arm above her head even as he said that. She lowered her arm and replied, "True. But that's what happens when there's just one of you and three of us. Besides, and pretend you didn't hear this, but if you lick my pussy, before long your cock will be balls-deep in me and my heels will be digging in your back as I scream your name at the top of my lungs!"bender

He felt a shiver of lust run down his spine. His dick would have revived had he not just climaxed so recently. He asked, "And that's a BAD thing?!"



"It is." She looked carefully up and down the hall, since his door was wide open and she was standing in it. "Trust me; I have a plan. Good things come to those who wait." She paused, and then added with a wink, "And those who wait cum good."

He nodded after her as she walked off.

She was smiling as she strode down the hall, as naked as when she'd entered his room. She felt relieved that she was back in his thoughts in a big way.

Once she was downstairs, sitting in the front entrance and putting on some clothes from her drawer in the underwear cabinet, she thought, Take that, Susan! Old Aunt Suzy still has a trick or two up her sleeve. The fact is, I haven't even begun to show this boy real pleasure. Thanks to my gymnastics training, not to mention my unique tongue, I can do things with my body that they don't even have in the Kama Sutra, hee-hee. I'm gonna kill this boy with pleasure! Meanwhile, Susan will be still figuring out what a titfuck is. I'm gonna make him more dependent on my body than even his mother's and his sister's together. My Sweetie and I - we're gonna run this family.

Chapter 375 I Smell Something Funny.

Alan had only cum three times by dinner, which left him with serious doubts that he'd reach his target that day. Even so, he was okay with the low number since he'd done it eight times the day before.

When he came downstairs for dinner, however, he got a pleasant surprise. Suzanne had stayed over to eat, which wasn't particularly unusual lately, but Brenda was there too, sitting at the table waiting for dinner. That had never happened before.

Alan had forgotten that the previous Wednesday's card game had become a regular, weekly social event involving Brenda. Since Ron was gone, Brenda had been invited to arrive before the card game started, to share dinner so that everyone could get to know her better.

Brenda had shown up even earlier than expected, so Suzanne hadn't had a chance to tell the others what they should or shouldn't say in her presence, and no one had had time to dress up yet.

Even without a formal excuse for drop-dead attire, the dinner turned out to be quite a sight for sore eyes. Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Brenda were each dressed in a fairly sexy outfit anyway, and they all looked great. There was a certain unstated competition among the well-endowed ladies, a challenge to be the sexiest and prettiest.

Alan was the happy beneficiary of all the visual splendor. He was a bit surprised that Amy wasn't there as well, but then took that as a good omen. He figured, Aunt Suzy must be behind Amy's absence. She protects Aims from sexual situations. So that means she must think that something really sexual will happen tonight. Probably something with Brenda. No doubt Aunt Suzy will help push that along.

He was correct with that guess. Suzanne steered the conversation to sex and generally kept it there. She spent much of the dinner discussing the numerous adulterous affairs she'd had over the years, often going into quite graphic detail, while eating her meal in a subtly seductive manner to emphasize her points. For instance, when discussing past blowjobs she would pause to gently suckle the tip her fork for a few moments after inserting a bite of korma, or swirl a sip of mango lassi around behind her cheek. In so doing, she kept everyone aroused while keeping the discussion away from incest, so that Susan would not unintentionally reveal even more secrets.

Suzanne had a lot of amusing stories about her schemes and close calls at getting or almost being caught. She'd always used her wiles and charm to get away, once even convincing a wife that nothing had happened despite being caught naked in her husband's bed, by claiming that she'd been passing by and had had a medical emergency and was being tended to in bed until the ambulance arrived. She'd explained that she had had to get naked because she was burning up with a high fever. It was wildly implausible, but it had worked; Suzanne could almost be hypnotically convincing when she really put her mind to it.

She made a point to emphasize how each of her other lovers failed to measure up to Alan, even when this hadn't been true. She'd had more skilled lovers, and more endowed lovers, but she purposely hyped Alan to intrigue Brenda. Because she had concluded that Brenda was a natural submissive, she kept emphasizing how dominant and controlling Alan was, even though, more often than not, he'd really just been taken along for the ride.

Her words not only pushed all of Brenda's buttons; they got to everyone else as well. By the time that dinner ended, the entire room smelled of aroused pussy. In particular, the quite pungent smell of Brenda's wet pussy became known to everyone, to her growing embarrassment.

After dinner, Susan brought out the cake she and Alan had made the night before.

Alan mentioned cryptically, "If you all only knew how this cake came to be made, you wouldn't believe it."

Susan flushed a cherry red, blushing like crazy.

The other three women tried to goad him into telling more, their curiosity driven by Susan's strong reaction, but he wouldn't explain. He hadn't meant to even say that much; it had just slipped out.

After dessert ended and the table had been cleared, everyone just remained there and started playing cards. However, this week there was much less card playing and much more giggling and gossiping, influenced largely by the drinking of wine. Most of the talk was about sex, big boobs and the hassles of having them, Alan, his love of big boobs, and often some combination thereof.

As the atmosphere grew more comfortable, Susan, Katherine, and Suzanne told Brenda of various erotic encounters they'd had with Alan, causing all of the females to grow even hornier with each new story.

For instance, Suzanne related how she'd first jacked Alan off by pretending to show him Internet porn. But she told it in such a way as to make it seem that he had cleverly talked her into stroking him when she wasn't originally that keen on it. She even fabricated new details, such as pretending that he'd gotten her completely naked and then climaxed all over her face and tits. Such stories reinforced the notion that he was controlling the others, compelling them to pleasure him by getting them so horny that they lost all self-control. That drove Brenda wild with secret desire.

Actually, Brenda's feelings were hardly a secret to anyone, given the way she kept staring at Alan and his crotch like she might up and ravage him at any moment.

The women all talked as if Alan weren't there (although he actually was), which somehow made the whole discussion more arousing as they silently enjoyed his wordless reactions.

For Susan's next story, she described how she had woken Alan the day before with her mouth around his morning wood.

Alan was surprised at the level of detail in his mother's description. He had no idea how she could remember events that well, because she practically gave a "lick by lick" account, saying things like: "Then I could sense that his sweet spot was pretty well taken care of, so I slowly licked my way back up to his piss hole. I kept pumping his thick shaft all the while, but I guess that goes without saying. Then I saw that he was looking at my big tits, and I remembered Suzanne's words of wisdom that 'a good blowjob involves the whole body, and it's especially crucial to keep the tits moving constantly.' So I set my tits jiggling just by shifting my shoulders slightly, you know, like this."

She demonstrated the technique, while staring with bedroom eyes right at her son. "And that got me so hot that I wanted to pleasure him even MORE! So I swallowed him down below his crown again and resumed a tight lip-lock as I slurped all over his sweet spot. Mmmm! I don't know about you, but I'm getting quite, um, shall we say, inspired! And then I thought about his balls and how I'd been neglecting them for the last minute or two..."

Susan really did remember her sexual activities with Alan in that kind of detail, at least the ones that had happened most recently, because when she wasn't with him she was reliving them over and over in her mind, and then she usually set the memories more firmly by telling Suzanne all about it the next time they exercised. But she was also showing off in front of Brenda. She wanted to make clear that while Brenda had the bigger bust, she would have no chance of competing when it came to pleasuring Alan.

Brenda didn't get the message so much as she just got incredibly horny. She kept rubbing her legs in a way that slightly stimulated her pussy, but it wasn't nearly enough for her to get any real satisfaction.

Then Katherine told about the day when she'd first exposed herself to Alan and masturbated in his full view by the swimming pool. That was news to Susan and Suzanne. Many of the details that emerged in the various stories were news to more than just Brenda.

However, the females still censored themselves significantly, failing to mention any lesbian moments (like Katherine with Kim) or their strong desire to be fucked by Alan (or in Katherine's case, actually having been fucked by him already). Susan and Katherine also were careful not to get too colorful with their language. For instance, Katherine never called herself Alan's "number one fuck toy," and Susan never referred to herself as "one of his personal cocksuckers."

Suzanne was relieved that the others were being carefully to censor their stories. That allowed her to relax her guard somewhat, making the evening more enjoyable for her.

Now that the women were being more honest, they started talking more to Alan, rather than just talking about him. For instance, Katherine asked him what he'd been thinking that day when he'd watched her by the pool, so he'd told how incredibly aroused her display had made him.

It was all everyone could do not to begin masturbating right then and there. However, they held back because of Brenda. Ironically, Brenda wanted to masturbate even more than the others, but she also held back to save face and maintain some kind of dignity. So while there was no openly-acknowledged masturbation, many hands were drifting to private places beneath the table and staying there.

