

6 Times 381

Chapter 381 This Has Got To Be Heaven On Earth!

Brenda stared at Alan's crotch while everyone else stared at her exposed and lightly bouncing boobs.

Alan pretended that his boner wasn't sticking straight out from his body, much less being stroked by Suzanne. He was the first to break the spell when he said, "Brenda? Um, I guess it's time to do the measuring. Are you ready?"

"I'm ready, Alan. I'm ready for you! Do it to me!" She cupped her gigantic globes enticingly. Now that he's got my top off, he'll be fucking me soon! Or fucking my tits at the very least. I'd love that! The others will all burn with jealousy when they see his long dick completely disappear between my tit-pillows! She snickered with glee.

Alan noticed that Brenda began to shudder. He looked down at her crotch, which was still spread wide. That revealed even more juices running from her hole. Her panties were nearly invisible thanks to being so thoroughly soaked; they hid absolutely nothing.

He finally stood up, even though that meant leaving the pleasures of Suzanne's talented hand. He still made no attempt to tuck his engorged dick away, and of course nobody objected.

He brought the tape measure up to Brenda's chest and wrapped it around her back, but aside from that he didn't know what to do. He felt intimidated when it came to actually touching her gargantuan tits, so he just held both ends of the tape measure away from them. He fidgeted and then asked, "What am I supposed to do now?"

Suzanne stood up and rushed to his rescue. She was glad for an opening where she too could grope Brenda's tits. "Here." She put her hands over his and guided his hands down. "You measure her below the boobs and then right across the nipples."

She brushed her fingers across Brenda's nipples as if that were necessary for Alan's understanding.

Brenda shuddered as tingles ran down her spine.

"Sweetie, the bra size is based on the number of inches difference from here to here. Two gives you a B cup, three gives you a C cup, et cetera. Measure from here to here like this." Suzanne lightly brushed Brenda's remarkably extended nipples a few more times, just because she could.

Suzanne's hands then guided Alan's hand to where he needed to take the first measurement, and then she let go and reattached herself to his hard-on. Naturally, she immediately resumed stroking it. She remained pressed into Alan's side, with her other hand on Brenda's shoulder, supporting her. (Brenda was so out of it that she had been in danger of falling.)

Brenda, who had her eyes glued to Alan's crotch anyway, again noticed Suzanne's impressive tactile performance on his erection. But she asked, as if she hadn't seen anything up until that moment, "Wh-wh-what are you d-d-d-doing, Suzanne?"

Suzanne explained in her sultry, rough voice, "Your big tits seem to have made him even more excited than before, so he needs extra help. His medical needs, you know. After all, it's still my turn to take care of him. If you mind, just let me know and I'll stop."

"No!" cried Brenda and Alan at once.

Alan meanwhile did the first measurement and then placed the tape measure directly over Brenda's breasts. But he still hesitated about touching her.

"Just touch them already!" Brenda herself complained. "I want you to. I don't bite."

"I thought you got annoyed when-"

"Go ahead," she interrupted. "This is different. Do what you want. I don't mind when it's you."

"Okay." He placed both hands on her tits, cupping them from below.

Brenda let out a loud moan and shivered all over. Oh! He's so good! Actually, all he'd done was cup her boobs, which anyone could have done. But she'd built him up so much in her mind that his every touch

seemed magical. Her skin tingled and trembled wherever he touched her as his fingers started to explore her immense tit pillows.

"Wow! They feel real." He was starting to get to know different kinds of breasts. Out of all the breasts he's fondled, the only ones which he was sure were augmented were Heather's. Brenda's felt better and softer than Heather's, in addition to seeming more than double their size.

"Of course they're real," Brenda replied with pride.

Alan still held the tape measure in his hands, trying to figure out what to do with it, even as he groped her as surreptitiously he could. He looked around for Katherine or Susan to see if they might help, only to discover that they were each staring intently at his crotch. They'd taken seats behind Brenda, which was a poor location if they wanted to look at Brenda's front side but a great one from which to watch Suzanne stroking Alan's boner while out of Brenda's sight. His own view was blocked from seeing their crotches, but their frantic arm movements left no doubt that they were each masturbating.

He asked, "Aunt Suzy, where am I supposed to put it exactly? You said right across the nipples, but hers are so extended. That's going to make a big difference in the measurement, just from the nipple length factor. Should I go just above them?"

Suzanne moved in with her non-stroking hand. She grabbed Brenda's left tit, then tweaked a nipple. "Hmmm. I see what you mean. They are big. Those are some erect nipples, that's for sure. Brenda, what's got you so excited?"

Brenda panted incredulously, "Are you fucking kidding me?!" The entire night had been like one continuous climax after another for her.

Suzanne seemed to ignore that, telling Alan, "Just go right over them and pull the tape measure tight." She reluctantly let go after more tweaking and pulling of both nipples, to focus more of her concentration on jacking off her quasi-nephew.

Brenda just moaned loudly; her need was becoming increasingly apparent.

"Maybe if I can just push them in," he suggested.

"Good idea!" Suzanne said, even though she knew full well that that was just an excuse for him to play with Brenda's nipples some more, and that's exactly what he did.

Brenda was dizzy with arousal. Her head lolled around; her entire body was limp and pliable. Hell! Fucking hell! He's too good! He's gonna make me cum again and again if he keeps touching them like that!

He waited until she did in fact have an orgasm. After that, he needed a break, because he was close to his own climax. Even Suzanne needed a break to give her arm a rest, after stroking him for so long.

So, with nothing else to do, Alan finally finished measuring Brenda's tits. When he pulled the tape measure tight, pushing her nipples back into her soft mountains, her moaning increased, and then she trembled from yet another orgasm.

He had been unusually intimidated and hesitant with her. But once he dropped the tape measure, something inside him snapped. He should have let go at that point, but instead he cupped her tits from below and began kneading her supple tit-flesh.

Brenda abandoned all pretense of merely being measured. She tilted her head back and moaned long and loud.

That greatly encouraged him. With Suzanne continuing to jack him off, he forgot about any limits. Not only did he fondle her immense melons any way he wanted, his hands roamed all over the rest of her upper body too. But, not surprisingly, he spent most of his time on her big tits. He particularly loved to pull on her long nipples as well as sink his fingers deep into her soft tit-flesh.

One could tell Brenda was in Heaven from the way she panted and groaned. It sounded like she was getting royally fucked, and she actually was enjoying small orgasms every now and then.

Susan was particularly transfixed. At one point she whispered to Katherine, "Watch and learn. Tiger is taming Brenda right before our eyes!"

Alan was so emboldened that he eventually started to fondle his way further down her body. He wanted to feel her hips without any clothing in the way, so when he got that far, he simply yanked her skirt down past her knees. It slid the rest of the way down her legs and off her altogether.

Then he went back for her panties. He had some mercy on her and only yanked them down enough to completely expose her pussy and ass. Then he went to town exploring her fantastic buttocks, including her ass crack. She obliged by shifting positions to give him better access. However, he avoided touching her pussy, if only because he'd gotten used to that being a "no go" zone with Susan and Suzanne.

Brenda could tell that he'd slid her panties down her thighs, but she didn't make any attempt to pull them back up. My GOD! I'm effectively totally naked! He can see everything! But I don't care! It's just like Susan says: the first thing he does is get your clothes off. Then he makes you kneel. And SUCK! God damn! I'm nothing but putty in his hands! Gaawwwd, I love what he's doing to my ass! My whole body! I've never felt like such a total SLUT! HIS slut! He's marking me, proving his ownership in front of all the others!

The only problem is, he's not touching my hot CUNT! I want him to. Touch me, Alan, especially there!bender

Without anyone telling her to do so, Brenda put her hands behind her head. It made her feel even more submissive and controlled, and she got off on that like a cat rolling in a pile of catnip. Her eyes had been closed most of the time, but as she slipped deeper and deeper into her overwhelming lust, she simply couldn't stop watching Suzanne's two hands sliding all over Alan's slippery erection.

Alan kept going until he was right on the verge of orgasm. He could tell that Suzanne was worked up and wasn't going to stop stroking his boner, so he had to do something before there was a cummy explosion. No one had spoken a coherent word for minutes, until he said, "Okay, I declare the measuring job done!"

That made Suzanne laugh, because she'd forgotten all about the measuring pretense.

Alan reached to his own crotch and pulled Suzanne's hands away. Then he picked the tape measure up again. With the tape tight across her nipples once more, he announced, "Okay, she's 34 inches below the breasts and about 44 or 45 inches above. It's hard to tell there, even with her nipples compressed by the tape, because they're so long and stiff. They're also really hot." He slowly ran a hand across her bare ass cheeks, just because he knew he could and she wouldn't stop him.

Brenda shivered, then groaned out loud, "So long, so stiff, and soooo hooottt ..." She stared at Alan's exposed erection hungrily, making it obvious that what she thought was long, stiff, and hot was something quite different than what he had been referring to.

Suzanne followed Brenda's gaze. Even though Alan had rather forcefully removed her hands only a minute earlier, she was way too horny to behave, so she resumed her stroking of his visibly-throbbing boner.

Brenda watched in disbelief. This place is incredible! He's put the tape measure down again, and now he's just blatantly exploring my breasts and my ass, even while Suzanne is STILL jacking him off! The only thing women do around here is pleasure this boy's great big cock! It's like... they exist only to serve him, and if they don't do a good enough job, he spanks the hell out of them!

Oh God! Where do I sign up?! This has got to be Heaven on Earth!

Brenda could feel an epic climax coming on, but she wasn't quite there. So she reached up, grabbed Alan's fingers (which were continuing to caress the sensitive undersides of her gigantic tits), and forced them to pinch her nipples again. Hard. Then she screamed and started to collapse, even as a surprising amount of liquid ran from her pussy and puddled on the floor.

Alan had to hold Brenda up by her breasts, but the angle was awkward given Suzanne's continued firm hold on his pre-cum soaked erection. His knees started to buckle from the strain.

Suzanne saw his problem and let go of his cock, which allowed him to straighten up and turn toward Brenda to hold her squarely. However, that caused his erection to slip between her trembling legs. Just knowing where his dick was positioned was exciting him too much, leaving him feeling on the verge of cumming. But he couldn't do anything about it, since Brenda was still in danger of falling. He pivoted so that he could brace her quivering legs along a slightly raised thigh, using one arm to hold her around the waist.

That worked. With the situation more or less safe, he closed his eyes and paused just to get his breathing and libido under control. It was all that he could do not to cum. He thanked his lucky stars that his dick wasn't actually brushing up against her skin, because that would probably have pushed him over the edge.

At that moment Suzanne again took firm hold of his stiffness and resumed her stroking.

He wasn't happy about that, because he knew that if merely touching Brenda was too much, there was no way he could hold out against Suzanne's talented stimulation. He tried hard to delay matters, but the extremely urgent sensation in his dick couldn't be denied for long. He thought it would be impolite to cum on Brenda, but that's what was going to happen unless something changed, and soon. He desperately needed to relieve the pressure in his balls.

He shuddered and said, "Would everyone close their eyes?" He looked back towards Katherine and Susan, sitting near him. They looked hot and bothered too, and their hands were still obviously down around their pussies. "Please?" he said more urgently. "I'm about to shoot any second! Aunt Suzy, can you help me avoid a mess?"

"Sure thing, Sweetie." She dropped to her knees and took his cock in her mouth.

Brenda was supposed to keep her eyes closed, but she barely made a pretense of doing that, and even that for only a few seconds. "OH GOD!" she screamed, overawed by what she was seeing. She'd cum so much already, her pussy felt nearly numb.

The touch of Suzanne's wet mouth on the tip of Alan's pulsing pole pushed him over the edge instantly, before she could even engulf him thoroughly. He closed his eyes and held on with all his might, still clenching his PC muscle to delay his firing for a few more seconds. But he knew he couldn't last long, so he shouted, "I'm losing it!"

Suzanne knew he was past the point of no return, so she suckled him even more enthusiastically instead of letting up. She tried to be as loud and sloppy about it as possible, so even those with their eyes closed would know exactly what was happening.

Brenda screamed loudly, as if she were being vigorously fucked. She wasn't, but this time she felt directly involved in his climax, because he was still loosely holding her upper arms.

Katherine and Susan had also been asked to keep their eyes closed, but they too only did so for a few seconds. Then they watched avidly and sped up their masturbation as Suzanne's mouth rode Alan's jerking, shaking pole like a cowboy riding a bucking bronco.

Alan staggered about, straightening the leg he still held against Brenda.

Brenda straightened out also, standing upright and pulling away from his leg while pivoting to get a better look at Suzanne's head where it bobbed in his crotch.

He instinctively leaned out and held Brenda's shoulders for support for long seconds as his cum continued to shoot from his pulsing dick into Suzanne's mouth.

Brenda, however, was still too wobbly to stand unassisted. She fell forward, pressing her massive, soft, bare tits into his chest, doubling the pleasure of his continued explosive release.

He found himself hugging and squeezing Brenda's topless body as he continued to cum into Suzanne's greedy mouth. Had he been more with it, he would have taken more advantage of groping Brenda's bounteous chest, but as it was he just clung to her for support, as she was doing to him.

Suzanne had originally intended to swallow his load in the usual way, but at the very last second she'd had a devilish thought. Just to inflame Brenda's desire ever further, she took his still spurting dick out of her mouth and lay back on the sofa she'd been sitting on. Holding his pulsing pole a foot or two from her face, she had him spurt the rest of his load all over her face.

It felt like being under Niagara Falls: his cum just kept coming and coming. Most of it hit her square in the mouth, and then found its way down her throat. But a good amount hit her cheeks and chin, then dribbled down her neck.

Brenda could hardly believe her eyes as she saw rope after rope fly toward Suzanne from the tip of Alan's erection. There were about ten ropes in all, more than she'd ever seen a guy cum in a single orgasm. She was so shaken by the sight that she found herself shouting, "Do it! Shoot some more!"

