

6 Times 401

Chapter 401 Passionate Times

Alan's alarm clock woke him up. He automatically reached over to hit the snooze button as he usually did, but then noticed that it was still pitch dark. Looking at the clock, he realized it was three o'clock in the morning. It slowly came back to him that he'd set his clock that way on purpose with the hopes of sexually satisfying his sister, if his body was up for it.

He sat up in bed and thought about sneaking into her bedroom in the middle of the night, waking her up with a good fucking. He pictured her toned, tanned body writhing in pleasure beneath his own.

Well, looks like I don't have to worry about getting aroused. Boooooing! I am already. And my dick feels pretty good, I must say. I don't even feel that tired at the moment. All systems are go.

He'd been sleeping in the nude lately, so he decided to just go to her room that way. It felt deliciously naughty to sneak across the hallway in the dark dressed in just his birthday suit, holding his stiff erection against his lower abdomen to prevent it from bouncing around too wildly.

He wasn't a big fan of having sex in the dark. There are some women who look better clothed, but all the women he'd been with so far looked great naked. Cutting out the visuals also removed a large part of the experience, so when he found himself inside Katherine's room, he fumbled around until he found a desk lamp and turned it on. That provided some light, but it was still dark enough to be a bit mysterious and exciting, like a thief or rapist sneaking through the house with a flashlight.

Next, he turned his attention to Katherine as she lay sleeping in her bed. She too had taken to sleeping in the nude lately, but with the way she was cuddled up in her bed sheets he couldn't see much more than her head.

He still wasn't quite sure what he wanted to do with her exactly, but he decided that first he wanted to see her in her full naked glory while he made up his mind. He pulled the sheets down, slowly exposing her ripe young body. She squirmed a bit as the blankets came away, but didn't wake up.

Man! What a sister! Am I the luckiest guy on Earth or what? And she has this weird 'fuck toy' idea that I certainly don't want to disabuse her of. If I wasn't feeling so tired all the time, I'd sneak in here every night! Or better, have her sneak into my room instead.

He pondered what to do next. He liked the idea of just going for regular intercourse and giving her a good, hard fucking, but he'd made a vow not to do that in the house, for Susan's sake. That could easily become a dangerous habit. Getting caught in the middle of the night by Susan was very possible, especially if Katherine really started screaming. He figured Susan would probably get over it eventually, but it would set things back with her for quite a while, and that wasn't worth the risk. Her opposition to incestuous fucking was very strong, despite all the other sexual things she was doing with Alan, since Suzanne had managed to convince her that "real incest" only applied to actual intercourse.

bender

While he was thinking, Katherine started to shift in the bed. Her hands seemed to flail about a bit as she shifted her body around, leading him to guess that she was feeling a chill because of the missing sheets and trying to pull them close.

Instead, one of her hands found its way down to her pussy. He realized that she was dreaming, and from the way she was starting to moan it must be a very pleasant erotic dream. He looked closely at her eyelids and saw them fluttering a bit. I remember reading about that somewhere - REM sleep while dreaming, meaning Rapid Eye Movement.

He watched with fascination since he'd never really examined someone dreaming before (and the fact that she was buck naked and gorgeous certainly didn't hurt). Her fingers lingered near her slit but she didn't seem to have the coordination to put them in. Then her moans started to become a bit more coherent. "Alan! ... Oh Alan! ... Big... Big, big, big... Big, BIG Brother! ... Oh!"

He chuckled, very pleased. That's pretty cool. What are the odds of me being here to hear that? Unless she mentions me in her sleep all the time, which would be even more amazing, actually. She must really like me if she dreams about me like that. It just makes me want to fuck her good and long. But I really shouldn't. I just know we'll get carried away. However, what if I try something else...

He crawled up on the bed and put his face in her crotch. After all the blowjobs I've been getting, it's only fair for some payback. Also, she's smooth-shaven, so this is the ideal time to try out some pussy licking. If I totally hate it I can stop before she wakes up and no one will be the wiser. This is as risk free as it gets.

Her hand was still lazily lingering around her pussy, so he gently pushed it away. Then he had a better idea and carefully licked the fingers on that hand, one by one.

That increased the intensity of her moans. They'd been incoherent for a while but now she started saying, "Too big! Too big! ... Soooo big..."

He chuckled some more at that. If my dick were only half as big as all the hype about it around this house, it would be like two feet long! I wouldn't be able to fit through a door. Not that I'm going to discourage the hype, heh-heh.

Then he turned his attention to her pussy. Her hand was safely out of the way, so in the dim light he bent his head further down, thinking, Well, here goes nothing.

No sooner did he put his tongue on her gash (already nice and moist from her dream) and lick his way up it when he sensed a tremor running through her whole body, like someone had lifted her up an inch or two, then dropped her back down. Two hands suddenly appeared at his head and clenched at his hair, pulling on it hard.

Then her scream began. "Aaaaaeii-"

Not wanting to get caught, he acted fast. He quickly scooted his way up her body, taking her hands on his head with him. He was going to put a hand over her mouth, but when his head rose high enough for her to see his face, her scream died in her throat.

He slowed down until his eyes were just a foot or so in front of hers. Her eyes were wide open with fear, but also adjusting to the dim light.

"Alan?! My baby? Is that really you?!"

He puzzled at the "my baby" but nodded. He brought a finger to his mouth in a "be quiet" gesture and whispered "Shhhh!" for good measure.

It was a good thing he did too, because it took all of Katherine's willpower not to scream even louder than before, but this time from joy instead of from fear. Instead, she stretched out her body and threw her fists in the air. "YES! YES!" she scream-whispered. "My dream man is here in the flesh!"

But her celebration was short lived because then she threw herself at him, covering his mouth with hers in a deep, passionate soul kiss. She tackled him so exuberantly that within seconds she wound up on top of him. Her hands seemed to be everywhere at once.

Their kiss went on for about a minute or so until one hand found his erection. Then her other hand quickly joined in the discovery. She broke the kiss and gasped for air. "Oooh! Is all this magnificent, powerful cock for me?!"

"Yep!" He said that despite not knowing why his dick was frequently called "powerful" by the women in the house. He didn't understand that at all.

She started to scoot down his body, but he said, "Wait. Remember what I was doing when I woke you up? I was just starting to lick you down there. Don't you want me to do some more of that?"

"Please do!"

"Shhhh!"

"Please do!" she repeated, a lot quieter this time. "But let's make it a sixty-nine. I've never done that before, unless you count doing it with a girl." She giggled. "You explore down there, and I'll just pop this lovely baby-maker in my mouth. Oh boy! What a great surprise! You're the best brother ever!"

So they repositioned, with Katherine still on top.

Alan tried his best to get back to his aborted pussy licking, but didn't have much success. At least from his point of view he thought he didn't, though she seemed to love everything he was doing. It was too dark for him to see what he was licking most of the time, so he just licked whatever happened to be there in front of him.

His biggest "problem" was that she was sucking on his erection like she was possessed. She was so into it that he couldn't concentrate or find his bearing to really know what he was doing.

He'd heard of the "alphabet technique" where one makes the shapes of a letter of the alphabet to vary up the pussy licking, but there was no chance for him to try that out. Mostly, he just stuck his tongue out and sometimes came into contact with her writhing body, and sometimes didn't. He concentrated on squeezing his PC muscle so he wouldn't shoot his load after only a minute or two, but it wasn't easy, given the way she was giving the blowjob her absolute all.

He hung in there until he felt her body tremble in a great orgasm, then let go his restraints and shot a load right into her mouth. He was intrigued to notice how much pussy juice gushed out and wetted his face while he was also spraying her tonsils with his cum.

But all too soon their orgasms were over. Katherine switched from being a boundless ball of energy to barely having the strength to roll off him. She became clingy and cuddly, which suited his returning exhaustion just fine.

As they lay side by side, she whispered, "Big Brother, that was the best surprise ever! I was having this dream about you really nailing my cunt with your massive pussy pleaser, just like I do most every night, and then all of a sudden I woke up and it was really happening! Well, close enough, anyway. In fact, the fact that you went down on me was even better than regular fucking! That was so unexpected!"

He grinned. "I know. For me too. I wasn't really planning on doing that, but I just figured, 'Why not?' I haven't had many opportunities to go down on a woman so far. You were my first when we were in the closet with Kim. I hope I didn't suck too bad."

"Your first?!" she whispered excitedly. "Wow! That's totally cool! You make me feel so loved. Ohmigod! ME! I was your first!" She practically crushed his rib cage with the force of her hug.

"Shhhh!" he warned.

"Sorry," she replied quietly. "It's just that I'm so excited! I wish I could tell Mom. She'd be totally thrilled, if it weren't for her reservations about us being together." She sat up some and looked at him with renewed excitement. "But you know what the coolest thing of all is?"

"What's that?"

"That you could just come in my room in the middle of the night and take me at any time, in any way you like! I've never felt so totally, well, fuck toy-ish! Sleeping in this bed is never gonna be the same, knowing that at any given moment you could burst in and take me any way you like, ravage me, and fill any of my holes with your precious little babymakers!"

"Does that bother you?"

"BOTHER me?!" Realizing she was getting too loud, she lowered her voice again. "Bother me? Are you kidding? I don't know how I'll get to sleep ever again, 'cos I'll be too excited thinking about all the things you could do to me at any moment!"

He was very pleased. He'd had an extremely sexually satisfying time, even though it was rather brief, but more importantly he knew Katherine didn't feel neglected anymore, at least for the moment.

After a few more minutes of post-orgasmic cuddling and kissing he snuck back into the hallway. On a whim, he went to his mother's bedroom instead of his own, opened the door and peered inside. He saw her lying on her side, breathing loudly, obviously deeply asleep. Even though her body was mostly covered by sheets and blankets, her face still looked startlingly beautiful where it was faintly lit by the light he'd just turned on in the hallway.

As he stared at her, he thought, Sis is right. Things have really been opening up around here. Now that Ron is gone, not only can I sneak into Sis's room at any time, but what's to stop me from sneaking in here and having my way with Mom any time I like? Well, okay, I couldn't just up and fuck her without unleashing a shit-storm of trouble, but a midnight blowjob would be pretty sweet! It's almost a bummer than I'm such a deep sleeper. But what's a real drag is that I need so much sleep or else I'd make a midnight crawl to one bed or another every single night!

Closing the door, he went back to his bed and immediately fell into a really sound sleep.

Chapter 402 Aunt Suzy?

"Angel, we've got a problem."

"I know, Mom. I know."

Susan and Katherine were in the kitchen, chopping up vegetables to prepare omelettes for breakfast. Both of them were wearing semi-transparent nighties in the hopes that that would sexually inspire Alan. But the problem Susan referred to was that he hadn't woken up yet. He was so sleepy that he'd actually slept right through his loudly beeping alarm clock. Katherine had to come into his room and turn it off. After that, Susan had decided to let him sleep longer.

But they were running out of time. Susan asked, "Do you think we should wake him up? He has to eat and shower, at least, but we're running out of time even for that! Not to mention helping him out with his special problem." She felt a tingle in her nipples and pussy as she fondly recalled titfucking him the previous night.

Katherine nodded, "ESPECIALLY helping him with some sexy fun time. As you know, he's not one to cum easily. It takes a LOT of passionate sucking and stroking. If you so much as let up for one minute, you're back at square one."

Susan nodded. She wore a worried look. "That's so true. Normally that's a very good thing, because I loved the prolonged struggle before I get my spermy reward. But not this morning!"

She glared at Katherine. "It didn't help that you slept in some too, and you haven't showered yet either. You and I both have a lot to do, and not much time to do it in." She sighed. "I wish there was a clone of me: one to sneak into Tiger's bed and help him with his problem, and the other to cook and eat breakfast and get you two to school."

Katherine suggested, "Actually, you DO have a clone: Aunt Suzy! You two are basically identical from the neck on down. But more importantly, she's right next door. Maybe she could lend a hand?"

Susan felt a curiously powerful surge of lust as she pictured Suzanne sucking him off. Although she much preferred helping him herself, having Suzanne help felt like the next best thing. She said, "The problem with that is that she's got to get Amy and Brad ready for school. She's as busy as me right now."

"You don't know that. That's true in general, but what about Eric? Doesn't he ever help out? What if she says she's got an emergency? Can't he fill in? Besides, Amy and Brad are pretty capable. They don't really need that much help in the first place, once their breakfast is cooked. It's mostly a case of motivation, kicking their butts until they're out the door on time."

Susan stared off into space with worry. "I suppose... I suppose it wouldn't hurt to call and ask."

A short phone call and five minutes later, Suzanne came over. She's taken Susan's suggestion and gotten Eric to make sure their kids would get to school on time. In return for helping Susan, she'd been promised that she could play the major role in dealing with Alan's "special problem."

Suzanne was extremely delighted by the invitation. Breakfast at the Pestridge house was no fun, because it was one of the rare times the family was often together, but it was a family split in two, with Eric and Brad on one side and Suzanne and Amy on the other. The atmosphere was chilly. Whereas being at the Plummer house promised great sexual pleasures, and lots of love and fun.

Furthermore, Suzanne hoped to use the situation to break down Susan's willingness to take part in sexual activities with others around. To that end, shortly after coming over, she took Katherine aside in the dining room and spoke to her so Susan couldn't hear from the kitchen. "I've got a favor to ask, Angel."

"What's that?"

Suzanne winced unhappily as she asked, "Can you kind of make yourself scarce for twenty minutes or more?"

"Sure. Why?!"

"Well, because I'm planning on having fun with my Sweetie. But, and here's the key thing: I also want Susan to have fun with me. Right now, she's got a lot of reluctance to watching or taking part in sexy fun with him if I'm there. But her reluctance is double for you, since you're her daughter and she's trying to be a 'responsible' parent. If both you AND I are there, then her resistance doubles again, at least. To make matters worse, right now her libido is cold. I've gotta work on heating her up to loosen her up, and that's easier if you're not around. Remember, the sooner we can break down her rules and limits, the sooner all of us can be living in endless erotic nirvana."

Katherine was bummed. "I understand that, but still, it sucks. Lately, I've been having a ton of morning time fun. It's gone from being a drag to being one of my favorite times of day."

Suzanne responded, "I know. But don't worry. Do whatever you need to do upstairs. Shower and get your books and backpack ready, your clothes laid out, and so on. If my plan works like I think it will, you'll get some high quality sexy fun time with him too. The more ready you are, the longer the fun time can be."

"Sweet! But what about breakfast? I do need to eat."

"I know. That's a problem. Maybe eat in the living room? Roll with the punches. By the time you come back downstairs, maybe Susan will be so hot and bothered that you'll be able to eat in the dining room without her getting spooked. If so, that'll be a nice small victory. Keep in mind we can enjoy life moment to moment, but we have to stay focused on our ultimate goal."

Katherine nodded.

Several minutes later, Alan came staggering downstairs. He was much more sleepy and out of it than usual. He didn't see Katherine, so he walked to the voluptuous mother cooking in the kitchen.

Of course, Suzanne's hair was very different from Susan's, from the back as well as the front. But that didn't matter because his gaze was aimed lower. She was wearing an erotic apron that left her ass and the rest of her backside uncovered.

He walked right up to her and cupped her ass with one hand.

He waited to see if that would lead to a complaint, especially since he started digging between her legs, right up to the edge of her pussy. But the only response was a contented purr. So he reached around for a hug that also allowed him to cup one of her large, bare tits.

"Tiger, you know the rules. You're not allowed to touch me there without permission. It's very improper!"