Alan remembered Suzanne's prediction that Brenda was sexually submissive and would respond in a big way if he would be more assertive. So, during a lull between stories, he said, "By the way, Brenda, I really like your outfit. I especially like how you're obviously braless, and how your big boobs bounce and jiggle with every move you make. It reminds me of a certain red outfit that Susan has worn here at home once or twice."

Susan blushed as she thought about the revealing outfit he mentioned.

Alan was right about the accidental similarities between that outfit and the one Brenda was wearing now. Brenda's was white, not red, and there were other differences overall, such as the long white gloves she was wearing. But the obvious focal point was the way the dress exposed all of her cleavage and then some, doing so from below while keeping her collar area covered. The result was that her clothing gave almost no support to her massive globes. If anything, the dress was actually designed to make her breasts bounce even more than if she'd been completely topless.

Seeing no reaction from Brenda yet, he added, "Braless is good. As you may know, the rule in this house is that no female is allowed to wear underwear. So I hope you aren't wearing any panties either."

Brenda reacted hotly. "And what if I am? In fact, it just so happens that I am. Is that a crime? What's so wrong with that? And why is the rule only no FEMALE underwear? Why doesn't the rule apply to you?!"

He responded, "I misspoke. It's a moot point with me because I don't wear underwear around the house anymore anyway." He grinned impishly as he added, "Do you want me to prove it?" He made like he was going to stand up and unzip his fly.

Brenda looked away and blushed. "No! Uh, no please, I believe you."

Seeing that he was putting her on the defensive, he said, "Okay, whatever you say. But rules are rules, and you're in violation of our 'no panties' rule."

Brenda's blush deepened as she thought about going without panties. She actually wanted to take hers off, but felt she needed them on because she was leaking so copiously. That was a problem that had bothered her for years, ever since her body had matured. She didn't want to leave a big wet spot on every chair she sat in, so she wore highly absorbent panties.

Suzanne liked Alan's assertiveness with Brenda, but she'd also heard that Brenda had a temper (even though she personally hadn't experienced much of it yet), so she didn't want him to push her too far. That led her to say, "Don't worry, Brenda. If you're not ready to take your panties off tonight, we can make a special exception for you this time. Can't we, Alan?"

Alan acted uncertain. "Perhaps. Or maybe I should just give her a spanking right now for being disobedient."

Brenda's eyes bugged out. Oh, FUCK! Fuck me! Not spanking! Please don't talk about spanking! I can't take it!

Alan didn't realize it, but spanking just happened to be one of Brenda's major fetishes, instilled in her as a child by her mother. There were few things that aroused her more than the "threat" of being spanked.

Katherine could sense what Alan was doing, as well as Brenda's strong reaction, so she suggested with glee, "So you'd have her take off all her clothes and lie naked over your lap, and then you'd wale on her ass until you'd felt she'd learned her lesson? Is that how it would work?"

He grinned impishly. "Sounds good to me!"

Brenda struggled mightily not to cum, even though she wasn't touching her privates. Dear God, please! No more! I'm gushing like a river as it is! They must all smell my wetness, for sure! But if I start cumming and screaming, who knows where it'll lead?! Alan will spank me for sure! And then I'll wind up naked and red-assed, sucking on his great big cock as punishment!

In fact, that was more like her perfect fantasy, not a punishment. But she really didn't want to be humiliated in front of everyone, so she kept her eyes shut tight and tried her best not to cum or pant too loudly.

Suzanne cut in again. "Don't worry, Brenda. While Alan has the right to spank any of us here at any time for being bad or disobedient, you're our special guest, so those rules don't apply to you... yet." She was careful to imply that Brenda wouldn't be let off the hook so readily the next time she visited.

Susan loved the idea that Alan had the "right to spank any of us at any time for being bad or disobedient." Her eyes went wide and her big rack began heaving as she said sotto voce, "So HOT!" Naturally, she envisioned her son spanking herself, not Brenda. A part of her craved to be totally humiliated by a thorough spanking as she lay naked across her son's lap in front of everyone.

If anything, Brenda was even more aroused by that idea than Susan was. OH FUCK NO! He gets to spank anyone he wants, including me?! Dear God! She was so aroused that she simply couldn't help herself: she closed her eyes, tilted her head down, and brought a finger to her clit through her panties. With just one touch, she had a powerful orgasm. Yet she continued to struggle, in order to limit the damage. She clenched her teeth and eyes, managing somehow to get through it without shouting or even grunting.

But very little got past Suzanne. She saw the tell-tale shivers of a woman in climax. Since Brenda's eyes were closed, Suzanne stared at Alan until she got his attention and then nodded approvingly at him. She nodded at Brenda and made an "O" face, to make sure that he didn't miss the fact that Brenda had just climaxed.

He didn't need to be told, because Brenda hadn't been nearly as subtle as she had hoped. The others had noticed too. But everyone politely pretended to be oblivious, including Alan. However, his body buzzed from the thrill of knowing what he'd done to her.

He loved smelling her arousal, repeatedly inhaling the distinct aroma of a woman in heat.

Once Brenda's eyes were open and she had more or less recovered, he asked with pretend cluelessness, "Hmmm. I smell something funny. Does anyone else smell it?"

The others all knew exactly what he was referring to, since the smell of sex was so pungent. But Suzanne didn't want Brenda to freak out completely. "I think it's something we've got cooking." She turned pointedly to Susan, "Over in the kitchen. Isn't that right?"

Susan played along, because she was thinking how embarrassing it would be to be in Brenda's shoes at that moment. "Um, yes, that's right."

Brenda was secretly relieved, not realizing that everyone else already knew what had really happened.

#### Chapter 376 Everything In This House Is Far Too Arousing! - Brenda

Now that things were loosening up, Suzanne brought up Alan's cryptic comment about how the cake was made.

Somehow, Susan found herself telling the story about what they'd done with the frosting the night before, even though she'd been determined not to tell anyone about it. Actually, Alan ended up telling most of the frosting story because Susan became too mortified to go on. By the time he'd ended the story, everyone felt even more aroused, and hungry too.

No one, not even Suzanne, had gotten into sexual play with food before, which left the other women keen on trying it out immediately. But propriety stopped them from doing anything more than making jokes about eating bananas or carrots and such.

Alan wondered silently what might have transpired had they all had a big bowl of frosting to play with at that moment. It seemed like a lost opportunity.

In truth, it wouldn't even have taken a bowl of frosting for an orgy to break out - he just needed to take charge. But he didn't know that, so the moment passed.

Had he been as observant as Suzanne, he would have noticed that all the women but Suzanne were furtively playing with their pussies through their clothes under the table, and even Suzanne would have done so except that she was sitting right next to Alan where he could see her lap. In his defense, the women were being very, very cautious, for fear of getting caught. The only obvious clue was the way that each of them had an arm angling down into their crotches.



The frosting story and the other accounts affected Brenda greatly. She'd thought a lot during the week about her upcoming card game, and in particular about Alan and what the women were doing with him. She was remarkably aroused by it all. Curiously, she found that her thoughts of Susan sexually helping Alan aroused her most of all. She found herself attracted to Alan so strongly that it disturbed her.

Many of her feelings were a projection of new forbidden feelings for her own son Adrian, feelings that hadn't even existed consciously in her mind until the discussions that had occurred at the Plummer house the week before.

Yet she found herself flummoxed by her attraction to Susan's son. Here I am, a buxom, gorgeous woman who's in the process of collecting millions of dollars in a divorce settlement, and of all the people in the world I'm attracted to, it's an eighteen-year-old boy, an ordinary teenager? He just made me cum in a strange house from the mere thought that he has the right to spank me. That shouldn't happen. That's absurd!

Perhaps it's just a momentary amusement until my son graduates from high school and I can get out of this boring town and go somewhere more exciting. That must be it. Something harmless to occupy my mind until the divorce papers come through. What I'd want is someone LIKE Alan, someone with his confidence and authority. But not actually him!

Dammit, I say that, but I know it's not true. The one I want is him! All the great things Susan and Suzanne say about him, all the orgasms he gives them, it's all true! Gaawwwd! If he really did strip me naked, pull me over his lap, and give me a solid spanking, I'd just DIE! I'd absolutely die! Fuck logic, fuck anyone else. I want him! I want THAT!

Despite her mental protests, the others saw her grow increasingly aroused again. Her breathing had become ragged and her cheeks flushed just from hearing the stories, and her orgasm hardly slowed her down. After the recounting of what Susan and Alan had done with the chocolate frosting, she was the epitome of "hot and bothered," with her chest heaving like she was on a swing.