She rubbed her essentially naked body against his like a cat in heat scratching against a post, hoping that would help coax out more of his cum. It did.

The groans of the others made it clear that Brenda wasn't the only one who was staggered by the torrent of cum flooding Suzanne's face. There wasn't a dry seat in the room.

Chapter 382 I Had A Great Time.-Brenda

When Suzanne sensed that Alan was done cumming, she sat up, pulled his shorts up his legs, put his softening penis back in his shorts, and started to zip him up.

Susan was distraught to see that. "Suzanne! What are you doing?!" She didn't even give Suzanne a chance to reply, because she knew what Suzanne would say. "Don't you know that his dick and balls always need to be cleaned off afterward? Here, if you're not going to do it, I will."

He reluctantly pushed Brenda away and propped her back up, one hand cupping a tit, the other on her shoulder. Even now, he still had enough energy and interest to fondle her amazing rack a bit longer.

As everyone watched, Susan stripped down to just her high heels and knelt in front of Alan. She cupped his balls, but before she started her cleaning, she said to Brenda, "You have no idea how embarrassed I am at having to do this in front of everyone. But I'm one of my son's personal cocksuckers, and it's a task, duty, and pleasure that I take very seriously. It's something that really needs to be done while naked. Keeping his privates clean is a big part of the job!"

They all just stood or sat around, watching Susan lick away. She did feel extremely self-conscious, so she kept her "cleaning" short. She mostly just wanted to make her point, and to see Brenda's reaction.

It was hard to tell how Brenda was really taking it, since their very busty guest just stared slack-jawed. She did finally remember to pull her panties back up, even though they were wetter than wet. However, that embarrassed her even more, since just pulling them up made all sorts of lewd squishy sounds, which caused all eyes to look at her.

Once Susan finished her 'cleaning' and stood back up, Suzanne said blithely, "Shall we go back to our cards?" The idea of restarting the card game was quite unexpected by the rest, considering everything that had just happened, but that was Suzanne's intention.

Brenda looked around. If she excluded her soaked panties, then Katherine and Alan were the only ones wearing some clothes. That made the nakedness of the others, including herself, even more staggering. She stared at Suzanne incredulously. "Um, excuse me, but your face is still all... well, wet."bender

Susan held her head proudly and explained, "So what? Look at all the cum on me. That's how Tiger marks us. When you see Suzanne covered in cum like that, is there any doubt to whom she belongs?"

Suzanne looked a little sheepish after that explanation, but made no attempt to deny it or to clean her face.

Brenda thought, Oh sweet Jesus! She belongs to him! They both do! It's like they live to serve him and his cock. Susan called herself his "personal cocksucker," and she means it. She's his MOTHER! Fuck me! I want my face marked exactly like theirs. No, not want; I need it!

Katherine also felt a bit left out, because she wanted her face marked too.

Susan saw her daughter's sad look and wanted to help, but in truth there wasn't much cum left on her face after what she'd eaten and rubbed into her skin. So she walked right up to a now standing Suzanne and asked, "May I?"

Suzanne wasn't sure what Susan was asking permission about, but she replied "Sure" anyway. After all, Susan was her best friend and had her complete trust.

Susan swiped one hand across Suzanne's right cheek, then her other hand across Suzanne's left cheek. Then she turned to Katherine and said, "Here you go, Angel, my darling." She swiped both cummy hands across her daughter's cheeks and chin, making her nearly as cum-covered as the other two. She even fed some of the cum directly into her daughter's mouth.

Brenda had been lying down and recovering. She'd just managed to sit up when she saw that. Overwhelmed again, she fell back down. Her thoughts came out in gasps, just like her ragged breath. No! Mother! Daughter! Cum! God! Help! Too much! Do me! Someone, do me too! Cum... on my face! HIS cum! Need it!

Eventually, all the others, except Brenda, started back toward the dining room where their cards still lay on the table. No one bothered to get dressed at all, except for Alan who tucked his penis away and zipped up his fly now that he was completely flaccid.

Brenda was so out of it that Susan had to come back and assist her into the other room. As she did, she whispered in Brenda's ear so that no one else could hear. "When Alan marks your face like that - and he will; you know it already in your heart - you will belong to him and only to him. You'll be one of his sex helpers, one of his sluts, just like the rest of us. He will totally dominate you and possess you and control you. You'll never think of another man again; you'll live to suck his cock, just like I do!"

Susan's words were seemingly unlikely, because a part of her wasn't keen on Brenda having a big place in Alan's life, due to her envy of Brenda's bigger boobs, plus concerns about sharing Alan's limited time. But she also was aware that Brenda was somehow going to play a big role in their lives from that point on, if only because Brenda knew their incest secret as well as an increasing number of other secrets about their sex lives.

In this area, Susan was operating on instinct. At some gut level she felt that Brenda was a kindred spirit, a sister who needed to be sexually submissive just as she was. She was using that comment to test whether that assessment was really the case. If so, she could see Brenda becoming a good friend over time, because they'd have so much in common.

But part of the problem was simply that Susan couldn't stop herself from boasting; her pride at her son's sexual prowess knew no bounds.

Susan's words served to further fry Brenda's overwhelmed brain. She was so out of it that she had left her top back in the living room. Even though her tits now bounced up and down like a yo-yo with every step she took, she seemed completely unconcerned that she was mostly naked. Not only that, but her pussy area was so wet that her panties literally squished as she walked.

By this point she looked like she was stoned, or a zombie, and that wasn't too far from the truth. On top of everything else, the words Susan had whispered to her had hit her like nothing else in her life. It had been such an enormous revelation and epiphany, to consider herself being dominated by Alan and fully devoted to serving him sexually, that it was almost too much for her to even think about directly.

Susan was disappointed that Brenda didn't reply to her comments. But she realized Brenda was probably too far gone to say much anyway.

Once they'd all sat back down at the dining room table, Suzanne dealt another hand of cards.

Alan was fairly amazed that they would continue playing, especially given Brenda's blissed-out condition. He'd assumed that the night's real fun was over, but he was willing to roll with the punches. He loved how Brenda, Suzanne, and Susan sat there topless; he figured that probably would inspire his dick to get hard again before long.

He thought aloud, "Yep, I believe it now. Brenda really is a K-cup. Thirty-four inches below the breasts, plus ten, is 44. Even with her unreal nipples, that's a J-cup. Whoa!"

Brenda interrupted, panting, "I'm 44-29-39! A 34K is about a quart and a half of breast tissue per boob." She was too tired to thrust her tits out, so she just cupped them from underneath and held them up. Somehow, that was easier.

Suzanne teased, "Uh-oh. Seems like we haven't quite sorted it out. Is it eight inches or nine? Hey, that's just like Alan's cock. Isn't that a coincidence? Sweetie, you just might have to measure her again." She playfully added, "This time, you can take your time about it."

Brenda cried out, "Oh God! Sweet Jesus! Please!" Her whole body shivered.

Alan couldn't tell if she meant "please do" or "please don't, I can't take any more." He also couldn't tell, or quite believe, that she'd just had another orgasm. But he knew that he couldn't use any more excitement at that moment, while his penis was still recovering, so he just said, "Either way, it's totally unreal. And they're so soft. They're seriously like pillows or marshmallows or something. How on Earth do they stay up so high? Brenda, you could, like, thwack yourself in the face with those."

Brenda giggled, which caused her chest to jiggle and heave. "Yep! That's happened. I got a black eye once, running to answer the phone naked." She laughed some more. She was almost delirious.

Katherine had been fairly quiet for a while. She was aroused by it all; how could anyone watching not be? But she also was increasingly sullen from boob envy. That was the main reason why she'd kept in the background and kept all her clothes on, since she didn't want her body to be compared with those of the three ultra-busty older women.

Furthermore, she was really worried that Brenda would be angry when she finally recovered her senses, so she asked, "Brenda, you're not going to be angry with us tomorrow, are you?"

Brenda giggled some more. "I don't know what I'll remember tomorrow. I hope I remember something, because this is way too much fun. No, Alan has been quite a gentleman. It's cute how he's too shy to touch me."

Alan tried to think. He certainly didn't remember being a gentleman, especially given the way he'd taken liberties while supposedly trying to measure her bust. The way he remembered it, he'd blatantly fondled every part of her but her pussy for at least five minutes.

Brenda went on, "Speaking of touching, Alan, don't you need to, like, air out your shorts or something? You know, whip out your big cock again? I mean, um, take your penis out? And if, you know, you have to be helped some more, maybe I should be the one to help this time. Especially if I was partly the cause of the problem in the first place. ... That is, you know... I could even... with my mouth..."

Alan didn't say a word, but gave his answer by letting his penis hang out of his shorts again. It was already regaining its stiffness, primarily due to Brenda's continuing partial nakedness. But in fact he didn't really want another orgasm, even if Brenda were to help. His penis still needed to recover from the previous busy day. He also remembered Suzanne's advice to leave Brenda wanting more, so he acted as if he hadn't heard her last few words, even though his action suggested otherwise.

Suzanne wasn't sure what Alan's blank expression meant. Was he still on the same page, or had he mentally checked out for a while as he recovered from such an overwhelming sexual onslaught? She wandered up to him and whispered quietly in his ear, "Sweetie, remember that you need to play hard to get with her. Deny her what she wants now and it'll pay off later. Really torture her and tease her and rub in the fact that she's not getting any of your sweet cum. Trust me on this."

He nodded, glad that his own idea about playing hard to get matched with Suzanne's. He was in a restrained post-orgasmic mood, which was good for tormenting Brenda a bit. He finally responded to the rest of her comment. "Thanks, Brenda, but you're not offering to give me a blowjob, are you? Because I know you would never do something like that."

She looked at him with surprise and stammered without speaking.

He continued, "I know you're not some kind of cum-crazed cock hound, are you? That doesn't seem like you. The reason you're panting right now isn't because you're desperate to have me take my cock and shove it in your mouth, so you can swirl your tongue all around it, right?"

She shook her head 'No', more in a state of shock than anything else, even though in her mind she was screaming "Yes!" She'd expected many things, but not rejection, and she couldn't really deal with it. She stared down at the now fully-erect boner poking up from his crotch, and whimpered with lusty need.

He went on, "I thought not. It's a good thing too, because I already have all the big-titted cock helpers I can handle right here in this room. If you wanted to lick my cock, you'd have to wait your turn, unfortunately. The thing is, I'd prefer to have my very own mother or sister or aunt suck me off whenever I need, at any hour of the day or night. And they do. You should have seen Mom yesterday; she was on her hands and knees worshipping my fuck rod all day long, starting when she woke me up with her mother's-alarm-clock blowjob. And then there's Aunt Suzy. I need her just as much. No one beats her for technique. She even knows how to deep throat me."

Katherine and Susan were very surprised to hear that. They both shot jealous glances in Suzanne's direction.

Suzanne acted obtuse, as if she hadn't noticed those glances.

He went on, "And Sis, she's kind of new to some things, but she's catching up fast. She does everything with complete love, and I love her more than words could possibly say. So it's a good thing you don't want to feel my throbbing hot dick thrusting in and out of your mouth, because I don't know how I'd be able to work you into my busy schedule."

"Oh, God, no!" Brenda cried out.

He wasn't sure what she meant by 'no,' and perhaps neither did she.

"I have to, I have to, um, use the bathroom again," she panted, but she didn't rise. She was too out of it to make it all the way there on her own anyway. His rejection hit her like yet another lightning bolt, somehow exciting her more than anything else she could remember. She'd never before been rejected physically, so, ironically, the rejection doubled her desire for Alan, even though her desire was already way off the charts.

Her hands were underneath the table, and seconds later Alan saw all the muscles in her body go from a tensed state to a relaxed one. Then a curious expression appeared on her face. She looked like someone

who'd just peed in her pants, which wasn't far from what had happened, except that it wasn't pee and she wasn't wearing pants.

In fact, she'd had another ejaculatory orgasm, though no one knew that at the time. No one had noticed her first one either, because she'd been wearing panties (which blocked her spray) and only Suzanne was aware that women could even have such orgasms.

Alan peered around the table. Both Susan and Katherine had their hands underneath the table and appeared to be happily sawing away at their own pussies some more. Katherine in particular had gotten extremely comfortable. Her entire crotch was exposed to Alan from where he was sitting, so he could clearly see her fingers sink in and out her pussy.

Suzanne had more control, thanks to her own recent climaxes, so she kept her hands on top of the table. She gave Alan a puzzled look, as if saying, "Why are you trying to scare her off?" But that was just because she was worried that he'd go too far. She liked how he was pushing Brenda's buttons, but was concerned that he not overdo it.

Brenda was now slumped down in her chair, completely overcome. The only reason she wasn't frigging herself further was that she was too wasted from her previous orgasm to even move. Her body continued to shudder every few seconds, as if Alan's words and all that she had seen were like bolts of electricity that kept firing into her long after he'd finished speaking.

Suzanne stood up. She'd reviewed the entire situation and concluded that Brenda had been pushed to the limit for one evening. She said, "I don't think we should play any more cards tonight. Brenda, you seem tired. Why don't you take a little nap in the living room? You're in no shape to drive home like this."

"Okay," Brenda said in a small voice. "Thanks, y'all. I had a great time." She closed her eyes.

Chapter 383 Dang What A Day!

Suzanne picked up Brenda and physically carried her back to the living room. For Suzanne, a fit woman with an Amazon-size physique, carrying the smaller and totally limp Brenda was no trouble at all.

Brenda fell deeply asleep the instant Suzanne put her down on a sofa.

