

6 Times 411

Chapter 411 This Is Insanity!

Heather could hardly believe how happy their deal made her. She decided that she absolutely had to have Alan's cock in her immediately. Fuck just shaking hands. "Not worth the risk" my ass! Let's do this right!

Alan was very happy too. He thought, Phew! That worked out, thanks to Aunt Suzy and her good advice! I'm so lucky that I have someone like her looking out for me... for all of us. Mom would be too if she knew, but I don't think she has much of a clue about STDs. She's been so sheltered sexually that it's ridiculous.

Heather pulled her tank top off and stood there topless. "It's good doing business with you, kind sir. What say we do a little bit of celebrating to seal the deal?"

He looked around in panic. "Heather, put your top back on! What the hell are you thinking?! We're in the middle of the school parking lot!"

"I know," she smiled, unperturbed. "Isn't it fun?" She was wearing a short black skirt but pulled it up around her waist and spread her legs to better display her pussy to him. "Steaming hot pie is being served. Come and get it."

He immediately said, "Shush! Keep your voice down!" He rushed right up to her so he could block the view of her by putting his body in the way. He hoped that if anyone was looking at him from the general direction of the school they would be far enough away to make it look like two people who were merely standing close and talking to each other. But there was an open street in the other direction and nothing between the two of them and lots of traffic except for a sidewalk and a few more rows of parked cars.

He pressed himself closer to her so they were practically nose to nose. He insisted, "Put your clothes back on this instant! Don't be crazy!" Her bared nipples pressed into his T-shirt.

All of a sudden, Heather disengaged and walked to the side of her car. She took the tank top she held in one of her hands and slipped it into a car window she'd left partially open. Because the window had been opened just a little bit to keep the car from overheating, there was no way for him to reach in and unlock the door to retrieve it.

She smiled devilishly as she said, "What, you said lock my clothes in the car? And keep them there until you've finished fucking me? Okay." Her hands went to her skirt as if about to pull it down her legs. "I guess you're the boss, now that you've beat me, and I'm just the helpless slut who needs to be seriously fucked."

"Wait!" He said with great alarm. His heart was pounding wildly in a combination of lust and fear.

Heather froze in place for the moment - mostly. She'd walked back to the front of the car near where he was standing, but he was still a few feet away from her and the front of her car. She turned around so that her back was to him, then pulled her skirt up to her stomach and preened over the hood of the car. She could tell that he was struggling, trying to decide what to do, so she figured that if he had a great view of her exposed ass and pussy, that might push him over the edge in the direction she desired.

He tried to think. He looked around again and watched all the cars driving by. Luckily there were no traffic lights or stop signs nearby, so the cars were moving at a fast pace.

God, I can only hope that if anyone does look over and sees us, they'll have driven out of sight before they can really figure out what's going on. But as bad as those cars over there are, the danger of some school official stumbling onto us is ten times worse! I mean, sure, this lot is completely empty of people now, but what if someone's sick and has to go home, or they have an appointment or something? There're all kinds of reasons even teachers might come to this lot to get their car!

I know Heather's got an unbelievable talent for manipulating people, but there's no fucking way she could talk her way out of us being caught here like this! I mean, everything's just hanging out all over the place. First her tits and now her pussy. She's, like, basically, completely naked! This is totally out of control!

But while his left brain was attempting to be rational, his right brain and body were reacting on a more primal level. His eyes went up and down her curvy backside, from her black high heels all the way up her long, tanned legs, then further up to her feathery blonde ponytail. Each inch of her was too perfect and fuckable to resist. He found himself incredibly aroused by her daring and the danger she was putting them both in.

The way she had started to rhythmically move her ass up and down and side-to-side wasn't exactly helping him keep a level head either. She whispered sexily, "Hurry! I need a real man who knows how to use my pussy for his pleasure."

As he felt his resolve slipping, he cursed at her, "You were planning this all along, weren't you? Why the hell did you choose to meet me in the parking lot of all places?! You can't get any more wide open than this!"

She purred, "Oh, I can. I suspect you're going to open me up really good and wide right now." She let her skirt slide down her muscular legs until it was dangling from one of her feet, then she picked it up and threw it over her shoulder. She used both hands to pull her slit wide open to help illustrate her meaning.

"Heather!" he cried in frustration and animal lust. He'd seen her skirt go sailing completely over her car, so he scurried around the Mustang and picked it up. While he'd given up on rescuing her top, he hoped to at least get her to put the skirt back on. As he quickly returned to where she was standing, he complained, "That's not what I meant!"

She bent over at an even more lewd angle and again opened her labia wide for him to see. "Alan, I just gave up my boyfriend and reputation at this school to be your slut. Fill me with that big cock! I need it so bad!"

He caved in, at least partially. He couldn't believe how hard his heart was pounding. "Okay, fine, we can fuck, but not here! Not now!"

"But Alan," she said with uncommon calm, "why do you think I picked this spot?" She slithered her way towards him like a cheetah stalking its prey, slowly closing in for the kill. "It seems wide open, but no one ever comes here. This is the safest place in the whole school, 'cos it's cut off from the buildings and on a different level. Believe me, I know, since I skip class so much."

It was in fact far from the safest place, but she hoped that he was too overcome by lust to think clearly about it. She was very glad to be the one pulling the strings again, getting him all flustered, after having had to make such very inconvenient compromises. It saved her ego quite a bit to have him on the hook.

He found himself backing up as she steadily advanced on him. He was losing control but still resisting. He'd look at her and feel ready to acquiesce, but then he'd look around at the parking lot and passing cars and stiffen his resolve.

She saw that he could back up forever in the wide-open parking lot, so she tried a different approach. Knowing that he really wanted her but needed more of a push to override his insecurity, she sat up on the hood of her car, then reclined backward on it as if posing for a centerfold photo.

It was a reasonably warm, partly cloudy day in southern California, so the metal of the hood was so hot that it almost burned her skin, but she didn't care. She thought, Soon, I'm going to be burning up inside too, as his molten hot cock slides in all the way. After a titanic, volcanic fuck, he'll erupt and shoot his hot lava all over the insides of my defenseless pussy!

He just gulped. He found himself pulled back towards her against his will. He thought, It's like I'm the Millennium Falcon, helplessly caught in the Death Star's tractor beam! What a good metaphor too, 'cos Heather's pure evil just like Darth Vader and the Empire.

He complained, "God, Heather, you're a total slut."

She stretched and purred like a kitten, or perhaps, more fittingly for her personality, like a lioness. "Maybe I am, but a good slut knows how to fuck! What are you waiting for, big guy? The longer you stand there and dither, the greater the chance we'll get caught. I'm all helpless and naked. I'm YOUR naked, helpless slut, begging for your big fat cock! The sooner you finish fucking me, the sooner I can get dressed again."

He yelled, "Cover yourself! This is insanity!" He stepped forward and handed her the skirt. He thought his heart would pound right through his chest.

She just laughed and tossed her skirt over her shoulder once again.

He looked all around and saw one male driver on the road staring right at Heather as he sped on by. This man was so transfixed that his car swerved wildly all over the road, narrowly avoiding an accident.

That wild swerving looked pretty hilarious from a distance, but Alan didn't know whether he wanted to laugh or cry. He was so torn by his conflict between lust and danger that he thought he was losing his mind.

Heather responded to his call to cover herself by placing one of her hands over her pussy. She opened and closed the gaps between her fingers several times, effectively playing peek-a-boo and drawing even more of his attention to her hot slit. "Is that better?" she asked in a voice dripping with desire.

His mind boggled at how calm she appeared throughout all of this. She acted as if lying naked on a car in the middle of the school day with cars driving by was something she did all the time, and that it was no big deal.

But that was just how she looked on the outside, to better project her cool seductress pose. On the inside, her heart was beating harder than it ever had before. She'd done a lot of wild things in her life, but nothing as crazy as this. She hadn't been on the hood for more than a minute and she was already dying to get off it, especially since the hot metal was so uncomfortable. But this was a game of chicken to see who would break first, and she would rather burn than lose.

Chapter 412 Public Sex With Heather

By this point, Alan was bursting with lust, anger, and incredulous shock. He couldn't believe how Heather had tricked him like this, and he could hardly accept what he knew he was actually going to do. Seeing her sprawled across the hood of the car in such a public place was simply too arousing to resist.

"Okay, I'll fuck you, but only if you come down here this second!" He was rather futilely trying to convince himself that he was only fucking her to put her in a less exposed position so they wouldn't both get caught.

She just about flew off the hood and into his arms. She didn't want him to know it, but she was extremely relieved to retreat from such an exposed position and find shelter in the relative safety of his warm embrace. In her heart of hearts, she knew that she'd gone too far and taken an unacceptable risk. But she'd dared and once again she'd triumphed. She felt fantastic, reveling in her success. I ROCK! I really do.

He yelled with malice, "Oh, I'll fuck you, all right. I'll fuck you good! Turn around and take it doggy style like the slut bitch that you are!"

She complied eagerly. She put her hands on the hood as if she was about to be frisked by a police officer. That thought, of being frisked while wearing nothing but a pair of high heels, turned her on even more. She thrust her ass back at an outrageous angle, ready and willing to be probed and invaded. "You're so right! I'm such a slut, but only for a real man like you, Alan!"

He was about to whip out his throbbing erection when a thought hit him: Oh SHIT! Safe sex! I totally forgot! To think that I just got her to agree to be tested, and now I'm about to fuck her bareback?! How stupid is that?! But I can't say no, not now. Just look at that juicy, wiggling ass! That's an ass that needs to be fucked, hard!

Condoms! YES! Aunt Suzy, thank you AGAIN! He was praising Suzanne, because in the course of her recent talk with him about Heather she'd told him to always have condoms at hand. She'd even given him some to put in his wallet, which he had with him.

He reached into his shorts pocket and took out his wallet. His hands were trembling as he got the condom out and ripped open the package.

Heather was growing impatient as she waited, churning her bare ass in wider and wider circles until she wound up grinding it against his crotch. "Come ON! What are you waiting for?! If you're trying to wind me up, forget it! I can't get any hotter!"

He replied, "It's not that; it's this damn condom! I shouldn't even be fucking you in the first place until you get tested, but at the very least I gotta put on a condom!"

"Well, fucking HURRY!"

"I'm hurrying!" He fumbled with his shorts. He was too nervous and excited to get the zipper down; it kept jamming. Imagining all kinds of drivers and passers-by watching, he tried to crowd his body right up next to hers to reduce the chance of her being seen. But with his dick practically poking into her bare, deeply tanned ass, he was just too excited and couldn't manage his zipper. He knew that they were in great danger of getting caught, increasing his anxiety with every passing second.

He finally just yanked his shorts down so he could get on with it. They dropped almost to the ground, until they were dangling around one of his ankles, which left his ass completely bare and visible, should anyone from school happen to look in their direction.

But that was only half the problem, because he still hadn't managed to put on the condom.

Heather screamed, "HURRY! I'm dying here!" She could tell that he'd dropped his shorts because she was still churning her hips against his crotch, and now they were grinding against his bare cock.