That's exactly what Susan would say. Furthermore, cooking in nothing but an erotic apron (and high heels) was exactly what she would be doing at this time. However, after a couple of seconds, Alan somehow sensed that it wasn't Susan. For one thing, the voice was too scratchy. For another, the smell was feminine and lovely, but it wasn't Susan's smell. But what really gave it away was when he finally tore his eyes away from her bubble butt and looked up enough to notice her full and slightly curly reddish-brown hair.

He disengaged, stepping back in total shock. "Aunt Suzy?!"

Suzanne turned around to make eye contact and fully reveal her face. She was grinning from ear to ear, because she'd just successfully played a harmless but fun trick on him.

He actually rubbed his eyes in disbelief. "Waaaaait a minute! What's going on here?! How could you be you, here, now?!"

She chuckled with glee.

Adding to his confusion, he suddenly felt arms reach around him from behind, and then gigantic bare tits press into his back. He heard a voice coo into his ear, "What's wrong, Sweetie? Has something got you confused?"

He turned around and looked into Susan's smiling face. "Wait! No! Mom, how can you be standing here when you're over there?!" He turned back to Suzanne and pointed at her. "That's... that's... oh God! No way!"

The reason Alan had been cleverly tricked was due to Suzanne's careful planning. She'd gotten Katherine to sneak into his room and change his alarm clock so he'd think it was half an hour later than it really was. Then Katherine had woken him up in great distress due to the time, and told him to rush downstairs right away. He'd thrown on his T-shirt and shorts, then come down while he was still in a half-awake state. He definitely was feeling aroused though, with his penis fully erect, since he looked forward to playing around with Susan and maybe Katherine, no matter how sleepy he was.

Susan reached around to his crotch. She purred happily when she felt his bulge. "Mmmm... Is that for me, or is that for Aunt Suzy? No matter." She unzipped his fly and let his shorts slide down to his knees. "It's like you have TWO big-titted mommies to play with this morning, isn't it?"

He was starting to get fully awake in a hurry. In fact, his eyes were wide and his heart was pounding as he contemplated his awesome situation. "I don't know what the hell is going on! Aunt Suzy, you should not be here at this hour. That never happens. But, that said, I totally love it!"

Suzanne smirked at Susan's hand already jacking off his exposed boner. She said, "You're not the only one loving it. For days now, I've been hearing from Susan about her thrilling morning adventures. As you know, I come right over once all you young 'uns are off to school, so sometimes I get the full story even with the smell of cum and breakfast still in the air. I heard about her wearing nothing but an erotic apron for you a couple of times, and I couldn't resist trying it myself. You like?"

She turned her back to him again and ostentatiously wiggled her ass.

He enthused, "Aunt Suzy, you have no idea! This is such a serious mind-fuck for me! Pardon my language, Mom."

Susan was still jacking him off from behind. She'd pulled his T-shirt up in back as well, so she could slide her bare tits against his back, skin on skin. "Please do be careful with your language," she cautioned him.

He continued to ogle Suzanne wearing just the erotic apron. He said to her, "You're so adorable and feminine in that. So motherly. It's VERY symbolic. It's really blowing my mind!"

Looking over her shoulder, Suzanne took a few steps back. She was aiming her ass at his crotch. "You didn't mention sexy. What about sexy?"

"UNGH! So sexy!" He groaned loudly and lustily. "Do I even have to say that, when it comes to you? It's like a given!" He quickly glanced down at Susan's fingers rubbing his sweet spot, and had to stifle the urge to scream out loud with unrestrained ecstasy.

"Us women, we always like a good compliment." Suzanne's ass had met up with Alan's crotch. She would have loved to grind against his exposed boner.

But Susan's hand was in the way, and Susan was not happy about Suzanne's probing with her ass. She complained, "Suzanne, what are you doing? You know the rules. We can't have two women pleasure him at once. That's far too debauched and improper!"

Suzanne stopped and turned around, since she'd been bumping into Susan's hand more than Alan's hot cock. She looked over Alan's shoulder to Susan's face. "Okay, sorry. But can I give him a hug, at least?"

Susan wasn't happy about that. She griped, "That's also kind of pushing it. But I suppose a brief hug is okay."

Suzanne took full advantage of Susan's generosity. She wrapped her arms around Alan, but slid her hands down to his ass, so she wouldn't interfere with Susan's tits still sliding on his back. And she was careful not to interfere with where Susan was jacking him off. But that still allowed her to press her huge tits against him too. In fact, she quickly untied her erotic apron and let it fall to the floor so it wouldn't get in the way.

Then she French kissed him as well. Once her hugging and kissing got started, she pulled his shirt up in front as well, so it was up around his armpits. That meant G-cup-sized tits were rubbing against his bare skin on either side.

He thought, Oh my God! I'm in the middle of a tit sandwich! How great is that?! Mom's right: I DO have TWO big-titted mommies to play with this morning! Sweet Jesus! I'm fully awake now, that's for sure! He laughed out loud with pure joy.

Susan's thoughts were similar. Suzanne and I have him trapped in titty heaven! This is why the good Lord blessed us with such massive endowments, to better share the love, and share the fun! But she wasn't happy with the bending of the rules, and she was concerned about getting Alan to school on time.

Chapter 403 So Sexy! I Can't Stand It!

As a result, the three of them soon repositioned. Alan moved to the love seat in the dining room. Susan cuddled her naked body next to him. Suzanne knelt her naked body between his legs and started in on one of her world-class blowjobs.

But Susan also brought out a tray with the breakfast she'd prepared for him - a potato omelette, with fried mushroom, aubergine, and tomato on the side, an assortment of fruit slices, and pineapple juice - and set it on a chair within easy reach of where she and Alan sat together on the love seat.

She said, "Tiger, we kind of tricked you by setting your clock forward. It's not as late as you think it is. But, that said, we're still running very short on time. So, just for today, I'm going to feed you while Suzanne takes care of your special cocky needs."

He was incredulous at his good fortune. "Are you kidding me?! I'm going to get handfed by my centerfold-perfect mother while my centerfold-perfect auntie sucks me off?! I don't believe it!"

Susan just smiled. She'd already cut his food into bite-size chunks before he'd come downstairs. She picked up a fork of the omelette and brought it towards his mouth. "Believe it!" She nodded down at Suzanne's bobbing head, and proudly proclaimed, "It's already happening."

Alan ate that bite of omelette, which was delicious, like all of Susan's cooking, and still hot as well. "I don't mean to look a gift horse in the mouth, but you spoil me. This is just... beyond the beyond! I have to be the luckiest guy on Earth!"

He didn't understand why he couldn't eat his food on his own. But that did free up his hands, and with his mother buck naked and cuddling into his side, that allowed him to freely fondle her body, especially her big tits. He knew that he technically wasn't allowed to touch her tits without her permission, but she was obviously very hot and bothered now, and if she wasn't going to mention it, he wasn't going to either.

Susan said to him while feeding another bite into his mouth, "Tiger, you have a VERY grave condition! The problem with you needing to cum so many times each and every day isn't going to go away, and it requires a lot of help from your loved ones. Furthermore, we can't let it interfere with your school. I'm not happy that you're touching Suzanne and me at the same time. In fact, I'd just put a stop to this very thing in the kitchen. But Suzanne persuaded me that we have to make a special exception today, in the interest of time."

He knew that he didn't have any "grave condition." Susan seemed to forget that if his orgasm treatment didn't help, that would just mean he'd simply be more tired and need daily naps like he'd had for a long time now. He also knew he could eat just as fast on his own, whether Suzanne was blowing him or not. But he decided he'd be an idiot to mention such things. Instead, he simply nodded.

Susan's eyes twinkled with delight as she remembered something. She looked down at Suzanne's sliding lips and said to her, "I wish you could talk right now, my very best friend, because I have great news that I can't wait to share! Last night, as I was tucking Tiger into bed, I took your advice and gave him a titfuck! And... oh my goodness! It was SO GOOD! SO HOT! It was as exciting as on that first Tuesday when I discovered the joy of sucking his cock!"

Alan said with wry understatement, "And it turns out I kinda liked it too." He happened to be fondling one of her tits, so he gave it a firm squeeze.

Susan turned her head to make eye contact with him. She smiled widely. "I hope you more than 'kinda' liked it, buster. Because there's a lot more of that in your future!" She freed her hands and then squeezed her bare boobs together enticingly.

"Mom, I'm just kidding. You know I loved it. Thank you so very much. You're the best mom ever. I love you!" He brought his spare hand to the back of her head and gently pushed her face towards his.

"I love you too, Son!"

Breakfast was temporarily forgotten as they French kissed for the next minute or two. Susan was resistant at first, because this also was a violation of her rule against two women pleasuring him at once, due to the fact that Suzanne was continuing to suck his cock. But since he'd said "I love you," her emotions were too strong, leading her to kiss him back with all her might.

He let go of her head and fondled her great breasts with both hands.

Eventually though, their kissing ended, and Susan tried to regain some control of the situation. She said, "That's enough of that." She looked down at his fingers lightly pinching her erect nipples. "Uh-oh! There are rule violations everywhere today. Let's just get back to you eating your breakfast."

Just then, Suzanne pulled her lips off his shaft so she could speak, and said, "Hold on. You make too big a deal out of these so called rule violations. That's great news that you both obviously enjoy the titfucking. I say that's a cause for celebration. Feeding him doesn't take both your hands. I say we celebrate with a little bit of this." She took one of Susan's hands and brought it to Alan's boner.

Susan's mouth gaped in alarm and surprise, even as her fingers wrapped around his shaft. The feel of his hot, wet cock in her hand made her feel goose bumps all over.

She looked down at Suzanne, who was "merely" lapping her tongue on Alan's sweet spot, and complained, "Suzaaaaanne! Please don't do this to me! Rules are important!"

Suzanne spoke as she licked. "I know. But isn't keeping his big, fat cock throbbing with pleasure important too?"

As soon as she was done saying that, she engulfed Alan's cockhead again and resumed her bobbing on him.

Susan felt torn; she didn't know what to say. Meanwhile her fingers started to slide up and down, as if acting on their own. Dear me! I'm so weak! But it is a special circumstance...

Alan loved that this bending of the rules was happening, so he tried to make it a done deal by saying, "Thanks for helping me out together, Mom and Aunt Suzy. You two are the best! And Sis too." He looked around the room and into the kitchen. "Where is she, by the way?"

Katherine walked into the dining room from the living room. "Did someone mention my name?"

Susan was alarmed. She quickly let go of his cock as if it were a hot potato. She was grateful that Suzanne's bobbing head blocked the view of what he had been doing. She covered her huge globes and pussy as best she could. "Angel, it's not what it looks like!" Her face turned red.

Suzanne pretended to be deaf, because she didn't even pause with her exquisite cocksucking.

Katherine giggled. "It's exactly what it looks like! But don't worry, I agree that a special situation like today calls for special measures. I've just come to pick up my plate of food too." She headed towards the kitchen.

Alan quietly sighed. He was bummed by his sister's timing, since it had accidentally interrupted Susan's lending a hand.

Susan complained, "Angel, you know how much I love you. You see I have your breakfast plate all prepared too. But you can't eat here! It's too shameful! Suzanne said you were busy upstairs."

"I was. But I finished." Actually, Katherine hadn't spent much time upstairs at all. When Suzanne explained to Katherine her plan to trick Alan in order to instruct her in her role in the plan, Katherine decided that she couldn't resist watching. She'd been peeking from the living room nearly the whole time. That's why she was able to suddenly appear when Alan mentioned her name.

Susan's embarrassment was rising the longer Katherine lingered and watched. "Suzanne, please! Help me here. Can't you stop for a minute?!"

Suzanne didn't stop, or even slow down. In fact, she was taking him unusually deep, in order to slightly trigger her gag reflex so she could make believable, lewd gagging sounds.

This embarrassed Susan greatly. She reached out and tapped the top of Suzanne's head, even though she had to uncover her own breasts to do so. But the purpose of her tapping wasn't inherently clear, so Suzanne pretended not to understand.

Katherine said mirthfully, "Hmmm. It looks like Aunt Suzy is unable to talk for some reason. I wonder why that could be?" She giggled. "It looks like her parents taught her not to talk when her mouth is full!" She giggled even more at that.

Alan chuckled at that as well, but Susan was not amused. She gave her daughter a very disapproving look.

Katherine had been testing to see if Susan would put up with her presence. Clearly, that wasn't happening, since Susan remained too uncomfortable to resume lending a hand. So she said, "Don't

worry, Mom. I understand that helping Brother with his special problem is just about the most important thing these days. And he can't just cum like THAT." She snapped her fingers as she said "THAT."

Susan's mouth was continually watering as she stared down at Suzanne's sliding lips. It took all her willpower not to assist. She remained resolutely against having two women pleasure her son at once, especially with her daughter watching.

"Listen to Aunt Suzy." Katherine paused, allowing everyone to pay attention to Suzanne's continued gagging sounds. "She's really choking on that fat cock! Doesn't that sound sexy?" She paused to make sure that Susan was listening.

So much! Susan whimpered to herself. So sexy! I can't stand it!

Katherine continued, "I'm sure she's giving it her all, but Brother's not even breathing hard yet. And that's good, since Akami said he's gotta get prolonged stimulation for it to have the desired effect. So I'll take my plate and eat in the living room. That's how I can help him out some too, this time."

Susan breathed a huge sigh of relief. "Thank you for that! You're such a wonderful daughter. I'm so proud of you for being understanding!"

Katherine had been ogling the whole time that she'd been talking, but she couldn't actually see much of the blowjob except for the back of Suzanne's body, including her rhythmically bobbing head, and Susan was still covering herself up. So she figured she wasn't missing out on seeing much anyway. She went into the living room with her plate of food. Since there was a wide open doorway between the dining room and living room, she at least could content herself with listening to Suzanne's passionate slurping noises.

As soon as his sister left, Alan resumed playing with his mother's fantastic body. Susan resumed feeding food into his mouth, but sometimes that stopped so they could make out some more. In fact, there was as much kissing as eating.

Alan ate the rest of his breakfast like that. He couldn't get over how good he felt, both mentally and physically. Between Suzanne's blowjob and getting to fondle Susan while she fed him, he truly had never felt more like a king or sultan.

Unfortunately, he couldn't prolong the experience nearly as long as he would have liked to. He realized that time was running out, and it would be rude to be late to school now, after all they'd done for him. But because he ate at a good pace, he still hadn't climaxed when he ran out of food.

Susan wasn't sure what the next step should be.

Suzanne said, "I've got an idea. Sweetie here still needs to shower, no? I'll join him in that and make sure he ends it with a nice cum. Meanwhile, Susan, you know exactly what he needs for school. You can pack his backpack and so forth so he can hit the ground running when the shower is over."

"Oh, poo!" Clearly, Susan would have preferred to be the one helping in the shower. All through breakfast she had been incredibly tempted to take over for Suzanne, or at least lend a hand, and yet she'd restrained herself. But she realized it made more sense this way. She sighed. "Okay. Fine."

Katherine had been listening from the living room and she'd finished eating too. So she rushed upstairs and got in the shower first. She could legitimately claim that she hadn't showered yet either. When Alan and Suzanne got to the upper bathroom a couple of minutes later, they were greeted by the sexy sight of the shower water pouring down on the stacked and tanned teen.

Suzanne was extremely impressed at Katherine's appearance. Standing next to Alan right in front of the shower, she resumed stroking his cock while saying to him, "Sweetie, just look at your sister! Really look at her!"

"I'm looking!" Indeed, his heart was racing from the sight, as well as from Suzanne's sliding fingers.