Katherine went to bed upset. She hadn't had as much fun as the others. She hoped that Alan was sincere in saying that he had no special interest in Brenda, but she rather doubted it, not after everything that had just happened. She was depressed by the prospect of having to compete for his attention with another incredibly beautiful, stacked woman, but she didn't know what she could do about it.

On the other hand, Susan was too blissed out on her sexual high to think very much. What thoughts she did have were quite conflicted. On the one hand, she eagerly welcomed Alan's domination of Brenda as further proof of his unstoppable sexual prowess. But on the other hand, she couldn't shake her jealous feelings towards Brenda and her oversized breasts. She lingered in the kitchen instead of going to bed, mostly waiting for Alan to go upstairs so she could give him her goodnight kiss and tuck-in.

Suzanne called out to Alan, "Sweetie, can you come over here?"

He walked over to where Brenda was lying on the sofa. "What is it?"

"I need some help here. We need to take her panties off. I'll lift her hips up while you slip them off."

"Wait a second. Why are we doing that?"

"Look at her! She's completely soaked. Her panties are gross. She'll catch a cold. It's like sleeping in a puddle, except in this case it's a puddle of her own cum. We have to dry her off and cover her up."

So Alan did as he was told; he not only took off her panties, he washed and dried her crotch with a towel. Needless to say, he had a great view of her privates as he did that. Her pussy lips were open and her inner membranes glistened with her recent juices.

He didn't realize it, but his overly-rough rubbing of Brenda's pussy with the towel caused her to wake up.

She kept her eyes closed, as she didn't want anyone to know that she knew what was going on. She wanted to find out what they would do and say.

"Why am I the one to do this?" Alan asked Suzanne rather belatedly, as he wiped Brenda clean of her copious juices. He noted that the mere act of wiping her vulva seemed to trigger an automatic response, causing her to secrete more juices, requiring him to wipe the area yet again. He kept repeating the process, but made little headway. Dang! The way things are going, I'm going to need a second towel!

He turned to Suzanne and asked, "Wouldn't it be better if you did this?"

"Sweetie, you have to know something about me. My heart is in the right place, but sometimes my ethics waver just a little bit when it comes to sex. If I did the cleaning, I just might decide that my tongue could do a better job than the towel. Whereas I know that YOU would never take advantage of a sleeping woman."

That excuse was partially true, but Suzanne also simply delighted in putting him in challenging sexual situations.

She added, "Please don't think any less of me, Sweetie. I try, but I'm helplessly enslaved to my own passions." Just to delight in her own irony, she continued, "You wouldn't believe some of the amoral sexual schemes I've dreamt up over the years to cheat on my husband."

Alan, of course, had no idea that her grandest scheme of all was his six-times-a-day treatment.

Suzanne made numerous (and luckily, mostly positive) comments about Brenda's physique while Alan continued to clean her sweaty, cummy body. "Look at her nipples. Even when she's asleep they're longer and harder than any of ours when we're fully aroused. How strange. What kind of clothing could she possibly wear that wouldn't leave her looking like her nipples were bursting through the fabric?"

Brenda struggled to keep her eyes closed; she was dying of curiosity to find out what Alan would do next. She hoped he would be bold. But at the same time she was upset that Suzanne could want to do exactly what Alan was doing, because she had a very strong aversion to any hint of lesbian activity.

Suzanne said, "What a juicy twat. I don't think it's getting any drier. Maybe the rough towel you're using is the problem. I think you should use your fingers."

Brenda struggled mightily not to open her eyes and curse a blue streak in response to the "juicy twat" comment.

"Aunt Suzy! She's sleeping! I can't take advantage of her like that!"

"Then can I?"

Brenda just managed to avoid stiffening in rage, but at the same time her pussy's drooling increased as she waited with bated breath to be fingered. She was torn between anger and needy frustration.

Alan just frowned; he didn't find Suzanne's question very funny.

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "I'm just joking, Mr. Boy Scout. But you do have to admit you're tempted. Am I right or what? Just look at that body! And her cunt. It's so wet but tight; I can just tell. She's gonna be a great fuck when you finally take her. You have to admit she has a great cunt, don't you?"

Brenda was so upset that steam was about to pour from her ears. If anyone had bothered to look at her face, they would have known immediately that she was awake from the way she was tightly squinting and clenching her teeth. Fortunately, she had so many other enticing body parts to view that no one was looking anywhere near her face.

Suzanne's titillating comments didn't make Alan's pussy-cleaning task any easier. After another nudge, followed by her asking "Well?", he finally said, "Okay, I'll admit she's got a pretty great cunt."

Suzanne goaded him, "Look how puffy and engorged those lips are. Wouldn't they look good wrapped around your plundering cock?"

"Aunt Suzy! Come on! I'm trying to work here. It's hard enough as it is."

She reached down and briefly fondled his flaccid penis. "Unfortunately, it's not. If it was, I'd rub it and suck it until you squirted all over Brenda's mountains. Just imagine her waking up all covered in your sticky goo! Wouldn't that be a hoot?"

"No!" he griped. "We're trying to clean her."

Brenda was so mentally torn that she wanted to scream out in frustration. She hated the way Suzanne must be ogling her, but she really liked the way Suzanne was encouraging Alan to do nasty things to her busty and helpless body. When he admitted that Brenda had a "pretty great cunt," she wanted to leap for joy. (Never mind that she'd been ready to explode in anger when Suzanne had said the exact same thing - her thoughts were warped by her lust and desire.) But then, when she heard that he wasn't even erect, she was ready to break down and cry. Again, the only reason no one realized that Brenda was awake was because no one was bothering to look above her neck.

Alan eventually finished cleaning her as best he could, even though he never did get her completely dry. Fortunately, he'd avoided taking any outrageous liberties, even though his opportunities to play with pussies were rare.

Just as he finished, he commented to Suzanne, "You know what just occurred to me? Tonight I explored Brenda's naked body nearly from head to toe, yet I've never really kissed her."

Suzanne chuckled at that. "That is a real doozie, isn't it? That says a lot about your new lifestyle. But don't worry; you'll get to know her mouth VERY, very well, very, very soon. Trust me on that."

Brenda felt new jolts of arousal shoot up and down her spine. She loved that he had yet to kiss her mouth. It fit perfectly with her vision of being one of his obedient sluts.bender

She relaxed and finally really started to drift off again once she concluded that Alan was done touching her and that Suzanne wouldn't be doing anything to her. She liked that Alan had enough scruples not to take advantage of her state, though at that moment she might have preferred it if he actually had taken more advantage of her.

She fell asleep thinking of how it would be if he fucked her tits roughly, while images of Suzanne simultaneously stroking her thighs and fingering her pussy lips drifted at the edges of her imagination.

Had she been awake she would have been appalled by the latter thoughts, but as she lost consciousness her mental barriers came down and more of her real desires became evident.

Suzanne had Alan get a blanket to put over Brenda's nude body. Then they left her to sleep and returned to the dining room table, where they sat down to rest and chat with Susan.

Suzanne commented, "Let's hope she doesn't remember too much of that tomorrow. She might be angry in the light of day. She certainly is a case, isn't she?"

Suzanne looked at the chair Brenda had been sitting in. "Holy cow! Would you look at this? There's like a lake of cum here. Literally a lake. That is some woman. Not only that, but she left another puddle back in the living room. It's like she's really a giant water balloon filled with nothing but pussy juice. Jesus!"

Susan complained, "Don't take the Lord's name in vain, please."

Alan found that quite amusing, although he was careful not to show it. Mom gets all huffy and moralistic about a word. Meanwhile, she and Aunt Suzy either have forgotten or don't care that they are sitting in the nude and still have my cum on their faces! It's even starting to dry. I mean, isn't that ass backwards?

Suzanne volunteered to stay up until Brenda awoke and then take her home. She pointed out that Brenda's son would worry if she didn't come home at all.

Alan was jolted by the reminder that Brenda had a son. He didn't like that, but obviously there was nothing he could do about it.

Eventually, he and Susan went upstairs.

Chapter 384 Happy Susan!

Alan was totally mentally and physically wiped out, but the night didn't end for him when he went upstairs. He lay down in his bed naked, prepared to fall asleep, but he'd forgotten about his mother's favorite new nightly 'kiss and tuck-in' tradition.

So a few minutes later, Susan came in to give him a goodnight kiss. She'd put on yet another new semi-transparent nightgown just to stimulate him.

Despite his exhaustion, he couldn't help but love that sight. "Hey, Mom. What's up? You look great!"

"Thank you." She smiled nervously. Then she slowly pulled her nightie down until her chest was completely bared. That, plus the fact she was wearing high heels, showed she meant business.

In addition to wanting to have a little fun, she needed reassurance that Alan didn't like Brenda in any way more than her. She was mostly worried about her "merely" G-size boobs.

"I'll bet you really like Brenda's super large hooters," she said in a melancholy tone. "But how do they compare with Mommy's?" She tried gamely to arch her back, thrusting her big, bare tits forward and up alluringly.

Alan was dead tired and not really in a mood to play around, even though his dick was stirring a little. He felt like he'd had more fun in the last hour or two than in his entire three middle-school years, and he was exhausted. But he understood Susan's need for reassurance, so he tried his best. "Mom, your boobs are great. They're my favorites."

She smiled in shy delight and pulled back his covers. Then, without asking, she started stroking his penis, even though it wasn't even half-hard. "Awww. You're just saying that to be nice."

"No, really Mom. Your tits are so fine; they're ten different kinds of fine. Your whole body is fantastic."

She cupped her hefty globes from below and lightly traced around her nipples. "Are you sure? I want you to be sure. It means a lot to me if you think I'm worthy of being one of your personal cocksuckers."

"Mom, I don't even know where to complain about that comment. First off, it's wrong for me to even have something called a 'personal cocksucker,' but if I did, who could top you?"

She smiled. "Thanks. Still, Mommy will let you play with her titties just a little bit to help you make sure."

So he groped a tit with one hand, after she bent right over him to make things easier for him. Unusually, he chose to put his other hand on her face, so in this case he fed two fingers into her mouth.

She eagerly sucked on them, treating them as a proxy penis. She wanted to reassure him that she would gladly suck him off if he wanted. She'd still been standing, and her nightie was miraculously clinging to her hips. But she sat on the edge of his bed so she'd have access to his cock and he'd have better access to her tits.

She continued to stroke his penis, which didn't stay flaccid for long. Lingering memories of his measuring Brenda's bare chest certainly helped him rebound quickly. She said in a tempting, teasing voice, "Uh-oh! You've got your busty mommy half naked and in your bed. You're not going to touch her in that one forbidden, naughty, naughty spot, are you?" She looked knowingly at her crotch.

He gulped as he stared at her bush, and in particular at her labia, easily visible through her semi-transparent nightie. He loved how her nether lips appeared red and swollen, as if ready to be fucked.

"Good." She sighed happily as she felt his dick fully stiffen in her hands. "Tiger-"

Seeing that she was still a bit down, he added, "Mom, I'm guessing that you're worried about Brenda's boobs and how big they are."

"No, I-"

"Shush," he said very gently. He brought his other hand down so that both hands could fondle her tits. "I understand. She's VERY stacked, and very beautiful. But you know what? There's such a thing as having boobs that are TOO big. I mean, what if her boobs were double their current size? Everyone would agree that would be bad. She'd barely be able to get out of bed, I imagine. As far as I'm concerned, there's a perfect tit size, and it's right here in my hands."

That was kind of a lie, but kind of not. He was lying when he said he thought Brenda's tits were too big. It was close, but especially because they were so round and high, he found them very alluring indeed. But he was telling the truth that he thought Susan's boobs were the ideal size (and Suzanne's, since those were just as large). He'd grown up seeing Susan and Suzanne as his ideals of female beauty, so if he thought of "perfect boobs" in his mind, he thought of theirs first.

He gave her dangling globes some loving squeezes, deeply sinking his fingers into her tit-flesh.

"Oh, Tiger! You have no idea how happy it makes me to hear you say that!" She growled huskily, "There IS a perfect size, and it's right here in MY hands!" She moaned orgasmically as she looked down at his cock and her fingers as they slid all over it.

But then she asked shyly, "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course! Plus, they belong to you, and that's the most important thing."

She forgot about stroking his cock for a while as she pulled his face into her cleavage. "Son! Oh, Son! That makes me so happy! I'll admit I got a little bit jealous. That's petty of me, I know. Envy is a cardinal sin, after all."

"That's okay, Mom." He spoke into the deep chasm between her soft yet firm melons. "I guess it's looking like Brenda's starting to seriously lust after me, and I lust after her too. But she's only gonna be here once a week, for a few hours, and I'm around you pretty much 24/7, minus school on weekdays. So you have nothing to worry about with her. I barely know her, and I LOVE you and always have. She'll never be able to compete with our love for each other."bender

She considered that, then resolved to not let Brenda ever visit except for their weekly card game. Having decided that, she felt a weight lift from her shoulders. She'd been gently rubbing his cheeks with her tit-pillows, but she let go and resumed jacking him off. "You have no idea how relieved I am to hear that. I take my role as one of your personal cocksuckers very seriously. Obviously you already have others, and I know you'll have more, and that's your right. But I just don't want any of them to be BETTER than me! Well, except for Suzanne, of course. I know she's better, but that's okay because she's my best friend in the whole world. Besides, she's teaching me how to catch up."

He didn't reply, because it seemed like the crisis had been averted. Meanwhile, he continued licking and kissing the inner slopes of her heavenly globes while she pumped and stroked, and pumped and stroked some more. He inhaled deeply. He could smell the fresh, lightly perfumed skin that she was literally pressing against his nose, and he could also smell her aroused pussy.

She asked in a very motherly tone, "So how was your day, Tiger? How did your classes go?"

He tried his best to answer, but between her jacking him off and letting him play with her tits, she was making it extremely difficult for him to concentrate. "Um, good."