He shouted, "Stop! Stop! I can't fucking do anything with your ass in the way!"

With an animalistic growl of extreme frustration, she stopped her sexy churning and pulled her ass away from him, for the moment.

He sighed with relief when he got the condom on. He was actually surprised he could do it at all, given how excited he was. His hands were shaking so much that it was lucky he hadn't dropped the condom in the process.

He was just in time, too. He was so overtaken by lust that he couldn't think straight. His heart was pounding like a hammer so loudly that he could hardly hear anything over the din of his own pulse. Even his sight was reduced to tunnel vision, which the human body does sometimes at times of great crisis.

He grabbed her ass with both hands and rammed his cock all the way into her cunt in one massive thrust. "God DAMN you, bitch! How DARE you! Fuck! Fuck with me?! I'll fuck YOU! I'll show you!"

Heather was excited beyond belief. She loved how he was taking charge and acting so aggressively. She loved how she'd made him do something he didn't really want to do. She loved the thrill of possibly getting caught. She loved watching the cars drive by and seeing the startled looks of some of the drivers. She loved his powerful thrusting, pistoning in and out of her.

Yes! Fuck me, you well-hung stud! Fuck me like you really mean it! Make me take every last inch of your incredible inches until I'm screaming for mercy! Fill me up completely! FUCK ME!

"Do it!" she screamed. "Show me with your thick cock! Show me how you treat a shameless slut!"

She tried to remain standing with just her hands on her car to prop her up, because she didn't want to dirty herself any more than she already had. (Her car actually was quite clean, but she didn't want any dirt at all on her skin.)

He continued to nail her so hard that she was irresistibly pushed into the bodywork of her car. Her hot, wet pussy sheathed his dick with such a perfect tight fit that he was too overcome with pleasure to care how hard he was pounding her naked body into the metal. He was nearly delirious with desire.

Before long, she was bent over with her big breasts pressed into the dusty, hot metal of the car hood, where she'd been sprawled out just a few minutes earlier. At first she was disgusted by the dirt, but soon enough she loved even that, because it made her feel more feral and wanton to be fucking with such a complete disregard for her surroundings.

He repeatedly slammed her into the front end of the car, as if he were trying to drive her clear through it. He fucked her as fast and deep and hard as he possibly could. He was as angry as he had ever been, while also mindful of the urgency of them finishing up quickly.

After his initial shouting at her, he recovered enough presence of mind to realize that screaming and yelling increased their chance of being caught. Thus he restricted himself to impassioned groans and grunts as he pummeled her pussy.

Heather, likewise, wanted to scream like a banshee at the top of her lungs, but she knew that wasn't prudent. So she also ended up just grunting and moaning, but so loudly that she could be heard at a fair distance. It was simply impossible for her to remain quiet while being fucked so good and hard.

Alan had a lot of contempt for guys who lost control in less than five minutes, but that's exactly what happened to him that time. After lasting just over three minutes, he started to shoot his seed into her with tremendous force. But what a glorious three minutes they had been! He'd never fucked anyone as intensely before, with his cock moving so fast that it was almost a blur.

Because he has so little control, when his climax did come, he had a truly big climax. He didn't have much actual cum to give, after being tapped out so often in recent days, but that didn't bother him and

she hardly noticed. With one final great thrust, he drove so deep into her that it seemed as if he would truly split her in two. He actually saw stars as he began roaring.

She loved his fucking, and that she had caused him to lose control, so much that she came hard at the same time, right on cue. Their mutual orgasms helped propel them to higher and higher peaks of ecstasy. She kicked her legs high in the air, occasionally striking his back with her high heels during her uncontrollable spasms.

After hitting his mountainous peak, he didn't have much left. He kept his dick all the way in her because he was too overwhelmed to withdraw, and then he collapsed on top of her. But still, his cock jerked and jerked, pumping out a few more ropes of his thick cum into the condom, until he was completely tapped out. He felt so satiated that it seemed like he'd never need to cum again. The sky started to go black.

The next thing he knew, his body was lying directly against the hot metal hood of the car, with his face pressed painfully against it. Her hands were pulling at his shorts.

He turned around and managed to sit up just as she finished pulling up his shorts. He noticed that she'd put her skirt back on but was still topless. She looked really sweaty and disheveled, with scuff marks on her arms and legs. He could even see indentations on her face where it had been flattened by some piece of car trim. Nonetheless, she looked fantastic. She had that "just fucked" look that some women sometimes try to imitate by having their long hair deliberately fall out of place, but in this case she had no need to fake it because she indeed had just been fucked royally.

She chuckled. "Looks like we both passed out. Who knows how long we've been lying here out in the open?"

"Oh shit!" He stood and frantically looked around, half-expecting to see hordes of people watching.

She laughed. "Nah, I'm just kidding. I checked the clock in my car just now. I was only out for a minute or two, and you took just a little bit longer. No way could I sleep smushed up against the hot hood of my baby. But still, we should probably get back to class." She moved to the side of her car and began arranging her hair by using her reflection in its shiny metal side as a mirror.

He did nothing but breathe for a minute or so; he was too overcome to do any more. He found it amazing that Heather had no problem standing there topless, seemingly more concerned that her hair

was out of place. He could see that her tank top was still locked inside her car. He wondered briefly how she would get it out, since he saw no sign of keys or any place to hide them. Then, after a brief scan to confirm that they hadn't been spotted, he said, "You tricked me. Again. I feel used. Again. Fuck."

She turned to him and smiled. "But wasn't it great? Wasn't that the best fuck ever? Man, I've NEVER been fucked like that! Not even by you. Short, yes, but oh so sweet." She amped up her lustful look as she added, "You really showed me what happens to shameless sluts when they push too far. Their cunts get nailed and used really good."

He just stared. He looked angry because he felt angry, and somehow that impressed her even more.

She joked, "Next time, I want you to actually fuck me as I lie across the hood. You say you want me to acknowledge you at school, so next time, let's do it on one of the cafeteria tables at lunch, ha ha!"

Even though she was joking, he was staggered at that thought. His mouth gaped wide.

She continued on happily, enjoying his shock. "I'm already not regretting our deal. That fuck alone was worth it! I want you to do that to me every single day, baby." She actually leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek in an affectionate and intimate manner.

He remembered the condom, pulling it off his dick and tossing it aside. It wasn't like him to litter, but he knew they weren't anywhere near a trash can and he didn't want to run the risk of being caught carrying that incriminating evidence in his pocket.

He looked at her with a steely hardness while saying in as stern a voice as he could manage, "I'm the one doing some regretting. I have another demand to make, and it's non-negotiable. I'll fuck you, yes, but it certainly won't be every day, because your imagined cover story for me isn't that far off the mark. I really AM busy with some pretty amazing women when I'm not at school, and I'm not talking just about Amy. Any fucking between us will happen at a time and place of MY choosing. No more pressure, no more little notes delivered by your underlings. There will be no next time, if you're planning more insanity like this. And I'm not even going to think about fucking you again until you come through on the rest of our deal. No more treating me like a leper, and I want you to break up with Rock. And get fucking tested, for God's sake! Is that clear?"

She looked sad as she finished cleaning out her pussy as much as she could. Still topless, she stood and tried to wipe all the dirt off her skin. "It's clear. The only thing is, you said you'd give me some time. I'll need about two weeks to arrange things with Rock. The stupid fool thinks he's deeply in love with me. It'll be hard to shake him without cluing him in to the truth."

"Okay, then, you have until the end of next week with him. But I won't even think about fucking you again until you speak to me in the halls and treat me like I don't have some kind of disease. ... And... shit! Disease! I just said I'm not gonna fuck you until you get tested, and then I'm fucking you, like, two minutes later. I'm so stupid!"

She ran a finger under his chin and smiled. "I know you're not stupid about protection. You just can't resist me. Join the club."

He wanted to make a gagging gesture at her arrogant "join the club" comment, but he was too worried about the time ticking away to start a fight. Cars were still driving past and some people were still staring while driving. He wanted to shout, "Put your top on already!" but didn't, mostly because he figured she was trying to goad him to do just that.

She added, huskily, "Mmmm... God DAMN, that was an excellent fuck!" Quickly switching gears from moony to business-like, she added, "And anyway, you have nothing to worry about. I told you already that I'm completely clean. I get checked regularly. But don't worry; you'll get your proof."

He had his doubts about her being clean. After all, she'd been willing to fuck him just now without a condom, so what did that say about her insisting on condoms with her other guys? But rather than press the issue he just asked, "How long have I been here, exactly?"

"Don't worry, baby. If you go now, you'll still be back in the twenty-minute timeframe that they expect. No one will ever be the wiser. It's like I told you: I never get caught."

He walked off, but he was upset with himself. God damn letting my dick do all the thinking. Again! Shit! Heather needs to be brought to heel. She really needs to be tamed, and good. She's a god-damned menace to society! I can't BELIEVE she got me to fuck her in the damn parking lot. Actually writhing around, lying naked on the hood of her car?! Shit! Was I mental? Okay, it was sure hot as hell, but still a mind-bogglingly stupid thing to do. Never again, that's for sure!

When he looked back, he saw Heather unlocking the door of her car and picking up her tank top to put it back on. He had no idea where she'd hidden her car key, chalking it up as just another female mystery he would never understand.

Chapter 413 Appointment With The Doctor.

Alan finished the rest of his fifth-period calculus class still stewing at Heather. He was glad she wasn't in that class, or else everyone else no doubt would have noticed the way he would have been staring daggers at her.

He hated knowing that he had been manipulated by her yet again, but after he calmed down some he realized, There are worse things than being "forced" to have such a fantastic and intense fuck with Heather. As long as we weren't seen, then no harm, no foul. I'll just have to make sure I never allow myself to have such reckless public sex with anyone ever again. And I'll try harder to stay in control and on top of things whenever I'm around her. She's like some kind of Satanic succubus. The key is being able to fuck the succubus without sending your soul to Hell along with her. That's a nice trick - if you can do it.

After their short, physically intense fuck, he wasn't looking forward to his sixth period tennis class. But in the end it wasn't so bad because his body somehow rose to the occasion. He lost two matches and won one, which put him in the middle of the pack for the tournament as a whole. He was fine with that result. Truth be told, he didn't really care that much. He did exert a solid effort, but things like his appointment with Akami later in the day were much more important to him.

He hurried home and squeezed in a half-hour nap before he had to leave for the doctor's office.

As Alan drove to his appointment, he realized, Shit, I've only cum three times today since I woke up, and it's nearly five o'clock. With the way I'm feeling, it'll be a struggle to make it to six times today. All I want to do is sleep.

Even if I do hit my target today, how long can I keep that going? Six times a day every single day is just fucking impossible. If it weren't for the likes of Brenda showing up, and the amazing and creative things that keep happening to me, I couldn't have made it this far. Shit. I'll be so embarrassed if I get to Akami's and I can't even get it up once. I might have to tell her that six times just isn't realistic and we need to make some kind of change.