Katherine loved being the center of attention. She didn't speak, but just posed and preened proudly for her brother.

Suzanne responded, "I know. But do you really appreciate what a gorgeous sister you have? I doubt it. Without question, she's one of a small handful of the most beautiful girls in your high school. Look at that tan! That smooth skin, so deliciously wet. Those really are BIG tits, Sweetie, especially for her age. And she's still growing, so I'm sure they'll get bigger. She's a total hottie, AND now she's your personal fuck toy. It's true that a lot of sisters are fuck toys for their brothers, but not many look like that."

He was panting hard as he watched. "Whaaaat?! In what world..." His voice tailed off, because he realized that Suzanne was just teasing him with her general 'sisters-as-fuck-toys' comment.

Suzanne dropped to her knees in front of him. "Now, before we get in the shower, I'm going to suck your cock some more, while you say nice things to your sister. Let her know that you love her and appreciate all she's doing for you!" She engulfed his cockhead and started to bob and suck.

He was incredulous yet again. He looked down at Suzanne's mass of reddish-brown hair bobbing up and down, then unthinkingly put a hand on top of her head. He looked back at his sister, who was still in a very provocative pose, made all the more tempting due to the water running down her skin.

Suzanne loved the naughtiness of blowing Alan while he complimented his naked, wet sister. She hadn't felt this delightfully debauched since her wild college years. She made a point of slurping and sucking extra loudly, just to make sure that neither of the other two could forget her presence.

Alan certainly couldn't miss the incredible pleasure she was giving him. He worried that he was too horny to speak coherently, or even to think straight, but he was determined to try. "Um... Sis... Aunt Suzy is right! My God, you're so beautiful! I'm the luckiest brother ever! I know that sometimes you feel overshadowed by our mother and auntie, but you shouldn't. I love you so much that I can't even express it. And then you're my best friend, even more than Sean or Peter or anyone else. AND you look like this!"

He waved a hand at her in awe. "Then, as if that isn't incredible enough, this 'fuck toy' stuff on top of that?! I don't even know what to say, except that I'm not worthy!"

She growled as if angry, even though she was personally flying from the compliments. "Don't ever give me that 'not worthy' crap again! I'll be the judge of that!" Her expression softened in a loving smile. "Now, step into this shower right away, dammit, so I can show you just how much I love you!"

Suzanne pulled her lips off his cock so that the two of them could get in the shower with Katherine. Then they put Alan in the middle of another "tit sandwich." Katherine and Suzanne showered him with kisses and hugs while they jacked him off together.

There wasn't much pretense of trying to get anyone clean, especially since nobody was really dirty in the first place. Katherine got to be the one to suck Alan off this time, since that was the reward that Suzanne had promised her for helping out and eating elsewhere earlier in the day. Meanwhile, Suzanne and Alan kissed and groped each other, so all three generally had a great time.

Luckily, Susan didn't realize that both Katherine and Suzanne were in the shower with Alan. The bathroom door was locked to prevent her from looking in. She was busy getting dressed herself, preparing Alan's school things, and so forth. She'd just assumed that Katherine was in her bedroom getting ready. It wouldn't have been the end of the world had Susan known, given what had just happened downstairs, but she would have been somewhat upset nevertheless.

Alan didn't last as long as he would have liked. Suzanne had previously brought him close to the edge downstairs, so the additional stimulation of being with Katherine and Suzanne in the shower had pretty much wiped out the rest of his self-control. He came within just a couple of minutes, shooting his load straight down his sister's throat.

The two women didn't mind that. Katherine stood up soon afterward and joined in the kissing, hugging, and all-around fondling. That again put Alan in the middle of a "tit sandwich." And unlike with Suzanne and Susan downstairs, he could kiss and fondle both women to his heart's content, with the added bonus of the water pouring on them to make everything that much more slippery, sensual, and arousing.

Also, he didn't have to follow Susan's 'no pussy touching' rule for a change. That left him able to freely fondle both women everywhere he please, so he took full advantage of the opportunity. Both woman had very nice orgasms, thanks mostly to his stimulation of their clitorises.

Eventually Susan knocked on the door. "Tiger? Suzanne? It's really time to go! We can't wait any longer. Son, did you have a good cum yet?"

He'd been making out with Katherine, but he broke the kiss and shouted through the door, "Um... yeah! It juuuuust happened. Aunt Suzy was great, as usual."

"Okay, good. But hurry. And find your sister! I just checked her room and she's not in there." Susan started to walk away.

"Okay, I'll look." He and Katherine shared a knowing look, and then another great kiss. Then he turned in place and kissed Suzanne again so she wouldn't be left out.

The three of them finally started to towel off.

Katherine commented quietly, "This worked out really nicely. I didn't even mind having to eat in the living room. That was such a total hoot, Brother, seeing you get all confused by Aunt Suzy in mom's apron!"

"Oh, you saw that?" Suzanne asked.

"How could I resist? Classic!" Katherine giggled. "I just wish I could have taken some pictures too."

Alan shook his head in wonder. "I think I need to be late more often. It's even more fun than being on time!"

Suzanne paused in her drying off to wrap her arms around both Alan and Katherine. "I love both of you so very, very much! Angel, Sweetie here is the man with the penis, and that's a big factor. But I'm very nearly as thrilled to be able to do this kind of thing with you. You have no idea how happy this makes me!"

Katherine squeezed her back. "I do, because it makes me even HAPPIER! I promise you, no matter how happy you are, I'm still a little more. This is fuck toy sister paradise!"

Suzanne chuckled at that. "Let's call it tied." She teased, "Of course, we're both happier than Mr. Suffering Sad Sack over here." She winked at Alan, who was laughing already at that absurdity.

Despite the playing around, the three of them were quick to dry off and go. With Alan talking to Susan to distract her, a clothed Katherine managed to sneak downstairs and then come back upstairs to explain her disappearance.

Events continued mostly as normal from there.

Susan drove her children to school since that was faster than having them bike and she wanted to be sure they were on time. They just made their classes before the bell rang.

Suzanne went back home next door to take care of a few things before coming back for her usual exercise time with her best friend.

Chapter 404 Susan And Suzanne

Susan and Suzanne were in the basement of the Plummer house, taking a break from their usual morning workout sessions. Both were dressed in their usual skin-tight, lycra workout outfits.

Since they were quiet and resting, Susan had an opportunity to think over what happened prior to sending her children off to school. This morning wasn't as great as some others have been. I definitely have mixed feelings; I know some of my rules were stretched out of shape. Tiger's not supposed to play with my big tits, but does he ever listen? No! Such a bad boy! Bad, bad, cum-filled, naughty boy! The whole time I was feeding him breakfast, he played with my tits pretty much non-stop!

She had to suppress an urge to touch her nipples as they grew erect again. In fact, I can almost feel his hands still on me... Mmmm... I guess when he wants my tits there's not much I can do about it. I'm surprised he didn't give me an orgasm from nipple play alone!

She glanced over at Suzanne and remembered what else had displeased her. But my other rule, that's a more serious violation. I shouldn't have let him play with me at all, if Suzanne was busy slurping on his fat knob! If I allow two women on him at once, who knows where that will lead?!

There have to be limits! I suppose I can't really blame him for that though. I was the one who cuddled up next to him without even a stitch to wear. A handsome, big-cocked, virile, superior kind of young man like him is going to take advantage of that. But I can't really blame myself either: we were running out of time and his balls were filling up with sperm. Something drastic had to be done!

I'm not regretful. And Suzanne was a big help. But next time, we need to avoid that kind of crisis. If he sleeps in again, I should just sneak in his bed and wake him up with my mouth! That's much better. Then I don't have to worry about Angel barging in. And I can take my sweet time about it. In fact, "early to bed

and early to rise" should be our motto. Then I could spend an hour or more in his bed every morning, sucking and licking, lapping and bobbing, stroking and loving! MMMM!

Suzanne could see that Susan was thinking intently about something. She asked coyly, "A penny for your thoughts?"

Susan shrugged. "Oh, I'm not thinking about that much. I'm just reviewing what happened earlier. Some of my rules were bent, but no harm done, right?"

"Right. You had a crisis of Sweetie needing to cum AND needing to get to school on time. I thought you handled it brilliantly. So a rule or two got a little bent. That's what happens in a crisis. Tomorrow, everything will be back to normal, I'm sure."

Susan nodded. She felt reassured by that.

Suzanne changed the subject. "On a different note, I want you to do me a favor."

Susan used a towel to wipe the sweat from her face. "Sure. Anything for you; you know that. Especially after you helped out this morning. What is it?"

"It follows on what we discussed yesterday. Remember how I told you to talk to Brenda and try to get to know her better?"

Susan's face soured. She said somewhat reluctantly, "Yes, I know. And I'm on it already. Did you know I called her yesterday afternoon? Just like you wanted me to."

"No, you hadn't mentioned that. How did it go?"

Susan shrugged noncommittally. "Okay, I guess. A bit awkward though. I mean, I know you want me to hype up Tiger, and I tried, but it's just weird doing that with someone you don't know well."

Undeterred by Susan's feeble objections, Suzanne simply asked, "So, what did you say?"

"Well, I got her to promise to wear something sexy for Tiger at the next poker party. That was my big accomplishment. Although, admittedly, she seemed pretty keen to do that already."

"And...?" Suzanne prodded.

"There's not much else to tell, honestly. I kind of spoke in generalities, and she did too. It was like we were dancing around what we really wanted to say. I did try hard to show Tiger in the best light. I emphasized that he's a special boy with special needs."

Suzanne scoffed. "Susan! You make it sound like he's mentally disabled and in some special education class. You have to do better than that. In fact, we both know you can do better. You did fine with her at the last poker party, so why can't you be like that when you're on the phone with her?"

Suzanne thought gleefully, If you did, I'm sure the two of you could get on together like a house on fire, and I wouldn't have to do quite so much scheming to bring her around to admitting what she really wants in life.

"I dunno. It's different." Susan was clearly unenthused about the prospect. "For one thing, I was extremely aroused at the party. But just picking up the phone to call Brenda, I don't feel aroused at all. I have to work myself up into a mood. It's like day and night, actually."

"Okay. Here's what we're going to do. Once we're done exercising, I'm going to go home. Then I want you to take off all your clothes and go skinny-dipping in your pool. Oh, and take your cell phone with you and keep it by the water, but don't get it wet, of course."

Susan reflexively covered her chest, as she tended to do when she got nervous. "Why should I do that?"

"Because it'll put you in the right mood. Then I'll call you, and we'll share all our latest sexy Alan stories about things that have happened since yesterday that we haven't discussed yet. That'll get you very hot and bothered. And I'll probably peek from Amy's room to make sure you're following my instructions."

"Oh, poo! It's scary to be naked outside and all alone."

"Don't worry. I'll make sure you're safe. Besides, it's good practice for you. Sucking on your Tiger's cock while naked in the backyard is going to be a very common experience for you, I hope you realize."

"You think?"

"I know it. Then, as soon as we're done, go ahead and call Brenda and do the same with her. Don't try to sell Sweetie like you're selling a product; just tell her some of your favorite sexy stories. Maybe even tell some of the same ones you've just told me, if they're good ones."

Susan whined, "Do I have to? Having to swim naked is bad enough. I'm just not that keen on Brenda."

In frustration, Suzanne lowered the boom on her best friend. "Then you shouldn't have told her all your secrets! Look, you know this is a consequence of your own actions. As I keep telling you, we no longer have any choice except to draw her into our group, and the only tie that will bind her to us is Sweetie's wonderful cock. She's already well on the way to getting fully hooked on him and his sweet cum, but you need to keep moving things along. In fact, I want you two to become close friends and talk to each other a lot."

"Awww..."

"Susan, don't be a baby. We have to do what's best for our man. I know you're not keen on sharing him with her, but keep in mind that his medical situation is serious. He needs to orgasm six times a day, day after day after day! And not just ordinary orgasms, but prolonged and intense ones. The only way he'll manage that in the long term is with variety, lots of variety. We're lucky that Brenda is as beautiful and busty as she is."

"Too busty," Susan muttered under her breath.

"Your jealousy of her isn't very becoming," Suzanne warned.

Susan winced, knowing that her friend was telling her the truth. She thought about some recent experiences she'd had with Brenda, such as the naked photo session of her, and remembered that she and Brenda actually had some really fun times together. She said, "Okay, fine. I'll give it a try."

"Trust me, I think you'll like it. You and Brenda are actually quite similar in some very important ways, so I'm betting you'll find it easy to become friends."

Susan wasn't enthusiastic, but then again she wasn't particularly aroused either.

An hour later, after swimming naked in the pool and trading stories extensively over the phone with Suzanne, she was in a very different and much more aroused frame of mind. One result of being so horny was that the thought of Alan having sex with Brenda now made her proud and excited much more than it made her jealous.

She'd also thought back to recent good times she'd had with Brenda, mostly while talking about Alan and his penis. She realized there were very few people in the world with whom she could freely discuss such things, with Katherine, Suzanne, and Brenda being just about the only ones, and being able to share her experiences meant a lot to her.

As a result, when she called Brenda while still standing naked halfway in the water, she was genuinely keen on talking to her and "selling" Alan.

Luckily, Brenda was home and happy to talk. She was busy clipping some bushes in her backyard, but she didn't mind taking a break to chat. She often gardened in the mornings before the sun got hot.

The conversation was much more fluid and friendly than the previous day's phone call. It wasn't long before Susan went off on a "that reminds me of the time..." tangent, and began telling Brenda a very sexually explicit story of herself and her son.

The result was just as Suzanne had foreseen. Susan got so horny that she sat on the edge of the pool and began fingering her pussy, because the water diluted her lubrication too much.

Brenda resisted her own urges for a while, not least because she was outside, but she finally slipped a hand in her pussy and started masturbating too.

As time went on, Susan's incestuous stories managed to arouse Brenda so much that she opened her blouse and slid her shorts down, and then her underwear for good measure, so she could have easy access to her nipples and pussy while sitting on the grass.

She'd never masturbated outside before, and she felt very self-conscious about it. But luckily, her backyard was absolutely massive, dwarfing even Suzanne's extra large backyard. There was no chance that her neighbors would be able to see or hear her no matter what she did, since there were entire forests between their properties. She also knew that she was all alone at home, since Adrian was at school and her maid Anika was out shopping. She had other hired help sometimes, including gardeners, but none of them were scheduled to work that day. So, feeling very naughty, she removed all her clothes and sat bare-assed on the grass.

She positioned her cell phone on a branch near her head so she could speak into it easily. Then she again closed her eyes and resumed fondling herself with both hands.

Chapter 405 Harem Harem..

Susan eventually finished telling several extremely arousing stories, based on true recent events. She'd completely gotten over her initial reluctance of getting emotional and overtly horny about such topics with Brenda. At times like this, she wondered why she was so reluctant being good friends with her, since they did have so much in common.

But after a while, she wanted to take a break from talking so much, so she asked, "This is nice, sharing like this, isn't it?"

"Definitely!" Brenda agreed.

"Okay, now it's your turn. I've told you some Alan stories, but I want you to tell me at least one Alan story of your own."

"But you know I can't do that." Brenda whined petulantly, "I've hardly seen him much at all. The only interesting times I could tell you about were when you were there too. But... I suppose I could tell you one of my dreams or fantasies?"

"Oh, yes! Please tell!" Susan couldn't get enough of such talk, because it helped pass the time while Alan was off at school.

"Well, it's kind of embarrassing..."