Suzanne deemed the time ripe to push their new friend a little further, so she turned the discussion back to one of their favorite topics that evening: the trials and tribulations of having big boobs. Soon, she asked, "By the way, Brenda, just how big are your breasts anyway? Do you think we could measure them? I was thinking you could take your top off, to get an accurate number, and then Alan could do the honors."

That suggestion came too abruptly for Brenda; her tits were a very sensitive subject. She got quite upset. "NOBODY here is measuring or touching my breasts in any way! Is that clear? I've heard of being casual in talking about sexual matters, but this is too much! I'm beginning to think that maybe you're all trying to take advantage of me after all. I don't know what your angle is exactly, but whatever it is, I'm not playing!"

Suzanne thought, Shit. I should have been a little more subtle. I figured she'd be so damn horny that I could say or do anything and she wouldn't care. Obviously not! But just look at her. Long white gloves, black stockings halfway up her thigh, a micro miniskirt, those piercing dark blue eyes, and most of all, that braless white top that exposes her cleavage and exaggerates the jiggle in her shaking boobs. She's just too sexy; it's seriously fogging my brain! I'm always trying to get other people to fall prey to lust, but now my efforts are boomeranging back on me.

Katherine unexpectedly took over and spoke up. "Brenda, we don't have an 'angle.' It's just that we're a highly sexed household lately, as you can tell. This is all very new to us - we don't even know what we're doing most of the time. Isn't it fun to talk about sexy stuff? It's especially fun to talk to someone from the outside, to get a new perspective. There's really nothing more to it than that. If you want us to stop, then we'll stop talking about these things."

She waited for a reaction from Brenda, but there wasn't one, so she continued, "But I think you've been enjoying these conversations as much as the rest of us. Wasn't Mom's story about the chocolate frosting a hoot? Or Suzanne's story about showing my big brother some porn and then giving him his first blowjob? Or my-"

"Okay, okay, okay!" Brenda replied testily. "Fine. You're right. I'm sorry. I don't know why, but I have a very short temper, especially lately. I've been under a lot of stress, thanks to my pending divorce. I get particularly annoyed when anyone tries to touch my body, especially my breasts. I've had to deal with unwanted groping for years."

Katherine joked, "Sounds like it's a touchy subject for you."

Brenda couldn't help but chuckle at that, but she recovered quickly.

Suzanne said to Brenda, "Then forget it. My apologies. I just thought it would be interesting to see with our own eyes just how big they were, but it's a minor matter. I keep thinking of Alan ripping your top off and then sinking his hands deep into your tit-flesh. I was just curious how much of your tits he could cup

and knead when he does that, compared to when he does it to me. But never mind. Let's get back to more important things. Who's dealing?"

Suzanne knew those words would push Brenda's buttons, but she didn't know if they'd make her angrier or more aroused. She soon found out.

Brenda spoke in a contrite voice. "Before we do that, if you'll excuse me, I have to use the bathroom. I'll just be a minute."

Brenda went to the bathroom, but she was there much longer than a minute. Once there, she friggd herself madly, and also pulled her top up so she could get to her humongous breasts and wantonly play with them while imagining Alan was doing that to her. Why did Suzanne have to say that?! I mean, I'm not THAT attracted to Alan. But if he were to hold and squeeze my tits like I'm doing, just like this... HNNG! Or what if he really did spank me for being disobedient and wearing panties? Jesus! That's too fucking HOT! It's like he can read my mind and knows that nothing gets me hotter than being spanked hard!

She mauled her tits very roughly. What if he knows about my spanking weakness? He must know by now! He's so clever. All those stories where he gets his sluts to strip and kneel and SUCK! That'll be me soon, one of his big-titted sluts! Always endlessly bobbing and even choking on his perpetually stiff cock! And he'll keep my ass nice and red with his stern hand too, I'm sure! HNNG! UNGH!

Oh! It's not fair! I haven't had sex for ages, and everything in this house is far too arousing! Like that, Alan! Yank and twist my nipples!bender

She kept at it until she came. She focused mostly on her tits, but it was her fingers on her clit that sent her over the edge.

Her climax ended rather quickly since she was so hot to trot to begin with, but the harder part was cleaning herself and the bathroom afterward. Since her panties were totally soaked, she had to wash them, and then dry them at least somewhat with a towel.

The fact is, I've been sorely tempted to bare my breasts for him all night long. With the way my top gives no support and keeps my titties constantly bouncing, I just wanna rip the damn thing off and be done with it already! I'm so horny tonight that it actually scares me! Just the way he stares intently at me

makes me weak in my knees. I don't want him ogling all those other hotties, dammit; I want him ogling me! He needs to remember that MY tits are the biggest and the best! If anyone is deserving of being one of his sluts, it's ME!

But everyone else is in control. There I go again with my wild fantasies. My slutty body betrays me again. If people knew how easily I can cum... Well, having that climax will allow me to control my lust, at least for a while. Phew!

Chapter 377 You're Letting Your Jealousy Over Her Breast Size Get To You, And You Know It.

The card playing resumed, along with the talking and drinking. As time went by, Brenda found her willpower weakening still further, thanks to the highly arousing atmosphere.

What really did her in was when Alan said, "If you'll excuse me, I've been hard so long this evening looking at all you lovely ladies that my erection is really straining my shorts. Brenda, would you mind if I take it out and give it some air? It's so cramped in there."

He'd wanted to do that from much earlier in the evening, but had restrained himself because of Brenda. However, he felt he couldn't hold out any longer, because his dick was in serious pain from being hard and unrelieved for so many hours.

Before Brenda could answer, Katherine shouted, "Woo-hoo! Whip it out, BIG Brother! Brenda, today is your lucky day!"

Susan said in what sounded like a reasonable voice, "Angel, really. We shouldn't force Brenda to see it; that would be terribly improper. Perhaps if I hold it with both hands to kind of keep it covered..."

Then Suzanne said gently in a whispery rasp, "Sweetie, wouldn't it be better if somebody blew you? With Susan getting you all yesterday, and me having a turn earlier, I think it's your sister's turn next."

Alan answered, "Thanks for pointing that out. You're right. Sis, you're next." He worried about pushing Brenda too far too fast, especially after her outburst, so he said, "But I think I overdid it yesterday. I'd like to just let it hang out a little first. Would that be okay, Brenda?"

Everyone looked at Brenda, who coughed nervously. "Um, it's not my house. I'm just a guest. So do whatever you want, and I'll try to respect your rules and traditions." In reality, she craved to see this much-praised penis so much that she was practically fit to burst, but she was attempting to hide her interest.

Without further ado, he unzipped his shorts and bounced his rigid boner onto his thigh.

Brenda gasped. Jesus! That IS a nice one! So big! So much bigger than Bob's! (Bob was her soon-to-be ex-husband.) Alan had already been hyped so much in her mind that his dick seemed thicker and longer than it really was. GOD DAMN! I think Susan is right. That's a ten-incher, for sure! That's the kind of cock I could learn to love to suck!

The other three women merely licked their lips, as if they were all so accustomed to the arousing sight of Alan's stiff erection that that was their natural response. They looked at Brenda with "Didn't we tell you so?" smug faces.

Alan was sitting across the table from Brenda, but that meant the table blocked her view unless she was leaning way forward. She did so, but it was awkward, not to mention embarrassing.

Suzanne saw the problem, so said to Brenda, "I can tell you're curious. There's nothing wrong with that. In fact, it would be good to get that curiosity out of your system. Here." She stood up, pulled an empty chair up to Alan's side, and then returned to her own chair on the other side of him.

Brenda protested feebly, "I couldn't." But the look in her eyes showed she wanted nothing more.

Suzanne replied firmly, "You can. You will. In fact, that's an order."

"Well, if you insist so strongly..." Brenda got up and moved to the empty seat next to him. But even that wasn't enough: she leaned over and placed her face even closer to his crotch to get a really good look. She tried to act like a dispassionate scientist studying a new specimen, but without much success. For one thing, her eyes were open too wide, and her mouth was hanging wide-open as well.

Susan was practically bursting with pride over her well-hung son. "What do you think? Isn't it just like I said? A ten-inch monster! Look at it throbbing with heat and virility!"

Brenda was still trying to act as if she was just a curious scientist. She found herself saying, "It IS bigger and thicker than a normal penis. I've never had one like THAT in me before. It's hard not to wonder what it would feel like in my mouth. Would I even be able to wrap my lips around it?"

Then she put her hands over her mouth and blushed when she realized what she'd said out loud. She added shyly, in an increasingly forced voice, "If you'll excuse me, I'll be back in a jiffy."

Brenda walked to the bathroom in a slow and dignified manner, but as soon as she entered it, she nearly ripped her panties off as she eagerly friggd herself. The others could hear quite a few muffled but loud squeals originating from the bathroom.