But as he continued to drive to the appointment, he psyched himself up. Rather than going in complaining, he was determined to go in confident, energetic, and aggressive.

As a sign of this new attitude, he met Akami in Dr. Fredrickson's waiting room with a polite wave, but then as soon as the door to the examination room closed, he kissed her passionately on the mouth before she had a chance to say more than, "Hi Alan, are you-"

Taken aback at first, she began to return his oral assault.

They kissed for several minutes while Alan fumbled around with buttons and zippers, removing her dress. He finally succeeded in taking it off, while simultaneously managing to take off his shorts. That ended their kissing.

"My! That certainly is one way to say hello to your nurse!" she said, pleasantly surprised.

"Akami, you don't know the half of it. You wouldn't believe all the things that have happened to me since my last appointment two weeks ago. I want to show you some of them personally. My life has totally changed for the better, thanks to you and my unbelievable course of treatment."

He quickly undid her bra, then pulled down her panties. The very idea of finding a bra and having to take it off had become almost foreign to him, since all the women he played with were usually naked or free of underwear to begin with. The one exception was his teacher Glory, who still dressed conservatively in class, which usually left him a lot to take off during lunch.

"Whoa boy," Akami said as she halfheartedly tried to prevent him from taking off her panties. He pulled them down a bit and was reaching for her slit when she grabbed his wrists. "Hold on just a second. I'm excited to be shown those things you're talking about. But first, this is a medical appointment, and we actually do need to get a few formalities out of the way. Namely, your blood test. Let's do that now, so we can have nothing but fun afterwards."bender

"Okay," he agreed, seeing the logic of her idea. Not to mention, despite his show of eagerness, that he wasn't actually that horny. He'd hoped that if his mind led, the rest of his body would follow, but that hadn't happened completely yet. He took off his shirt and lay on the examination table, putting his feet in the stirrups. He sat completely naked, not bothering this time with the usual flimsy patient gown.

"By the way," he asked as Akami readied the needle while dressed only in her panties, "where is Dr. Fredrickson? I haven't seen him since my first visit."

"He's in his office down the hall. You'll remember after your first appointment that he agreed to give me complete authority over your case, so he stays out of direct involvement. I report to him periodically about you. If you want to see him today I can get him later."

All that was true, but she neglected to mention what he was doing in his office. After Alan's second appointment, Dr. Fredrickson had had several hidden video cameras installed in the examination room that would be used for all of Alan's appointments.

However, Akami was fully aware of the cameras. She certainly wasn't happy about them, but felt she had no choice but to give the doctor permission to use them. New, hidden microphones also allowed him to hear every word spoken quite clearly. The doctor continued to fuck Akami on a daily basis, but he also got off watching, especially if it might involve a drop-dead gorgeous woman like Susan fucking her son and a pretty nurse. That's what the doctor was hoping for, although it had yet to happen.

At the very moment Alan asked the question, Dr. Fredrickson sat in his office without any pants or underwear, adjusting the controls from several video monitors and getting ready for a show. Susan was the main attraction for him. She was the reason he was risking his career and a prison sentence, because of the potential to watch her and maybe even do something with her. Therefore he was disappointed that Susan hadn't shown up accompanying Alan. Watching Akami fool around with Alan was fun and got him off, but was a pale second to seeing Susan since he already knew Akami and her body intimately.

"Yeah, why don't we do that." Alan wanted to meet the doctor again. Although he loved fooling around with Akami, he wanted some reassurance that he actually did have a medical problem needing this peculiar treatment, and wasn't just being told a story so Akami could have fun. Not that he thought he would change anything or even tell anyone if he found out it was all a lie, but he wanted to know for himself.

She answered, "Okay, sure. Why don't we get him when we're done? Meanwhile, as I do this and run a few checks, why don't you tell me about your last two weeks? Sounds like you have quite a story to tell."

"Yeah, I sure do!" But before he continued, he took a moment to admire Akami's body. She had her back turned to him and was fiddling with whatever unseen object was holding much of her long hair in a bun on the back of her head. With her arms raised, she struck a very sexy pose.

He thought, Good grief, man! Not every woman has to be totally stacked and curvaceous, like Mom and Aunt Suzy. Akami is a seriously smoking hot fox in her own way. And we're about to get it on! Man, this is great! He'd been thinking he wasn't horny, but seeing Akami in that pose was quickly changing his mind. However, his dick still refused to respond.

Breaking the silence, Akami asked, "Cat got your tongue?"

That got him refocused. "Phew! Boy, I don't even know where to begin. Two weeks is too long. It seems like years since I saw you last. Let's see; I'll just leap straight into it. A couple of days ago, I woke up with my mother's mouth wrapped around my dick. She likes to suck me off a lot. Then later in the day the head cheerleader at my school came over and fucked me in my bed. I'm also fucking another cheerleader and my sister at the same time. Yep, that's right. My sister. Then there's my neighbor Mrs. Pestridge; you've met her. She likes to blow me as much as my mom."

He started to talk about Glory, but then decided to be vague about her in order to protect her. "Then there's my... well, I probably shouldn't tell you who she is exactly. But she helps me climax every lunch at school. As you can see, I'm getting a lot of help. It's fantastic."

"Holy cow!" said the nurse, truly shocked. "I figured something sort of like that must be happening, but I had no idea it was so extensive. I can't believe you're the same person as the shy, virginal boy who came in here just a few weeks ago. No wonder your penis is only partially erect. I'm amazed you can get it up at all."

Continuing his bluster, Alan decided to go all the way with a display of confidence. "Oh, but I can, and I will. Today I plan to finally fuck you, after you've teased me so many times. At home I have my pick of four incredibly beautiful women who all want to make me orgasm next. Every day, it seems things get more and more intense."

She took it as a given that he would fuck her. She was so excited by that prospect and what he was saying that she picked up a stethoscope to see just how fast her own heart was beating. She could no longer look him in the face because she was too busy staring at his crotch.

She asked him, "How could it possibly get any more intense?" She put the stethoscope on one of her nipples. She gasped at the feeling of cold steel, but then put it on the other one.

"Believe it or not, I haven't actually fucked some of those lovely beauties yet, like my mom. But they're soooo ready to go, and so am I. Kinda like you and me. You're overdue to get fucked. Are you ready to do it right now?"

"Well hold on a minute. Are you... I don't know how to put this. Are you turning into an uncontrollable sex maniac?" She was suddenly genuinely worried about him. But she was highly aroused too. She slipped the hand not holding the probing stethoscope down her panties.

"Well kind of, but no. Really, the answer is no. The fact is, yes, I've become addicted to sex, thanks to your treatment for my low energy. But I'm still maintaining other things in my life. For instance, I'm still studying and doing things with my friends." He was exaggerating on these points - sex was taking over all his free time, and he knew that was a problem.

He went on, "I've gotten more sexually aggressive, but I'm still a pretty mild guy. I would never rape a woman or do something like that. It's confidence combined with manners and control, which I guess is a rare combination women really find attractive. In fact, I think I've had an almost incredible level of self-control, if I do say so myself."

That, at least, was all sincere. "You should see how it is around my house. My mother has been running around naked or in the sexiest, most revealing clothes she can find, for weeks! She's been having me do things like massage her or put suntan lotion on her, even while she's teasing me, jacking me off and sucking me several times a day, and the whole time she's given me ridiculous rules about not touching her in certain places. Which I've scrupulously obeyed, pretty much. And now she lets me do most everything but fuck her. In fact, in recent days she's become seriously addicted to cocksucking and we're going at it hot and heavy a lot of the time. Yet I still hold back from that final act, at her command. How many people would be able to hold back in the face of such temptation? You know the Freudian thing guys have for their mothers."

Akami just nodded.

He continued, "And it's been like that all around. Women are just throwing themselves at me, but I hold back until they want it or even beg for it. In fact, I don't think I'M the sex maniac at all. It's all these women around me who are the sex maniacs! Take my sister, for instance. A few months ago she was the most prudish high-schooler you'd ever expect to meet, but now she literally lives to suck my cock and

have me fuck her silly, whenever possible. She's having lesbian sex with three other cheerleaders, and even eyeing my mom! I mean, I think I'm keeping a better balance with my schoolwork than she is! You should have seen the way she demanded that I give her a good spanking last night. I'm just surrounded by all these nymphomaniacs, so how can I say no when they throw themselves at me?"

"Did you?"

"Huh?"

"Did you give your sister a good spanking?" Akami was panting heavily and her fingers looked like they were very busy inside her panties.

"Uh, as a matter of fact, I did. Kind of a spanking and fingerfuck at the same time."

"Whoa." Akami masturbated herself for another minute as she fantasized about being in that situation. She'd never been spanked. Her eyes glazed over as she stared right through Alan.

Finally she pulled herself together a bit, managing to strike a more professional tone. "That's a pretty remarkable story," she conceded. "I must say I'm a bit worried about you and some of these women, that things may be going too far. But at the same time it gets me pretty hot. All your talk of incest is so ... wrong, but so ... hot! Damn! Let me get this done so we can get down to some serious fucking. We can talk more about this later."

The nurse finished drawing blood in record time.

Chapter 414 Sex With Akami

Once they had all their required business out of the way, Alan said, "Akami, take my place in the examination chair. I'm going to see just how wet you've gotten."

She obeyed his command eagerly. All the talking about his sex life was slowly reviving his libido, but he still wasn't fully there. He'd gotten erect talking to her, but then her drawing blood had caused him to deflate again. Somehow, he'd have to start all over on another erection.

With her feet in the stirrups, he spread her thighs as wide as possible, dropped down on his knees and began licking her pussy. He was still inexperienced in doing that, but Katherine's enthusiasm in response to his oral efforts on her that morning made him want improve. That had been in the dark during a sixty-nine, so he knew it had been a rough time. Still, he hoped that what he'd learned there would give him at least some clue, so he wouldn't make a complete fool of himself. Mostly he thought of doing it so he could stall for time and hide the fact that his penis still wasn't hard.

Akami didn't really mind his inexperience. She was beside herself with joy because cunnilingus was something her regular lover, Dr. Fredrickson, never did, as he found having his nose in someone's pubic hair to be repugnant. (Although he didn't feel the same way when it was someone else's nose in his.)

Alan was initially bothered by the hair, but before long he decided it wasn't really that big an issue. Although her snatch was unshaven, she had a rather sparse bush, so he found he could lick her labia while avoiding most of her pubic hair.

Although he was very tentative, she loved it just the same. It was a lucky thing for him that his first time was with Katherine and not someone more experienced with it, like Suzanne, or he might have been chastised.

Akami loved getting eaten out. In the process, she had more orgasms and leaked more cum than she ever had before. But all the stimulation only inflamed her need. Soon she was begging him, "Fuck me! Enough of that! Take me! I want your cock, not your tongue! Do me! FUCK me!" She yelled this so loud that Dr. Fredrickson didn't need the secretly placed microphones to hear her quite clearly from his office.