"Brenda, so were the stories I just told you. They're even more embarrassing, especially because they actually happened. He's my son! A lot of people would consider this kind of thing incest. I mean, I even told you the humiliating story of the way he totally tamed me on the tennis court the other day. If I can share that, you can share your fantasies."

"Okay. True enough." Brenda considered what to say. She worried that some of her fantasies would be too wild even for Susan. Luckily, an idea she figured would be acceptable quickly came to her, and she thought up a twist to help make sure. "I had an interesting and highly arousing Alan-centric dream last night that comes to mind, and I could tell you that. But I have a better idea to make it more interesting for you. What if I change it somewhat to include you in it too?"

Susan was excited, but cautious. "I don't know. That might be... nice. What's the dream about, exactly?"

Brenda replied, "It was a historical dream. It took place during the Crusades, back in the Middle Ages. I was a noble lady from somewhere in Europe - England, I guess - and I was on a religious pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Specifically Jerusalem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But along the way, my traveling party was robbed. I was kidnapped and taken back to a sultan's palace to see if I was worthy of joining his harem. Mind you, a sultan who looked and acted EXACTLY like Alan! In my dream, it was him!"

Susan had been skeptical, but her enthusiasm shot through the roof when she heard those last details. "Oooh! Count me in!"

Brenda chuckled. "Okay! I'll change it so that you and I are kidnapped together. We're taken to the sultan's tent out in the desert where-"

Susan cut in, "Wait. What happened to the people we were traveling with? What country does this take place in? What year? What are our names? What's the sultan's name? What are we wearing? And that's just for starters. I have so many questions!"

Brenda laughed. "Who cares? Don't sweat the small stuff. Let's cut to the chase where we have to perform for the sultan!" But then she reconsidered, and said, "Wait. I suppose I should answer a couple of those first. As far as names go, you're Lady Susan and I'm Lady Brenda, naturally. And since 'Alan' isn't a very exotic name, we'll just call him 'The Sultan.' How does that sound?"

"Great!" Susan was getting into it. She closed her eyes, ready to be mentally transported to Brenda's fantasy world.

Brenda said, "Oh, and as for clothes, we're wearing long white robes, from head to toe, and with lots of undergarments, just like good religious ladies did in those days. But that changes fast, because we get to the sultan's tent out in the desert, as I said, and there he is, standing out in the open with all his guards and assistants and slaves, practicing flying his falcons. He's wearing a long white robe much like ours, since those are handy in a desert climate."

Susan cut in. "Wait. Are some of his guards and such male?"

"Of course."

"Can we change that, please? I presume we're going to get naked and do all kinds of naughty things to Alan, er, I mean the Sultan, and I'm okay with that. But I can't stand the thought of that happening in front of other men!"

Brenda smiled tolerantly. "Very well. It's a fantasy, so we can change whatever we want. Let's say he surrounds himself with beautiful women only, because he doesn't trust men and fears assassination and whatnot. Plus, he likes the eye candy. Even his female guards are beautiful, but deadly, and scantily clad. How does that sound?"

"Excellent! Please continue."

Brenda chuckled again. She was pleased at how well this was going over, because she was very keen to get closer to Susan, both to get close to Alan and because it seemed they could bond over many things. "Okay. He sees the two of us coming from a ways off, with some of his female guards leading us along, so he retires from his falconry and returns to his throne. It's a big chair inside the tent, which is huge. There are many people in there, most of them guards... female guards."

Susan muttered contritely, "Thanks."

Brenda continued, "We find ourselves standing there in the tent, with guards carrying spears and curved scimitars prodding us forward. We take a closer look around and realize that in addition to the sexy and buxom guards standing stiff and tall, there are many beautiful women sprawled around on pillows here and there in various states of undress. Many of them are only a few necklaces and bracelets and such from being completely naked! We both realize at the same time that this has to be his harem!"

Susan smacked a hand against her face, she was so shocked. "Oh my goodness! How many are there?!"

"Many! About two dozen, I'd guess. And they're all INCREDIBLY GORGEOUS! Almost unbelievably so. We come from dreary England, where the two of us are heads and shoulders more beautiful than pretty much any other women in the land. But the Sultan has collected the very most impressive women he could find. Clearly, they're from all over the world, with different skin colors. Most of them are rather dark and dusky, since they're most frequently from various places in the Middle East, though some are very black. And without exception, they're all very curvy and well endowed, if you know what I mean."

"Big tits!" Susan enthused.

"Exactly." Brenda chuckled. "Huge tits, actually! Most of them are as stacked as we are!"

"Just like the real Alan," Susan sighed blissfully, briefly cupping her own breasts. "If he had a harem like that, he'd want all of them to be very busty."

"Indeed. But we don't have much time to look around, because the Sultan looks you and me over for a few moments, and then barks at us, 'Strip! Now!'"

Susan asked, "He speaks English?"

Brenda groaned impatiently. "It's a fantasy, okay? Make up your own back story. Maybe he lived in one of the Crusader kingdoms for a while or had a teacher who was English or something. Can I continue?"

"Sorry. Yes, please."

Brenda said, "Since I know you're shy, I speak up and confront him. 'How dare you?! Do you know who we are? Back, in England, we're members of the royal class! This is an outrage! You're going to be in so much trouble when...' But my voice stumbles and fades, and then comes to a stop altogether, because while I'm talking, The Sultan easily shucks off his robe, revealing that he's completely naked underneath! And he's MAGNIFICENT!"

Susan sucked in her breath in awe.

Brenda continued, "He looks just like Alan, because he is, but he's in great shape to get to be the sultan and stay on top. He's more muscular and filled out everywhere. His face is even MORE handsome than the real Alan. And, best of all, somehow, his cock is even LARGER! Thicker AND longer!"

"NO!" Susan gasped, both shocked and delighted.

"Yes!"

"No!" Susan insisted. She could scarcely imagine how one could improve on what she considered perfection.

"YES, already!" Brenda replied, slightly frustrated. "Look, this is my fantasy, our fantasy, and that's how it is, okay? So you can see why I'm too stunned to speak. But that's not all! As soon as his robe is off, a whole bunch of his harem women get up and head towards him. He waves most of them off, leaving them disappointed, but he lets three proceed. Without being told what to do, one of his beauties crawls up onto his lap and starts kissing him and generally rubbing her naked body all of him, with an emphasis on rubbing her enormous bare breasts against his chest. Meanwhile, the other two drop to their knees between his legs and start taking turns bobbing on his enormous cock!"

"NO!" Susan gasped again.

Brenda laughed. "Not this again! Yes, okay? Why don't you believe me?"

"I do. It's just that... it's so shocking! He can't do that, what with all the guards and harem girls and others watching. It's a scandal and an outrage!"

Brenda replied, "It would be, back in stodgy England where we're from. But Alan is the Sultan. He's the ruler of his own lands and he can do whatever he wants. All of his guards are his sex slaves! Everyone in the tent is except us, and we're next, so who is going to object?"

Brenda looked around the large lawn she was sitting on and felt the grass tickling her inner thighs. Jesus! Ever since Alan came into my life, I've become a total slut! I would never have masturbated out in the open like this before. Not for anybody; not even for my husband! And yet this kid, whom I barely even know, makes me hotter than I've ever been in my LIFE, just from dreaming about him! FUCK! That's fucked up. But there's no way I can go back. This kind of erotic ecstasy is too addictive!

Susan considered Brenda's "sex slave" comments. "My goodness! That sounds so... debauched! Extreme!" bender

"But that's how it often was in the world back then," Brenda pointed out. "How many wives and concubines did King Solomon have?"

Susan replied, "Let's see. I think it was 700 wives and 300 concubines."

Brenda knew that Susan believed in the literal truth of the Bible, and she took advantage of that. "A-ha! So you see? That kind of thing really did happen! In my dream, there were only about twenty of his sex slaves in or around the tent. That's absolutely nothing compared to Solomon's harem! I'm actually being pretty reasonable in comparison."

Susan carefully pondered that. "Good point. You know, in all my religious learning, nobody ever talked about Solomon's harem. But it was there all along, written clear as day in the Good Book. And he wasn't the only one in the Bible to have one. It kind of proves that harems are approved by God, don't you think?"

"Exactly. So let's get back to what happens to us. There we are, just standing there, gaping in total shock and disbelief as his three nude slaves are all over him. Two of them take turns bobbing down his shaft like it's nothing! I mean, his cock is enormous! If you say our Alan's is ten inches long, this must be twelve, and it's considerably thicker too! But despite all that, they take turns deep throating it like it's no trouble at all!"

Susan clutched at her chest, amazed. "Deep throating it?! Really?!"

"Yes."

"All the way?"

Brenda said excitedly, "Every fat, fucking, throat widening inch of him!"

"No!"

Brenda laughed at Susan's incredulity. "Yes!"

"Really??!"

"Yes really! All the way to his big slowly churning balls! Meanwhile, remember that the only thing the Sultan has said to us is 'Strip, now.' I made some feeble protest, which he ignored, of course. But we're too shocked at all the hot oral action taking place right before us to even think about disrobing. So the Sultan snaps his fingers and nods to a couple of his sexy guards." Brenda went on, "Remember, we're wearing way too many layers, especially considering the desert heat. There's a struggle, but not much because we're both in shock, feeling totally defeated already. So just a couple of minutes later, we stand completely naked before him. Before Sultan Alan! And I do mean buck naked! We try to cover our privates as best we can, but it's no use. The guards hold sharp swords and seem keen on using them. So we reluctantly drop our hands to our sides."

Susan was totally into the story. She exclaimed with great distress, "Goodness gracious! I would be blushing something fierce!"

"You ARE! So am I! Remember, we're total virgins from puritanical lands. Nobody has seen our naked bodies before, not even other women! Even so, we're in great shape. Flawless! Even the other slaves in the tent are jealous when they see us fully exposed."

Brenda continued, "Then the Sultan, who is still looking us over, snaps his fingers at us. 'Come closer. Crawl on our fours. And no complaining! You are my property now. My sex slaves!'"

Chapter 406 The Sultan

A distressed Susan hastily cut in, "Brenda, wait! Time out! 'Sex slaves?' Us? Really?! Isn't that going too far? I try not to ever think about that because, well... to be honest, I find it too arousing! Too extreme as well!"

Brenda responded, "Susan, relax. This is just a dream. It's not even from our time or place. It's a total fantasy from a time in which sexual slavery of the very most beautiful and sexy women was common. Remember King Solomon and his harem? It would kind of be insulting if the Sultan did NOT make us his sex slaves. It was the thing to do back then."

"If you say so," Susan muttered reluctantly.

"I do. Trust me. Anyhow, I defiantly said to him, 'We refuse to play your sick games! We are as pure as the driven snow, and we would rather DIE than submit to you and your elephantine appendage!' You nod in determined agreement."

"I do?" Susan said. "I mean, uh, I do. Good for you! If he wants to be our master, he has to earn it."

"Right. But you know how Alan is. He's so strong and clever, there's no way we can possibly win. He just laughs at our defiance. Then, with his three slut-slaves still squirming all over him, he says to us, 'It will be amusing breaking your spirit. Don't worry, I won't kill you; you're much too valuable alive with bodies like yours. But I certainly will spank your bare asses until you understand who's in charge. And if that's not enough, I have the whip!'"

Susan gasped. "Brenda! Really! 'The whip?!' You go too far!"

Brenda had already surmised that Susan didn't get as extreme or kinky in her fetishes. So she tried to downplay that. "Don't worry, it's just a threat. He knows he's not going to need to use it in any case, and you'll see why. Okay?"

Susan nodded nervously, forgetting that Brenda couldn't see that over the phone. She had an extremely vivid imagination, so she was treating this like it was really happening to her. Finally, realizing that Brenda was still waiting for a reply, she grunted, "Okay."

Brenda resumed, "Facing no other choice, and with his sexy and busty but very angry looking slave guards holding their sharp swords behind us, we get down on our hands and knees and crawl all the way to him. We stop right in front of him and look up in fear, with our huge tits nearly drooping to the ground."

She continued, "He nods. 'Good. You're learning. What are your names?' I meekly tell him, 'Lady Brenda, sir.' He frowns and says, 'You will call me 'Sultan' or 'Lord' from now on, because I am your lord and master! My ownership and control over you is absolute! From now on, your only purpose in living is to please me, and pleasure every part of my big dick!'"

Susan said, "Brenda, I have to call time out again! Again, that sounds so... extreme!"

"Oh, it is! Remember, things were different back then. Women effectively had no rights. It was a miracle our virginities lasted as long as they did given our outrageously curvaceous bodies. In fact, pretty much throughout human history, women like you and me have been OWNED, not married! If we were born in another time and place, we almost certainly would have wound up in a brothel or a harem! Can you deny it? With OUR bodies?"

"Well..." Susan couldn't deny it.

"It's only in the last hundred years or so that things have gotten so civilized that we have other options. But it doesn't feel right, does it? Civilized ways, I mean. Restraining your TRUE sexual nature due to some old prudish beliefs. Doesn't it feel better, knowing your proper place is between your son's legs, with your tongue dancing on his sweet spot and your lips sliding up and down his thick shaft? Doesn't that feel like..." - she paused dramatically - "home?!"bender

Susan thought, Oh my goodness! It does! So much! I wish I was "home" right now, slurping and struggling with his sheer size!

However, she didn't say anything out loud. Brenda worried she'd gone off on a tangent that Susan didn't entirely agree with, even though she could clearly hear Susan panting with desire.

So to be safe, she went back to her story. "Never mind about that. We don't have time to think anyway, because Sultan Alan is towering above us in his throne, while we cower naked on all fours! With two of his slaves still trading turns bobbing way down his thick shaft, he looks to you and asks, 'And your name?' What do you say?"

Susan nervously stammered, "'Um, Lady Susan, your... uh, Lord.'"

Brenda explained, "He grunts noncommittally. Then he says, 'I was hoping you'd say something defiant so I'd have an excuse to punish you. But I don't need an excuse, since I now own you, body and soul.'"

"Wait!" Susan exclaimed in dismay. "Who decided that?!"

Brenda neatly tied that into the story. "That's what you tell the Sultan. He just laughs. 'I did. Might makes right. You foolishly wandered into my lands, like an insect drawn into a spider web, and the old life you knew is over, forever! Your new life is in my harem, helping my other slaves take care of my cock!'"

Susan whispered in awe, "No!"

Brenda said, "Yes! And as frightening as that is, you can't help but feel incredibly aroused too! Me too, just as much. Standing naked in front of so many other people is a strange and powerful thrill. So many eyes upon you! And me. Not only that, but we've never even seen a penis before, yet we know the Sultan's is impossibly large and thick! And even as we cower before him on all fours, like farm animals in the field, we can look up at his other slaves taking turns on his huge cock! You have to admit that you're intrigued, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes!" Susan exclaimed. "So much more than intrigued! My pussy is wet and my nipples are aching with need! I just hope he can't see how aroused I am. I need to preserve some dignity!"

Brenda laughed, delighted by how involved Susan was getting with the story. "Forget that! We've lost ALL dignity, and we know it! The Sultan looks down at us and smirks, no doubt amused at the way we're obviously panting with desire already. He says, 'I've been through this many times, breaking and taming many women, so I'll cut to the chase. You won't even start to learn your place until you've been spanked hard a few times, so let it begin! After each smack, I expect you to say "Thank you, Lord, may I have another?" If you don't, the spanking will continue until you pass out!'"