While she was gone, Suzanne leaned forward and whispered conspiratorially to everyone else, "Don't look now, but I think we've got a hot one on our hands!"bender

Katherine quickly took Brenda's vacated seat. A second or two later, she had two hands jacking Alan off. "No, I'VE got a hot one in MY hands!" She giggled.

Susan frowned at her daughter's "improper" behavior, but she didn't try to stop her. She asked quietly about Suzanne's "hot one" comment, "What does that mean exactly? If Tiger wants a sexy big-titted mother figure to suck his cock, he's got me for that. Or you."

"Yes," Suzanne patiently whispered back, over the sound of Katherine's sliding and sloshing hands. "You and I, and Angel here, are his mainstays. But as I keep telling you, his daily orgasm needs are so severe, he needs a lot of variety. Not all the time, mind you; just once in a while. You're letting your jealousy over her breast size get to you, and you know it."

Susan bowed her head, unable to refute that.

Suzanne said more encouragingly, "Try to look at this in a different light. Wouldn't you like to see him conquer and defeat a busty beauty like her? Don't you want to see her on her knees, naked and begging for the privilege of just licking his thickness for a minute or two?" She was saying those words to get Susan to be agreeable, but they were arousing everyone at the table, including herself.

Susan considered her reply. Suzanne's right. I certainly don't like her oversized boobs and the way my cutie Tiger looks at them. I can't help it. Doesn't he know that I'm his fully dedicated cocksucker now? Can't he tell that nothing makes me happier than feeling my jaw stretched open wide and my lips sliding back and forth over his sweet, sweet spot? I could do that all day. What does he need Brenda for?!

On the other hand, I do have to admit that it makes me hot to think of her naked and begging for his cock! My son's great big cock! Bowing her head low, giving in to the power of his mighty shaft! I have to admit it would be nice to have someone else to talk to about the joys of serving him. But then again, more cock for her means less for me. On the other hand, it seems like she NEEDS to be tamed by him. She's just so... well, I don't know. Needs to be put in her place. That's it! Busty beauties like her need to be put in their place, and that place is between Tiger's legs, wearing nothing but high heels and sucking and licking for hours!

Susan's thoughts were interrupted when everyone heard loud, orgasmic cries from the bathroom.

Suzanne looked over at Katherine's hands sliding up and down Alan's thickness. Then she looked at Susan. "Well?"

Susan thought, I still don't like her much. But I bet I'd like her a lot more if she dedicated herself fully to serving Tiger's cock! She grinned. "That would be nice." She shot a wicked look at her son. "Go get her, Tiger!"

Since the moaning and squealing from the bathroom suggested Brenda would be a while, Suzanne whispered to Katherine, "What do you think, Angel? Do you mind?"

"Not at all," she replied as her hands kept up their relentless sliding. Actually, that wasn't exactly true either. She was already concerned that she was losing out to more voluptuous women, so Brenda's even more outrageous figure was a big source of concern for her. But she figured that if it was just a one-night stand or something like that, she could afford to appear magnanimous. Even doing so once a week at their card game wouldn't be so bad.

Suzanne heard a door opening. "Quick! Angel, back to your seat!"

"Awww! Do I have to?" She made no sign of stopping or even slowing down.

"No time to argue! Do it!"

Katherine let go of Alan's dick, since Suzanne was rarely that insistent, but she defiantly remained in the seat. She wanted to have fun, and she felt that it was her turn next.

Sighing, Suzanne got up and went to Katherine's vacated seat, so that Brenda would have no choice but to sit next to Alan.

When Brenda returned, walking through the living room to reach the dining room, she saw the changed seating arrangements. She couldn't help but suspect that Katherine had been doing something to Alan's erection while she'd been in the bathroom, or at the very least that Katherine had wanted to sit right next to her brother's exposed privates.

This bothered Brenda, but not nearly as much as it aroused her. She almost had to turn around and rush back to the bathroom to masturbate some more.

Chapter 378 We Would NEVER Ask You To Help Stroke This Fat Cock.!!

Brenda resumed playing cards, trying to act calm. She'd tried to clean up again as best she could, but with less success this time. She clearly had that "just fucked" look, and she knew that the others all knew it.

She was frazzled. Soon, her attention was more on the stiff cock lying in the open next to her than it was on the game. The last time, her bathroom masturbation hadn't quenched her desires, but only raised them. bender

So, after another ten minutes or so, when Alan lifted his boner up and started idly stroking it without even saying anything first, Brenda's eyes nearly popped out of her head. It was so close that she could have reached out and held it, and she was sorely tempted to do just that. The fact that the other three women happened to be busy talking among themselves about how delicious his cum tasted didn't help matters. Nor did it help when Brenda looked at the other women's faces one by one, watching each deliberately run her tongue around her lips just for fun, to tease him.

A few minutes later, Katherine complained, "MoooOOOOooooom! Alan is committing the sin of Onan!"



Susan chided him, just like a typical mother, "Son, how many times do I have to tell you not to do that?"

Katherine went on, "Brother, what have we all warned you about? Chafing. No need for you to do that yourself with your tennis-scarred hands. Leave it to some soft female hands. Like mine." Since she was already sitting next to him on the side opposite Brenda, she simply reached over to his lap and started jacking him off.

Not surprisingly, Brenda gasped loudly. She clutched at her massive orbs and squirmed in her seat. SO... FUCKING... HOT! Just look at that! She's his sister! So much thick cock meat in her hands! Her heart raced wildly and her chest heaved so much that her tits swayed up and down, even though her hands were there holding them tightly.

Katherine couldn't help but crow a little, since she'd boldly achieved a fait accompli. She goaded Brenda, "Don't worry; we would NEVER ask you to help stroke this fat cock. You've made your position very clear, and we respect that. So don't think about it; you just sit there and enjoy the card game while I run my hands all over my brother's thick, hard, slippery pole!" She'd deliberately said the word "brother" because she'd noticed that any reference to incest seemed to inflame Brenda's lust even more.

Brenda thought, My position? What's my position? My position should be sitting right on top of that god-damned gorgeous pole! Sitting on it, bouncing on it! IMPALING myself on it, over and over again! Um, but she's, uh... Oh yeah. I said I had no interest in him and that he should leave me alone. Did I really say that?! Shit! I must have been out of my mind!

She forgot all about anything else and just stared wantonly at Katherine's sliding fingers. She couldn't have been more aroused if someone was in the middle of giving her a fast, hard fuck. She had to continually clutch at her huge melons, because her outfit gave her no support and they would have been bouncing around wildly otherwise. But she had trouble keeping her hands still, and she wound up subtly caressing them most of the time. Actually, there wasn't much subtle about it.

Alan had noticed how much the spanking talk had thrilled Brenda earlier, and he wanted to test that further. So he said to Katherine, "Sis, be careful. You know what happens if you make me cum too soon. I don't want to have to give you yet another spanking."

That pushed Brenda over the edge. It had only been fifteen minutes since Brenda's last bathroom trip, but she stood up and declared, "I, um, I, uh... I have to go to the bathroom again! I have, uh, the runs or something. Excuse me!" She rushed off.

However, she wasn't fooling anyone, not even herself. If anyone still wasn't wise to her real purpose, the orgasmic sounds that soon emanated from the bathroom certainly made things clear.

Katherine quipped, "So, do you think Brenda's having a good time?" Then she dropped her face into Alan's lap, swallowed his shaft, and started bobbing.

Susan complained, "Angel! Please! You can't do that. It's terribly improper!"

Clearly, Katherine didn't care about that mild admonishment. She twisted and turned her head this way and that to surprise his cock with unexpected movements. She even slurped and moaned extra loudly, as if rubbing in the fact that she was the only one in this prime position.

However, Alan tapped his sister's head. "Um, you should stop. Really. I don't know about 'improper,' but I'm too close to the edge!"

So Katherine pulled off and sat back up. Seeing the pained look on his face as he struggled with his PC muscle, she even removed her hands from his dick, for the moment.

Trying to ignore the sounds coming from the bathroom so she could make her point, Susan started to say, "Angel, we really need to talk about the boundaries of what's acceptable behavior for you. I understand you're eager to service his cock, and believe me, I sympathize. But when there are other people in the room..." Her voice trailed off as the sounds from the bathroom grew impossible to ignore.

Everyone in the dining room giggled as Brenda's intense screams grew louder and louder before coming to a sudden halt. Brenda obviously was not quiet during her orgasms. They all were amazed they could hear her so clearly, considering that the downstairs bathroom was a good distance from the dining room.