Alan pulled off of her altogether. The delay, along with the smell and taste of her pussy, had made his dick hard and ready to fuck. But rather than satisfy her sexual cravings, he just stood there as she squirmed around in need and anticipation. "Nurse, I appreciate your enthusiasm. But do you remember what you said last time? You said titfucks were very therapeutic. I completely agree, and believe me, I've been practicing them a lot, just as you requested. You said I should come back here and titfuck you again, then we could compare and contrast that with a real fucking. So why don't we do that?"

"NoooOOOOoooo!" she cried in desperation. "Let's do it the other way around! Real fuck first and titfuck later! I can't wait!" She frigged her slit with her fingers, but that just made her want his real, larger penis in it that much more.

The examination table/chair was in the up position, making it more like a chair, so he worked the controls and brought it down until it lay flat like a bed. He took his sweet time making the changes, while she squirmed even more desperately with every passing second. Finally he got up on her and straddled her stomach.

She still protested. "No! You're too high on me! Scoot down, towards my pussy!" As though he hadn't even heard her pleas, he placed his dick between her boobs, pressed them together, and began thrusting in and out.

Soon her cries of "No!" were replaced by cries of "Yes!" and a lot of loud moaning.

As soon as she pressed her boobs together to make a fuck tunnel, he put his fingers in her mouth and thrust them in and out as if they were another cock. With his other hand he pulled at her nipples so hard she thought they would twist right off. He repeatedly pulled her entire tit up into the air by the nipple. She was surprised to discover that she loved it.

He felt he could last forever, but he finally had mercy on her and moved himself over her pussy.

"Lower! Lower! Yes! Right there!" she screamed as he scooted down her body.

When he got ready to put his dick into her, he knew she would scream even louder, and he was worried about Dr. Fredrickson hearing (not to mention the rest of the neighborhood), so he decided to lie down on her chest and stick his fingers back in her mouth, because he was too tall to fuck her while blocking her mouth by kissing her. That quieted her just like giving a baby a pacifier, but he was slightly pained when he finally speared her pussy, because that caused her to bite down reflexively on his fingers.

He fucked her hard for many long minutes. He liked the fact that he had the nurse in the usual position of a patient on the examination table. It made him feel like a very naughty doctor.

After about twenty minutes, he played out his doctor fantasy more overtly. He said to her, "Nurse, you seem quite hot. I'm afraid I'm going to have to measure your temperature. Turn over so I can insert a rectal thermometer."

She turned over and presented her ass to him, expecting that he would take her there. She seemed very willing. She actually didn't give him an okay, but her labored panting showed how much she liked the idea.

He considered it for a second, but decided it was "too gross." Besides, he didn't have a clue how to do it. Instead, he mounted her doggy style.

She was just as happy with the new position and she was very vocally appreciative with all her moaning. Things were going along at a steady rhythm when she suddenly shouted, "Condom!"

"Oh shit!" He pulled out immediately.

They had to take a breather while he got a condom and put it on. He was frustrated at himself. First Heather today, and now the nurse. I'm brain-dead when it comes to using condoms. Duh! That's gonna ruin me one day if I don't get smart.

But soon they were back fucking doggy style in a good rhythm. After several more minutes, they changed positions again. He had her sit on top of him. He watched her boobs rotate in circles as she bounced up and down on his pole. She moved up and down, twisting right and left, leaning forward and back, never repeating exactly the movements she'd done before. She rose and dropped, forcing him deep into her, followed by rising up slowly, keeping just the head and a little of his shaft inside before working her cunt rapidly up and down on just a few inches, then engulfing his entire shaft once again.

He was lost in his enjoyment of her gyrations. This feels absolutely fantastic. It's like she's a machine designed to give me nothing but pleasure, but she's enjoying it as much as I am. I'm doing everything in my power to hold off from cumming. I just hope I can outlast her!

She couldn't believe how long he could fuck without cumming. It was far beyond anything she had ever experienced or even heard about, particularly with such a novice fucker.

At first she was just enjoying it greatly, but then she suddenly began a nearly nonstop climax. He kept on fucking until she plateaued at a level of being literally fucked senseless. She clenched the sides of the examination table and held on for dear life. At that moment she had no idea who she was, where she was, or what she was doing. She simply gave herself completely to the pile driver deep within her and the overwhelming pleasure engulfing her body.

Alan was enjoying it too, but his wasn't the transcendent experience of total gratification that Akami was reaching.

They had lost all track of time until she fell back on top of him, exhausted and limp as a wet dishrag. Alan hadn't climaxed yet, but it was clear the fucking was over for a while. They both lay on the examination chair for many minutes, trying to catch their breath.

Although Akami felt wiped out, Alan in contrast felt re-energized. Despite all the exertion, and the fact that his penis had gone flaccid after they stopped, he felt better and more alive than when he'd entered the office. He wasn't sure whether the sex was just good therapy or if bravado could be a self-fulfilling prophesy, but he was definitely amazed at himself. He seemed to have reserves of energy that he'd never known existed. He'd just gone with the flow and ceased to care, with a surprisingly good result. He felt as if he'd entered some kind of zone, like a runner who has been running for so long that he ceases to feel tired.

His only regret was that he hadn't remembered to use a condom at first. Am I just asking for trouble or what? Thank God she remembered. I just let my lust take control of my brain. I'm gonna be a daddy soon if I don't watch out!

Chapter 415 Sex With Akami Continued

At first, Akami simply stared at the ceiling as if struck dumb. It took a while for her to regain her wits. But as they continued to rest, she whispered sweet nothings, telling him what a great lover he was. Whispering extremely quietly and directly into his ear, she said, "Don't repeat this or say it out loud, but just between me and your ear, that was the best fuck I've ever had, bar none, and I've had quite a few."

She whispered quietly, for she knew Dr. Fredrickson would be listening and watching from the other room. Given that the doctor was fucking her on a daily basis, he wouldn't be exactly pleased to hear how much better a lover she thought Alan was. It wasn't that Dr. Fredrickson was a bad lover, but Alan just had natural talent, as well as the stamina of youth, that the doctor had no hope of matching.

Still whispering, she asked him, "How was it for you? It's too bad I didn't think to collect the sample."

He whispered back, "Great! Even though I didn't cum, that doesn't matter. I still had a really intense time."

She gasped, then whispered in quiet awe. "You're kidding me! Truly incredible! I was too out of it to even notice." She was careful not to say anything about him not cumming out loud, because she didn't want Dr. Fredrickson to know that and get even more jealous.

He was wondering why they were whispering, but he went along with it. "Don't worry; I'm sure I'll revive soon, and we can get the sample then."

She nodded, then wiped the sweat from her face. She got off the examination table and sat down in a chair, motioning Alan to sit in the room's other chair. She attempted to assume the demeanor of a professional nurse, as best she could given that she was still totally naked and nearly fucked out of her mind.bender

She smiled as she said, "Okay. After that, I think I can put your earlier story into better perspective. Alan, you're a very impressive lover. That's the fucking understatement of the year. Those women you say are nymphomaniacs, I'm sure they're not really naturally like that. It's just that you've made them that way when they're with you."

"I have?"

"Definitely! I definitely, definitely, see what you mean about having a lot of self-control! Doing the titfuck first nearly killed me with anticipation. And then with the actual fuck, you kept pausing and recovering, and then coming back for more. It was unreal! It was like five fucks in a row, each one building off the last one. Do you please them like you just pleased me?"

"Hmmm. I have to admit, that was probably my most impressive one yet. I don't know what it is, but my dick just kept staying hard. It's been doing that a lot lately. I think having all these beautiful women give me prolonged stimulation every day has caused me to build up endurance levels that I didn't know were even possible. I mean, it seems like I'm erect almost all the time now, and it feels fine. Like Tuesday, I did it eight times, and I've even done it nine times in one day. Nine very prolonged stimulation sessions."

"Holy... fucking... shit," she said, her mouth literally dropping open. She thought, Imagine this kid fucking me like that, but lasting literally for hours! No way! He could seriously kill someone. Death by fucking.

What a way to go. If I did that eight or nine times a day... I'd be in the insane asylum by the end of the week! Or the morgue.

Composing herself, she said with a nurse's demeanor, "I see. Very interesting. I definitely approve of you being more active this week, to keep your average up. Do you think you could sustain that higher level for a longer period of time?"

"I don't know. Sometimes my dick feels really good and sometimes not so good. Right now it feels not so good. To be honest, you should have seen how I felt when I came in here. I was feeling like I couldn't take any more."

"Why was that?"

"Well, I'd been slowly recovering all day from too much excitement over the last week, but just when I was starting to feel good earlier today, the varsity head cheerleader met me in the school parking lot and made me fuck her right then and there on the hood of her car! Phew! She really took a lot out of me."

Akami would have assumed he was lying except for the fucking she'd just experienced. She could easily see the most beautiful girls in school falling all over Alan as soon as word of his sexual prowess got out. She just nodded and said, "I see."

He went on, "But now, just when I thought I was all used up, I have another great fuck - as you know firsthand. It's weird. It seems like the longer this six-times-a-day treatment goes on, the easier it is for my dick to stay hard for a really long time. Your tip about strengthening and flexing my PC muscle has helped a lot, but it's more than that. I mean, how long were we going at it? A long time! But I'm already starting to get hard again, 'cos you're sitting there naked and, quite frankly, looking pretty fuckable."

She was fascinated. She looked at his crotch and saw that indeed his penis was resurrecting. She said matter-of-factly, "Wow! Your case is really interesting, I think it would make a good clinical case study. For instance, I wonder if your idea of such increased prowess through practice can be verified and measured objectively."

"Well, perhaps if you kidnapped me and did nothing but have me fuck you all day for weeks on end, we could establish a statistically significant body of data on it," he teased.

Lust broke through her clinical demeanor and she sighed wistfully. "Perhaps. God, don't I wish! But seeing how I can't kidnap you any time soon, why don't we add one more data point right now, by having you fuck me some more?"

"If it's for the advancement of scientific knowledge..." he joked. "Don't forget though, we need to take a sperm sample at some point."

"Damn. I was hoping you could shoot all over my face and chest this time." She handed him another condom, which she figured would also serve to collect the sample.

He took the old one off and put the new one on. Then he laughed while climbing on top of her. "Believe me, I've noticed that trick before." He thought of how his mother often 'forgot' to do the abnormality check so that they'd have to do it again.

"Oh, by the way," she said casually as he slid his erection into her cunt. "As you may know, your mother talked to me again on the phone earlier toDAAAAY! Oh! Damn, you fill me up!"

He'd bottomed out just as she was saying "today," and it took some long moments before her pussy could adjust and she could keep talking. Then she said, "We talked a lot about these abnormality checks she's been giving you. I think it was just a trick all along so she could get to know your penis better. She seems quite keen on you, you know. She got quite horny just talking to me about all of this, although she'd deny it. She says one thing, but her tone of voice says another. I doubt she realized how heavily she was breathing into the phone."

He started to thrust in and out. He complained, "Yeah, she's hotter than an oven, but she says 'no intercourse' and means it. It's easy to talk her into stuff sometimes, but that's one thing I know she won't budge on. She really thinks doing that will send her to Hell or something."