She continued to ask him the same mundane questions she'd typically asked him for years, even as she rubbed his sweet spot with two fingers while playing with his balls. "So did you do all your homework?"

"No. To be honest, I didn't," he somehow managed to answer despite all the distracting stimulation.

"Oh, no. Tiger's been a bad, bad boy. He needs to be punished. No more handjob for you! Instead, Mommy's going to have to drain your balls of all your cum so you can study better for school."

Chapter 385 Another Great, Great Day.!

Susan dropped down to suck on his fat knob.

Alan had to laugh out loud. He was greatly amused by his "punishment." Nothing could be more pleasurable, especially since she was giving head so very well lately. But his laugh practically turned into an erotic scream of joy when her lips locked tightly around his shaft and began sliding.

Susan had to laugh as well. She thought, Okay, that was a silly excuse. But whatever works. I've got my lips wrapped around my son's thick rod and his hands are pulling on my nipples, so all's well that ends well. MMMM! I just love it when I can swirl my tongue around and around his cockhead. MMMM! And around and around, then around back the other way. MMMM! And when I really get going on his special spot, like this... MMMM! He just melts and he's putty in my hands! MMMM! I'm such a happy mommy! Such a happy, naughty, cocksucking, big-titted centerfold mommy slut!

He couldn't hear any of that, except for the "MMMM" sounds, which she murmured out loud as well as thought. But he certainly felt her enthusiasm.

The blowjob seemed to go on and on and on. Instead of going all out to make him cum quickly, she appeared keen on sucking him for a very, very long time. But he kept on fondling her super sensitive tits, so she started cumming long before he was even close to the edge. Nothing seemed to arouse her faster than nipple play. She moaned and writhed as he mercilessly worked on stimulating her sensitive breasts.

He thought, It's funny. At first, I was just humoring her. I thought my dick was done for the night. But she really does something special for me. To see my own mom lovingly slurping and slathering her way all over my cock - nothing beats it! I feel soooo good right now, I could just melt! So it's really true that Brenda can't compete. Sure, I'd love to fuck her, but Mom's not just my mom and my totally sexy and stacked "personal cocksucker"; she's just about my very best friend too! I love her so much!

Even at a slow pace, she was delivering non-stop pleasure, using a constantly shifting series of techniques. So eventually Alan had to say, "Can we have a little time out?"

"Okay." She was relieved, because he hadn't cum yet and her jaw was tired.

He looked her over. Her nightie was bunched up around her waist. "Hey Mom, you're a little overdressed, don't you think?"

She looked down at herself. "You know what? You're right!" Smiling from ear to ear, she stood up and slowly wriggled her way out of the rest of her nightie. She did it with her back to him, since she figured he'd had plenty of fun with her tits and she didn't want him to forget her fine ass and long legs.

Even after the nightie was completely off, she continued to slowly shimmy and slide back and forth.

He was so inspired that he said, "Get your beautiful ass over here."

She turned around and struck a sexy pose while also acting like she was protecting her pussy. "Promise not to touch me in my most naughty place?"

He shrugged, pretending to be arrogant. "I'll think about it."

She giggled with glee as she quickly complied. She wound up lying on top of him since that's what he'd motioned for her to do. That allowed for him to knead her ass cheeks and explore her ass crack while the two of them necked.

But this made both of them increasingly hot and bothered. Susan found herself unable to lie naked on him without stroking his cock, so before long she had scooted back down to his crotch and crammed his fat cock back in her mouth.

As a result, his strategic break was quite short. Not that it mattered, because between Susan's sexy ass dance and all the kissing and fondling his dick hadn't gotten much of a break anyway. So it wasn't long before he felt an inescapably strong urge to cum.

Susan had very much enjoyed it when he'd blown his load on her face earlier during the card game. (Normally she would have been terrified by such a sex act in front of other people, but she was so caught up in a vortex of lust and competition that what would usually be a turn-off had morphed into a turn-on.) In fact, she still had a little cummy residue on her cheeks and chin, even after all the kissing, and she wanted to add to it before going to her own bed. So when the hand cradling his balls felt them tighten and pull up, she positioned her face about a foot away from the tip of his dick.

"Cum all over Mommy! Mark me as one of your SLUTS!"

His cum rocketed forth. But since he was holding his dick, he could pick his targets, so he aimed exclusively at her massive melons.

Susan soon picked up on that, so she squeezed them together with her hands to make an even more tempting target. Initially she was a bit disappointed, since she'd really wanted a cummy face, but he aimed the last rope or two at her face, painting it with a couple of long streaks from nearly one ear to the other, which was enough to leave her fully satisfied.

When he stopped spurting, it was clear he was going to fall sleep immediately, so she crawled off his bed and picked up her nightie from the floor. She smiled a loving smile as she readied herself to go, then remembered, "Oh my! I almost forgot. The goodnight kiss. That's why I came in here."

He unthinkingly asked, "What about our earlier necking?"

She shot him a naughty grin. "That doesn't count."

They kissed (with Alan avoiding his own cum), but she wouldn't allow him to play with her tits anymore. "Please. No more, Tiger," she complained, "Mommy's tits are too sensitive. It feels too good. You don't want Mommy to get all dehydrated from cumming too much like Brenda did, do you?"

After that, she bent down and worked on licking his flaccid penis and balls clean.

As she worked on him, he said, "That was fantastic, Mom. As usual. I'm so blessed to have your help. But just one thing. You called yourself a 'slut.' I really don't like that."

She'd been sucking on one of his testicles, but she took it out of her mouth to say, "But Son. You were the one recently who told me there's 'good slutty' and 'bad slutty.' A bad slut will do it with just anyone, but a good slut loves her son with all her heart and is his exclusive personal sex toy." She lapped her way up his flaccid penis. "I love serving your cock! See? I even love to love it when it's in this state. Doesn't that make me a good slut?"

He chuckled, affectionately running a hand through her hair. Unreal! I'm the luckiest kid ever! "Okay. I see your point. But please, try not to use that word too much, okay? I don't like it. Old habits are hard to break, and I still see it as a negative word, because usually that's how it's meant."

After that, when their horny urges were sated and his crotch was completely "clean," she scooted up and they just hugged tenderly. She had to hug him at an angle though, because she was being careful not to wipe his cum off her chest onto him; she wanted to wear that to bed herself.

Susan asked, "By the way, did I tell you that Akami gave me the scare of my life today?"

"No. What happened?"

"Well, she called on the phone and said, 'Mrs. Plummer, I have good news. We've gotten the latest lab results back and Alan's thyroid levels are back to normal. He no longer needs to be stimulated six times a day. In fact, he doesn't have to be stimulated at all.'"

She pulled back from their hug as she went on, "I nearly had a heart attack! I felt my whole world collapsing around me, and it was as if I was falling down a dark tunnel. There was complete silence on my end of the line, so I guess Akami thought I wasn't taking it well. She quickly said, 'Ha ha! Kidding! I

was just kidding! That was just a joke. Of course his levels are still low and he still needs the treatment.' It turns out she was just calling to remind us that you have an appointment with her on Friday. But she really scared the hell out of me!"

Alan was shocked too. He too had felt like he was falling into an abyss, with his whole recent world collapsing about him, until she'd clarified that it was just a joke. He worried that if the medical justification were to be taken away, his incredible sex life would disappear overnight. At this point, the threat of going back to his old life was his greatest fear.

She added, "But it actually was a good thing, because it made me stop and think. It opened my eyes and made me realize that I don't want this to end. I've been so silly, trying to fight the power of your big cock and your unstoppable sex appeal. If somehow your condition does get better, promise me that we won't stop? Ever?" She raised her bouncy rack with both hands, presenting it to him, to help influence his decision.

He thought, "Unstoppable sex appeal?" Me? Mom must really be looking through rose-colored glasses. I'm still basically the same guy who couldn't get a date a few weeks ago, right? Well, admittedly I had taken a picky "Christine or Glory or nobody" attitude, but still. I'm no Brad Pitt by any stretch.

He replied, "Mom, I should be asking you that. Of course I'd love to continue, no matter what."

She closed back in and squeezed him again. "I'm so glad to hear that."

She rubbed her cummy breasts up, down, and all around his chest as their hug went on and on. (His answer had made her so horny that she had forgotten that she'd wanted to save his cum for herself.) "I don't know what I'll do when you have to go away to college. I hope that when you get a serious girlfriend or even a wife, you'll still let me suck your cock every day. You mean so much to me, and helping you has revitalized my sexuality and my whole life. I can't go without it anymore. I just can't! But no matter what happens, we can't have real sex. You do understand that, don't you? It's wrong. It's a sin. We have to just appreciate what we have, and not push our luck. I can't even ever let you touch me down there."

He replied, "Okay, Mom, whatever you say. I promise to obey whatever boundaries you set." He chose his words carefully, because he was hoping her boundaries would move, in time, or when she got suitably horny.

"Goody! You won't regret this! I'm going to be your best cocksucker for ever and ever!"

They continued to "hug" in silence, though it was more like Susan rubbing her nipples all over his chest while he ran his hands over her shapely back and ass cheeks. After her scare about Brenda, she wanted to mark and claim him symbolically, just as he frequently marked and claimed her.

I can't believe how psyched Mom is! She acts like she's just won the lottery, to be given the "privilege" of me "allowing" her to suck my dick. If I hadn't already busted my nut so many times tonight, I'm sure she'd get me hard again, the way she's rubbing her nude body all over me. This "no fucking" thing sucks big time, but what can I do? So close to total nirvana, and yet so far! I can even SMELL nirvana, she's so wet right now. But I really have to respect her wishes on that. I could never force her; just thinking about doing that to her sickens me.

She finally pulled away and stood up. "That was your goodnight kiss, or kisses," she giggled. "But I still haven't tucked you in." She leaned over so her breasts were quite literally dangling over his face. Her nipples bounced off his nose and cheeks several times as she pulled up his sheets to cover him. "I promise you, you won't regret this."

He searched his brain, trying to figure out what she meant when she said "this." However, his brain was functioning poorly, at least while her breasts were dangling right over him. (In fact, she was referring to his "promise" to let her continue to "serve" his cock forever, but not let things progress further than that.)

Finally, she finished pulling up his sheets and turned down one of the corners. "There. You're all tucked in. You're not going to forget all about Mommy's hooters now that you have Brenda's to play with, are you?"

"Mom, first off, I don't have Brenda's to play with. Who knows what'll happen with her. I told you already, when I think 'perfect tits' I think of yours every time."bender

She smiled a big smile. "You do not!" Her heart soared, but she wanted to hear him confirm it at least once more.

"Do too!" He admitted, "Well, yours and Aunt Suzy's."

She was beside herself with happiness. "Oh, dear goodness! I just have to suck you off all over again! ... I know, I know, you're not up to it, but let an old lady dream. Don't forget your promise. Remember, even when you're married, right? If you marry a girl who doesn't allow that, I'll be very sad."

He finally understood what she was talking about, recalling that she'd said, "I hope that when you get a serious girlfriend or even a wife, you'll still let me suck your cock every day" a few minutes earlier.

"Um, yeah, sure," he agreed. He felt his penis start to stir as he imagined driving from his wedding reception with his wife. He couldn't see her face, but she was young, blonde, and very beautiful. The reason he couldn't see her face was because she was driving the car in her white wedding dress while Alan sat in the back seat with his mother in the seat next to him. She was also wearing a white wedding dress, but her head was in his lap and her lips were bobbing on his shaft.

He found that a bit freaky and Oedipal, but then again, he was finding a lot of things freaky and Oedipal lately, so it didn't startle him that much.

She winked and said, "Good night!" Then she bent over to pick up her nightie again. It took her an extremely long time to pick it up, and she made sure to keep her legs spread wide the whole time. She said from that bent-over position, "Do you see how wet you make me? It's always like this. The instant I feel your cock between my lips, I'm creaming down there so much!"

He closed his eyes. Seeing her pussy like that was electrifying, but also extremely frustrating. "Mom, you have to go or I'm gonna get hard again, and then my dick will be so overused that it's gonna plain fall off."

She stood up and straightened out. "Oopsies! I DEFINITELY wouldn't want that to happen." She giggled, then tossed the nightie aside and sauntered to his door wearing only a smile. "I'm going to sleep in the nude tonight and play with myself, thinking only of you."

She carefully ran a hand over her cheeks, happily confirming that she still had some of his cum streaks there. There was also a lot of it remaining in her cleavage, since that was such a deep valley that the cum was still there even after the way she'd rubbed up against him.

Thanks to that final orgasm with his mother, Alan ended the day with six orgasms. While that total was below what he'd been managing in recent days, it still felt like all he could push his penis to do. He

suspected that the many days of such prolonged erections were literally changing his genitals, and that perhaps he was on the edge of a danger zone. For instance, he hadn't really paid attention to the size of his balls, but he was certain that they had grown considerably. It seemed like they were twice their old size. He imagined that his semen production had increased dramatically to keep up with demand, and that his balls were bloated with cum.

He'd also realized that his diet had changed. He was eating more, and especially drinking much more, yet not gaining any weight. He suspected that most of the extra nutrition was being expelled as cum.

He turned the light out and closed his eyes. Man! What a day! Another great, great day. I can't wait until tomorrow!

He fell into a very contented sleep in a mere minute or two, thanks to his recent orgasm and his day of tiring activities.

Chapter 386 Do You Like That, Son?

Thursday was a disappointing come-down for Alan in nearly every way when compared to the prior couple of days. Not only was he physically exhausted and hung over, but his penis felt sore and exhausted too.

Susan allowed him to sleep through the nine-minute snooze delay on his alarm clock, and then did so again. She understood how tired he was. But when he didn't get up after the second extension, she became disturbed and went upstairs to check on him. She'd been guessing that he was still in bed because he hadn't come downstairs at the usual time. She entered his bedroom to confirm that he was still in bed, and was unsurprised to find that he was.