Alan whispered, even though Brenda was almost certainly too distant to hear, "So, what should I do? Should I make a move on her tonight? If she's not hot to trot right now then nobody is!"

Suzanne leaned forward conspiratorially again and whispered back, "You're not gonna like this, but I say no. Sure, her body is aflame right now. She'd gladly agree to help stroke your cock. Heck, she'd probably even suck it. But then she'll probably feel regret tomorrow. We're playing a longer game here. Better you keep fanning the flames so she'll be even MORE eager next week, and the week after that."

Susan frowned and asked, "Just how many weeks will it be before he's totally tamed her?"

Suzanne responded with another question. "You do like her, don't you?"

Susan shrugged. "She's okay." Although she got along well with her, Susan remained jealous of Brenda's larger breasts. Her attitude toward Brenda kept flip-flopping.

Suzanne said, "Susan, she's a very nice person, bigger breasts or not. Need I remind you what she knows about us, mostly due to your loose lips last week? She could ruin everything. So we all should try harder to become good friends with her."

Susan wasn't pleased, but she didn't have any way to rebut any of that.

Brenda took time to comb her hair and reapply some light makeup, but she nonetheless looked quite disheveled when she returned to the card game. She'd cum so much that she didn't know what to do with her panties. Since she'd neglected to bring a purse where she could have placed them, and anyone could have seen them if she'd tossed them into the empty, open bathroom trash can, she was forced to wear them despite their now incredibly drenched state. She'd given up her futile attempts to wash and then dry them with each bathroom visit. As a consequence, she was making wet, squishy sounds each time she moved about in her chair.

To call Brenda embarrassed when she came back to the dining room would have been a real understatement. Even Suzanne, who'd lately grown used to seeing Susan blush deeply on a daily basis, was impressed at how rosy red Brenda's face had become.

Brenda had trouble looking anyone in the eye, so she just stared down at her lap. That let her peripheral vision see Katherine's fingers sliding up and down Alan's shaft. (Katherine had resumed the handjob just as Brenda walked in, to make it seem as if she'd been doing so all along.)

She thought, Oh fuck me all over again! He's still fully erect, because of course he is! Just look at the pre-cum dripping down her pumping fingers. GOOD LORD! I'm going to be a total wreck again within another five minutes!

As Brenda gawked without looking at it directly, Suzanne said, "Don't worry, Brenda. Yes, we couldn't miss hearing what was happening in the bathroom, but that's okay. That's part of life. Like I said, we live in a newly sexually liberated household. Feel free to be yourself here. Now, whose turn is it to deal the next round?"

The card game proceeded much as before, except for the fact that Brenda's eyes in particular were glued to the sight of Alan's hot pole being jacked off. Every now and then she glanced quickly at her cards to maintain pretenses, but then returned her full attention to the throbbing erection beside her, and to the talented female fingers that were working their way up and down it.

She was staggered at how long Alan's dick was being stimulated without him climaxing. She was right that it was an especially long time. Partly, Alan's stamina was improving by the day, thanks to practice, practice, and more practice. But also, the women stimulating him were developing an uncanny ability to sense when he was close and then either ease up or stop altogether for a while, giving him those much-needed 'strategic breaks'.

Brenda might have grown bored watching a handjob for so many minutes, except that Katherine knew that she had an audience so she went all out to keep Brenda's interest. For instance, she constantly varied what her hands were doing, with an eye for how things would look from Brenda's viewpoint. She would also do things like bend over and blow air on his cockhead, or even kiss it from time to time (while usually getting a few licks in for good measure). Or she would pick up some of his pre-cum on her fingers and then lick them clean with a satisfied sigh.

As if that wasn't enough, Alan's boner was also a frequent topic of conversation. For instance, at one point, Suzanne asked, "Angel, how are things hanging over there?"

"Good. I was neglecting his balls for a while, but I'm rolling my fingers under them now. He seems to like that."

Susan chided like a strict schoolteacher, "Never, and I mean never, neglect his balls!" Her voice turned dreamy. "Why, I could lick his balls all day! And fitting an entire ball sac in my mouth... Mmmm! Yummy!"

Plus, there's something special about seeing a busty, naked woman on her knees doing nothing but licking and sucking her man's balls, like she doesn't even have permission to pleasure his cock yet. Don't you agree, Brenda?"

"What?! Oh, me? Um, what did you say...? Oh yes. Balls. Yes. Wonderful!"

Katherine asked as she fondled, "Mom, you're making me hungry, hungry for balls! I love how they're completely hairless. Can I lick and suck them now?"

Susan replied, "No. Because you know, once you get your lips on them, it'll be just a matter of time before we'll see you bobbing steadily on his delicious cock-meat."

Katherine responded, "But would that be so bad? How am I going to make him cum otherwise? You know how stubborn he is. At the very least, I could use some help here. Brenda could you lend a h-"

Suzanne interrupted. "Angel, no. Brenda's made it clear that she wants no part in this. Isn't that right, Brenda? You have no interest in stroking that thick, long pole of his. Correct?"

Brenda stared longingly. "Well, actually-"

Suzanne cut in again. "And you have even less interest in sucking him off, I'm sure. It's true that right now, you could bend over and bob down to his sweet spot if your mouth can open that wide. Angel would continue stroking the rest, and of course, work on his balls, because it's true we should never forget the balls. Between the two of you working together, you'd probably get him to cum in ten minutes or even less. But that's not going to happen, because you're just here to play cards and observe our unique way of life. Speaking of which, who's turn is it to deal?"

If it seemed like some kind of conspiracy to drive Brenda simply insane with lust, that's because it was. Although there hadn't been any prearranged plan or discussion, everyone was working together to increase Brenda's desire for Alan to simply irresistible levels. There was no need for a complex plan, since events were evolving nicely on their own.

Although Katherine had at least one hand pumping on Alan's boner at all times, she somehow managed to continue to play the card game too. Often she would take a quick look at her cards and then put them

face down on the table so she could jack him off with both hands until she needed to do something with her cards again.

She actually was paying more attention to the card game than Brenda was. Brenda had given up all attempts to appear aloof; she'd been reduced to simply staring longingly at Alan's cock while repeatedly moaning and licking her lips. She didn't even bother taking part in the card game anymore. She couldn't, because her hands were so busy caressing her own breasts that she was unable to hold her cards.

Katherine was actually thinking about her cards when she heard Alan mutter quietly, "Oh no!"

Before anyone realized what was happening, his dick started shooting its seed. This was one danger of being jacked or sucked off for extended periods, trying to stay right on the edge most of the time. There was always the danger that that line could be unexpectedly crossed at any moment. The fact that Katherine was still trying to play cards instead of concentrating on sensing the state of his arousal hadn't helped.

Alan's cock had not been pointed in any particular direction, so long ropes of his cum flew through the air. Susan happened to be walking nearby, as she'd just gotten up to get more drinks from the kitchen. She acted quickly, practically throwing herself down over his lap so the ropes mostly hit her face.

Brenda had yet another climax of her own as she watched Alan's cum soak into Susan's beautiful face. She'd never been so aroused in her entire life, not even by sex acts that she'd been directly involved in. It was really the mother-son incest that turned her on the most. She loved the way Susan was so relaxed about it, positively luxuriating in the cum bath that her son was giving her, even as her daughter was the one who aimed his cock and painted her perfect skin.

Susan in fact was quite delighted by the unexpected cum-drenching. As his cum blasts grew weaker and weaker, she took his cockhead in her mouth and sucked on it to make sure she coaxed as much cum out of it as humanly possible.

This was the single most incredibly arousing thing that Brenda had seen in her entire life. She'd been furtively and subtly trying to stimulate her pussy (which was harder to do than before now that she was sitting on the same side of the table as Alan and Katherine). But seeing Susan's sucking lips and the blissful look on her face, she ceased to worry about getting caught. Instead she just rubbed her pussy lips and clit with abandon, although her wet panties were still frustratingly in the way.

Okay, that's IT! God dammit! I need Alan in my life! In my mouth! In my cunt! I need to be one of his sluts! One of his slutty, busty, shameless sluts!

It wasn't long before Brenda came too. But she at least had enough self-control left not to scream out loud. Instead, she let out a series of frustrated, muffled moans between clenched teeth as she fought a losing battle to stay silent.

When her climax ended, she thought Alan and Susan would be done, but she looked back to Alan's crotch and saw that Susan was still licking him, even though his penis was rapidly going flaccid.

Katherine saw Brenda's puzzlement, so she explained, "That's Mom for ya. She's got this thing about having to clean his dick and balls thoroughly each time he cums. If you ask me, it's just an excuse for her to keep licking him, but whatever. Look at his face; he's obviously enjoying it."