Akami replied, "That's bullshit! It sucks to be you then. I think you should do it with her anyway. Fuck your mother until she loves it!"

That sent him into overdrive. He started plowing her deeper and faster, at least partially imagining he was fucking his mother. Mom was using the abnormality check just as an excuse to get physical with

me? No way. Shit. So that means that the very first Tuesday of mad cocksucking, she was planning that all along! No fucking way. That gets me so unbelievably horny!

He began impaling Akami really hard with each thrust. He shouted, "Look out, Akami!" He tackled her to the floor.

Once again, Alan gave her a mind-bending fuck, this time right on the floor. He used his lusty thoughts about Susan to drive him onward. Even so, it wasn't quite as intense for her this time and she didn't lose awareness of everything else, but it was very pleasurable for both of them nonetheless.

She ended up sitting on top of him because he was nailing her so deep that it sometimes hurt, and that way she could be in control. She realized that she'd unleashed a real beast when she'd suggested he should fuck his mother.

As they climaxed, he huffed and puffed, shouting, "Uh! Uh! Oh! M-! Fuck! M-! M-!" Realizing he was starting to refer to his mother, he tried to cover it up. "Mmmm, that feels good! Fuck me!"

Eventually, Alan could hold out no longer. He shouted out "CUMMING!", which allowed Akami to let go of her inhibitions as well. He filled the condom with his seed during their mutual orgasm.

When he finally came back to Earth, he was a bit miffed that Akami was chuckling. "What?" he asked testily.

"M-! M-! Do you have some kind of humming fetish? A desire to be sing at the height of climax?" She chuckled some more.

"That wasn't it. I just tripped over my tongue. I was trying to say how much I enjoyed it."

Her voice dripped with sarcasm. "Mmmm hmmm. Yeah, right. I'm sure it wasn't some other older woman whom you call M- that you were thinking of saying. What was that you said earlier? 'You know the Freudian thing guys have for their mothers.' Especially moms who look like yours."

He repeated defiantly, "I was just expressing my appreciation." He grew sullen and quiet.

Akami realized it was a sore point and refrained from any further ribbing. It was understandable that he was embarrassed about his incestuous desires.

On the positive side, they did get a sperm sample, which was a good thing because there was no possible way he could manage to get hard again any time soon. They simply transferred his cum from the condom into a lab-sample test tube.

His penis seemed to give out right after that, and his energy departed when a deep post-orgasmic lassitude set in. He wondered if he could even manage to drive home safely, he felt so tired.

Akami wasn't in much better shape. Her pussy was so sore that she could barely walk. She was grateful that his was the last appointment of the day, because it would be all she could manage just to get home and take a long, hot bath to recover.

So she reluctantly had to end his appointment. Although she put on her lab coat, she felt so thoroughly fucked that it seemed a shame to confine her still-throbbing pussy any further, so that was all she wore.

As he was getting ready to go she said, "You should ask Mrs. Pestridge if she'd be willing to give you lessons in cunnilingus. We women appreciate a stiff, talented tongue. You would be wise to learn from an experienced partner, and I just know she would be good at teaching you."

"Good idea. I definitely want to get better at that. Thanks."

Chapter 416 Creepy Doctor

Before he left, Akami discussed his medical condition with him some more. "Alan, I wanted to mention that your latest test results show good news. Your thyroid levels are up 25 percent. So that means you should be having more energy, though you may not be feeling it yet. Remember how that's the point of all this sexual activity?"

"Oh yeah," he responded, only half joking. Having to cum six times a day had become an end goal in and of itself, and while six times was a little much, he certainly didn't want to end his sexual fun completely by being pronounced 'cured.' No one else gave much thought any more to the connection between all the sexual activity and his low energy levels, but he still greatly wanted to have more energy and to not always have to take a nap or feel like a useless rag.

Akami resumed, "I'm very keen to see what the blood test we did today will show, to see if your thyroid level was a one-time fluctuation or if it can be equaled or hopefully bettered. This new level is good, but you could stand to boost it 100 percent, not just 25 percent. So I'll call in a couple of days and let you know. Depending on the results, we might have to make some changes in your regimen."

He nodded in understanding. He asked, "Is there any way we could make it five or four times a day?"

"I'm not sure. I can't make any promises. Depending on the results, we might even have to increase it to seven or eight times a day, though I really doubt that will happen."

He sighed and his face looked forlorn. He thought, Impossible. Completely impossible! Six times a day is the absolute outer limit. Please may the results not fall that way. I just couldn't take that much help.

She didn't mean that, of course, since there were no real medical tests to drive such a decision; she just wanted to see what his reaction would be. She was intrigued at just how far one person could go. When she saw his response, she took mercy on him, deciding never again to mention having to cum more than six times a day.

She added, "Also, if you're still feeling sluggish, here's a prescription for a potent vitamin supplement. You don't actually need a prescription for it, but this note will help make sure you pick the right one." Akami wrote a surprisingly long note while both of them sat nearly naked in their chairs. Then she handed it to him.

He took it and read it immediately, curious about its length. It read, "If you want vitamins, here's the name." A certain type of multivitamin was listed.

But below that, the note continued, "But screw vitamins. I shouldn't be doing this and I could get in trouble, so keep it under your hat, but here's my home phone number." The number was listed, and her e-mail too. She went on in the note, "I can't wait two whole weeks until you fuck me again! PLEASE CALL

ME, ANYTIME! I know you've got a lot of amazing people helping you out, but I'll make you feel soooo good. I promise! Love, Akami."

Many words were underlined for emphasis, such as the word "ANYTIME," which she'd underlined three times.

He took the note, and with a poker face simply put it in his pocket. There was something about her vibe today that gave him the feeling he was being watched. He thought suspiciously, Why did she say this in a note, instead of telling it to me?

But he held his tongue for the moment and replied in a bland voice, "I'll follow this prescription to your satisfaction, nurse. Thank you very much." He put his hand on the doorknob as if to go.

"Oh, will you? Good!" she said excitedly. She wasn't as good at acting as he was. "I'll go get the doctor now."

Just as he was turning the doorknob, she said, "Oh wait. Clothes first."

He looked down and realized that he was buck naked.

She also was wearing only her open lab coat. They both went to get their clothes amidst much laughter.

Alan was very chagrined that he'd almost walked out into the hallway in the buff, although it actually wouldn't have mattered much since Akami always arranged for the office to be completely empty of patients and other staff during his appointments.

He thought, I must be losing my mind. Forgetting to use condoms, forgetting to wear my clothes - what's next? About the only thing I seem to still remember anymore is where to stick my dick.

Before she put on her clothes, Akami pointed toward her wispy bush and said in a sultry voice, "Remember, Alan, you always have a special home here at the doctor's office. Right here between my legs. Next time, come well rested. I want to see just how many 'sperm samples' it takes to fill me up to overflowing."

He grinned. "Will do."

"By the way," she added in a more clinical tone, "I'm still very concerned about your becoming too focused on sex. Please try to stay on top of your studies and have a social life with friends. There's more to life than sex, believe it or not. And regarding your sister Katherine, her case sounds pretty serious. I think it would be good if we could schedule an appointment for her, so we could test whether her sexual response falls within the norm."

He restated that in translation, as: "In other words, you want to have lots of sex with her."

"That's another way to put it," she said, smiling. "But don't worry. If either you or your sister or both of you come here in the future, there won't be any charge. Hell, I'll pay YOU if I have to, if you could fuck me like that again. Both of you is better. And next time, let's make sure your mom Susan comes in with you too, but only if she wants to play. Otherwise, for the love of God, come alone."

"Yeah, I think she might be into playing now. Well, playing with me; she's definitely not into women. But she might get off watching me with you. I hope so, anyway. She was a bit scared of you before, I think."

Akami noted, "She had a very different attitude on the phone, that's for sure. Her voice sounded so different. Before, there was restraint, but now she sounds sexually free and liberated. She even laughs a lot more. And she was treating me like her savior for helping to initiate your treatment program, so that made me feel special."

"Interesting," he commented. "Just a few days ago, she was really torn up about stuff."

"Things can change quickly." Akami finished putting on her clothes.

He said, "By the way, the fact that I would have forgotten to use a condom if you hadn't given it to me makes me think that I need to get myself tested for STDs. Since you're a nurse and all, do you know a good place for that, and where one can do that without getting one's parents involved?"

She replied, "That's not what we do here at all, but you're lucky that I do know a place. Here, let me get the information for you." While she was doing that, she asked, "By the way, since we weren't completely

safe today, seeing as I only remembered the condom halfway through the appointment, is there any reason I should worry?"

He was startled by that. "Oh, what, me? No, no worries. Remember, I was a total virgin until very recently. But since I have multiple sex partners these days, I figure it's something I should get in the habit of doing pretty regularly."

He felt bad because that wasn't completely true; there really was a concern due to his bareback sex with Heather. He had trusted Heather when she'd said that she was clean (as far as she knew), but he was determined to get tested right away to be as sure as possible.

She handed him the information. "Smart. Very smart. I'm impressed."

"Thanks."

She said, "In any case, why don't we go out and say hello to the doctor? I think it's better that you see him in the lobby than in here, since this room positively reeks of sex."

Just before leaving the room, Alan said, "I'll mention the idea of coming in to see you to my sister Katherine. I have a strong feeling she'll say yes." To himself, he added, But first I have to find out what this whole secret note thing was about.

As he walked out, Akami thought to herself, Such a good kid. So all-around decent. He makes me feel so good. I feel awful about this video thing, even if the doctor is forcing me. I have to do something before it goes too far. Alan completely melted my brain with the best sex I've ever had, and I'm standing by, silent? I can't let that happen. If the doctor films him and Susan next time, they could be blackmailed for life!

Dr. Fredrickson meanwhile had turned off his video cameras, shut and locked the cabinets where the video monitors were hidden, and put on his pants. At Akami's insistence, his video system had no way to record, so when the show was over it was over. Akami had double-checked the equipment to be sure. She understandably didn't want videos made of her that could somehow wind up in the wrong hands and get her in a heap of trouble.

There was nothing else worth watching outside of Alan's appointments, so he typically only opened those cabinets once every two weeks. However, that morning Dr. Fredrickson had decided to use a camera on a tripod to take photographs of the video screen during Alan's office visit. That way, he could have something to masturbate to later. Akami would have been very upset to know about the pictures he was taking, but he hadn't told her about them yet.

He thought to himself, I should have thought this through and not resorted to half measures. Next time I'm gonna get another video camera to film the whole video as it happens. That'll show Akami!

He'd juggled taking pictures with masturbating while watching the live video feed. He'd jacked off several times while watching Alan and Akami, turned on by Alan's explanation of his sex life at home even more than by the visuals of fucking. The doctor was more than a little jealous of Alan's situation. It was frustrating enough to know that the boy was having great sex with everyone from his own mother and sister to the head cheerleader, but what really got the doctor's blood boiling was the way Alan had fucked Akami: he had clearly rocked her world in a way that the doctor never had.