Brenda went on, "Then the busty slaves behind us sheath their swords and get down to seriously whacking our asses with their bare hands! I won't go on about how long it lasts, but trust me, it lasts a long time, until our asses are glowing red and tears are streaming down our faces. And all the while, we have to stare straight ahead, where three of his slutty slaves keep trading places bobbing on his cock! His stamina is simply endless!"

Susan exclaimed, "My God! How do we get out of this?!"

"That's just it!" Brenda cried triumphantly. "We don't! We are totally defeated in every possible way, and we know it! We're in a tent in the middle of some God-forsaken desert, thousands of miles from home. Nobody knows where we are. There's NO chance of rescue! If we did somehow manage to eventually escape the Sultan, we would just wander the desert until some other sultan picks us up and adds us to HIS harem! No, there's no point in denying it: we ARE sex slaves now, his sex slaves. We're going to be ravished in more ways and for longer than we could have ever dreamed possible! It is our fate and our duty! And since that's the case, we might as well try to make the best of it. Don't you agree?"

Susan was getting into the spirit of things so much that she said, "No way! We have to fight! To resist!"

Brenda says, "That's how you felt... until the spanking! Your ass is glowing as red as a ripe cherry. Mine too! You want to defy him, sure, but not now, not if it means more hard smacks on your bare butt! He snaps his fingers again and the slaves sprawled all over him scatter, then he points to us and motions to his crotch. He says, 'Your turn. Let's see if you're worthy of keeping. You will find that I am not a cruel master. I can even be very loving to those who win my favor. But I do have an insatiable sexual appetite. You will learn to love that fact. So get at it!"

Brenda went on to describe in great detail how the two shy, religious virgins began tentatively and fearfully licking his enormous cock. But since Brenda was so horny and eager in real life, and Susan was

too, their dream characters didn't stay tentative or fearful for long. Brenda described a double blowjob in elaborate and loving detail.

In reality, Susan still prohibited herself from taking part in anything more than solo sexual encounters with her son. However, she'd been weakening on that, and that very morning she'd briefly stroked his shaft while Suzanne bobbed on his cockhead, before Katherine came by and shocked her. But since this was "just a dream," she didn't have to worry about breaking rules, and she was able to fully enjoy Brenda's passionate description while she furtively fingered her pussy and nipples (as Brenda did the same).

As a result, her resolve to avoid taking part in a double blowjob in the real world weakened, and then weakened some more. Brenda had never actually participated in a double blowjob, She also hadn't thought that much of solo blowjobs from her personal experience, in part because she went along with the common perception that blowjobs were demeaning to women. By contrast, she loved reading about them in porn since she saw that as a symbolically submissive act, and she actually got off on the idea that it could be demeaning.

But Susan had gotten her hotter than a blazing inferno while coaching her through practicing on a dildo the other night, so she didn't have to exaggerate her own enthusiasm in the slightest. Furthermore, she particularly loved reading harem-themed porn where double blowjobs were common, so she drew from that to paint an extremely steamy picture.

Just like the real Alan, the "Sultan Alan" had impressive sexual stamina. But Brenda exaggerated that too, so much so that in the fantasy she and Susan eventually got too tired to go on, well before they could make him cum.

The Sultan sent them away to rest, drink, and snack. Furthermore, he had his other slaves outfit them with bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and other ornaments to heighten their beauty, with most of them made out of gold. The only "clothes" they wore were strips of semi-transparent cloth right over their pussy mounds that were smaller than most napkins. The ridiculously tiny amount of "covering" was even more embarrassing than if they'd been completely nude.

In Brenda's telling, the Sultan then ordered Susan and Brenda to perform a sexy dance for him. They didn't have to be goaded or threatened this time, because their attitude towards him had drastically changed during their first blowjob session. (Actually, since they were thinking about the Sultan as Alan all along they never really were reluctant in the first place.) So the two buxom women danced like they were possessed by the most tempting succubi.

As they did so, three other sex slaves tended to the Sultan's erection. One was from sub-Saharan Africa and had very black skin, while another was from India, and the third looked to be from Russia and had hair so blonde that it was almost white. The contrast between that slave and the dark black one as they slurped on his thick shaft was visually arresting, to say the least.

Brenda could have kept going with this fantasy for hours and hours. Both she and Susan had been secretly masturbating almost since she'd started talking, and each of them had had at least a few small orgasms here and there. But the overall erotic excitement of the story grew and grew. Brenda could tell that soon both of them would have much bigger orgasms that would leave them sexually satiated for a while, so she brought their dancing to an end and had them take over joint cocksucking duties again. She knew nothing could arouse Susan more than that, at least if she didn't count areas she was afraid to go into, such as having the Sultan fuck the both of them, or lesbian play between them.

Sure enough, once the story got back to more blowjob action, Susan got so excited that she all but lost the ability to coherently speak. Then she crammed four fingers into her mouth to simulate cocksucking action, and she definitely lost the ability to speak.

The two of them spiraled up higher and higher. Eventually Brenda also stopped talking too, because she was so carried away with her own masturbation. The two of them huffed and puffed into their phone lines until they slammed into particularly loud and intense orgasms.

Both of them were ostensibly trying to hide that they were playing with themselves, so they struggled valiantly not to scream out loud when their big climaxes finally hit, which happily happened at almost the exact same time for both of them. However, although both of them managed to avoid overt shrieking or screaming, the intensity of their breathless moaning and groaning left absolutely no doubt what each of them had done.

Eventually, the two of them started to calm down. Brenda realized that she needed to say something to formally end the story, allowing them to maintain the paper-thin fiction that it hadn't peaked and ended with the masturbatory climaxes.

Moving her head near the phone receiver, she said, "So! To make a long story short, Lady Brenda and Lady Susan discover that being captured and enslaved by the Sultan isn't such a bad thing after all. In fact, it's a pretty great thing!"

"I'll say!" Susan laughed. "Do we finally manage to get him to cum?"

"We do! My GOD! What a sperm eruption! A spermy fountain floods our faces and chests, as one of his other slaves aims his cock here and there while we close our eyes and bask in the joy!"

"Mmmm!" Susan caressed her face and tits, as if she was running her fingers through countless cummy streaks.

"The Sultan is so impressed that he offers us a choice: total freedom, and an escort back to Christian lands, or our total willing submission to him and the chance to serve the power of his cock for the rest of our lives! What do you choose?!"

Susan just laughed. "No duh! As if there's a choice! How could I ever go back to my old life, after discovering the endless joy of serving my son's big cock?" She had a minor epiphany. "Whoa! That's so very much like my own life!"

"Hopefully mine too," Brenda said. "Needless to say, I make the same choice. We both bow low before our new master and adoringly kiss his feet."

"And then?!" Susan eagerly asked.

Brenda laughed, since she thought that was the end. "And then... more cocksucking, of course! And titfucking! And getting spanked! And anal sex! And... so much more!" She had been about to add "and vaginal sex," but was deliberately vague instead, since she knew about Susan's reluctance to even talk about actual intercourse with her son, but in her own mind there was no doubt that lots of fucking would take place.

Susan bristled at the mention of anal sex. She had a general notion of its existence, but she considered it so disgusting that she tried hard to never think about it. She decided to pretend Brenda hadn't said that, since it was only a passing mention, and discussing it would ruin her erotic mood.

Brenda concluded, "Every day. we slurp and suck and choke and gag on his incredible thickness, until our mouths are sore. But it's the best kind of sore, if you know what I mean. At first, we're novices and far down his list of favorite slaves, but our dedication to serving his cock with all our hearts is so pure and

full of love and determination that it's not long before we become two of his favorites! Of course, we still have to share him with over 20 other incredible slaves, not to mention his four wives - he is the Sultan, after all. But he lets us suck his cock every single day, almost always together, since we make a great team. Sometimes, we even have the rare honor of sleeping in his bed! The end!"

Susan immediately pouted, "Awww! 'The end?' Why'd you have to say that? That's such a great story. I wish it could go on forever and ever."

Chapter 407 Brenda...

Brenda laughed. She hadn't had this much fun in ages. She said, "Me too. Me too." Then she added, "But for you, at least, it doesn't really have to end. Yeah, there are some exaggerations here and there, but you really ARE living a life similar to that. You're living the dream!"

Susan just sighed blissfully. "I suppose that's pretty accurate. I'm blessed. I thank the Lord above every day for putting me on this path since late September. It almost makes all my years of loneliness worth it."

Now that Brenda was coming down from her orgasmic high and only lightly fondling herself, she grew serious. "Susan, I've got a question. Honestly, is Alan anything like the man I'm fantasizing about? I know I'm projecting some sort of wildly exaggerated, idealized fantasy man onto him. But the reason all my fantasies star Alan now is because I got the sense that he really IS kinda like that. Maybe not totally, granted, but... I mean, look what he does to you, AND Katherine, AND even Suzanne! AND he has even more women of that caliber, I understand!"

Susan tried her best to answer that sincerely for once, instead of just hyping up Alan. "To be honest, he is exactly like that, but he's also... not. It's complicated. I have a fantasy version of him too, and I have to admit that the real one isn't as aggressive or domineering as he is in my dreams. The real one is kinder, nicer. Most importantly, he's more loving. I know that he loves me as much as he humanly can, and he'd never, ever hurt me. I'd trust him with my life. The real Alan would never do some of the things Sultan Alan did. For instance, he wouldn't completely humiliate me or anyone else in front of a bunch of strangers like that."

She quickly added, "However! However, he sure as heck would 'molest' or humiliate me in private, or in front of the people who already understand, like Suzanne or Katherine. Because he knows that would

get me all horny, and that we'd both get off on that. You hear about how women go for the typical 'bad boy,' which is the type of guy women know they should avoid but they end up getting involved with, because the guy's exciting and even dangerous. And then there's the 'nice guy,' who they should want, but they don't because he's boring. Well, with my Tiger, I have the best of both worlds! He's so nice and loving that it makes my heart swell with joy all day long. But he's also got a lot of 'bad boy' in him that likes to come out and play, driving me wild. So, no, he's not like the fantasy man of your dreams. He's better! Way better!"

Brenda sighed longingly. "That sounds nice. Really nice."

Susan thought she was done with sexual arousal for a while, and her body was definitely sexually satiated after her big orgasm. But then one other thing occurred to her. "It is. Oh yeah. You know how in your dream you were completely going out of your mind with arousal and excitement?"

"Both of us were," Brenda pointed out.

"True. But my point is, he sure does that part! In fact, he makes me feel that way practically on a daily basis! All of us! I don't know what it is, but somehow, around him, amazing sexual things just keep on happening! And you must know what I mean, since you've seen and felt it when you've visited our house, not to mention all the true stories you've been told."

Brenda was very impressed with that answer. Ironically, by being completely honest, Susan ended up hyping Alan more effectively than if she'd been deliberately trying to do so.

Brenda finally let go of her boobs and sighed wistfully. "You're so lucky. I can see why you're willing to share a special man like that. After all, he's so virile, it takes a team of sexy and buxom women to keep him satisfied, right?"

Susan spoke emphatically, "That's so true! He's no normal teenage boy, that's for sure. And that should give you hope, because we do need lots of help taking care of his perpetually stiff cock."

Brenda said, "Thanks for saying that. It means a lot to me. I hope you know you should have nothing to fear from me. I know you feel envious about my larger breasts, but you have no idea how jealous I am of you. I'd trade places with you in a heartbeat! You get to be with him and have all kinds of sexy fun every

single day, for hours! I've only gotten to see him a few times, and he's just not that into me. It's driving me crazy!"

Susan asked, "What about your son Adrian?"

Brenda hastened to clarify, "Of course when I say I'd trade places I don't mean I'd leave Aidy. I'd never do that! He means the world to me! What I mean is, what I wouldn't give to be in a situation like yours, to have a son who... who..." She faltered, not sure how to refer to Susan's and Alan's sexual relationship.

Susan said helpfully, "Who's turned his own mother into one of his personal cocksuckers."

Brenda let out a sigh of relief. "Yes! Yes! Exactly like that! Sweet Jesus, just the phrase 'personal cocksucker' gets me all horny all over again! And then you say 'one of,' indicating he has so many more. Incredible!"

Susan was tempted to ask more about Adrian, and in particular about the potential for Brenda to have a similar incestuous relationship with him, but she decided she didn't know Brenda well enough for that. Still, she was very curious. She was coming to believe that her sexual relationship with Alan was what was normal and right - that non-sexual mother-son relationships were the odd ones.

Brenda asked, "Sorry if this is rude to ask, but I just have to know... Are YOU his personal cocksucker? Not just as a sexy name to call yourself for fun, but for real, as an official title? Is that how you see yourself? Is that how you WANT to see yourself?"

Susan seriously pondered that question. She recalled two weeks ago, when Suzanne first told her to repeat the lines: "I'm my son's personal cocksucker. I live to suck his fat cock! I'm proud to be my Tiger's big-titted mommy slut." At the time, that had just seemed like words to say to get herself fully aroused and psyched about being there for her son with his "special problem." But things had changed dramatically since then.

She surprised herself by telling Brenda, with conviction, "You know what? I AM! And furthermore, it embarrasses and even humiliates me to say that, but at the same time, I'm strangely proud of that fact. I consider it an official title and a privileged status. What's more, as I just said, I'm not just 'his personal cocksucker,' I'm 'ONE OF his personal cockSUCKERS.' That's a very important distinction. That shows what a well-hung stud he is."

Brenda's heart raced wildly. Her desire for him increased even more. She asked, breathlessly, "'Personal cocksucker.' What does that phrase mean, exactly?!"

Susan spoke with obvious pride in her voice. "Naturally, I have to be ready and willing to suck his big, fat cock at the drop of a hat. Any time, anywhere, and for any reason, including no reason at all! And of course it goes without saying that I belong to him and him alone, even though he can have as many other women as he can handle. I'm not allowed to so much as kiss another man, not even my husband!"

Brenda squealed with delight. "Oh my Lord! That's so amazing! So SEXY!"

"I know! Isn't it? Some people say it's unfair like it's a bad thing, but I say it's unfair like it's a great thing!" She giggled.

Brenda giggled too. "Oh, I totally agree!"

"But it's more than JUST cocksucking, although that is my favorite! Being stripped naked, or wearing revealing outfits, dancing, titfucking, striking sexy poses, handjobs, kissing, getting spanked, fondling, swallowing his load, taking his cum on my tits... there's just so much to do! I'm discovering that it's like a full time job. Whatever it takes to keep his cock stiff and happy, that's what I need to do! It's like... it's like... I'm just one of his many sex pets!"

Brenda screamed, "OH GOD! NO!"

"YES!" Susan squeezed her huge breasts together, fondly recalling her first titfuck the previous night.

"NO!" Brenda had thought she was all done with masturbating for a while. But her arousal level skyrocketed through the roof, forcing her to resume fingering her suddenly burning hot pussy. She was more convinced than ever that Alan was the only one who would possibly be her master.

"I'm telling you, YES!" Susan elaborated, "I know some people would object to having to share him, but somehow... I don't know... it actually seems better that way. More thrilling. More naughty. And it's the same with being his sex pet or sex toy. I don't have to worry about right and wrong. I can just totally

focus on keeping him hard and happy. And, in turn, I've never been so happy, and so aroused, in my entire life!"

She went on, "In fact, and I can't believe I'm admitting this to myself or to you, but getting down on my knees and taking the thick inches of his cock into my mouth and throat, well... there isn't anywhere I'd rather be. You asked me earlier if that felt like 'home' to me, and I honestly hadn't thought of it like that, but you're right. Sucking on my son's cock like that makes me feel more 'at home' and at peace than anything else in the world now!"