At first Susan didn't respond to that. But after another minute or so of licking, she sat back up in her chair, looked at her daughter crossly, and said, "It is NOT an excuse. Keeping his privates sparkling clean is a vital part of what we do." As she spoke, she grew increasingly angry.

She stood there with streams of cum slowly oozing down her face as she complained. "Never mind that. Katherine Anne Plummer, I'm very upset with you. We trusted you with his thick, stiff cock, and look what happened! Delicious sperm flying everywhere! Some of it even spilled upon the ground, so to speak."

"I'm sorry, Mom." She knew how much Susan hated the Onanistic sin of "spilling one's seed upon the ground." Susan took those Biblical words very seriously.

"Sorry? You wasted half a precious load. Look at this: cum on the tablecloth, on the chair, and worst of all, on the carpet! You could have wasted the whole thing if I hadn't acted so quickly." Susan was rubbing his cum into her cheeks as she spoke.

"Mom, it's really my fault," Alan piped up. "I didn't give her proper warning."

Susan fed one of the larger cum gobs into her mouth as she said angrily, "Nonsense. Your job is just to have fun and have lots of nice orgasms. It's up to us, your women, to take care of such things. That's

part of the job of being the penis tender. Angel, you can't lose focus. You seemed more interested in the card game than your brother's cock! You have to concentrate intently on pleasuring every last inch of his sweet cock meat at all times, even while doing other things. I'm going to think twice before letting you be in control again in such a situation."

"But Mom!" Katherine griped. "It was my turn to deal! I had to look at the cards!"

Brenda thought, Holy mother of God! She's just standing there, EATING his cum, rubbing it into her skin as if it were Oil of Olay! So fucking AMAZING! And not only that, but Alan's "job" is just to kick back and enjoy life as all these incredible beauties take turns pleasuring him. He must be one unbelievable stud! She squirmed about lustily. She felt like she was sitting in a puddle of her own cum, which wasn't too far from the truth.

Susan gobbled up more cum. "No buts! I'm in charge of this household. Suzanne, why don't you take over? I'm sure you're not going to slip up like that."

Susan then turned to Brenda. "I'm so sorry. This never happens." She was apologizing for the loss of cum, as if the handjob was a perfectly normal occurrence except for the sudden eruption and the resulting mess.

Brenda just stared with a gaping mouth at the cum still slowly dripping down Susan's face. Alan had shot a big load, so there was still plenty of cum on her face even after all her nibbling and smearing. Brenda was so aroused by that that she had trouble not hyperventilating. Even though she'd just climaxed, she already felt the need to cum again.

#### Chapter 379 Suzanne

Katherine and Suzanne switched seats. Suzanne looked at Brenda apologetically. "Do you mind if I take my top off? It's rather expensive and, as you can see, there's no telling when there might be a sudden cum eruption, or where it might land."

Brenda just stared stupefied, as if her brain were broken. Even her best previous night of fucking couldn't compare to the constant orgasmic joy she'd had this evening.



Suzanne snapped her fingers. "Brenda? Brenda? Can I take that as a yes?"

Brenda partially emerged from her sex fog. "Um, what? Oh. Yeah. Sure."

"Thanks." Suzanne pulled her top off and tossed it aside, then gently shook her shoulders, setting her ample tits swaying.

Even Brenda was impressed, and strangely aroused. She'd never seen bare breasts as large and perfect as Suzanne's, except for her own.

Brenda watched Suzanne take Alan's flaccid penis in her hands and start to stroke it. Since it was flaccid, she fondled his balls more at first, also stimulating his perineum with her finger. She leaned forward to let her big globes constantly jiggle and sway. Adding to this, she whispered sensuously in her scratchy voice, "Aaaah... Sweetie... Get hard for me... Long, thick, and stiff... And hot! So hot... Get hard as iron so I can stroke you for a long, long time!"

Brenda panted helplessly. It was as if she were entering a new world, and all the things that she'd previously thought sexually arousing weren't even close. She felt like she was already cumming non-stop, so her actual orgasms were just an extra intense spike on top of that.

Suzanne had noticed Brenda's positive reaction to Alan's comment about spanking, so even as his penis engorged in her hands she added, "Sweetie, I am going to make you dizzy with lust by giving you such an excellent, extremely proficient handjob. I guess I'd better do a good job too, because if I don't, I may just end up on your lap getting a good hard spanking. Hmmm maybe I shouldn't put so much effort into it so I DO earn a spanking!" She glanced over at Brenda to see how their super busty guest was taking it.

Brenda had a hand over her pussy and her other hand was fighting the losing battle of trying to keep her tits from bouncing around too much. The spanking talk in particular drove her wild. She felt so much like she was completely naked that she was startled to remember from time to time that she actually wasn't.

Encouraged, and feeling his dick grow still harder, Suzanne added, "Actually, don't stop there. You should spank all of us!"

Normally, Alan would have protested that he would never want to spank her, much less anyone else, but he could see that she was playing to the gallery, so he merely asked, "Including Brenda? Do you want me to spank her too?"

Suzanne was getting caught in her own trap, finding herself surprisingly aroused by all this spanking talk. She squealed with glee, "Yes! Please! I want to see her nude body wiggling on your lap! Whack her hard until her ass turns red!"

Suddenly, Suzanne turned to Brenda and said in a calm voice, "Don't worry. He's not really going to spank you or anyone else tonight... probably. We know how much Alan gets excited about spanking us, so we like to talk about it to get his cock fully hard." She looked down significantly at Alan's pole, which was sticking straight up. She tickled her way up and down its sides, making sure Brenda got a good look at all of it. "See? It worked!"

Brenda was a bit disappointed at Suzanne's caveat, but it didn't matter much because she was so hot that it was like trying to cool down a river of lava with a bucket of water. It took all of her self-control not to bend over and take his cockhead in her mouth.

Susan still seemed miffed over the way Katherine had wasted so much of Alan's cum, but all the talk of spanking had distracted her. Once she'd seen that Suzanne's pumping hands had her son's dick fully hard again and throbbing with pleasure, she calmed down and forgot all about it. She felt a sense of peace, and even bliss, just from seeing that his erection was being well taken care of.

The card game eventually resumed, providing an excuse for Brenda to look elsewhere. She calmed down a bit by forcing herself not to look at Suzanne's hands sliding all over Alan's boner, or at least not as much as before. But she couldn't look away entirely, and instead found herself staring at Suzanne's constantly moving bare breasts much of the time.

That led her to ask out of the blue, "Um, you know... When you all help Alan, with his, uh... What I mean to say is, when you stroke or suck him, do you usually do it topless?"

Susan answered immediately, almost giddily, "Oh, yes! That's the BEST! It's highly odd for me to even touch his cock with my breasts covered. Feeling your big tits swinging freely in time to your stroking or bobbing, that's an essential part of the whole experience! Besides, it helps you remember who's in charge." She was eager to say more, but stopped because she worried she might be speaking too freely.

Her comment about Alan being in charge hit Brenda like a lightning bolt. In fact, that, plus everything else she was seeing, hearing, and even smelling, got to her so much that she again had to excuse herself to go to the bathroom and "powder her nose" once more.

As she sat on the toilet seat with her fingers digging deeper and deeper into her pussy, she thought, Fuuuucck! I can't breathe! This place is like some kind of cauldron of pure sexual heat! If I go out there and see that Susan still has all that cum on her face, I'm gonna lose it! Hell, who am I kidding? I've already totally lost it! How humiliating, to keep coming in here to cum, but I can't help it! Ugh! God! Good God!

Alan had Suzanne stop her stroking completely as soon as Brenda was out of sight. He was taking breaks whenever Brenda wasn't in the room, so she'd get the false impression that he didn't need to take any breaks at all.

The others all joked about what Brenda was doing while she was gone, especially since this time the sound of her cumming in the bathroom could almost be heard blocks away. They didn't even bother whispering anymore, since she was making such a racket.

Susan asked with a snicker, "What's she doing in there? Giving birth?"

"Nah," Katherine replied. "Not unless she's been storing the fetus in her boobs somehow. Personally, I think she's wrestling with an alligator that came up through the toilet." That set her off in a fit of giggles.

Even Suzanne got in on the discussion. "I think she's redecorating the bathroom with a sledgehammer and a team of axe-wielding Viking berserkers."

Since Brenda was still absent many minutes later, Susan lectured Katherine more extensively on the responsibilities and proprieties of tending to Alan's penis in front of others. She acted as if this had been a long-standing family tradition.