"Hi, Dr. Fredrickson," Alan said, extending his hand for a handshake as the doctor walked into the lobby.

The doctor hid his rage and jealousy very well and flashed a smile. "How you doin', Alan? I haven't seen you in a while. When Akami takes on your appointments, it gives me a chance to bury my head in paperwork. How are things at home, and with your beautiful mother Susan?"

Alan got the feeling that the doctor's smile and friendliness were phony and that the doctor was pissed off at him for some reason. He couldn't help but notice that the doctor was practically crushing his hand as the handshake went on and on. But he kept up the charade and just said, "Oh, things are good. Same ol' same ol.' I'll tell her you said hello."

After a little more chit-chat with the doctor, Alan left. He was too emotionally exhausted from the intense fucking to really give the doctor's not-so-well-hidden animosity much thought. Instead, he thought, Every fuck doesn't have to be a "mind-bending make-me-see-stars fuck-of-a-lifetime." I should just chill and do the "making love" thing more often. Otherwise I'll never reach my daily targets.

On the way home, Alan stopped at the clinic Akami had recommended and got tested for STDs. He was disappointed to find out that it would take over a week to get the results back. The more he thought about the fact that he'd fucked Heather twice, and even came inside her without a condom, the more he worried. He knew that it wasn't just a matter of his own health anymore, because if he got something he could spread it to his loved ones.

Chapter 417 You Could Never Be Anybody's Slave

Susan had greatly enjoyed her phone call with Brenda earlier, so much so that she had to admit that she considered Brenda a friend and someone she wanted to talk to a lot more, despite her lingering jealousy over Brenda's larger breast size.

However, after the sexual euphoria from the multiple orgasms she'd enjoyed during phone call faded, Susan began to worry that perhaps she'd enjoyed the call too much, because Brenda's fantasies went further than Susan normally went with her fantasies.

Suzanne came by to visit after lunch, and found Susan in a strange mood. However, Susan was also being unusually tight-lipped about her feelings. When Suzanne asked her what was wrong, she just said, "I don't know. A bad day, I guess."bender

Hoping it would get Susan out of her funk, Suzanne suggested that the two of them play tennis. She figured that Susan looked listless, and the physical exercise might put her in a better mood.

Susan went along with the idea, though she didn't show any enthusiasm. Susan put on her tennis outfit and got her racquet, then they went next door so Suzanne could change too. After that, they went to the tennis court in Suzanne's backyard.

Merely being at that spot made Susan very emotional, because it reminded her of when she'd played tennis with Alan on the same spot six days earlier, and how he'd humiliated her and got her to suck his cock right in the middle of the court. She tried to put that out of her mind and focus on playing tennis. She and Suzanne hit the ball back and forth, but she was so distracted by her general worries plus the memory of her last time on the court with Alan that she played much worse than usual.

Before long, Suzanne paused the playing and walked to the net so she could talk to Susan. She said, "Girl, we're about equally matched, but today I'm running circles around you. Let me guess: you can't get your mind off what happened here with your Tiger last time."

Susan just frowned and nodded.

Suzanne said, "I don't know what to say or do except that you should just play through it. We don't want you to avoid this court from now until doomsday just because it brings back intense feelings and memories for you. Trust me, you'll get over it soon enough."

So far, she and Susan had only been warming up. But she had them start playing a competitive set to force Susan to get more physical and concentrate on the game.

The two played a vigorous set, but Susan was still highly distracted, so she lost six games to two. Then Suzanne had them play another one. Susan did somewhat better, losing six games to four. By the time they were done, both of them were sweaty and tired.

They headed back to the dining room of Susan's house.

Despite the fact that they were both in need of a shower and dressed in their tennis outfits, Suzanne had Susan sit in the love seat and pulled up a chair from the dining table so she could question her. "Okay, enough with the moody silence. Lately, you've had a big smile on your face nearly all the time. But today you've been moody and silent, and all that vigorous tennis didn't help much. It's time you spill the beans."

Susan just frowned. "Oh dear. I was afraid it would come to this. The thing is... I can't! It's too embarrassing."

Suzanne cocked an eyebrow. "Really? Was it something Alan did to you lately? What could possibly be more embarrassing than the things I already know about, like the tennis incident?"

Susan blushed. "It's not him. Well, not directly. It's that call I had with Brenda earlier, the one you forced me make."

"Oh, right. How'd that go? I wanted to ask you about that, but I figured we had to solve the mystery of your gloomy mood first."

Susan said, reluctantly, "Well... the mood has to do with that call. I said some things... and Brenda said some other things... that are just so terribly improper! I can't even bear to think about it, much less talk to you about it! I'm sorry."

Suzanne wasn't about to give up that easily. It took her a few more minutes, but she finally got Susan to open up. She told her to start at the beginning, and describe the call in detail. If anything got too embarrassing, then Susan could just close her eyes, or perhaps even stop talking altogether.

That got Susan started, and before she knew it, she described the phone call in full, lurid detail, including the parts she considered the most embarrassing. Once she got going, it was like she couldn't stop.

What neither Susan nor Suzanne realized was that while Susan was in the middle of her story, Katherine came home from cheerleading for the football team, still dressed in her cheerleader outfit. She wasn't trying to sneak around, but she hadn't made any noticeable noise coming into the house. When she overheard the two MILFs talking in such hushed and serious tones, she didn't know what they were talking about. She definitely wanted to find out, and she was fairly sure they would cut their conversation short if she openly walked in on them, so she decided a little eavesdropping was in order.

She was already in the living room by the time she came to this realization. She was in danger of being seen through the large gap between the dining room and living room if she continued to walk forward. But instead she quietly slipped deeper into the living room, and then snuck as close to the dining room as she could get without being seen or heard.

Susan kept on with her detailed description of Brenda's "Sultan Alan" fantasy. When it was over, Susan's face was redder than ever, and she was squirming in embarrassment.

However, Suzanne was puzzled. "Well? That's it? I don't understand what's bothering you so much. For one thing, that was just talking. You do all sorts of actual sexual physical acts every day."

Susan reluctantly explained, "I know, but... Brenda's fantasy about the Sultan got me thinking... All that talk about being a sex slave in a harem... it was so hot! I mean, it got me really, really worked up! As I told you, I couldn't resist playing with myself, and I just kept cumming and cumming. But... it's got me wondering: what's wrong with me?!"

Suzanne was genuinely puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Why am I so submissive?! It's scary! I feel like I'm losing control over everything! My family. My life. My sanity, almost! Ever since I've started to help Tiger with his orgasms, I feel like I've lost all perspective. All I can think about is his big thick cock and how good it feels to suck on it!"

"And what's wrong with that?" Suzanne asked.

"Nothing, I guess. You've helped me understand that I shouldn't be so hung up on what society at large thinks, and helping him out doesn't conflict with anything in the Bible. But still... when Brenda shared that sex-slave fantasy, it sounded so fun and exciting to me. Then I realized I was actually getting aroused from sex slave talk! I purposely haven't let my mind go there, but Brenda had no such limitations. She clearly got off on it too. It was her dream after all."

She looked up at Suzanne plaintively. "I know it was just a fantasy, but at what point does a fantasy go too far?! I don't mind being sexually submissive, which I suppose I am. It's helped bring Tiger and me a lot of pleasure, allowing me to help him with his medical treatment. But at what point could a person become TOO submissive?! I mean, could this sex slave thing, well... could it ever..." Her voice trailed off with worry.

Suzanne finished for her, "Become a reality?"

The red-faced Susan shyly nodded.

Suzanne carefully considered that. She wanted Susan to sexually loosen up to the point that daily family orgies could take place. But she had no intention of ever being Alan's sex slave herself, and she didn't want to see anyone else go that far either. She decided to walk a careful line of reassuring Susan that things wouldn't go too far while still encouraging her to explore the horizons of her newly discovered submissive side.

She said, "I understand how you feel. At times, your submissive feelings for your son have gotten pretty strong lately, haven't they? It gives you such pleasure to serve him, to bow your head down low and service his cock, doesn't it? To kneel between his legs in just your high heels and look up at his face and see him straining hard not to cum, to hear him moaning lustily and gripping the sides of your head with both hands as he fights hard to hold out! Don't you love it?"

Susan bit her lip and shyly admitted, "So much! I worry that I get too obsessed."

Suzanne went on as if she didn't hear that, "And then there are the more quiet and tender times, when you're just nursing on his cock while he lovingly runs his hands through your hair. Or when you sit naked in his lap, his hard cock poking dangerously underneath while he kisses you and freely plays with your big breasts and the rest of your body."

"Yes!" Susan agreed with a new fire in her eyes.

Suzanne continued, "And what about the times when he just humiliates you? He snaps his fingers and orders you to take all your clothes off, which of course you do, or he even makes you crawl on your hands and knees, which you also do because you're so eager to suck his cock some more that you can hardly stand it."

Susan exclaimed, "Yes! Yes to all of that! And that points to the problem. I mean, it's one thing that I suck his cock whenever he needs it. That's just being a caring and loving mother. You've pointed out that I shouldn't feel bad getting aroused while helping him. But I actually seem to get MORE aroused when he treats me badly!"

Suzanne said, "Correction: when he treats you firmly, not badly. When he dominates you. That's not a bad thing, if it arouses both you and him. It's teaching him confidence. Just look at how he's having more and more success with other women."

Susan asked with a concerned frown, "Yes, but where is it all leading, including that? He already has a few personal cocksuckers, including me. Before long, we'll be calling it a full-blown harem, if it's not one already! And if it's a harem, doesn't that sort of make him a 'master?' And that in turn kind of implies that we're his sex slaves! I know we don't talk about that because he doesn't like using those sorts of words, but maybe we should."

Suzanne held a hand up. "Wait a second here. Let's not get carried away. I'd admit that things are moving into a, well, a harem-y direction. But that's perfectly okay. That doesn't make him a 'master' or you a 'slave.' That's just what you call it when a man has multiple lovers who are all aware of each other."

She went on confidently, "I wouldn't get too worried about Brenda's fantasy or your reaction to it. Yes, you're naturally submissive, so of course you get turned on by that sort of language. But that's all it is: language. Words are just words. They can't hurt you. Don't forget that you're not alone. He's just not into things getting any more extreme. He doesn't even like the word 'master.' Can you imagine him somehow leapfrogging over that and suddenly wanting to call you 'slave?'"

"Well, no," Susan admitted.

"Plus, don't forget that I'm here too. Do you think that I'd ever let him call ME his 'slave?'"

Susan chuckled knowingly. "No, of course not. You could never be anybody's slave. You're the strongest woman I know. Nobody pushes YOU around."

"Right. So you see, you have nothing to worry about. There's nothing wrong with sex talk and letting your ideas run wild in fantasies. I encourage that sort of thing. It's cathartic. You know what that means?"

"I think so. You express some feelings in a pretend way so you don't feel like doing it in reality."