She stood in the middle of his room trying to decide what to do. Tiger needs his sleep. Between his tennis tournament and the difficulty of cumming so many times a day, the poor boy must be at the end of his rope! But on the other hand, he's already awake. One doesn't really get any extra rest with the snooze alarm. And if I let him keep hitting the snooze button, he's going to run out of time before long. Not only does he need to eat breakfast, shower, and do all the usual things, but if he doesn't cum at least once before school he's not going to make his daily average!

She started to undress. Furthermore, it's difficult with Angel downstairs during breakfast. How can I help out my terribly cum-filled boy when she's underfoot? But here, in his room, I can help him wake up AND help him with his problem, all in total privacy. It's not that I crave his delicious cum and the feel of his thick, powerful cock filling my mouth; it's just what I have to do to be a truly helpful mommy!

Once she was naked from head to toe, she opened the curtains of his room to let in the light, then pulled all the sheets off of him. Even though he was awake, sort of, he was in denial. He had assumed she was just trying to get him to wake up in the ways she had used in the past. He put a pillow over his eyes in a losing battle to avoid coming fully awake.

She carefully got up on the bed and crawled between his legs.

He jerked in shock when he felt her hands rest on his thighs as she settled into position. Seconds later, he felt her lips engulfing his cockhead, and then the blissful feeling of having it in her warm, wet mouth.

He thought, HOLY SHIT! Here we go again! Mom's waking me up with a blowjob?! Again?! No way! He could tell right away that it was Susan and not Katherine, due to her tell-tale corkscrew motions. He recalled fondly the morning before last, when she'd woken him up with her "cock-hungry alarm clock." He smiled from ear to ear as waves of pleasure washed through his body.

Susan's plan was to gently ease him into full consciousness by going slow and easy on him at first. Plus, if she did it that way, she'd be able to get in more minutes of cocksucking joy. So she did restrain herself at first.

Nonetheless, even her restrained style was a real eye opener - literally. He moved the pillow aside, opened his eyes, and raised his head to look down at her. He grunted with approval, then brought a hand down to the top of her head.

He muttered, "Mmmm, what's this? Feels good! Soft and feminine. In fact, it feels a lot like my cock-hungry alarm clock. Could it be my sexy, beautiful mother, showing her love for me again?"

Susan smiled broadly at that. Or she would have if her mouth wasn't crammed full of cock. Yet somehow Alan could feel her smiling just the same. She thought, It is! Son, it is! Mmmm! I love you so much, and I love showing it with my mouth. What a beautiful world our Good Lord created, enabling me to show my

love in such a mutually pleasurable way. Not only that, but I get rewarded with a big, creamy, spermy prize at the end!

She sucked while holding him tightly with her relentlessly-sliding lips. Her intention to go slow and easy had been forgotten as her lust and enthusiasm took over. Anyway, the act of sucking is very pleasurable in and of itself. I feel so naughty every time. I'm a respectable Christian woman, and a married one at that! But time after time I find myself breathing through my nose because I can't keep my son's cock out of my mouth! I love how THICK it is, yet there's still room to tickle his sweet spot with my tongue!

She was already doing that, so she carried on a mental conversation with him. Do you like that, Son? Does it feel good? I hear you groaning in ecstasy, so it must! Or maybe it's the way my fingers are pumping up and down the rest of your shaft. I can never get enough of that. It's like a blowjob AND a handjob at once! MMMM! So good! Or maybe it's my lips. Tiger, am I sucking tightly enough, or taking it deep enough? If I go any deeper I'm gonna choke and gag. But that sounds so naughty and sexy. That's another favorite thing of mine. In fact, I think I'll do that now!

Sure enough, she took him in another inch, enough to stimulate her gag reflex. That made her choke and sputter a little. But she enjoyed the sensation, and especially how she viewed it. Mmmm! When I do that, I feel like I'm in danger. Like his cock is so thick, powerful, and relentless that it might hurt me! There's only one escape, and that's to serve and pleasure this tower of cock-meat and get it to shoot its yummy load! But that's only a temporary victory, because soon it will get stiff and strong again. That means that I can never really win. It's like I'm enslaved to this cock, forced to suck it over and over forever!

That prospect might have daunted most women, but to her it sounded like eternal bliss.

Alan's real alarm clock rang again, but this time he hit the off button, because he didn't have to worry about struggling to wake and rise anymore. His entire body was now fully energized, thanks to his mother's oral loving.

Both he and Susan lost track of time and the need to get up and prepare for school. Their mutual fun seemed never-ending. He liked to run his fingers through as much of her hair as he could reach, making her purr with contentment.

Eventually, there was a knock on the door.

Susan froze in alarm. But then she relaxed a bit when she realized there was only one person it could be.

Alan had come to the same conclusion. He asked, "Yeah? Sis?"

Sure enough, it was Katherine. She boldly opened his door and stepped into his room. She was already dressed for school. She folded her arms under her big rack and made a face. "I should have figured. Mom, save some of that for the rest of us, okay?"

Susan was extremely embarrassed. She didn't move or pull her lips off Alan's cock, but she almost stopped moving, with just a little bit of tongue action inside her mouth. Why does this keep happening to me?! It seems someone is always walking in or watching. Is there nowhere I can suck some son-cock in peace?!

Katherine continued, "And Big 'Big Gulp' Brother, you've gotta watch out! You're running late. I've been whipping up a special breakfast for us all, since certain big-titted mommies who shall remain nameless seem to be highly distracted..." She coughed in an obvious manner. "But even so, if you want to shower and eat, you'd better get your cute butt moving!"

He looked to Katherine and gave her a playful salute. "Thank you, kind sister. Message received. I'm getting up."

"Good. I've gotta run, before the French toast burns." Katherine closed the door and headed back downstairs.

He looked down at his mother and wondered what to do. As soon as Katherine left, Susan resumed her sucking. What she was doing to him felt so divine that it was hard for him to get out of bed. Being late for school didn't seem like a bad option at all.

But his mother understood the importance of a good education, and she didn't want him to start slacking. After another minute, she realized that since it seemed he wasn't going to make an effort to get up, she'd have to. She pulled her lips off his hot pole and sat up between his legs. "Good morning, Son! Rise and shine!"

He chuckled at that, and the fact that those were her first words to him this morning, despite the fact they'd been in bed together for over twenty minutes. "Best. Alarm clock. Ever!"

She grinned impishly while wiping cum and saliva off her chin. She rose up on her knees, striking a sexy pose. "But now, we've got a problem. You've gotta get moving, but after all I just did, it would be a shame if you couldn't cum. And I know just the solution. Come with me!" She abruptly got off his bed and walked out of his room, leaving her clothes on the floor.

He got up to find out where she was going and what she had planned. He noticed her nightie from last night still on his floor too, and that brought back great memories of what they'd done then.

When he walked naked into the hall, he saw the bathroom door on the other side was wide open, so he went in there. To his pleasant surprise, even though Susan had gotten there before him by only a minute, she was already standing in the shower, with water pouring over her body. He realized she wasn't actually getting clean with a shower, since she'd undoubtedly had one earlier in the morning; she was striking another sexy pose for him!

She had one leg up on the edge of the bathtub and she was rubbing suds onto her midriff. Her hair was still dry, but her body was wet and sudsy. She was without her usual glasses, earrings, and lipstick, and she'd removed her usual nail polish before bathing. Even so, she looked even more alluring than usual to her son's eyes.

He exclaimed, "Mom! Oh my GOD! You look so sexy that, that... I'm speechless! And I think you might look even BETTER without your glasses, even though I'm so used to seeing you with them. You certainly look younger. Good God, you look young enough to be Kat's twin sister!"

She'd been looking slightly anxious, worried that she might be behaving too "wantonly"; her prudish tendencies continued to linger. His compliments caused her to smile from ear to ear. She pretended to chide him. "Son, you'd better watch out! If you continue with that sort of language, you just might find your cock sliding halfway down my throat in another minute!" She playfully wagged her finger at him.

He clutched at his head and pretended to frown, or at least tried to. However, there was no way that he could stop smiling. "Oh no! Woe is me!" Dropping the pretense, he enthused, "Mom, I love you so very much!"

She opened her arms wide for him. "Oh, Son! I love you too!"

He followed her into the shower and wrapped his arms around her. "My cock-hungry alarm clock takes showers too? You really ARE the best alarm clock ever!" He didn't give her a chance to reply, since he kissed her lips with lots of tongue.

Her hands went to his crotch, and she resumed stroking his still stiff cock while he fondled her ass cheeks. But getting ready for school was on her mind. She grabbed the soap and broke the kiss. "Now, Tiger, this can't be all fun and games. Let's get you clean while we're at it, okay?"

For the next several minutes, he was the one who shampooed his hair and soaped up his body while she mostly just played with his erection and cooed sweet nothings in his ears. She wanted to suck him some more, but she had to content herself with a handjob due to the foul tasting soap and shampoo running down his body.

But once he was reasonably clean, she took the shower hose from him and washed his privates thoroughly clean of the soap. Then she dropped to her knees and trapped his boner in her cleavage. She looked up to his face and said, "Now, Tiger, we know about your incredible stamina, but this isn't the time for that. Just give in soon, okay? Make your big-titted mommy VERY happy! Give me your cum!"

With that, she craned her neck down and licked the tip of his cockhead while starting a vigorous titfuck.

It was true that his growing stamina skills were due to effort and mental attitude. If he fought the urge to cum, especially with his PC muscle squeezing technique, he could last a long time. If he didn't, he was likely to cum fairly quickly. So, after a few minutes of out of this world titfucking euphoria, he let himself go. He announced, "I'm gonna cum! Get ready!"

Susan had been sucking on a good portion of his cockhead, on top of her titfucking effort. But she pulled away and sat back. "Hit me, Son! Hit me with your cum blast!" bender

He held his hard-on and proceeded to "paint" her thoroughly with his cum. He aimed at her face at first, but she had a good idea how long his orgasms lasted, and halfway through she hefted her massive tits up and inspired him to finish "painting" here there,

Both of them were thoroughly satisfied and sexually satiated, even though Susan didn't have an orgasm of her own. However, they were both disappointed when she took the shower hose and washed her face and tits clean. As she did so, she said, "I'm not happy about this, but there's not enough time today. I don't trust Angel cooking the breakfast." (Actually, Katherine was a perfectly good cook, but Susan was a bit of a control freak about cooking all the family meals.)

So Alan and Susan dressed and went downstairs. The rest of his time before school proceeded without incident, almost exactly like it used to before his six-times-a-day diagnosis. Susan was in hurry-up mode, so she was all business, with no flirting allowed.

Still, Alan could only wonder at how great his life had become. On the way to school, he thought, I was able to sleep in a little bit AND I had all kinds of awesome sexual fun with Mom! Plus yummy French toast. Talk about an ideal morning! School today is going to be extra trying, with the tennis tournament and all, but I'm going to have an extra spring in my step all day long, thanks to my super sexy mom!

Chapter 387 I Just Can't Get Last Night Out Of My Head!-Brenda

When Suzanne came over for their daily workout in the basement, Susan had a lot to say to her. Suzanne gave Susan a friendly kiss and an even friendlier hug in greeting. This was becoming part of their daily tradition now that Susan's sexual mores had changed so drastically.

While they were still hugging, Suzanne asked, "So... did you help your Tiger out this morning?"

Susan smiled widely. "I did! It started out in his bed. I feasted on his thick pole for twenty minutes at the very least. But time was running short, so I finished him off with a titfuck in the shower."

"Good for you! I must say you're really rising to the challenge of helping him out and proving what a great mother you are."

Susan bashfully looked down where their big tits were pressing together, "Ah, it's no big deal." She was embarrassed, because she knew that she wasn't being selfless at all, since she loved helping him so very much.

Suzanne asked, "What did you think about last night?"

Susan finally disengaged and took a few steps back to contemplate that. "Last night? Good, but also bad." She suddenly twirled around to face her best friend. "I want you to promise me one thing: Brenda can only come to this house during our Wednesday night card games. That's IT! Agreed?"

Suzanne didn't like that at all, so she said, "Well, generally speaking, that sounds doable in theory, yes. But never say never. For instance, what if we have a special party for our Sweetie, and he wants all of his beautiful busty women there to take turns servicing him?"

Susan considered that. "Well... fair enough." Her eyes went glassy as she imagined a bevy of naked women all gathered around Alan's crotch, taking turns to suck him off. My goodness! I know that's wrong, but it seems so right!

"Or what if we have a blowjob contest, or a titfuck contest? Shouldn't she be a part of that too?"

"Well, yeah. Obviously." Then she grew determined again. "But that's it! Only a couple of times a week, as a special guest. Definitely not every day, I don't want her underfoot all the time, because if last night is any indication, it's just a matter of time before she's fully devoted to serving Tiger's cock."

Suzanne shrugged. She couldn't really deny that, not after last night. It might take time, but she knew Brenda's sexually submissive nature predisposed her to fall under Alan's spell. "Maybe so. I promise I'll help make sure she doesn't come here too often, as long as that's what you really want." She deliberately left some wiggle room.

Susan huffed, but wasn't about to make a huge issue over it when her best friend was willing to go along so easily.

Quickly diverting Susan's attention, Suzanne added, "But I don't think you have to worry about Brenda's breasts, if that's what's bothering you. Sure, they're really big, and perfectly formed, and the rest of her body is nearly as impressive. But there's no way she can even BEGIN to compete with you. No way!"

"Why not?" Susan needed reassurance.

"Because you're his MOTHER, and you're absolutely gorgeous! And incredibly stacked too, I should add. I mean, seriously. If your breasts were any larger, they would probably be too big. They fit your body perfectly."

Susan looked down at her ample rack uncertainly. "You think?"