Everyone's arousal level had risen to near the breaking point. Suzanne was so horny that she had difficulty letting Alan take his much-needed strategic break. When she figured that he'd had about five minutes respite, she decided that she couldn't wait any longer. So, under the guise of joining in on Susan's conversation and giving tips to Katherine, she said, "Angel, one of the key duties of penis

tending that your mom's failed to mention is delivering him extreme, non-stop pleasure. As much as he can handle. Isn't that right, Susan?"

"Well, er, yes, of course. I was getting to that."

Suzanne nodded and continued, "We each have a role to play. Your mom knows I said we should keep our clothes on for Brenda's sake, so she's cleverly kept the cum on her face to help with Sweetie's visual stimulation. Angel, maybe you can play footsie with him under the table. As for me, since I'm the designated cock tender for the moment, I have to constantly find new and unexpected ways to stimulate his throbbing fat cock. So that's why I'm going to nibble on it for a while." She immediately ducked her head into his lap.

Because Susan was sitting on the other side of the table, she couldn't see much aside from the top of Suzanne's curly mass of reddish-brown hair bobbing up and down. She stood up to get a better look, while also fretting nervously. "I don't know... I would say that goes too far. But look how happy Tiger is... Suzanne, please hurry it up. We wouldn't want Brenda to get the wrong idea!"

Alan wasn't sure what the "wrong idea" was, considering how much they'd done in front of Brenda already. But he had other things on his mind, because he was riding a wave of great pleasure straight to orgasm. He grunted painfully. "Aunt Suzy! Gonna... BLOW!"

But Suzanne was way ahead of him. She'd felt his balls tensing up, ready to fire, so she squeezed the base of his shaft in a way that suppressed his ejaculatory response, continuing until the urge had passed.

That close call and his frantic attempt at PC muscle control had wiped him out, though, so she reverted to languid licking for a while.

During the relative lull in the action, Katherine complained to Susan, "Mom, how is it that you comment on how happy he is when Aunt Suzy sucks him, but when I was doing to same thing, all you did was complain about how 'improper' it was. I'd like you to know Brother has never once complained about my skills!"

Alan quickly chimed in to forestall any negative comment from Susan. "Yeah, Mom. Sis has been great. She's a natural talented sucker, and I love it even more because I love her so much. And given that I have to cum six times a day each and every day, her help is going to be vital."

Susan was going to complain because seeing her daughter sexually intimate with her son seemed "terribly improper" in her mind. Alan's words made her do a rethink, causing her to say, "I'm trying, Angel, I'm trying. You know it's not easy for me. I still think of you two as my darling little babies. Please have patience with me, okay?"

Katherine nodded. She figured that was the best she could hope for at this point.

Brenda came back a few minutes later, after about a ten minute absence. This time she looked like she had stumbled in from a back-alley gangbang. She'd made only cursory attempts to brush her hair back into place with her hands, and her skin was lightly flushed and sweaty all over, especially down in her cleavage.

Suzanne had intended to switch back to slowly jacking Alan off as soon as she heard the bathroom door open, but she'd started playing a game of sending Alan secret messages by licking the shapes of letters over his sweet spot. (Unfortunately, he was so overwhelmed by the varied stimulation that he didn't realize there was a pattern in her licking, so he'd failed to decipher her 'sweet nothing' love notes.) But attempting that had distracted Suzanne so much that she didn't notice Brenda's return until Brenda was standing above her with a shocked and lust-filled expression on her face.

Brenda looked poised on the edge of either lust or outrage. Katherine didn't know which outcome was more likely, so she made the cheeky comment, "Wow, I've never seen such a well-powdered nose."

That cleverly reminded Brenda of what she'd just been doing in the bathroom, and the fact that no one could have missed her piercing screams. The anger on her face vanished, leaving just her obvious lust.

Suzanne figured that as long as she was "busted" for doing this much, she might as well go all out. She brazenly engulfed his cockhead and began steadily bobbing over his sweet spot, all the while keeping her eyes on Brenda to gauge the reaction.

Brenda sat back down in her chair next to Alan, but kept her eyes on Suzanne's bobbing head, which was reaching over his lap from his other side. Brenda was seriously blissed out. She was fairly drunk from the wine they'd been imbibing throughout the evening, but she was even more drunk with the high from her repeated masturbation and everything she'd seen. She'd climaxed so many times already that it seemed to her as if the evening had been one endless orgasm. Ironically, she was still a little pissed off,

but only because she was used to being the center of attention when it came to sex, and it was clear that Alan would have been just as aroused if she hadn't even been there.

Nobody mentioned the elephant in the room, which was made all the more obvious by Suzanne's loud slurping noises. bender

Brenda thought, Fuck me, AGAIN! They're not saying anything because this is normal. They've been holding back for my sake. But this is how things truly are. What's odd is when Alan is NOT getting his great cock sucked! They're seriously going to wreck me. I'm ready to cry uncle and give up, and tell Suzanne to fucking get out of the way so I can take over!

However, she was somewhat more composed since she'd just recovered from her latest climax, so she was determined to hold out as long as she could.

Eventually, Katherine suggested, "So... should we play another hand?"

But Suzanne was still determined to see Brenda's boobs exposed, and so was Alan, though the two were operating independently of each other. She deemed it time to bring up the tit-measuring idea again, so she unexpectedly pulled her lips off Alan's crown and sat up. She wiped the pre-cum that was drooling down her chin with one hand, but did so sloppily so that the action would draw Brenda's attention. Meanwhile she kept on stroking Alan's shaft with her other hand.

She was about to speak when Brenda asked in a near whisper, "Is it... Is it good?"

"Are you kidding me? Brenda, don't you know how sweet and delicious his cum tastes? Here, try some." She swiped a big gob off the edge of her chin and brought it right to Brenda's lips. She made sure to keep her finger directly under Brenda's nose so that their buxom guest couldn't miss the unique aroma.

But just as Brenda stuck out her tongue to lick Suzanne's finger and taste the cum, Suzanne abruptly pulled her finger back. "Oh, sorry. I forgot you didn't want to get involved. Oh well. More cum for me!" She licked her finger clean, faking her way through an orgasm to further indicate the extent of Brenda's lost opportunity.

Brenda moaned and whimpered helplessly. She was crestfallen.

Susan exhaled noisily, then said in a disappointed voice: "Oh Brenda. I feel sorry for you. Not only does his cream taste delicious, maybe a bit like orange-flavored pudding, if there were such a thing, but even the skin of his cock tastes good! Maybe it's just my imagination" - it was - "but once you start licking and sucking on his fat knob, you'll never want to stop, due to the taste. In fact, you literally CAN'T stop! At least, not until he rewards you with a face full of creamy cum! It tastes that great!"

After a perfectly timed pause, she added, "Oh, sorry! I forgot you don't want to do that kind of thing. That's, uh, good. It's important to stand by one's principles. Whatever those happen to be."

Suzanne turned to Susan's cummy face. She couldn't entirely hide her pleasant surprise. Well played, Susan, well played! Maybe we'll make a schemer out of you yet!

To Suzanne's even greater surprise, Susan gave Suzanne a conspiratorial wink. They didn't have to worry about Brenda noticing, since Brenda eyes were fixed below the table, watching every last motion that Suzanne's hands were making on Alan's cock.

After a long pause in which nothing much happened, other than that Brenda got hotter and hotter watching Suzanne's sliding fingers, Suzanne asked, "By the way, Brenda, you know when I mentioned before that we should measure your breasts, I forgot to just ask what your size was. What bra do you wear, anyway?"

Brenda snapped back to attention and smiled proudly, finally able to shift the focus from Alan's cock to herself. "I'm a 34J."

"A J-cup?!" Suzanne said incredulously, even as she kept on stroking Alan's erection. "But you're so short. You're like six inches shorter than me, and yet you're saying you're that big?"

"Yep," Brenda said with eyes briefly closed and just a touch of smugness.

Alan was distracted, to say the least. But he didn't want to miss out on understanding, so he asked, "What's a J-cup exactly? I know the scale up to about an E, and then I get lost."

Suzanne replied, "A big tit lover like you doesn't have that scale memorized? It measures the circumference of a tape over the breasts minus one that's under the breasts but over the ribcage. It starts with AA for a 1/2 inch difference, then A for 1 inch, B for two inches, and so on. Every letter step represents an additional inch of tit-flesh. And of course for a given band size the tit volume goes up roughly with the third power of the cup size. With a K-cup, we're talking about small mountains, not just hills." The hand that was pumping on Alan's shaft was tiring, so she switched hands.

Susan added, "There are other scales too. Different English-speaking countries and companies do it differently. For instance, sometimes double-D and E are the same, while sometimes E is bigger than double-D. And don't get me started on triple-D. But by far the easiest scale to remember is the one that Suzanne just described. And then there's the metric scale used in continental Europe and Japan, where each change in bust size represents a 2 cm step, except sometimes even that doesn't hold."