"Exactly." Suzanne gave her an encouraging smile. "So don't be afraid to let your imagination run wild. Remember, Akami says the most important thing is that we help our man with both the duration and intensity of his sex sessions. If you're happily slurping and stroking away on his huge pole and you start to get tired, then you think of yourself as his 'big-titted mommy slut,' as well as one of his proud personal cocksuckers, and that gives you a second wind, what's the harm with that? It's a good thing! Right?"

Susan smiled at that. "I agree. I've been doing that a lot already and it does help." But that smile turned to a frown. "But what about, you know, slave talk? I think that goes a bit too far, even just for sexy talk. It makes me uncomfortable. I am his mother, after all. I need a certain amount of dignity and authority to tell him 'no' when he needs to hear 'no.'"

Suzanne shrugged and sat back in her chair. "Suit yourself. Personally, that sort of talk wouldn't get my motor running in the first place, since I'm different than you. The key is to do and say what you enjoy with the man you love. I think you've come a long way already. To be blunt, I'm proud of how you've

managed to overcome so many misguided, prudish notions so you can better tend to your son's needs. It'll only get better and easier from here, trust me."

Susan beamed with happiness and relief. She stood up and held her arms out, causing Suzanne to stand up too. Then the two of them shared a loving hug. "Thanks, so much! Once again, you know just what to say to put my mind at ease. Where would I be without you?"

Suzanne deflected that by asking, "And where would I be without YOU? You mean so much to me. Just knowing that you're happy makes me happy."

"Mmmm!" Susan squeezed Suzanne even tighter, their huge racks pressing together

After they broke away, Susan said, "Well, I guess I'd better go take a shower. We must smell something awful."

Suzanne wished she could take a shower with Susan, but she realized Susan wasn't ready for that yet. She said with a tinge of regret, "Yeah, I guess I should go home and shower and change. I've got some things to do there anyway."

Susan nodded, then said, "One last thing though. Regarding Brenda... I enjoy talking to her. I must admit that you're right, she and I do get along. I like her."

"Good!"

"But I do worry. If anything, she seems even more into submissiveness than I am. We haven't been talking confidentially for long, and already she shared such an extreme fantasy with me. What should I do about that? I mean, I enjoyed it at the time, sure, but afterwards I felt... troubled."

Suzanne said, "That's no problem. Just let her know how you really feel. If you two are trading sexy stories again, as I'm sure you will, just make it clear that she's getting into an uncomfortable area. She really, really wants to be your friend, I can tell. For one, she sees you as a key link to Alan. But also, you're sort of her ideal women, believe it or not. She wishes she could be living your life. If you tell her, 'Hey, please tone it down with the sex slave talk,' I'm sure she'll be very glad to do that if you ask her to. All you have to do is make your feelings clear."

Susan beamed again. "I can do that, no problem. When you put it that way, I don't have anything to worry about."

"No, you don't."

Susan and Suzanne were still oblivious that Katherine had been listening in to their entire conversation.

However, Katherine could tell they were wrapping things up and about to leave the room, so she'd already been quietly and carefully moving across the living room and then up the stairs towards her bedroom. She safely made it away without even Suzanne noticing.

Once she was in her room, Katherine pondered what she'd learned. I knew Mom was submissive already. Who couldn't see that from a mile away? But I didn't know just how deep that streak runs. And for Brenda too! Wow. Those two are either going to end up as enemies or close friends, since they have so much in common. Luckily, it looks like they're heading in the friends direction.

As usual, Aunt Suzy's got everything under control, so I'm not going to worry about Mom going too far with her fantasies. "Sex slave" talk is a bit much even for me, and I proudly consider myself my brother's number one fuck toy!

No, the question is, how can I have fun with what I've learned? Brother has ALL the fun with Mom! Why can't I join in more too? Clearly, Mom gets off in a big way on being dominated and even humiliated by our guy. And I know just how she feels, 'cos I love it when he treats me like that too. It's true I'm not naturally controlling like he is, but I'm plenty "uppity." I could have a lot of fun getting saucy with Mom!

Of course, I'll have to be careful. I don't want to push her too far into a bisexual direction, because I don't want her to have another prudish backlash. But I can kind of help things along there bit by bit if I get more aggressive. Oooh! This is going to be great!

She sat down and opened up her diary. She decided to make notes on what she'd learned from overhearing that discussion, then make further notes on the times she'd seen Alan dominate Susan, so she could come up with strategies on when and how to be more aggressive with Susan herself.

Chapter 418 Scary Suzanne

Alan didn't do anything special that Friday night. It was a near miracle he could summon the energy to eat dinner. He had big plans to go on his second "non-romantic date" with Christine, but he felt so out of sorts that he had to call her up before dinner and reschedule. Christine had something else planned for Saturday night, so they agreed to go out the evening after that, on Sunday.

Suzanne came over right after the meal, eager to do something with Alan. She actually wanted to take him out on the town (and while out of the house, continue where she'd left off with her "Elle" seduction the weekend before, with sex acts forbidden at home). But she quickly realized that the best he might do was fight to stay awake so he wouldn't fall asleep at an absurdly early hour.

It was Suzanne's turn for cocksucking, but she could see he wasn't up to it, so instead they just watched some television together. They watched two episodes of "M*A*S*H" on TV Land.

Suzanne knew Alan needed some times when he could simply vege out and relax, and this was one of those times. But she also had a lot to discuss with him in private. So after the second episode ended, she switched off the TV, turned to him, and said, "That was fun, but now it's time to talk."

"Talk?"

"Yes, talk, and just talk. A serious keep-our-clothes-on kind of talk. As your secret guardian angel of sorts, it's good that I check in on your busy sex life from time to time, and I haven't done that for a while."

He readjusted to face her. "Okay, sure. What's on your mind?"

"Hold on. First we go up to your room for some privacy."

"Uh oh."

"Don't worry," she reassured him with a smiling smirk, "my ulterior motives are purely obvious."

He gave her a dubious grin before chuckling. He stood up and headed for the stairs, with Suzanne following.

Once they had relocated to his room, with both of them sitting in chairs near his computer desk, she started by asking, "Remember when Brenda came over for dinner a few nights ago?"

"Sure. How could I not?"

"After she left, I said we should talk about her and what happened, but to give that experience a day to sink in first. Well, the next day I decided against that, because I wanted to show you that we could let you lead the events at the next poker party without my usual scheming and meddling."

He said, "And you did, and I appreciate that. How do you think I fared?"

"Excellent! Great job. But that was Wednesday night and now it's Friday, and we still haven't really talked much about her."

"Um, okay, let's talk. What do you think we should talk about specifically?"

"Well, I'm trying not to meddle and let you take the lead with her. But we do need to check in with each other from time to time to see if our strategy is working or if it needs adjusting. Since she came to dinner, or should I say came AT dinner?" She snickered. "I'd say things are coming along nicely since the last poker party. And what you don't know is that yesterday morning she came to visit me and we had a VERY good meeting... naked."

""Naked?!""

"Naked, in the backyard. Can you just picture her standing there, back arched, tits thrust out, waiting for orders? It's pretty obvious to me that she gets off on being sexually dominated, so I figured that's the best way to have her talk about you."

"Oh, man! And you say tonight is talk only?"

She giggled with glee. "Talk only. Amongst other things, Susan is developing excellent 'spermdar,' honed in to your particular scent. If I have a turn with you, she's going to want one too. Are you ready for that?"

He looked down at his new erection. "No, but I'm willing to die trying."

She chuckled some more. "We prefer you stay alive. Anyway, that leads to an important question relevant to Brenda: how much do you want to know about things like that? Do you want me to tell you everything that was said in a meeting like that, not to mention the things that happened with her in the last week or so that you still don't know about, such as how Susan came to take all those nude photos of her? Or would you rather remain clueless so you can be pleasantly surprised later? And furthermore, should we be scheming and meddling with her behind the scenes or not?"

"Hmmm." He put a hand on his chin and pondered. "I'm not keen on the scheming, but then when you spring something like those nude photos on me, how can I not love it? I guess... I guess it depends on our timeframe. Should we rush things with her so we can breathe easy about her knowledge of our incest?"

Suzanne replied, "Actually, I'd say it's the opposite. I think a better way to go is drag things out longer. Right now, she's so hot for you that, next time you see her, if you snapped your fingers and told her to drop to her knees and suck you off, she'd do it. Gladly! And she'd love it!"

He furrowed his brow. "Then what's the problem? Isn't that what we want? That sure as hell sounds good to me!"

She laughed. "Somehow I thought you'd say that. And yes, that IS what we want. But remember, we need to play a long game with her. We don't want her to fall for you for a couple of months and then lose interest. The way I see it, I want her to be one of your PERMANENT helpers! For instance, wherever you move in the years to come, she'll move there too. She'll want to stay with you or near you, because she won't want to live somewhere where she can't serve your cock! That way your secret is forever safe. After all, there's nothing more dangerous than a lover scorned. Trust me - voice of experience here."

The weary way she said that made him wonder yet again what exactly had happened that destroyed her marriage to Eric.

She continued, "But, at the same time, I still don't want her to see you all that much, and Susan doesn't want that either, since that could cut into our time with you. Maybe two or three times a week, say. However, the million-dollar question is, how do we get her so into you that she'll agree to that kind of an arrangement without complaint?"

He whistled in amazement. "Wow! Is it just me, or is it getting hot in here?" He pulled at his collar as if he was trying to loosen a tie. The lump in his shorts was actually visibly twitching.

She chuckled. "Hey. Talk only, remember? What I'm thinking is that we need to try something so extreme that I've never tried it before: make her soooo horny for you and dedicated to you that it'll be deeply internalized and a part of her psyche. I'm talking about making her so constantly horny that the mere thought of serving your cock and draining your balls will be the first, second AND third reasons she gets up in the morning! She's on her way towards that point, but she's definitely not there yet."

He felt his mouth fall open in astonishment. "You're kidding me!"

She replied, "I'm dead serious. We have a great opportunity with her due to her need for submission, and I sincerely believe that's what she wants out of life, although so far she's been too afraid to admit that honestly to herself. I really mean it! Yes, it works great for us, but that would be like a living dream for her. So it's win-win. That's my favorite type of scheme."

He groaned. "Oh, man! I'm soooo horny all of the sudden!" He looked down at the lump in his shorts. "How can you talk like that and not expect me to respond?"

"Sorry. I can't help you this time. I would love to, but you need to keep a cool head so you won't let lust rule your thinking."

"Fat chance of that happening now!" He sighed heavily. "Okay, fine. I'll hang in there. I still don't see your point about going slow."

"We've gotta build you up and hype you up even more until she's totally obsessed with the desire to be your sex pet. That doesn't mean you can't play with her fantastic body like you did after the 'tape measuring' at the last party. In fact, that kind of thing is exactly what the doctor ordered. But take it one step at a time. You could fuck her in a heartbeat already, I'm sure. But that wouldn't be wise."

He grunted with lusty frustration. He already anticipated that Brenda would be an incredible fuck. It was like her body was specifically purpose-built for it.