"I know it. More importantly, Tiger's love for you knows no end, and he still barely knows her at all. Heck, I'm not even sure if he knows her last name. It would take YEARS for her to even hope to develop the kind of bond you have with him. By the way, what did you two do when you walked upstairs last night?" She winked knowingly. "I'll bet there was a whole lot of 'tucking in.'"

Susan smiled from ear to ear, putting aside for the moment her worries about Brenda. "There was. Oh boy, there was! It was so great, and it went on such a wonderfully long time - endless spermy joy! Where do I begin?"

Suzanne put her hand on Susan's back and started guiding her to the stairs leading down to the basement and all the exercise equipment. "Begin at the beginning, of course. Tell me aaaaaall about it."

As the two of them worked out, they discussed the tuck-in and the rest of the previous night's exciting events. Suzanne was subtle about it, but she made sure that Susan understood that Brenda now knew even more of their sexual secrets, so there could be no turning back with her. She was going to play a big part in their lives, probably for a very long time to come.

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Back in her mansion, Brenda was also thinking seriously about what had happened at the poker party, but she didn't have a close confidante to share every secret with the way Susan did with Suzanne.

At first, Brenda tried going on with her day in her usual manner, acting as if nothing had changed. But she couldn't deny to herself that something profoundly important had happened that had shaken up her life as much as the previous poker party. She desperately needed to talk to someone about it,

The more she thought about it, the more she decided there was only one person she could talk to: Suzanne. She considered Susan, but she was drawn to Suzanne's natural authority. Susan could empathize, but Suzanne could get things done.

By noon, Brenda's desire to talk to Suzanne had overcome her worries about being too pushy right after the party, so she gave Suzanne a call. She was greatly relieved when Suzanne suggested that she come to the Pestridge house right away.

Brenda hurried right over.

Suzanne showed her in and gave her a very loose, brief hug. "Welcome. So, what's up?"

Brenda replied, "I just can't get last night out of my head! It's as if that's the reality and everything else is an illusion. Everything that happened was so intense! The rest of the world just seems 'blah' by comparison. For some reason, even seeing you fully dressed seems... off."

Suzanne smiled. "I know what you mean. But don't worry, there's a fix for that. Hold on; I'll be back in a jiff'."

Brenda sat down in the living room and waited while Suzanne hurried up the stairs to her bedroom. She came back surprisingly quickly wearing just a green bikini. (It was so quick because she'd actually been wearing it under her clothes when Brenda arrived, in anticipation of such a need.)

She walked up to Brenda with a grin and asked, "Is that better?" She chuckled while striking a sexy pose with her hands behind her head.

Brenda didn't know what to say. Just seeing Suzanne nearly naked brought back powerful memories from the previous night, which started to make her horny.

Suzanne said, "I've got a nice pool outside, and a hot tub too. Plus, it's another beautiful day in Southern California. Let's talk out there. Which one would you prefer: the pool or the hot tub?"

Brenda pointed out, "I can't! I don't have a bikini of my own."

"Oh, but you do." Suzanne walked out of the room and then immediately returned with her hands behind her back. She revealed that she was holding a bikini. "Here. Try this on for size."

"But it'll never fit! I'm shorter than you. And, I'm... uh..."

"More endowed. I know. But not by THAT much. These things can stretch quite a lot. This'll fit without a problem. Trust me. There's a bathroom down the hall to change in. Meanwhile, I'll be in the kitchen preparing us some drinks."

Chapter 388 What's So Special About Him?

A couple of minutes later, Suzanne and Brenda were sitting in the hot tub. The heater was not activated, because the two women didn't want to get warmer during the middle of an already warm day; they just wanted a convenient place to sit and talk.

Suzanne took a sip of wine and then started things off. "So, Brenda, what's on your mind?"

Brenda's face looked troubled. "Where to begin?! I don't even know what I want to say or ask. I just need someone to talk to. Wait, I know what I want to ask: what the hell happened?!"

Suzanne chuckled. "I know what you mean. Welcome to my world. Last night must have been like some kind of sexual LSD trip for you, but that's par for the course around here."

"You're kidding me!"

"Not really. True, last night was particularly interesting and exciting, in part because we had a guest: you. But we have great fun every single day. That's why your eyes were bugged out and the rest of us were pretty much taking things in stride."

Brenda's eyes were bugged out just from hearing that. "Jeeeesus! ... To live like that every single day... Jesus H. Christ!"

"I know." Suzanne smiled tolerantly. "But if you come to some more parties next door, you'll start to adjust too. And trust me: when you're not in a panicky mode, the sexy fun is even sexier, and even more fun!"

Brenda shook her head in disbelief. "I don't know if I should go to any more parties like that. To be honest..."

The pause went on for so long that Suzanne asked, "What?"

"Well... It scares me."

"SCARES you? Why on Earth?!" Suzanne acted like that was an absurd notion.

"Look at what happened! I totally lost control! I completely humiliated myself!"

Suzanne grinned knowingly. "And wasn't it great?"

"What?!"

Suzanne decided it was time to overtly confront Brenda's submissive nature. "You heard me. Brenda, there are different types of people in this world. Some people are meant to humiliate and some are meant to be humiliated."

Brenda grew tense and defensive. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just that. You've heard of alpha males, right?"

Brenda nodded reluctantly, as if she was only vaguely aware of the concept.

"Well, Alan is an alpha male. I'll bet even he didn't know that until recently, and maybe he still doesn't admit it to himself. He's actually a very take-it-easy kind of guy most of the time, so maybe it's not so cut and dried about him being an alpha male all the time. But when it comes to sex, there's something about him that just makes women want to obey."

Brenda gasped.

Suzanne nodded. "Yes. With him, it's a subtle thing. I don't think even he knows his own power. There's a certain look in his eye, a kind of quiet confidence. You could feel it last night, couldn't you? Not to mention the other times you've seen him. For instance, at last week's card game too?"

Brenda gulped and nodded.

"Somehow, something creates a desire within you, almost a need, to obey him. And especially to satisfy him sexually." Suzanne was deliberately hyping him to Brenda, but her hype was necessarily based on a core truth.

Brenda knew exactly the look from Alan that Suzanne was talking about, and just thinking about it made her pussy tingle. But she protested hotly, "I don't know what you mean!"

"I think you do. Some people are sexually dominant. Others are sexually submissive. Alan is naturally dominant. Whereas you're naturally sexually submissive."

"I AM NOT!" But even as Brenda defiantly made that claim, she could feel her body heating up with lust from thinking about submission to Alan.

Suzanne said authoritatively, "You are. That's why you're so eager to talk to me. That's why you're so shaken up about last night. It wasn't just the incest and general weirdness that has you rattled to your core. I'm a good judge of character, and here's what I think. I think that you've been lying to yourself and to the world all your life. You've been trying to pretend that you're not sexually submissive - that you're a quote 'normal' unquote, take-charge person. But that's a lie! And on some level you knew it, because you've been craving to submit to a dominant man."

Brenda had her eyes closed and she was forcefully shaking her head back and forth. She was regretting wearing Suzanne's skimpy bikini, because it made her feel naked, both emotionally and physically. She felt as if she had nowhere to hide, and no way to lie.

Suzanne continued relentlessly, "That's why you've been attracted to a certain kind of pornography for years now. The kind where the woman is helpless, humiliated, and forced to OBEY!"

Brenda's eyes opened wide, very wide, as she stared at Suzanne in total disbelief. "How could you know that?! How could anyone know that?! Nobody knows what kind of pornography I read late at night. Are you some kind of mind reader?!"

Suzanne smiled, but on the inside she was dying to proclaim her triumph. She admitted, "Actually, that was just an educated guess. An accurate guess, it turns out, since you just confirmed it."

Brenda's mouth opened as she started to deny everything, then realized that it was hopeless. She tried to slump deeper into the water, causing her huge globes to bob on the surface.

Suzanne said, "Don't worry; it's okay. Your secret is safe with us. And God knows you know plenty of damning secrets about us too."

Brenda complained, "But... I don't understand! Okay, so that was a good guess, you say, but it was uncanny! There's no way that could have been just a guess. Have you been spying on me or something? Keeping track of my on-line browsing, maybe?"

Suzanne leaned back and lazily swirled an indolent hand on top of the water. "Hardly. I've just been observing you. But last night, especially, I saw a very sexually submissive woman who's been in complete denial about it. I highly doubt that you turned submissive in just a few hours. That means you've been repressing it for years. The problem is, repressed urges always find a way to come out. The safest way for you to express your submissive side was with pornography. It was simply a high-likelihood guess on my part." bender

Brenda sat there, stunned. Finally, she said with a distraught face, "I guess it's true. I really do fantasize about being submissive. I've been in denial about it for so long. I've come up with so many excuses to justify why I only read certain kinds of erotic stories and prefer to watch certain kinds of videos... It's been my secret shame. Even talking about it now with you humiliates me so much!"

"Good!"

"Good?!"

"Yes, good. Imagine that Alan has been standing behind you, listening to us the entire time."

Brenda moved with lightning speed, turning her head and looking all around. But there was no one there.

Suzanne said, "I said 'Imagine.' You know he's really in school right now. So ignore that. Try again. Close your eyes and imagine he's really standing right there behind you."

Brenda closed her eyes and tried, even though she was very on edge. She couldn't believe how outrageously erect her long nipples felt, even by their own unusual standard.

"Here, hand me your bikini top."

"What?! Why?!"

"That'll get you in the properly humiliated and aroused mood."

Brenda reluctantly handed off her bikini top, and then, to her dismay, saw Suzanne place it on the deck behind her, out of reach. Blushing, Brenda sank deeper into the water, trying her best to hide her erect nipples without getting her short hair wet. She shut her eyes tighter in denial of the situation.

Suzanne continued in a tone that was almost soothing despite her scratchy voice. "Imagine him hearing your confession about being submissive, and even hearing about the type of porn you like. Now, imagine a naturally superior alpha male like him hearing that a big-breasted, beautiful woman like you is submissive. How would he react?"

Brenda said with both growing arousal and concern, "Like a wolf! Like a ravenous wolf who's found the secret entrance to the hen house!" She clutched at her rack as if she were topless and Alan was staring at her.

"Exactly. And you're the hen house. He can take advantage and turn you into another one of his personal cocksuckers. Can you imagine that? Can you picture yourself naked and on your knees, serving his great big cock?"

"Y-y-y-yes! I can! Oh God!" Lately, she'd been fantasizing about little else.

"Day after day? Hour after hour? Your whole world becoming nothing but sliding your lips up and down his massive shaft? Forever? Well, at least until he takes a break and spears his fat pole deep into your hot cunt!"

Brenda gasped and clutched her tits tightly, causing large amounts of tit-flesh to spill over her fingers.

"And how does that make you feel?"

"So... so bad! Disaster! Humiliation! Terror! Terrible! It's my secret shame!"

Suzanne knew that wasn't the whole story. She prodded, "And yet..."

"Oh God! Oh God! It's too hot! It's so fucking exciting and arousing I can't stand it!" Brenda opened her eyes. She looked down at her boobs, which were heaving on the surface so much that they were creating significant waves in the hot tub. She was still trying to restrain them with her hands, but with only limited success. Instead, she found herself fondling them in a decidedly sexual manner.

Suzanne concluded, "So now you know how it is. You can deny what you are all you like, but your body doesn't lie. You're burning with lust just thinking about it. Now, imagine that Alan really IS here. Imagine him standing behind you saying, 'Brenda, take your bikini all the way off and kneel in front of me.'"

Brenda had to quickly look behind herself again, just to double-check that Alan wasn't really there. She was surprised to realize that she was both relieved and disappointed that he wasn't.

Suzanne continued, "Now, imagine you pushing your breasts together in the hopes that he'll like that. After all, your primary desire and duty is to please him with your body. At the same time, you scoot closer and open your mouth. You're salivating profusely, because you're about to experience one of the greatest joys, a chance to suck his thick-"

Brenda suddenly cried out, "STOP! STOP!" She put her hands over her ears, just to make her point.

"What?"

Brenda reluctantly dropped her hands, knowing how foolish she looked doing that. Somehow they wound up again cradling the undersides of her heaving orbs. "I'm sorry, but I can't take it! You've made your point. Dammit, you don't even need to turn the heat on for this hot tub, because I'm burning up with so much lust that my body will boil the water without any help!"

Suzanne chuckled. "So you want to cool down some?"

"YES! This is scary! Suzanne, what am I going to do? Maybe I should just leave after talking to you and never come back. Never! Never see Alan again, or any of the rest of you!"

"And would that make you happy?"

"NO! I'd be miserable! I was never so alive and so happy as I was last night! But at the same time, I CAN'T go down that path! I can't! I can't!"

"Why not?"

"That way madness lies! I would lose all control! Where would it go? Where would it end?! I can't just give in to my desires. What about my son? I have to be responsible for him. And what about my family's livelihood? I could be taken advantage of so easily, if I were to act on my sexual submissiveness."

"Good points," Suzanne said. "There's also the fact that Alan just isn't that interested in you."

Brenda felt like her heart had been crushed by a stomping elephant. "Are, are you sure?" Without thinking about it, she pushed her boobs together, creating a deep line of tanned cleavage. On a subconscious level, she was trying to make herself more alluring for Alan.

"Think about it. He has Susan, Katherine, and me. His mother, his sister, and his de-facto aunt, respectively. Then there's all the others. For instance, the big-titted cheerleaders at school."

Brenda nodded sadly at that. She believed all the hype.

"I don't mean to boast, but even though most people would rate you a ten on the beauty scale, that's where the other three of us who were there last night would be rated as well, AND he's known and loved us his entire life! You're a near total stranger to him. Sure, he's a young, horny guy, and if a beautiful woman like you throws yourself at him, he'll be happy to fuck you every once in a while. But that's a world of difference from the kind of relationship we have with him on a day-to-day basis."