Alan mentioned, "Wow! I've heard that Dolly Parton is a 30J, but she's only 5 feet tall. Pamela Anderson is something like a 36DD. What's everyone else's?" Actually, he knew the answer to this one, since he'd long ago peeked at the bras in the dirty-clothes hamper and in the dryer. But he was trying to keep the conversation on breast size going.

Suzanne elevated her exposed tits with one hand while making long strokes on his slicked-up shaft with the other. Somewhat surprisingly, everyone else still wore all their clothes. "Well, "DD" is just another way of writing "E", so Pamela Anderson is a 36E. I'm a 38G, Sweetie, and so is your mother; we're exactly the same size. We're a lot taller than Pamela Anderson, which is why we're 38s and not 36s like she is. Amy is a 36D, but she might have to move up to an E soon. We're late bloomers in our family. Katherine, I assume you're a 34D or 36D as well?"

"Yeah, 34D" Katherine said sullenly. She felt very inadequate in the chest department and wanted to change the topic. The earlier lecture by Susan also soured her mood. She was the least aroused and least involved in the group, since she felt jealous and worried about Brenda, but even she was having fun overall.

Alan said to her consolingly, "Hey, D is great. That's equal to or better than just about every famous movie actress. Most of them are B- and C-cups, if even that, wouldn't you say, Aunt Suzy?"

Suzanne nodded.

He couldn't help turn to Brenda and say, "But 34J? That's just crazy. There's no way. You're telling me you're the same bra size as Dolly Parton? She's already impossibly stacked."



"Yeah," Brenda pointed out, "but she's like five feet tall, if even that, so hers seem a couple sizes bigger. Height is important. Your mother and Suzanne look more like E-cups except they're so tall that they're actually two sizes bigger than that." The conversation was helping her sober up from her wanton fuck lust a little bit, mostly because it took her attention away from Alan's boner, and even from Suzanne's constantly swaying bare rack.

Alan persisted, "But 34J? Come on! You're not that tall either."

Chapter 380 Can't You Tell When A Woman Needs To Be FUCKED?

Brenda reveled in finally being the center of everyone's sexual attention. She said with pride and sass, "Hey, honey. If you don't believe it, measure them yourself."

Sweetness! he thought. I'm so all over that! But outwardly, he kept his cool. "Believe me, I'd like to. But you said earlier that you hate being touched. You practically walked out on us."

"I've changed my mind." Brenda was panting heavily again, as her eyes went back to ogling Alan's erection, especially the sight of Suzanne's hand slipping and sliding up and down, sped along by his copious pre-cum. Suzanne had her face down in his crotch, close to his stiffness where she could breathe on it. Clearly she was just managing to restrain herself from taking his shaft deep into her mouth.

Brenda found herself thinking, I can't believe I'm casually talking to some guy while another woman jacks him off and almost blows him! At a crowded family dining table, no less! And everyone's so casual about it, like she's just brushing against his arm or something! How much hotter can things possibly get?! Somehow, this is more arousing to watch than an entire orgy! It's like, they're not having sex with him, they're SERVICING him! What kind of powerful, commanding young man can compel all these bombshell beauties to service him?

I could just bend over right now... Suzanne's hardly doing anything to his cockhead at the moment other than breathing on it... I could just bend over and take his fat knob in my mouth! ... OH GOD! I could! And bob on him wildly while her fingers are sliding so fast that they turn into a blur. He wouldn't be able to resist! He'd... he'd... cum in my mouth, instead of theirs! OH GOD! Please!

Then Brenda realized that she'd been spacing out while the others were waiting for her. She needed to say more to justify her change of heart. "Uh, I mean, I don't want you to think I'm a liar. So if you feel that strongly about it, then go ahead." She added, breathlessly, "Do whatever you have to do to me." Yes, Alan! Do it to me! Do everything to me, right now! Spank me! Give me your cum!

Fortunately, everyone agreed that Brenda should be measured. Susan ran off to get the tape measure while the rest of the group moved into the living room. (As a result, Alan's hard-on was left untended, at least for a little while.)

Brenda sat up on a coffee table. She asked huskily, "Where would you like me, Alan? Would you like me like this?"

She spread her legs wide, which made Alan wonder, Why's she sitting like that? It's not like I'm measuring her pussy... at least not yet! Dang!

Her miniskirt naturally rode up to her waist when she spread her legs, which put her soaked white panties on prominent display. She was so overwhelmed (though more by lust than alcohol) that she didn't seem to know or care what she was showing. Presumably she wouldn't have wanted anyone to see just how soaking wet her crotch was. She was leaking so copiously that she created a small puddle on the table after sitting there just a couple of minutes.

The smell of wet pussy filled the air. By this time the other women were all very wet between their legs as well, especially Suzanne who had managed to secretly cum several times by touching her clit while working on Alan. Even so, the pungent smell of Brenda's sex overwhelmed all else.

Alan had also wondered about her wording. She said, "Where would you like me?" Is this some not-so-subtle message? She's spreading her legs for me, and she seems to want me to be the one who measures her, and not anyone else. I wish I could be as brave as the others want me to be.

Mom said I should just be a real man and take control of a woman. On the other hand, Brenda's the angry, moody type. If we go too far, she may never want to talk to us again, and there's no way I'd want that. Plus, Aunt Suzy says to play hard to get. I need to keep seeing this improbably-proportioned woman. And what a cute face! It's almost like a baby face at times. No way am I going to mess this up. Just imagine if I could fuck THIS piece of ass. Wow. I'm going to take it really easy, and let her take the lead at every step so she can't complain.

He was so busy thinking that he didn't get around to answering her question. But it didn't really matter, because she appeared lost in her own blissful world.

They all were waiting for Susan to return with the tape measure. Alan sat on a sofa with his boner erect and sticking straight out, while Suzanne sat on one side of him and Katherine sat on the other.

Brenda kept that lewd pose while thinking, Alan, what are you waiting for? Can't you tell when a woman needs to be FUCKED?! Pull my panties aside. Better yet, take 'em off. Then just slliiiiide on in! It'll be like cutting through butter! Your cock is huge and my pussy's tight, but I'll make it fit! What a SNUG, perfect fit! I don't care who sees us! Just do it, in front of your mother, and your sister, and everyone!

She opened her eyes, half expecting to see Alan's cock about to plunge into her depths. But instead she realized that Suzanne was taking advantage of the pause to bend over and lick Alan's cockhead for a minute or two. Dammit! Fuck, fuck, fuck! So fucking hot! Enough cocksucking already! Bring that magnificent pussy-splitter over here and use it to really split my pussy!

Susan returned with the tape measure and handed it to Alan. She couldn't help but notice the way Suzanne was lapping up and down Alan's shaft, but this time she didn't protest.

He coughed, then said, "Uh, Brenda, before we start, it would be better if you take your top off. 'Cos, you know, the fabric is pretty thick and it might give us the wrong results."

"Better?" she asked dumbly, as she tried to focus on his words. She didn't understand how he could talk calmly with a topless goddess like Suzanne bobbing in his lap. "Ah, yes. Better without the top. I agree completely. Here goes!"

To be honest, Brenda had been dying to take her top off, so she was glad to finally have an excuse. She removed her top, but it took some time since she was a bit drunk and the top was very tight. She struggled with pulling it over her head, which gave Alan a great chance to see her bare chest shake for the first time.

Then she took off her long gloves, though there was no measurement need for that. She put her hands on her miniskirt, and seemed ready to take that off too. But then her hands stopped moving and just lingered there, holding the hem of her skirt.

She finally looked up and laughed, because she was so incredibly overjoyed.

Alan and the others all stared at her naked chest in pure amazement. She was accustomed to such stares, even though very few people had ever been lucky enough to see her totally topless.

Suzanne had been just as keen to see Brenda topless as Alan, so she stopped sucking and licking and sat up to have a good look. She still jacked him off as she gawked, and her wanton excitement was reflected in the way she happily pumped on Alan's rod.

Brenda had briefly forgotten about Alan's exposed dick when she begun to undress. But with Suzanne's hands enthusiastically slipping and squishing along his slickness, Brenda's eyes drifted downward, causing her to gasp again.

Alan could hear Brenda mutter, "Snake ... big snake..."

His eyes followed Brenda's down into his own lap. He also was a bit surprised to notice that he was being jacked off. He was somewhat drunk, like everyone else, and over the course of the evening his penis had been either held, lightly fondled, jacked off, or sucked for hours. He'd often lost track exactly what was happening to his dick at any given moment; the only thing he knew for sure was that he'd felt good all evening long.