Brenda was so thrilled that she couldn't breathe. She pulled on a nipple while fingering her slit. No way! That's like my... dream! My every fantasy, come to life! It's really happening to her!

Susan grew doubtful when all she heard was heavy breathing on the line. She asked, "Does that sound... wrong to you? Am I... am I... misguided?"

Brenda exclaimed, "Oh, heavens NO! Susan, you go, girl! I'm so jealous that I can't even stand it! I can't even breathe!" Sure enough, she was panting and gasping for air. "That's the hottest thing I've ever heard!"

Susan breathed a heavy sigh of relief. "Are you sure? Because now that I put it into words-"

"I've never been more sure of anything! Susan, listen to me: seize the day! Fortune has smiled on you. Enjoy this to the fullest!" Out of the blue, she shrieked, "AAAAIIIEEE!"

Susan asked with concern, "Why did you just suddenly scream there?!"

Brenda admitted, between extra labored breaths, "I just had this vision... of Alan coming home from school today... And... and... you're right there! ... Wearing... high heels, and... little else! Just... just... sexy, UGH! Something sexy! To arouse! ... To make his cock so stiff! UNGH! HNNRG!"

She was frantically pumping her fingers in and out of her hot cunt. "And you, you... kneeling... Take his... in your mouth! HNGRH! Stretching your lips around his... Oh GOD! Oh God! Can't... can't... breathe!"

Hearing that aroused Susan, but not nearly as much as it did Brenda, since Brenda's sexy vision was Susan's daily reality. She wasn't masturbating at all, and just said with concern, "Take your time. No need to speak. Just breathe. Relax..."

But Brenda was anything but relaxed. She was working herself up into a lusty frenzy as she mentally pictured Susan kneeling and sucking Alan off while wearing nothing but a red bodice and dark stockings. The bodice had a special cut that lifted her breasts from below while keeping them nearly totally exposed. Then the daydream changed, and it became Brenda instead of Susan, and was taking place in her mansion instead of in Susan's house.

Brenda's arousal was already sky-high, but that change made it skyrocket clear out of orbit. As she rapidly fingered herself towards another climax, she thought, Oh God! Dear God! That could be ME! Susan says he has many personal cocksuckers! Many! Why can't I be one of them?! It's so wrong! A married woman like me... an older woman... I shouldn't even think it! He's just a kid! He's in high school, for fuck's sake!

But... It's not really about him, it's about me. It's about living out my fantasies! Who cares what other people think? I'm rich; I can do what I want! And... if he were standing there, towering over me, fully clothed, hands on his hips... expecting - nay, demanding! - top quality personal cocksucker service... I would have to engulf his fat knob, and... with all my might, all my skill... to serve him... over and over, like a SLAVE! Just like in my sultan dream, only for REAL!

Cum, everywhere! On my face! On my tits! Down my throat! Leaking from my cunt! OH DEAR LORD! Help me! I'm gonna burst into flames! His, his... sex pet! One of many! HNNRG! Forever! UNGH! Too hot! Too hot!

Brenda pulled herself together just enough to get off the phone without being rude about it. "I've gotta to go! I'm so hot right now, that, well... you can guess what I've got to do! Let's talk again soon! Bye!"

She hung up and let her fantasy totally consume her.

"Okay!" Susan sometimes still had doubts about what she was doing, but hearing such hearty approval from a relative stranger like Brenda went a long way to convincing her that her new lifestyle wasn't sinful or wrong.

Susan found herself listening to a dial tone. She looked around and re-familiarized herself with her surroundings. It was disconcerting for her to realize that she was still sitting outside by the edge of her pool. It was a good thing she'd chosen a spot in the shade or she might have gotten severely sunburned.

Brenda was even more disconcerted. Once her latest orgasm finished washing over her and through her, she also tried to take stock of where she was. She consoled herself that, because she lived on a large estate and was home alone, the chances were infinitesimal that anyone could have seen her or heard her. She quickly slipped her clothes back on and rushed inside her mansion to take a shower.

That phone call marked a significant change in Susan's attitude towards Brenda. A few minutes later, when she was also taking a shower (in a shower room built in the backyard near the pool), she thought, That Brenda. She's all right! So what if her boobs are a bit bigger than mine? She gets it! She definitely has the right attitude! She's hardly done ANYTHING with Tiger yet. Heck, she barely knows him, but even so she knows instinctively that her natural role is to serve him! Frankly, I'm impressed. And she's definitely Alan-worthy! Soon, he'll be taming her for real. Heck, I'm even kinda looking forward to seeing him fuck those mammoth tits of hers!

Although... I can't wait until he titfucks mine again. A lot! Last night was the best! Mmmm... She still wasn't up for more masturbation, but she playfully squeezed her breasts together and imagined her son's erection plowing between them.

However, her thoughts soon returned to Brenda. I have to admit, I was unhappy when Suzanne told me she wanted me to befriend Brenda and talk to her frequently. But now I already know that when Brenda and I talk tomorrow, it'll be one of the highlights of my day! Between my true stories and her fantasies, we'll have a grand old time. I can't wait to tell Suzanne how well this phone call went. I'm sure she'll be pleased.

I still don't want Brenda to come around that often. Once or twice a week is fine. But Suzanne is right that if Tiger needs some extra variety, Brenda is ideal. And even though I don't want her to see him and monopolize his time all that much, I sure do like the idea of talking to her more often, and especially of sharing our surprisingly similar Alan fantasies. Maybe she can be fully satisfied with that? I hope so.

Had Alan been aware of how Susan and Brenda were fantasizing about him when he wasn't around, he would have been completely staggered. Had he known the details of their fantasies, he would have found them absurd and comical, especially coming from such ridiculously beautiful women. Although he was rapidly gaining sexual confidence and skill, Susan was right that he wasn't nearly as aggressive or impressive as they liked to make him out to be.

But the reality didn't matter so much as what they believed, or at least wanted to believe. Remarkably, he was slowly "taming" them without lifting a finger, simply via the way they were sharing stories, both real and imaginary, with each other. And with Susan in particular, the way that she was constantly encouraging him in various ways to be more domineering was successfully increasing his aggressiveness and making him more into the kind of sexual man she, and apparently Brenda, most desired.

Chapter 408 Sex With Ms. Rhymer

Alan couldn't wait for Friday's school day to be over. The reason was the tennis tournament. He was so physically tired from playing too much tennis and not getting enough sleep that he felt he hardly had the energy for sexual fun anymore. He'd gone from eight climaxes on Tuesday to six on Wednesday to four on Thursday. He worried that if that pattern were to continue, he'd ruin his six-times-a-day average for sure.

However, a curious thing happened during his fourth-period history class taught by Glory Rhymer. As he watched her standing and lecturing at the front of the class, his libido kicked into gear. And the more aroused he got, the more energized he got. His tiredness faded away as he fantasized about the things he and his sexy teacher could do during lunch.

He thought, It's so hard to pay attention to what she's saying when every time she opens her mouth, I imagine my dick sliding into it! And that can happen, soon! Everyone else in this class has no fucking idea! A couple of minutes after the bell rings, I CAN find myself thrusting my boner into my foxy teacher's mouth, if that's what I want. How can I not get all excited about that?!

The timing is awesome. If she was my first-period or second-period teacher, I'd still be wiped out from mornings at home, but by fourth period I'm raring to go again! Maybe I can ride this energy surge all the way through the end of the school day.

What he didn't realize was that Glory was getting just as worked up thinking about what they could do during lunch as he was. She had an increasingly hard time maintaining her professional teacher facade when her pussy was getting seriously wet. She was careful not to look at Alan too much as she lectured, but her mind was filled with naughty thoughts about what he was going to do to her.

As soon as the class was over and the other students had left, he closed the door and turned to see Glory dropping to her knees right in front of her desk. She was in such a rush that she only managed to get her outer jacket off. "Come on, young man. No foreplay, no teasing. Just stick that big thing in my mouth. I need it!"

Grinning from ear to ear, he stood up and stepped forward. He thought back to the fantasy he'd been having during class. Man, I don't even have to ask, or even speak. It's like the most beautiful teacher in school has become my sex pet!

Glory attacked the zipper of his shorts with a real hunger. Then her lips went to town on his erection.

As they often did, they got wild right on Glory's desk, even though it was still covered with papers and books from the class they'd just finished. She was so hungry for his cock that it wasn't long before she was deep throating him.

She was so determined to impress him that she did something she'd never done before to anybody. She turned over on her desk and sucked on his erection from an upside down position. That was impressive enough, but once she got used to it, she even managed to deep throat him like that!

However, it was very difficult and taxing. She had to stop and rest for a bit. But she'd taken the edge off her erotic hunger, now that she'd been able to slurp and suck, and deep throat him several times.

He thought that once she recovered, they'd resume more oral action until she made him cum.

But, to his total surprise, she sat up, straightened out her skirt, and got off the desk. She sat back in her chair. She looked officious and fiddled with some of the papers that had managed to remain on the desk. She held a piece of paper in front of her, stared at it, and said to him in a dismissive tone, "Thank you. Come again."

Alan was confused, to say the least. His erection still hung out of his fly, and he was keen for her to resume the deep throating. "Glory, what do you mean?"

"Thank you. Come again," she repeated before rudely waving him off.

"But, Glory, you were just giving me a..."

She cut him off, smiling. "Young man, sometimes you have to know when you're being teased. I'm just yanking your chain." She giggled as she said in an aside, "Though there are some other things of yours I like to yank more." She turned to him standing right next to where she sat, and began caressing his boner with both hands.

"I don't know what it is about your cock! It's just so much fun to stroke and suck! Compared to Garth and my previous boyfriends... Well, let's not go there." She broke eye contact with slight embarrassment. "Let's just say your stamina is incredible! For any other guy, the deep throating I just did would have been the end game, but for you, it was just the warm up."

He was too modest to know what to say to that. But it made him feel proud of his growing sexual skills. He could sense his stamina was improving day by day, thanks to so many situations like this.

They both watched as she rubbed his sweet spot with one hand and stroked the rest of his shaft with her other. "I could do this all day, and using my mouth is even better. We'll get back to more deep throating, I'm sure. But it's no fun having you cum so soon during the lunch break, so I thought we could do some role-playing for a while. As we've discovered, that's one thing we both love."

"Oh. Well, that's better. But damn, you scared me, just cutting me off like that! Let's do something quick so I can get this little guy poking into you somewhere."

She chuckled with delight. "Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would! What kind of role-play do you want to do?"

"I don't know. It doesn't always have to just be me as the teacher and you as the student. Use your imagination. I don't know why, but I'm extra horny today. Maybe because I've started to accept our strange relationship. So I'll play any role you like. I'll even be extra submissive, since I know that really delights you, despite your frequent protests to the contrary. Just remember my restriction: we can't go all the way."

"Huh. Okay. Let's see. We don't really have any props or costumes except for teaching stuff. Well, you're still dressed up, and you're dressed all fancy, like a bank teller. Why don't we have you be a banker?"

"Sure. Sounds like fun. A bit unconventional, though. I'd like to see how you can turn this into something erotic. You're in complete charge here, so just tell me what to do and I'll try to play along."

"All right." He looked down at his shorts. "I guess I should zip up my fly." He pushed his unsatisfied erection back into his shorts and then walked to the door. Then he turned around and walked back into the room.

Glory still sat behind her desk, checking her clothes and making herself presentable. She'd put her jacket back on to look even more professional.

He pretended to knock on an imaginary door, since he didn't want to actually leave the room and reenter from the corridor.

She looked up with a stern expression. "Yes? Come in."

He walked closer to the desk where she again pretended to read some papers. He said deferentially, "Ah, excuse me, miss."

She stood up and shook his hand. "Hello. My name is Ms. Rhymer. How may I help you?"

"Uh, hi. My name is Alan Plummer. They say this is where I should come to apply for a \$100,000 loan."

She arched a curious, delicate eyebrow at him, but nodded her understanding. Then she indicated an imaginary chair at the end of her desk. "Yes, that's right. Please, have a seat. That's a lot of money."

He pulled one of the students' desk chairs over so that it was right in front of hers, and sat in it. "I realize that. But I assure you that I'm very deserving."

"We'll see. Now do you have any proper-"

He interrupted her. "Excuse me. Sorry, but before I go any further, I'd like to know what the interest rate on that loan will be, because I've gotten a very good offer from another bank and I've almost decided to go with them. I just want to do some price comparisons first."

She managed to look surprised at that but said, "I assure you that we have the best rates in town. We charge only five percent annual interest. Not to mention, our service is second-to-none."

"Five percent? Screw that!" he scowled. He had no idea if that was a good rate or not, but for the purposes of his drama he wanted it to be bad. "The other bank had a much better offer. Sorry to waste your time. I guess I'll be going." He stood up to leave.

She jumped to her feet too, holding out a hand in supplication. "Wait! Hold on, Mr. Plummer. Don't go."

He still pretended like he was on the verge of leaving. "Do you have a better offer, Ms. Rhymer?"

"Uh, no, not per se," she conceded.

He again made to leave and walked closer to the imaginary door.

She rose halfway from her chair and exclaimed, "Wait!"

He turned back to the desk. "Look. If you can't better that offer, why should I stay?"

"We'll at least match any offer another bank makes, and as I said, we have the best service in town."

He said suggestively, "The other banker I was dealing with was friendly. She was VERY friendly. If you want me to even stay here and talk to you, you'd better take your blouse off right now."

She pretended great shock, but now she finally saw where he was headed with this. "Excuse me? Did I hear you correctly, Mr. Plummer?"

"You did," he said archly. He regarded her with a severe look of expectation.

"That's outrageous! I could call security."

"You could, but there would be no need, because I'm leaving now anyway."

"Wait. Wait!"

He turned back around and glared at her with folded arms.

"Look. I really need this account, to make my quota. ... All right, I'll do it." To her surprise, she found herself so caught up in the role that she actually blushed with genuine embarrassment. She took her red jacket off and put it on a chair.

He stood and stared as she feigned tremendous reluctance and slowly unbuttoned her white blouse next. Her shamed face and profuse blushing not only made her role that much more convincing, but also got him hard as a steel bar.

Alan sat down as she finished unbuttoning and then opening her blouse wide. He said, "As I said, the other bank had a very friendly and attractive employee, and she was very, very accommodating to my needs. Take off that bra, by the way." He leered openly at her chest as it heaved with excitement.

Glory muttered under her breath as she stripped off her bra, "That had to be Linda. Damn her."

"Oh? You know her? So you must know just how friendly she can be. Nice rack you have there, by the way. She's a regular office slut. Not only does that bank offer great rates, but the fact that she was jacking me off while she told me about them made them sound even more appealing."

"Damn that whore!" Glory complained. "She always does that. Steals all the customers with her slippery fingers. Well, look. I said we offer the best service in town here, and I mean it."

"Okay. Fine." He stood up and walked around her desk. He brought his desk chair with him and sat down on it. "Show me that you can do better."

She still acted hesitant. "Wait a second. How do I even know you're a worthy customer?"

He suddenly thought of something that greatly amused him - a cultural reference that was almost too perfect for the situation. He asked, "Do you know the Bob Dylan album, 'Bringing It All Back Home?'"

"Yeah. What's that have to do with this?"

"Do you recall the line: 'They asked me for some collateral...?'"

Glory finished the lyric: "'And I pulled down my pants'. From 'Bob Dylan's 115th Dream,' I do believe. Very amusing, Mr. Plummer."

He thought so and laughed out loud.

Glory couldn't help but laugh with him.