Brenda said sadly, "Stop there for a minute. It's like you're punching me repeatedly in the face. Give me a chance to recover and absorb all this."

"Sure. But actually, that's a good thing."

"No it's not!" Brenda exclaimed emotionally.

Suzanne smiled tolerantly. "Let me explain. You say you don't want to give in to your submissive side. I'm sorry, but that horse has left the stall already, especially after last night. Right now, you are VERY, VERY vulnerable. Your divorce is about to go through, and then you'll be a free agent. Exploring this submissive tendency has been delayed for many years because of your marriages, but repressed feelings have been building up all that time, and now they're reaching near explosive levels."

"And that's good?! How the hell is that good?!"

"Let me finish. I can help you. We can help you. Here's what would have happened had you not run into us. Soon you'll be single and you'll start dating again. The submissive part of you is very frustrated and trying to break loose. You would generally date naturally-dominant men and be unsatisfied with other

types. And here's the problem: most guys like that are real assholes. A lot of them are just plain evil. It's the old saying that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Chances are, some guy would take control of you and use that control for his own selfish ends. Your fortune, the well-being of your son, your self-respect, your sanity and maybe even your life - everything you value would be under threat."

Brenda wailed, "That's awful! But you're right! That's exactly the kind of thing that's worried me for so long. That's why I've tried to keep my submissive side under wraps for all this time. Even from my current husband Bob. Hell, especially from him. I've already told you how he gets off on power. He would have taken advantage of me in the worst way if I'd given him even the slightest opening!"

"I understand. But here's the good part: Alan isn't really THAT interested in you. He's got the rest of us to keep him occupied most of the time. He'd have no need or desire to totally control and dominate your life. He's a very kind-hearted guy already, and when he does slip up, he has Susan and me to keep him in line. There's no way he would try to steal your fortune or ruin your relationship with your son or anything else. Even if he wanted to for some bizarre reason, we wouldn't let him. And while we're not as rich as you, we're rich enough; we don't need your money."

That made Brenda feel better. She realized that she was still cupping her bare boobs from below, and even squeezing them with a slight rhythm. She felt foolish about it and finally stopped.

Suzanne continued, "So he can be a means for you to test the waters about this whole sexually submissive business. It's kind of like learning to ride a bike, but with training wheels first. It's hard for me to imagine a better, safer situation for you to experiment with that side of your personality. Additionally, I said that Alan's probably an alpha male, but if he is, he's definitely an unusual type. He's not into cruelty or pain or being mean to anybody. He's the nicest guy you could want. Sure, he loves having us women service him sexually; what warm-blooded horny male wouldn't? But he generally has a happy 'live and let live' attitude that helps keep everyone around him happy too."

She concluded, "You can't deny your submissive nature any longer. Going to some local bar or fancy party and meeting some new guy is as risky for you as Russian roulette. Like I said, your repressed desires have reached explosive levels, but you can get ahead of that by choosing for it to be a controlled explosion. That pent up desire HAS to be released one way or another. The safest, smartest way is to test the waters with Alan. I think what's happening with these poker parties is good. Keep coming to those once a week; that'll help make it even safer. Think of it as a slow burn like a primer cord, instead of a fiery flash burn like an explosive. Each week, after the party, you'll have a full week to think about what happened and where you want to take things next."

Suzanne actually did believe that would be a good strategy for Brenda, but she had other motives as well. For one thing, she was mindful of Susan's jealousy and her plea to only have Brenda at the house occasionally as a guest. Now that Brenda knew virtually all the Plummer household's sexual secrets, including the incest, there was no going back. She had to be brought into the group in some manner because it was too dangerous to leave her on the loose.

However, like Susan, Suzanne didn't want to bring Brenda in too fully. She liked how things were, fully sharing Alan with Susan and Katherine, both of whom she also loved very much. On the other hand, she figured that Brenda would be fun as an occasional change of pace. But just like Susan (and, undoubtedly, Katherine), she wanted to make sure that Brenda wouldn't be around too frequently, since that would cut into the time the others had alone with Alan.

Brenda considered everything Suzanne had said. "I guess that makes sense. It's strange, because at first it sounds so improbable to me. I'm still getting over the fact that one boy, a typical teenager with no extraordinary looks or size or ability, somehow has his own gang of women constantly tending to his sexual needs. Last night it was crazy, how his penis was constantly stiff and constantly tended! It's like he practically has his own harem!"

She continued, "And not just that, but you're all some of the most beautiful women I've seen in my entire life! That should scare me far away, and yet I'm really falling for his charms. Even before last night, I'd been thinking about him a lot. To be honest, I've been practically obsessed since the last poker party. I don't get it. What's so special about him? How does he command that attention from me? From ANYONE?!"

Suzanne purred, "I think you underestimate him. True, at first glance he seems like a typical kid, but he's got a lot of things going for him. I think one of the most important things is that he radiates genuine love and kindness, and yet there's something about him that makes you want to do what he requests, like I explained before. I'll bet you could look high and low for another dominant man that was as loving, but you wouldn't find one. That's where he really gets you. That's where he gets all of us."

Brenda nodded. She was deep in thought about it all.

Chapter 389 Suzanne And Brenda

After a long silence, Suzanne asked, "So, what do you think?"

Brenda replied carefully, "I don't know. Rationally, I understand what you're saying and it makes perfect sense. You're right that falling in with your group has been a very lucky thing for me. But still, I'm scared. Suzanne, I have to be honest: these submissive urges I have, they're strong. Very strong! I couldn't even begin to tell you the details of my fantasies and dreams, because they get very... wild. That's why I've repressed that side of me so much. I guess I'm still coming to grips with the fact that my submissiveness is out in the open now, and can't be denied anymore. I can't tell you how scary that is!"

Suzanne smiled in understanding. "I can't directly relate, because I'm not really into submission myself. But it doesn't have to be a bad thing. It's only a bad thing if someone ends up exploiting you. But if you're smart about it, you could end up having the time of your life! Coming to grips with your submissiveness could literally be the greatest thing to ever happen to you. Have you EVER had a better time in your life than last night? Be honest."

Brenda admitted, "No. That was the best. Losing my virginity, my wedding night, my best sex ever... none of those times could compare. I didn't even know it was physically possible to feel that much pleasure for one minute, let alone for over an hour! I was in nirvana! Complete nirvana the whole time!"

She stared off into space. "You know what? I've been sitting here thinking 'Should I really go through with this and go to the card game next week?' But that's bullshit. Of course I'm gonna go! How could I not? I can already tell I'll be counting the hours until the next Plummer house party."

Suzanne smiled widely. She was glad that Brenda was hooked. That could mitigate the danger caused by Susan revealing their incest to her. "Good, good. I think it's smart to be true to your feelings. You know what? I've always had an interest in psychology, so I try to keep up on the latest research. The thinking now is that we're far less rational than we think. Generally, we do what our feelings tell us to do, and then we rationalize that to ourselves."

Brenda jumped in as Suzanne paused for breath: "You're right. Heinlein said 'Man is not a rational animal, he is a rationalizing animal.'"

Suzanne continued "That's true. Think about it: the more we're in touch with our feelings, and the more honest we are about what we really want, the happier we'll be. Now, that leaves you with the problem of making sure that Alan is interested in you."

Brenda's eyebrows furrowed. "What?! I thought that was a given. Attracting a guy has never been a problem for me, believe me. In fact, it's the exact opposite: I've been running from too much attention all my life. Besides, you yourself said that he's a young, horny guy who will want to fuck me for sure."

"Sure. He will. But is that all you want, to be fucked once or twice..." - she paused ominously - "...and that's it? Or just every now and then? Do you want to end up at the very bottom of the totem pole? Remember what happened last night? At one point, you pretty much came right out and offered to give him a blowjob, and he said he wasn't that interested. If you want him interested, you're going to have to step up your game."

"Step up my game?! Are you kidding me?!" Brenda stood up in the hot tub. "Look at me. I'm glad you made me take my bikini top off, so you can see clearly. I'm not a boastful person, but the fact is, I have an incredible body. Many people have said I have a body built for sex, and they have a point. It's not just my large breasts; I've got a classic hourglass figure, a firm bubble butt, a cute face, and everything else guys like. What more am I supposed to do?"

"A lot. We'll talk about it. For starters, do you exercise?"

Brenda sat back down. "Some, but probably not as much as I should. I don't have a set routine. Plus, I'm lucky in that I've always had good genes. Fantastic genetics, actually. I can eat a lot, even sweet and fatty things, and I don't gain weight or lose my figure. I've just been lucky that way."

"That's nice. But it's not good enough. Look at me." Suzanne stood up. While standing, she untied her bikini top and bottoms and tossed them away. "Take a really good look. No need to be shy between us ladies, especially after what happened last night."

She turned her back to Brenda, then reached back to her ass and poked her finger into her flesh. "See that? See how firm that is? Can you do that?"

Brenda was still in shock that Suzanne had taken her bikini all the way off. But she was determined not to fall behind, so she bravely stood up, took her bikini bottoms off too and tossed them out of the pool. Then she also turned around and poked a finger into her own ass flesh. Like Suzanne, when she had her muscles flexed the finger hardly made a dent. "I don't know. You tell me."

Suzanne turned back around and tsk-tsked. "Hrm. Good, but not great."

Brenda turned back around and covered her pussy with both hands.

Suzanne added, "I hate to say this, but none of us are getting any younger, including you and me. You've been coasting on your good genes, and that's fine, but now you're in your late thirties and you've got to give your genes some help. All of Alan's women exercise daily, or close to it. If you want to keep up, you'll have to do the same."

Brenda sat back down in the water feeling glum. "Really? Dammit, that sucks. I do exercise some, honestly, but I'm inconsistent about it. I have to admit that I'm fairly spoiled. As I think I told you, I didn't just marry into a lot of money; my family was already very rich. It's hard to have a lot of willpower when you have everything handed to you from birth."

"That's true," Suzanne agreed. "But don't worry. I'm on your side. When you say you exercise some, what do you mean?"

"Let's see. I find it difficult to play sports, due to my curvy figure. Plus, I hate going out in public and getting all the attention. But I garden daily. That may not sound like much, but you should see my backyard! I hate to boast, but it's absolutely huge! I work up quite a sweat."

"That's good, but it's not enough. I'll help you get started with a proper exercise program."

"Thanks. By the way, you just called yourself one of Alan's women. Do you think of yourself that way?"

"Sure I do. I'm his woman and he's my man. The fact that he has other women doesn't change anything. Neither does our age difference. True love conquers all." She smiled widely. Curiously, she found it a lot easier to say "true love" to Brenda than to Alan or to someone else who would report that back to him.

Brenda pressed, "And what about Susan, calling herself 'one of his personal cocksuckers'? Is that how you see yourself?" She couldn't help but get aroused all over again from thinking about sucking Alan's cock, especially since she was now completely naked.

"Well, not exactly. I suppose that's technically true, but I don't revel in the title like Susan does. Of course, you know I suck his cock a lot, and I do enjoy it greatly. I know that that sex act is supposed to be only pleasurable for the man, but that's bullshit!"

"Really? How so?"

Suzanne could see it would be good to expound on this answer to get Brenda worked up. "Brenda, I can't even begin to explain it. For one thing, pleasing your partner can be a total joy in and of itself. I go all out, using every kind of trick with my tongue and my lips and my hands. And I'm rewarded with his sexy moans. I swear, sometimes I get shivers just from hearing him moan!"

Brenda got shivers just from hearing that.

"But that's just for starters. Maybe it's a Pavlovian association, but the act itself gives me constant pleasure. Just the act of opening my jaw wide to engulf his cock sends shivers down to my toes! And especially to my pussy!" She illustrated her point by opening her mouth as wide as possible. "And then... when I feel my lips close around his thick shaft, and my tongue starts to lap against his sweet spot, it's like there's a direct line from my tongue straight to my clit!"

Brenda's hands were underwater, and without really realizing what she was doing she found herself pulling at her own clit. She was startled at first, but when she realized that Suzanne couldn't see what she was doing she kept on with it.

Suzanne continued with an increasingly excited voice, "And let's not even talk about the thrill of nudity, or the way he looks at me with his hungry eyes! Or feeling my big breasts sway back and forth in time to my bobbing! Or when he reaches down unexpectedly and suddenly yanks on my nipples! Oh GOD!"

Brenda suddenly pulled her hands out of the water to yank on her own nipples, but she stopped herself when she remembered that Suzanne was looking at her. She went back to playing furtively with her clit and pussy, thinking her underwater activity wouldn't be noticed.

Suzanne did notice, but pretended not to. "But the struggle has just begun! He's developed an extraordinary stamina in just these last few weeks. To make him cum, I have to go all out! I have to completely give in to my sexual desires and let my inner slut run rampant! I have to whore myself out

shamelessly, totally dedicating my entire body to pleasuring his cock! It's an epic battle every time! A race! Can I get him to cum before my lips and tongue and jaw get too tired to go on? And then..."

She paused dramatically.

Brenda held her breath, totally enraptured. She wanted to do more than just finger her pussy, so she sank down lower to play with her nipples with her other hand.

Suzanne grinned ever so briefly before quickly hiding it. Brenda hadn't gone far enough underwater, so from her angle Suzanne could clearly see through the water the way that Brenda was pulling on her nipple. "And then... The EXPLOSION! The cum explosion! Oh, Brenda! I don't think he's ever climaxed when I didn't climax too! I know that's not normally the case with blowing a man, but with him it is!"

Suzanne had to stop and recover her breath. She'd started out just trying to work Brenda up into a lather. But, as so often happened with her and with Susan when they talked, she'd wound up working herself up just as much. It helped that she'd meant every word she'd said.

Brenda was still fingering herself and heaving hard. She exclaimed, "So it's true then, isn't it? You ARE one of his personal cocksuckers!"