They both shared a love of classic rock, especially from the 1960s, so it was no surprise to him that she'd recognized the lyric. In fact, over the past couple of years, she'd introduced him to many of the artists and albums he now listened to. Sharing music was one big way they had become friends.

But then she reverted back to her role. "All right, sir, that's all well and good, but I'm afraid that here at First Prudential Bank a five-inch penis is not sufficient collateral for such a big loan."

"Who said anything about five inches? Take a look at this." He unzipped his shorts and let them fall to the floor. He stepped out of them, and commanded, "Touch it."

She hesitantly reached out, barely touching the tip of his thick, eight-inch tool. She acted amazed and a little frightened. She didn't have to act that much since she did find its size and thickness impressive.

He griped, "What are you waiting for? Grab it. Jack me off. Or I'll go back to the other bank and have Linda do it again. And more!"bender

She grasped it more firmly and then started to stroke it. Her heart thumped with exhilaration. Within seconds, she had a good rhythm going. God dammit! What is this young man doing to me?! I'm having too much fun. There is something about his cock that makes it great fun to play with. Maybe knowing how delicious his cum tastes is a big part of it? I've never been so keen to get a man to cum!

She spoke as she stared at her sliding fingers on his hot pole. "I have to admit, Mr. Plummer, this is a more sizable asset than I expected. We just might be able to do business together after all." She salivated and licked her lips.

Alan was beside himself with delight to have her hands back on him after the unexpected earlier interruption. "Oh, we'll be doing business, all right. Take off your skirt and undies and let me see your pussy. But don't stop stroking for even one second. From now on, if I choose your bank, or even if I don't, I expect you to jack me off at all times from the instant you see me."

"Yes, sir. Remember, Mr. Plummer, we do promise the best service around, even though a lot of people refer to us as 'First Prude.' Some of the other banks have sluttier reputations, but I can assure you, we're a bank that puts out! So I suppose it's only right that I service you." She stood up and pulled off the rest of her clothes, but she couldn't take her open blouse the rest of the way off since he had told her to keep one hand on his erection.

When she went to sit back down, she found that Alan was in her chair. "Sit back down," he barked. "Sit on my lap."

"Yes, Mr. Plummer." She sat down on his thighs, but facing him so she could continue to pump his tool.

He said in a different tone of voice, "Time out from the fantasy, Glory. At this point, I'd imagine he'd go on to demand that she submit to a good fucking. In the story, my character is very demanding."

"I noticed that. I'm all for realistic acting, young man, but I'm not going to go that far just for our role-play! No way, no how."

"Dang it!" Her blouse had accidentally closed over her chest, so he opened it wide again and gently caressed her breasts.

Then he switched to rolling her nipples between his fingers.

That got her panting and heaving. She was starting to feel a strong need to cum already. "You're dangerous, young man. Very dangerous! Your technique is getting too good, too fast!"

She looked down and saw his cock actually resting up against her bush. She bit her lip as her pussy tingled with need. "You're tempting me. Okay, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you dry hump me. We'll pretend we're fucking, for story purposes, but keep that damn overactive thing out of my hole! And I'll only allow it just this once, because even with good intentions accidents can happen, and often do. Is that completely clear?"

"Completely! Okay." He knew that when Glory said "just this once," unfortunately she was much more likely to stick to that than was his mother. He resolved to be good and enjoy the dry hump to its fullest.

He resumed his character's role. He fondled her tits more aggressively. "Ms. Rhymer, you talk about service. But is your bank willing to go all the way for the customer?"

"Oh yes. We will back you up to the hilt."

"That's good to hear, because you're going to get filled to the hilt!" He grabbed her and pulled her towards him. She cried out as his cock slid right underneath her pussy lips and kept on going. The warmth of her body around his cock both aroused and frustrated him. As his cock slipped into the cleavage of her ass cheeks, it barely grazed her pussy lips. He could feel her wetness coat the top of his shaft.

She shouted, "Mr. Plummer! You're fucking me!"

"No, you fuck me. I want you to do all the work while I just sit back and enjoy your squeezing vaginal muscles. You know that the customer is always right."

"Yes, sir. Right away, sir!" Glory grabbed his shoulder with one hand and the chair with the other and slid her pussy back and forth over his stiff pole. His cock and balls were forced down onto the wooden surface of the chair by the weight of her body. Glory was already wet as a water slide. She slid her bottom back and forth over the entire length of his erection, repeatedly dragging her pussy lips along it from the tip to the base, stopping only when she reached the tuft of pubic hair above his cock.

It would have been really easy for Alan to reach down with a hand, or simply flex his hips at the right moment, and push his hot pole into her slit. But he just wasn't the kind of person to do that, especially since she'd explicitly made it clear that such activity was off limits. He actually wasn't that frustrated, since the frustration of not being able to fuck older women had become par for the course for him.

As he humped, he tried to maintain a conversation. "So, Ms. Rhymer, do you fuck all your customers?"

"No, just the younger, more handsome, aggressive, and better hung ones." She took her blouse off, as her body kept heating up.

"So, does that make you the office slut around here?"

"No, we're all sluts here. That's how they pick us. You should see the job interview. A virile man like you, you can take your pick of any employee. Even the owner of this bank, Suzanne Pestrige. She's very sexy and quite an excellent fuck, from what I hear. She's slept her way up the ladder, starting as just a simple teller slut. We're all promoted mostly based on our fucking skills. I think you really need to fuck her to see just how great this bank is."

Glory cleverly knew the mention of fucking Suzanne would excite him even further. She assumed that Suzanne was the one who was "helping" him at home. She winked knowingly when she mentioned Suzanne's name. In real life Glory wasn't interested in a threesome, but this was a fantasy, and besides, there was something about Suzanne that made her feel sexy. Everyone knew that Suzanne dropped jaws and even caused loud gasps whenever she came to any school function.

"Excellent suggestion," he replied as calmly as he could, though his voice had become very ragged. "Next time I come in here, I want a naked meeting with you and this Suzanne; both of you lubed up and ready to go. I'm gonna fuck her just like I'm fucking you right now. I'm gonna fuck you both at once!"

"Yes, sir!"

While the fantasy excited him, the dry hump excited him far more intensely. In fact, it was so exciting that he ejaculated well before he normally would have. Glory had only slid back and forth over him a handful of times when he shot his first slug of cum between her ass cheeks. By the time he said "I'm losing it!" he'd already started to spurt.

"Oh shit!" Glory shrieked as she realized that his delicious cum was being wasted needlessly. With lightning speed she jumped off him and dropped to the floor so she could catch and swallow as much cum as she could get. Her athletic skills came in handy, because she made the difficult transition and got her mouth over his cockhead in time to get most of his ropes.

He mentally kicked himself for ejaculating prematurely.

But she took it in good stride. She knew that her boyfriend Garth wouldn't even have lasted through the first minute of her deep throating, much less all that came after that. She came up from his lap, and said, "Looks like you're a very eager customer, Mr. Plummer."

"I was a little too eager. Get back down there and clean me off."

"Yes, sir." She dropped to her knees and started licking his now flaccid cock.

She thought, Uh-oh. I think I'm enjoying this role-play a little too much. I thought Alan was sexy and tempting already, but when he gets more aggressive like this, he's even harder to resist! Garth would never treat me like this. It's so humiliating having to clean his cock with my tongue. But I'm actually getting off on it. Look at me, I'm playing with my pussy again. I'm Alan's teacher. This is so wrong! Maybe that's what makes it so thrilling.

She concentrated more on his balls, since she figured he'd get more physical pleasure out of that, now that he was down for the count. She'd been close to cumming herself, and she was still on the edge. So she played with her clit a bit, which allowed her to enjoy a small orgasm. She didn't show any outward signs though, so Alan didn't even realize it had happened.

She thought, Wow! I came while merely licking his balls. True, it was what happened before that got me so close, but still, that's pretty remarkable. Somehow, being naked... She stopped, realizing she still had the blouse partially on. So she pulled it the rest of the way off and set it on a nearby seat. Phew. That's

better! Like I was saying, somehow, being naked and kneeling between my student's legs is a big turn-on, in and of itself. If anyone were to see me like this... Jesus! Scary. I'm so bad, and it's so GOOD!

As she held his balls in her hands and licked each one, she asked, "So will you be using our services here at First Prude?"

"Oh yes, I will be using your services. Frequently. I'll be making many deposits here, if you catch my drift."

She pretended to sigh. "I do. I suppose now that you know I'm a slut for big cocks, you're going to use me at will."

"Yes. That's right. But the question is, will I choose your bank for the loan?"

"We're happy to have your deposits any time, Mr. Plummer. They're so creamy and tasty, and you're such a good fucker." She thought, God, that's so true! He hasn't even fucked me yet, but I just know he's gonna be the best I've ever had! Wait. "Yet?" I can't think like that!

She continued to lap at his testicles. "But don't tell me you're going to go with Linda's bank for the loan! I can't stand that bitch." Glory was confusing borrowing and depositing money, but it didn't really matter for purposes of their fantasy.

He ran his hands through the curly blonde hair on the top of her head. "I'm not sure, to be completely honest. I've already banged women at three banks, but there's still a pair of cute redheads at First Mutual down the road I want to try out. Not to mention the buxom blonde over at Wells Fargo. I'm saving her for last."

"That would be Debbie," Glory growled. "She fucks all the customers. Damn." She squeezed his balls excitedly and swallowed half his penis in her efforts to clean him and get him back up, but he couldn't recover so quickly, and she didn't have any further effect on it.

So, after another minute or so, she pulled his penis back out of her mouth and belatedly added, "Whatever bank you pick, Mr. Plummer, we appreciate your patronage. And remember our open door - and open legs - policy." She looked up from her place at his crotch and winked.

While she continued to lick him clean, he stepped out of his role, and concluded, "That was really fun, Glory. A great reward. But I'm bummed out. I didn't get a chance to enjoy more of your deep throating. Remember you said we'd get back to that? And it's not like you let me dry hump you every day. I blew far too soon."

Chapter 409 At School

bender

Glory sat up. She looked at the clock and confirmed they were running out of time. She'd been hoping to have another, bigger orgasm, but she could see that wasn't going to happen. "Don't worry about it. It was a lot of fun." She thought, What he thinks is cumming too soon would be some kind of endurance record for Garth. Poor old Garth. We had some good times together, but he just can't compete with Alan in any way.

She stood up and put her hands on her bare hips. "We should start cleaning up in here. We scattered papers all over the floor earlier. It's a complete mess."

He looked at her standing there, naked from head to toe except for her stockings. Hooo boy! I know I've been thinking and feeling this a lot lately, but I can't believe my eyes! My sexy Surfer Girl teacher is standing there, in the middle of her classroom, wearing nothing at all! And with cum trickling down her thighs, no less! And she wants ME! She's cheating on her boyfriend to be with me! She's smiling and posing a little bit, just because she sees I'm checking her out.

Holy fuck, as if all this isn't enough, just moments ago she was just licking the cum off my dick and balls! I swear, I've gotta be the luckiest guy alive. I'd better savor every last moment, 'cos how long can this last?!

Overcome by emotion, he exclaimed, "Glory, you're such a stone fox!" He stepped close and wrapped an arm around her waist.

"Don't you dare get started again, young man!" She glanced at the clock with worry.

He French kissed her anyway.

She melted in his arms, and passionately kissed him back. God dammit! Alan makes me feel so alive. It's like I can't resist him! And he's getting to be a really good kisser.

However, she soon pushed him away, once she felt his fingers starting to probe around her wet slit. She wagged a finger at him. "Behave!"

He chuckled. "Okay." He knew time was running low.

She took out the air freshener and sprayed it around the room. They did this every day in an effort to get rid of the smell of sex before the next class began. She didn't bother to dress just yet. She liked to delay putting her clothes back on as long as possible because she knew that it pleased him.

He did the same for her as he walked around cleaning up, dressed only in his T-shirt.

He thought to himself, I wish I could be half as aggressive in real life as I act in these little dramas. Here Glory all but offers up her pussy to me, and I don't have one-hundredth the balls of the bank customer I just played. I'm just too fucking respectful of people's wishes. Grrr.

Out loud, he said to her, "I love these role-plays. We've been doing one just about every day this past week, but I'm not getting tired of them at all."

"Me neither. I say we keep doing them. Did you just come up with that banker idea off the cuff, or was that something you'd thought out beforehand?"

"Off the cuff. Because of your clothes, I guess."

"That was very creative. Channel those creative energies into your class writing some more, young man! ... Wouldn't that be strange if banks were really like that and all the tellers were complete sluts? I wonder about the male tellers. In that world, would they fuck me to get my business?"

He pointed out, "The problem with that is that in this world or that world, they'd fuck you at the drop of a hat just 'cos you look so good. So the role-play doesn't really work in reverse."

She grinned, but pretended to complain. "Flatterer. By the way, I was confused there for a bit. I was surprised at the way you ran with that premise, because, you know, in real life if you ask for a big loan it's not like they bend over backward for you. If you're reputable and deposit a lot of money, maybe, but not for a loan."

"Hmmm. Maybe I'll have to open an account with a lot of money, then. Because I've eyed some cute females in some banks around here, and I'd like to see one or two of them 'bend over backward' for me, as you put it."

Glory laughed. "You're too much! Talk about sex on the brain! The trouble is, knowing how you're exuding sexuality lately, they just might." The two of them bent down and started to collect all the books and papers that they'd scattered on the floor.

As he ogled her fantastic ass while she bent over to pick something up, he thought, It really boggles the mind that she'd risk her job and a major scandal just to be with me like this. Certainly none of this would have happened if my libido and confidence hadn't been super-charged thanks to events at home. But the bottom line is, with her being this great for me, I've gotta rise to the occasion and be equally great for her too. Glory, I'm not gonna let you down!

In a remarkable coincidence, Glory also was thinking about the danger of getting caught. She found herself wiggling her ass seductively, knowing Alan's eyes were on her. But she forced herself to stop, and thought, Crap! I've gotta stop this already. It would be soooooo easy to inspire him to get aroused again, and then we'd be role-playing, and kissing, and fondling, and so much more. I kinda promised we'd get back to more deep throating, and wouldn't that be great?!

She sighed quietly to herself. Listen to me. I'm getting carried away! I have to TEACH! Why does he get me so horny and excited every time I'm with him? It's gotten to the point where I can hardly wait to deep throat him some more, and deep throating is rather an ordeal. I was never keen on doing it with Garth, and hardly ever did. Poor guy. But for Alan, I'm risking my job, my reputation... everything! Maybe even jail time! I have to turn off my libido somehow and get back into teaching mode. NOW!

She sighed again, out loud this time. God, this sucks. How much of my thrill from being with Alan is due to the danger and the taboo, and how much would be there regardless? Does it even matter? 'Cos I

seem to be totally hooked on him. The way things are going, I'll be lucky to make it to the end of the year without losing my job, or worse!

They managed to finish cleaning up and getting themselves presentable just in time. Alan snuck out just before the first students to her next class started coming in.

Glory somehow managed to rally her mental energies and get herself in the mood to teach her fifth-period class. But it was a trying experience for her.

As Alan's fifth-period calculus class started, he realized that he felt completely okay and rested for the first time that day. Strange. I had an orgasm and everything, but I'm still riding that erotic energy train. Maybe I'll be able to get through the last day of the tennis tournament after all.

Everybody should get to dry hump and deep throat their foxy history teacher for a mid-day energy boost! He chuckled to himself. But only I am. Wow! I wish I could boast to Sean or somebody, but of course I can't. Ever!