Suzanne resumed in a more ordinary tone of voice. "I suppose you're right. But there are a lot of other things going on in the relationship, and that's not what defines it for me. Now, Susan, she's a different type of person. Actually, she's a lot like you; she's naturally sexually submissive. You should get to know her better; maybe you two would become good friends."

Brenda had to scramble to come up with a reasonable reply in a calm tone of voice. "I'd like that. I've already had some good talks with her, so I hope we can build on that. I could use someone to talk to who understands what I'm going through." She forced herself to stop masturbating, since she figured she'd need to be coherent enough for more speech.

Suzanne responded, "Yes, but in case you haven't noticed, she's very jealous of your breast size and wary of you in general. When you're a 38G, you don't expect another woman to come along with even BIGGER breasts. It just doesn't happen!"

"I've seen that she's jealous, but she shouldn't be. I'm the one who's jealous of her. She's the one he loves and adores. For instance, she's the one who got a face full of cum last night, while all I could do was watch." Brenda blushed as she realized what she'd just admitted.

Suzanne ignored the implications. "You should tell her that. Do you aspire to be one of his personal cocksuckers too?"

She nodded shyly, turning her head aside.

"Tell her that too. Talk to her. Get to know her. To be blunt, suck up to her. The sooner you get on her good side, the sooner you'll be sucking up to someone else with a face full of spermy cream as a reward, if you know what I mean." She winked.

Brenda shook her head in wonder. "It's so weird, the way you casually talk about that kind of thing. My husband, well... let's not go there. And now we're both here naked, and you're acting like that's totally normal too." She suspected that Suzanne might have noticed the way she'd been playing with her nipples, so she rose out of the water waist high to show that she wasn't doing that anymore.

Suzanne had a hard time not licking her lips, because Brenda's dripping-wet chest looked so tempting. She said, "It is. The only thing is, I normally have a strict rule about how I behave around my own house. Usually all the fun stuff happens next door. But I'm making a special exception for you, since I don't want you to see Susan today."

"No? Why not?"

"She's still feeling very conflicted about you and your role in what happened last night. It'd be good to give her a day or two to get over that. I'll work on her. At most, while she's still in that mood, you should talk to her on the phone, and only after getting strict instructions from me on what to say and what not to say. Agreed?"

Brenda nodded.

"Meanwhile, you and I need to make plans. Plan 1: make you generally 'Alan worthy.' Plan 2: start your exercise and diet program. Technically, that's part of Plan 1, but it's a big enough part that I'm counting

it as a separate thing. Plan 3, befriend Susan. Getting on Katherine's good side wouldn't hurt either. Plan 4, help you come to grips with your submissive nature, and learn how to have that work for you, instead of haunt you." She grinned as she said, "We'll add more plans as they come to me."

Brenda nodded. "Thanks. Talking to you is the answer to all my prayers, it seems. I've got a couple of questions though. Did you say exercise AND diet program? I don't need to lose weight, do I? I suppose I could lose five pounds or so, but I don't want my breasts to shrink."

"Don't worry; we definitely don't want your breasts to shrink even a little bit. I don't think you need to lose weight; Alan likes his women curvy and voluptuous. I'm not talking about eating less; I'm talking about eating healthier. If you do that, you'll have more vim and vigor, and you'll be better in bed."

"I see. I suppose I can try. But if that doesn't count as part of Plan 1, what's Plan 1 exactly?" bender

"Lots of things. How you dress, how you walk, how you flirt. There's a whole art to attracting a man. To be frank, I don't think you know many of the techniques because you have such an extraordinary body that you've relied all your life almost entirely on your natural charms. With Alan, given the competition, that isn't going to be good enough."

Brenda nodded. Deep down, she relished the competition. Her life had been lacking any real challenge for years. "By the way, do I have to stay naked like this?"

"Yes." Suzanne waited, testing to see if Brenda would ask why. She was glad when Brenda just nodded. Nevertheless she couldn't help but explain. "I've found multiple benefits to nudity. One is that there's nowhere to hide, so you're more honest. And we need more honesty for you to turn around your attitude on your submissiveness."

The two of them continued to talk and plan. Brenda loved it, because she no longer was overwhelmed by uncertainty and anxiety; Suzanne was giving her new ways to channel her energy and feel like she was taking charge of her situation. Suzanne seemed to know and understand everything, so Brenda found it easy to let down her guard and let Suzanne make the decisions.

Suzanne was pleased as punch. There were few things she loved more than scheming for a good cause, and helping Brenda gave her plenty of things to scheme about.

Later, after Brenda got dressed and went home, Suzanne thought to herself, That went well. My biggest concern is that I shouldn't train and help Brenda TOO much. With Susan lately, I've probably been getting carried away with my enthusiasm, and I don't want to do that all over again. The idea is to keep Brenda as a friend of the family, but not directly as family. Like Susan said, a special guest, not someone who's underfoot all the time. I admit I'll get off on training her to be 'Alan-worthy,' and maybe if things work out she'll wind up happily 'Suzanne-worthy' too. She snickered.

But I've gotta be careful. It would be very easy for her to get TOO hooked on Alan. If she's as submissive as she seems to be, that's more likely than not. I'll have to think about how to keep the balance right.

Hrm. I wonder what it would be like to have a woman like Brenda as my personal sub. I could be her mistress, and just loan her out to Sweetie from time to time. That would be such a win-win! I suspect she swings both ways, at least a little. I noticed she couldn't stop checking out my body, especially my bare breasts.

Yep, Susan accidentally telling Brenda about the incest just might have turned out to have been a very, very lucky thing!

Chapter 390 I Shouldn't Let My Dick Lead Me Around-Alan

For once, nothing sexual happened to Alan during lunch. Glory thought it wise that they didn't spend every single lunch together, to maintain appearances. So he ended up sitting with his friends Peter and Sean in the school cafeteria. They could hardly believe he was really there.

Peter said, "Man, what is UP with you lately?"

"What do you mean?" Alan asked.

"You're just so out of it all the time. Even when I see you lately, which is increasingly rare, you're spacing out with a smile on your face. If I didn't know better, I'd think you're totally stoned."

"Yeah," Sean added. "Even when you're here, like how you're talking to us right now, I get the sense that you want to be somewhere else."

Alan realized he had to do some damage control. "I can't talk about it, but let me give you a hint: things are looking up as far as dating women goes."

"OOOOH!" Both Sean and Peter said at once.

"That explains it!" Peter exclaimed.

Sean quickly insisted, "Tell us more! Details! We want details!"

Alan smiled mysteriously. "Sorry, guys. Right now, I'm not at liberty to say. But hopefully I will be soon. Watch this space."

"Oh, maaaaan!" Sean complained. "That sucks! You're like a total... news tease. You can't say that much and then stop."

"Yeah!" Peter seconded. "That's cruel."

"Sorry."

The two friends continued to harangue him in an attempt to get him to say more, but he didn't.

Alan found it interesting that Christine had already heard so much gossip about his dating, whereas Peter and Sean hadn't heard any at all. It just showed how much guys like him, and them, were out of the loop.

Alan had just finished eating when Katherine and Amy walked up to him. They both looked cross, with their arms folded under their ample racks. Katherine said, "Alan, we need to have a word with you. In private." She made it clear that Sean and Peter were not invited.

Sean teased him, "Oooh! Busted. How'd you screw up this time?"

Alan replied, "I don't know, but I think I'm about to find out. See you later, guys."

He walked off with the two girls. They didn't say anything for a long time, until they were well clear of everyone else. Partly, it was a privacy issue, but they were also making it clear to him that he was in the proverbial doghouse.

Finally they stopped, putting their hands on their hips to show their displeasure. They actually stood in the middle of the running track to minimize the possibility of being overheard.

Amy said, "M'kay, Kat, hit him with it."

bender

Katherine said, "We're really mad at you!"

He asked, "Yeah, I can see that, but why?"

Katherine said, "It's become increasingly obvious that you're having sex with Heather. I pretty much knew it already, thanks to your 'things happen' comment over the weekend, not to mention the whole 'high heels at the beach' incident that same day, but then I found out from Mom that you actually had a 'study session' with her in your bedroom on Tuesday! Don't tell me any actual studying went on. Do you have any idea how dangerous that is?! Having her come to our house is just about the worst thing in the world!"

He sighed. "Okay. You're right. That was bad. But it wasn't my idea. She literally snuck into my room while I was sleeping."

Amy pointed out, "That's worse! Now I'm gonna be totally freaking out that she could sneak into any of our rooms at any time. And why are you having sex with her? Yuck!"

"Hold on. It's not that bad. For one thing, she didn't sneak all the way into my room. She rang the doorbell like anyone else and Mom invited her in. The only sneaking was coming into my room without

knocking on my door first, or at least not doing so loudly enough to wake me. So you don't have to fear some kind of Heather ninja invasion. Besides, I made her promise NEVER to drop by the house unexpectedly again. She agreed."

Katherine growled, "Do you realize how worthless a Heather promise is? She's evil! Pure evil! And why ARE you having sex with her?"

He held his hands up defensively. "Come on. Sure, she's a bitch, but she's not THAT bad. I thought you two were acting all friendly to each other on Sunday, at the beach. Remember?"

Katherine huffed, "UGH! Don't remind me!"

"And yes, I don't like to kiss and tell, but in this case I can't deny that I'm having sex with her."

Katherine and Amy both growled loudly with frustration. Although neither had doubted Suzanne's conclusion that he was having sex with her, they still hated to hear him confirm it.

He said, "Okay, so maybe that wasn't the smartest thing I've ever done. But she came onto me, big time. I was blindsided, both times. And she's not that bad. She's hardly 'pure evil.'"

Amy groaned. "Ugh! You had sex with her twice? M'kay, I guess I can deal with that. But you won't do it anymore, will you?"

"Well, um, actually..."

The girls groaned again.

He said, "Hey, before you get too upset, Aunt Suzy approves."

Katherine stared at him hard. "Whaaaat?! No way!"

"Yes way. Well, maybe 'approves' isn't exactly accurate, but she understands. She said it's like I'm a kid in a candy store going wild. If a girl as beautiful and sexy as Heather throws herself at me, how can I say no? I'm an eighteen-year-old horny guy who's just discovered sex. Can't you cut me some slack here?"

Amy said, "I'm hurt. She's a meanie. Haven't we told you how she bosses us around during cheerleader practice and makes our lives miserable?"

Katherine said, "Yeah, it's like you're sleeping with some terrorist leader. Just because she's sexy doesn't make it right."

"Oh, come on. Your rhetoric is out of control. You know why Suzanne is okay with it, and has even given me tips on how to better handle her? It's because she knows it's gonna blow over soon. There's just no pleasing Heather. I'm like the flavor of the week for her. I'm different, and that makes me interesting - for the moment. But that's it. We have absolutely nothing in common. I doubt I could even hold a normal conversation with her. Plus, I'm a social nobody in the school pecking order. She doesn't even want to be seen saying 'hi' to me. In another week or two she'll go back to treating me like dirt. If you don't believe me, ask Aunt Suzy. When has she ever been wrong about anything? Have you talked to her yet about this?"

Both girls shook their head 'No'.

"She actually did some research on Heather, to make sure she wasn't a threat. She even talked to her mother and found out all kinds of personal stuff about her, so she understands Heather's mentality. Talk to Aunt Suzy; she'll put you at ease."

"We will," Katherine said defiantly. "But even so, what about the whole STD issue? When you fuck Heather, you fuck the entire school! Plus who knows who else? A few homeless bums, no doubt, with all kinds of icky diseases."

He replied, "Seriously, you exaggerate too much. First terrorists, now homeless bums. I'm sure she's slept around, but she claims that she's just been tested for STDs and is clean."

Amy grumbled, "Maybe so, but I still don't like it. With her, you need proof! Nothing less than the test results in hand. Besides, it's not like you don't have other options!" She didn't want to get more specific,

even though they were standing in the middle of a field, because she didn't want to allude to what was happening at his home under any circumstances, as long as they were in a public place.

Alan was also very careful about what he said. "I know I do." He tried to use his facial expression and especially his eyes to show his love and appreciation for both of them. "But come on, she's Heather. Sure, she's a bitch, but she has the perfect California blonde beach-babe body, and she knows how to use it. And did I mention how I was blindsided? Let me tell you how things got started."

He proceeded to describe his first sexual encounter with Heather. He skipped the sexual part of the details, instead focusing on how she'd taken him by surprise at the Baskin-Robbins.

When he'd finished his recapitulation, he concluded, "See what I mean? Don't blame me; blame her. She's like a force of nature. As your mom put it, she gets what she wants, period. There's no stopping her. Right now, she wants me. That'll blow over, and then we can move on. Okay?"

"M'kay," Amy muttered reluctantly. "But geez, let's hurry up with the moving on already, m'kay?"

Katherine wagged a finger at him. "Don't get attached to her. I know how you get attached to people. And be really, really lousy in bed with her. Be mean to her, even. That's an order!"

He grinned. "I'll try."

He left them more or less mollified (or so he thought). He knew they'd talk to Suzanne about Heather, which he figured would help matters considerably.

Nonetheless, he later thought, What if things don't blow over soon with Heather? What if she wants to have sex with me on a regular basis, as some kind of booty call? I need to put my foot down and tell her, "As long as you have sex with me, you can't have sex with anyone else. I don't want to catch some disease from you."

Great idea, but no way is that gonna fly! As Aunt Suzy pointed out, my leverage over her is mostly illusory. She's only gonna agree to the demands I make if she gets something out of it, especially some kind of sexual ecstasy. So if I tried that line, she'd just laugh in my face.

The problem is, Sis and Aims are right. I've got a bad feeling about this. I shouldn't let my dick lead me around. But dammit, both times with Heather were really intense. I don't know if I can turn her down and give all that up. I really am weak when it comes to her!