But then something surprising happened. Only a few minutes into the class, a student aide entered the classroom and handed the teacher, Mrs. Metzger, a note. Mrs. Metzger said, "Alan, there's a note here for you. Looks like it's another one of these counselor things."

That was a reference to the periodic meetings school counselors scheduled with students. Every so often, students would be called in to discuss their academic prospects for college and their career plans. Alan was a bit surprised that his name had been called, because normally students were told in advance when their next counselor meeting was to occur.

Nevertheless, he picked up the permission slip and left the classroom. Meeting with his counselor was just about the last thing he wanted to do at the moment, given the way that his studies had been suffering lately. However, he was glad for an excuse to get out of calculus. After what had just happened with Glory, he wasn't paying much attention anyway.

But then he had another surprise. He hadn't gone far down the hall when Heather's best friend Simone rounded a corner and came right up to him. "Hi, Alan," she said quietly, and then handed him another note. She waited for him to read it. It said:

Alan,

Scratch your supposed counselor meeting. That was just a ruse to get you to meet me, since you've ignored all my other messages. I really need to meet you right now. It's very urgent. I have something important to tell you. Please meet me in the upper parking lot. I'm waiting for you.

Heather

Simone waited until Alan pocketed the note, then asked him, "So. Are you going to meet her?"

Alan grumbled, "Yeah. I guess." He was upset at Heather for a number of reasons, and it showed.

Simone looked at him sympathetically. "I know what you mean. She can be infuriating at times. But once you get to know her, she's really not that bad. She's more bluster than bite. Anyway, see you around."

So Alan made his way to the upper parking lot after stopping by the bathroom and carefully flushing Heather's note down the toilet. He found her leaning up against a red Mustang. It was a nineteen-sixties era model but it looked as if it were brand new. He knew from seeing her around the school that this was her own personal car.

He noticed that she was wearing a San Diego Chargers tank top, a black skirt, and high heels. He thought to himself, DAMN, she's looking fuckable today. Then again, she looks pretty damn fuckable every day. Is she wearing a bra? I don't think so. How can she get away with wearing that at school?

No way can I have any fun with her now though. I just had sex with Glory! But she won't try anything in such an open space, so I don't have to worry.

He walked up to her and said, "Hi, Heather. Hey, where's your cheerleader uniform? Aren't you supposed to wear that on Friday?"

She waved her hand. "Whatever. Like I care about any rules." In fact, she was rather miffed that that was all he had to say about what she was wearing, because she'd just found out that Alan was a big Chargers fan, and she'd worn this outfit just for him.

He asked impatiently, "What's so important? Please make it quick, 'cos I have to get back to class."

"No you don't," she countered, smiling and acting on her best behavior. "Those counselor sessions last a good fifteen minutes, if not twenty, so if you get back any quicker than that it'll make your teacher suspicious."

He conceded the point by not arguing with her. Instead he asked, "How is it that you can get permission slips like that? We could be in big trouble if anyone sees us out here, skipping class."

"PUH-lease! This whole school administration is so malleable. You just have to know how to handle people. Believe me, if some administrator catches us here, by the time I'm through talking, he or she will actually THANK us for missing class. And as for how I get the slips, don't you worry your pretty head about that. Let's just say that a lot of people owe me favors."

He didn't like her condescending tone, but let it slide in the interest of time. "Fine. Let's cut to the chase. What's so important that you had to drag me out of class?"

She replied, "You and I have things to talk about and things to do, but you've been ignoring all the notes I sent you. I sent you a note on Wednesday apologizing for what I did at your house on Tuesday. I thought that was being really lady-like and courteous, sending a written apology. But you didn't even have the courtesy to reply. Then yesterday I sent you one inviting you to my house for a little fun. But you didn't crawl in through my window last evening. Earlier today I sent you one telling you where to meet me during lunch, but you didn't show. So I've been forced to take more severe measures. You did get all of my notes, didn't you?"

He nodded, but said, "I didn't respond 'cos I wanted you to contact me directly. If you want to talk to me so badly, why not just say something in the hall between classes? I must have passed by you a bunch of times in the past few days, yet you won't even make eye contact with me. So screw you and the notes that you have your minions deliver. I have nothing to say to you if you're too ashamed to even be seen with me."

She was surprisingly contrite. "I'm really sorry. I can understand how you feel. I'd like to talk to you in school; I really would. It's frustrating for me too, because I feel that you and I have something special going between us. You're not like all the other guys, not by a long shot. But you have to understand my position. This is a very delicate time for me. As you probably know, our class chooses the school's

homecoming queen before the end of the semester. True, I'm currently the frontrunner, but Donna's breathing down my neck. If I'm seen consorting with a full-on nerd, well, that's just the kind of thing to give her the edge."

He growled. "Dammit, there you go with the nerd thing again. You make it seem like I'm a leper or something. What's so shameful about being a good student and having a certain taste in popular entertainment? Why should I be socially condemned because I like Star Wars and Star Trek? That's fucking excellent entertainment."

She didn't reply, so he went on, "I've been doing some thinking since Tuesday. Yes, the fucking was a lot of fun, but you really annoy me. Both times after we've had sex I ended up feeling like I'd been used by you. I don't need that kind of grief. I have lots of other women at least as beautiful as you that I'd much rather be with. Go find some other victim to trick and tease and torment."

Chapter 410 Heather

Heather had a hard time admitting it, even to herself, but her desire for Alan was really intense. The two times she'd had sex with him were head and shoulders above what she was used to in her usual sexual encounters with the big jock types in the school. The way he called her names and the fact that he played hard to get made her want him even more.

Actually, she knew that he wasn't really playing hard to get because she could tell he wasn't just playing; she sensed he really had been with other women of her caliber, and that he could just take her or leave her. At the very least, she was almost certain he was having sex with Amy, since Amy was so moony about him and there was no denying that Amy was very beautiful. Yet she loved the challenge of trying to keep him interested, since she'd never had to do that with any other guy, ever.

She knew that she might find other guys just as sexually endowed and talented as Alan, and possibly even more so, but they wouldn't have his other attributes. Even though she didn't know Alan that well, she instinctively felt that only he knew how to treat her the way she needed to be treated. She didn't even know what that was herself, but she certainly knew it when she experienced it.

She almost never apologized or compromised with anyone, but in this case she was willing to go a long way to get what she wanted from Alan. So she said to him, "Let's talk. Let's work this out. I'm not as bad

as you think. I know I've treated you poorly, but I want to make it up to you. Tell me what you'd like me to do."

He was quite surprised by that. He quickly thought about what he might want from her, then said, "Okay. We'll see how serious you are. If you want me to fuck you - and I know that's the only thing you care about when it comes to me - I need you to do three things for starters. One, you have to be friendly to me in public in school."

She considered that. She looked and felt quite conflicted about the idea, but she finally said, "I'd like to. I really would. The problem is, I've dug myself into a bit of a hole on that one."

She seemed hesitant to say more, so he prodded, "What do you mean?"

"Well, you know when Katherine and I ran into you and your friends at the beach the other day?"

"Yeah?"

"It seems your friend Steve decided to go around and tell everyone that you and I were good friends. To make matters worse, he actually told people that I had respect for nerds who did well academically. Of course I had to say something to protect my reputation. So I kind of put you down and laughed at the idea that I would even talk to you."

He figured that when she said "Steve" she must have meant his best friend Sean. But given the way Sean had acted around her, he figured it might be a good thing if she couldn't remember his real name, so he didn't correct her about that.

However, he got angry at the rest of what she said. "You see?! That's the problem. You think I'm some kind of self-abusing moron? Why the hell would I ever talk to you after you treat me like that behind my back?!"

She grabbed him by his shoulders. "Alan, look! I said I'm sorry. I really am. This whole thing has been a big learning experience for me too, all right? I thought I had everyone pegged by the groups they belonged to, but now you've come along and upset everything. You're way down the social ladder, and

yet I LIKE you. Okay? It's not just that you're so good at fucking; I actually respect you. You don't put up with shit. You're clever. You know how to get what you want. You remind me a lot of myself, actually."

Alan was enjoying the compliments, but he winced at that last one. The last thing he wanted to be was anything like her. But still, he was moved by what seemed to be genuine regret on her part.

He said, "Okay, we'll see how sincere you are. I'd love to see you tell everyone about your new nerdy friend. Make it happen. I know you can. You're Heather fucking Morgan, for crying out loud! When you say 'Jump!' everyone says, 'How high?' Instead of having people think you're hanging with a nerd, make them think that I'm cool enough to be with you. You can do that no problem. You make or break people at this school all the time."

She considered that idea. After a long pause, she said, "Perhaps that would work. Admittedly I'll have to take a hit; I can't completely avoid that. But maybe there's a way I can finesse this and mostly undo my earlier gaffe."

She thought some more, and then said, "How does this plan sound? I'll have Simone casually mention how cool and sexy you are at lunch. I'll get a couple of my other followers to agree enthusiastically. Naturally, everyone will turn to me for my opinion. I'll confess that I've been so impressed by you myself that I've been trying to get close to you. I'll say that I'd denied that I'd talked to you because I want you all for myself."

She added, "Of course, naturally that'll surprise a lot of people in the 'in crowd' and there'll be a lot of doubt and grumbling. It'll take a few days to convince them that I'm not just playing a gag, and that you've been lying low and posing as a nerd because you're secretly too busy doing all kinds of amazing things to bother playing the social game. By and by, your reputation will rise and then I'll be able to be seen with you. In fact, before long you might find yourself having to fight the ladies off."

He laughed. "That's a bit dishonest and sneaky and I'm annoyed that you have to pretend that I'm a non-nerd in disguise, but I suppose it could work. What's this secret cool work I'm doing?"

She considered the question carefully, then answered, "I don't know. Maybe we shouldn't get too carried away with tricky intrigues. Let's just say that you're secretly ultra rich and you're some kind of Rudolph Valentino type fucking all kinds of amazing women in your spare time. That'll definitely overcome the stigma of your tweeby Star Trek marathons and all your little Dungeons and Dragons games. People may not necessarily believe it, but they'll wonder about it, and then they'll look at you in a new way."

He had to struggle to keep his poker face. She was much more accurate with her cover story than she realized. In addition to all of the truly spectacular women he was fucking, his family was much wealthier than he let on at school, where he generally acted as if he had few possessions beyond a limited selection of generic shorts and T-shirts. He didn't even have a cell phone, much less a car. She was even correct in her guess that he'd played Dungeons and Dragons fairly often in the past few years.

But he simply said, "I guess that works. But after that, I never want to hear you say the word 'nerd' again, okay? You're a good actress, but I don't believe you've actually changed your mind about socially labeling people and pigeonholing them one bit. You're just making a big exception for me because you like the way I fuck you."

That was true, but she knew better than to admit it. She just continued to look at him with regretful, puppy-dog eyes. She threw in an extra hurt expression to pretend she was offended that he didn't believe her.

He continued, "If you do that and actually follow through by speaking to me in the halls, then great. But it's probably a moot point because you won't agree to my second demand. I don't like you cheating on Rock. It's not that I particularly care anything about him, though I do feel a bit bad for the guy; it's just that I have no desire to get beat up by him or his football player buddies. He looks exactly like the kind of dumb brute that would go postal and beat me within an inch of my life if he found out what you and I were doing. And you like to take chances and even rub his nose in it, like your whole crazy Baskin-Robbins escapade. That's a recipe for disaster. Like I said, I have plenty of other women in my life. You're just not worth the risk."

Even though he said this, he was very much hoping she'd prove him wrong.

She greatly resented being called "not worth the risk," but at the same time it made her want to prove to him that she was worth it all the more. She replied, "You don't understand. I'm charmed. Charmed, I tell you! I don't get caught. Ever. And if I ever was I'm sure I could talk my way out of it. I'm not worried in the slightest."

"That's nice for you, Heather, but I AM worried. And that's all that matters to me."

"Alan, listen to me. You don't play the social game at school so you don't understand what's at stake here. I honestly don't like Rock at all. In fact, I loathe him and laugh at him behind his back. You know

that. So normally I'd be more than glad to break up with him. But he's the star quarterback. Everyone at school falls all over each other just to smell his farts. He's my ticket to a guaranteed win in the homecoming queen race."

She grimaced with anger. "You don't know what goes on in my circles, but Donna is tough competition. She's got her own schemes and support network backing her up. Right now there's a sort of Cold War-type truce between us. She's pretty much conceded my victory because I'm going steady with Rock. But without him, it could turn into a nasty knock down, drag out fight over who gets the homecoming queen title."

Alan hardly knew Donna, a beautiful brunette prima donna who was frighteningly similar to Heather in many ways, but he knew enough to know that Heather was probably largely accurate in her assessment. He asked, "What's the big deal about that title anyway? So you get to wear a tiara and wave at people for an evening. Big whoop."

"You don't get it! It's all about confirming my number one status. I can't stand to be number two. I can't do it! I won't!" She looked at him with a fierce determination. "That is NOT going to happen. Period!"

Alan was of two minds. A part of him hoped that his demands were too much for Heather, because in his heart he knew she was a negative influence on him. But another part wanted to see her cave so she could be his wanton school fuck bunny, consequences be damned. Since she'd made the decision to stand tough, he decided that it was probably for the best that they go their own ways.

He said, "Well then. That's just too bad. I hope you find someone else who can take my place." He turned and began to walk away.

Her face looked resolute. But as it became clear he really was walking away, she caved. She could hardly believe what she was doing, but she yelled, "Wait!"

He stopped and turned around.

Heather was fairly confident that she could beat Donna without having Rock as a boyfriend; it would just be a lot more difficult. And she knew she really wouldn't take that big a hit to be seen with Alan, provided she could boost his image first. It wasn't that she minded what she was losing that much; it was just the principle of losing that galled her.

So she said, "Okay. Fine. I'll drop Rock like a stone. Ha ha, get it? Who knows, it might actually be better this way. A battle with Donna is something I could sink my teeth in. It might even be an amusing diversion, just so long as I win. But I'll need some time to let Rock down easy without a big blowup that'll damage my reputation even more, or arouse his suspicions. And don't think that this means I'll go out with YOU. I like you and all, but that's going too far. Your reputation can only be rehabilitated so much. If I was openly dating a nerd - okay, even an ex-nerd - Donna would walk away with the title for sure."

He chuckled. "What on Earth makes you think I'd want to go out with you?"

That took her by complete surprise.

After she failed to offer a response, he paused and eyed her critically. "Huh. You do surprise me. But what about my third demand? This one is a must."

"All right, what is it already?"

"You've GOT TO get checked for STDs, and right away. Non-negotiable."

She griped, "I told you already, I'm clean."

"You may really believe that, but how can you know? You can't know. Every time a person has sex with a different partner, they're playing Russian roulette. A new infection might not show up for a while. The more I think about it, the more astounded I am that I had sex with you twice, given how promiscuous you've been, and did so without wearing a condom either time! Now I'm going to have to get tested too. Like I said, this is non-negotiable. And if you keep having sex with others, then you'll need to keep being tested again and again if you want to have sex with me afterwards."

She put her hands on her hips and complained, "Oh come on! That's just ridiculous. Why not just have me tested every single fucking day? I'm insulted."

"Be insulted then. I don't care. This is way too important to mess around with. I've made some mistakes, but I'm trying to get smart."

Heather stared at him hard. She could tell that he wouldn't budge on this one. For one thing, it made too much sense. And if he was going to get tested too, that made it more fair and protected her some as well. "Fine. Whatever. I was going to get tested again soon anyway. I'll get you a copy of the results, okay?"

"Good. If you're willing to do all that, I guess I can compromise."