Suzanne continued, "One factor I'm considering is that we've built you up to such a degree that she practically thinks you can walk on water. And we know you don't. Heck, you can't even water ski!" She chuckled at her own joke. "I've told you in the past that it's better to be lucky than good, and you're both, but you're still more lucky than good. Your sexual talents are improving by the day, but you've got a lot of room to improve. In short, you have huge shoes to fill, in her mind. Better to wait for your feet to grow some more before you get really hot and heavy with her so you can live up to at least half the hype. If you can do that much, then her rosy-eyed view of you will make up the rest."

"Wow!" He paused to consider all that. "Aunt Suzy, I'm sure I've told you this before, but you're a friggin' genius! Not only that, you're kind of a scary genius. That's almost diabolical. She has no chance to resist, if we see that plan through. Thank God I'm on your side!"

She grinned. "Yeah, well, I may be a bit scary, but not diabolical, because I don't wish harm on anyone. I love to scheme, and a key to the fun of it for me is my vow to help others and at bare minimum don't hurt anyone. Like I said, 'win-win' schemes are my favorite. It's kind of like playing Santa Claus, enjoying making people happy. I believe that's what I'm doing here with Brenda. I wouldn't be taking this approach if I hadn't found out early on that she's submissive, and I do mean VERY submissive. Now that genie is out of the bottle, it's just a matter of time until she's dominated by SOMEONE. She'll be hard pressed to find someone better than you."

"You think?" His natural modesty made him doubt that.

"I know. Prepare to own your first sex pet!"

He flopped his arms up and down like he was trying to fly. "You can't... can't say that! It's too... impossible!"

She snickered at his reaction to that. "Nothing's impossible, if you're clever. Schemers through history have literally sold the Brooklyn Bridge multiple times, to intelligent people, and much more. You have to dare to dream. Fortune favors the bold."

He shook his head in wonder. "So... what does that mean, to have a 'sex pet?' What, am I going to be responsible for her care and feeding or something?"

She snickered. "But of course. You'll have to feed her your cock and make sure she eats all the cum you give her."

He groaned lustily. "Oh, man!" He glanced pleadingly at the tent in his shorts. "Are you sure you can't, uh, lend a hand or mouth while we talk?!"

"Sorry, not this time; I need your full attention. Now, as far as how to proceed, I'll refrain from doing anything new to push her along. She's well past the point of no return, I'm convinced. Just keep doing what you're doing, and we'll be fine. If she comes to me or Susan about something, then sure, we'll hype you up every chance we get while we talk to her. In fact, Susan mentioned to me that she talked to Brenda at length earlier today, although I haven't gotten the run down on what that was about yet. But we'll leave it at that and otherwise leave things to you at future poker parties and the like. Sounds good?"

"VERY good. Hot damn! Aunt Suzy, please don't be offended, but I'm so fuckin' horny right now! I mean... I mean... you're basically saying I'm going to have Brenda as my permanent sex pet! Forever! That's INSANE! BRENDA! She's so fucking STACKED, and curvy, and wet, and everything else!" He clutched at the air in front of him, as if he was squeezing Brenda's J-cup breasts.

Then he reached down to unzip his fly.

But Suzanne held up a hand. "Stop right there! Talk only, remember?"

"Can't I at least give the poor guy some air? Why do you keep using terms like 'sex pet' when you talk about her? You don't like that kind of language. It's like you're trying to make me suffer!"

"Hey, if the shoe fits, wear it. With the women in the family, we're bound together by love, with sex strengthening that. But with her, it's pure sex all the way! So wild sex talk seems fitting."

"Yikes! Down boy!" He playfully swatted towards his crotch, and if it was a wild beast. Then he asked more seriously, "Do you think that could REALLY happen? I can't tell when you're serious and when you're just trying to get a rise out of me."

"You've already risen, that's for sure." Suzanne mock-fanned herself. Then she cautioned, "It should really happen if everything goes as well. And I don't see why it wouldn't. Remember how I said I'd put my private investigator on her?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I got the preliminary results a while back, and the final results just a few days ago. It's kind of a moot point now since we've committed to a course of action with her due to the incest secret problem anyway, but still, it's good to know that there aren't any red flags or skeletons in her closet. She's a well adjusted, kind, smart person. She'll be a delight for all of us to get to know better, especially you, you lucky devil!"

He shook his head in disbelief. "I'm so friggin' lucky! I actually feel bad about it sometimes. I must be upsetting some kind of karmic balance."

"Nah. Life is what you make it. Anyway, the only snag is her son Adrian. Apparently, he has a lot of problems in his life. But don't worry. As part of being a 'good schemer,' if we're basically going to completely redirect Brenda's life, we'll have to take responsibility of the Adrian problem and make sure he's put on a better path. And kindness reaps rewards, because a happy and well-adjusted Adrian will mean a happy Brenda, which will be good for us."

Alan nodded. "Okay. That's good to hear. By the way, what exactly does your private investigator do to learn so much, anyway?"

She replied rather brusquely, "You don't need to know that. But trust me that it's all perfectly legal. You'd be amazed what you can learn from what's legally floating around. And by the way, speaking of said investigator, note that I decided to investigate the rest of the cheerleaders at your school after all, after you told me you fucked Heather. But these things take time, so I still haven't gotten any response yet. I'm conducting that one a bit differently. The investigator is just looking up public records and that sort of thing, and I'm doing all of the hands-on aspect myself. It's safer that way."

"Hand-on?"

"For instance, getting to know people who know them and then using my wiles to find out surprisingly personal details."

"Ah. Damn, you are kinda scary."

"I'm focusing especially on Heather, since she's the main threat. By the way, there's one thing about her that's really puzzling me."

"What's that?"bender

"How did you end up fucking her in the first place? Please don't be offended, but that seems extremely unlikely to me. I'm surprised she even knew your name! You never tried to befriend her in the slightest, right?"

"Right. And therein lies a tangled tale." He grinned impishly.

"I'm all ears. For once, we've got time."

He was relieved that at least his penis was calming down, finally. "I've been thinking about something you told me regarding Brenda. You pointed out how acting aloof and playing hard to get is highly effective, because people most desire the things that are hard to get. And that nice guys never get the really desirable women because nice guys aren't a challenge; they're too safe and boring."

Suzanne nodded. "Sure, I remember saying that. What about it?"

"I think it's spot on. But there's a problem: if you're a nice guy stuck in the 'friend zone,' how can you get out? If you act aloof and hard to get, then you'll just be ignored! And if you toot your own horn, then you seem like a jerk and nobody will believe you anyway. So what's the solution there? There may be more than one, I don't know. But with Brenda, what happened there to great effect was that you and Susan hyped me to the heavens. That allowed me to be in a position where I could play hard to get and have it actually work."

"Right. All true. And?"

"And... that's exactly what happened with Heather. I swear, I didn't say anything to her to interest her in me. Someone else did all the work for me!"

"Aaaah! Now, we're getting somewhere!" Suzanne leaned forward in her seat. "And who is that?"

He frowned. "Before I address that, I have a question about this whole 'playing hard to get' thing. It works great, sure. But what happens once I'm 'gotten?' If people are always striving for something better, won't someone like Brenda get bored and move on?"

"That's the danger," Suzanne replied. "That's why I want to make sure she doesn't lose interest after a while. Seduction is one set of skills, and then you need a whole other set once you're 'gotten.' Luckily, that's where you excel. You're a great guy, kid! You're genuinely kind, smart, and fun to be around. You're a steady rollin' man who hardly ever gets angry or down about anything. That's especially remarkable at your age. But the clincher is your rapidly growing sexual talent. That'll keep you from falling back into the dreaded 'friend zone' with any of your lovers. With Brenda, if you keep drowning her in orgasms and general sexual ecstasy like you do Susan, Angel, or me, you should have no problem. If she's smiling all day long with thoughts of you, then why would she even think of looking for someone else? Why look for 'better' when you already have something great?"

"Thanks. That's really flattering. I'm not all that. But it makes me feel a lot better to hear it anyway."

Chapter 419 I Guess I'm Not As Moral As You.

"Good. Now, stop trying to change the subject." Suzanne leaned forward in her chair again. "Who hyped you to Heather already?!"

He couldn't meet her eyes, and turned his head sadly. "I'm sorry. I can't tell you that."

"Why the hell not?! You told me about Heather the other day. I promise I won't tell anyone else, not even Susan." Seeing he still wasn't budging, she added, "Am I not your auntie? I'm practically your second mother. I thought we love each other and tell each other everything."

He looked at her plaintively. "We do! We do! But I can't!"

She sat back. "Aaaaah. I get it. It's Katherine, isn't it? Angel started blabbing, and then-"

He interrupted, "No, it's not her. I swear! And it's not Amy either. I swear that too!"

Suzanne stood up due to her frustration. She stared down at him with clenched fists. "Then who? Who?! May I remind you, this is really 'need to know' stuff. It's all fine and dandy that you're living this wild sexual lifestyle, but somebody's gotta watch your back and protect you when things go wrong and you're in over your head, and that's me! And I can't do that if I don't even know what you're doing. Or WHO you're doing. We can't muck around anymore. You need to finally come clean to me about ALL of your lovers!"

Realizing that she probably looked intimidating standing above him like that, she knelt down between his legs and took a softer tone. "Need I remind you about the danger of things like STD's? I know you have your 'don't kiss and tell' policy, and that's admirable, but you have to make an exception for me. It's not just about you. What happens with one of your lovers could affect everyone else."

He sighed wearily. "If I tell you, then someone important to me is going to get in trouble."

"I promise you, nobody will get in trouble, no matter what you say. Learning the truth is more important for me right now. I get the feeling that there's something important here that you're not telling me, something that you're embarrassed about. Which means there's something that could mean trouble, which means there's something I may need to fix!"

He sighed again. "Okay, fine. You win. But I'm holding you to that promise. You can't punish me or anyone else about this, right?"

She nodded impatiently.

"The person who hyped me to Heather was Kim."

Suzanne was puzzled. "Kim? The cheerleader Kim? Kim Fields, right?"

"Right."

"What's the big secret about that? Why could you tell me about Heather but not Kim?"

He sighed yet again. "The problem isn't Kim, per se. You see, Kim is basically lesbian, and everyone knows that. She's dated some guys and fooled around with them a bit, but she was thoroughly unimpressed and stuck with the other team, so to speak. Then, to make a long story short, she got sexually involved with me, and enjoyed it so much that she bragged about my skills to the other cheerleaders."

"So wait. You're telling me that you're so sexually impressive that you managed to 'turn' a lesbian, just like that?" Suzanne snapped her fingers.

"No, not at all. It was a lucky 'in the right place at the right time' thing. Weirdly enough, I don't think she has a problem with the sex part of men; it's all the other stuff. The dating, the romance, guys being guys - you know, the emotionally clueless, macho caveman stereotype. She prefers the company of girls for all sorts of reasons. So I'm kind of the ideal sexual guinea pig for her. She can have fun with my private parts without having any worries whatsoever about commitments or falling in love or any of that."

"I see," Suzanne said thoughtfully.

He continued, "Anyway, that's how Heather got interested in me, from Kim. She figured that if I fucked an avowed lesbian so well that she started singing my praises, it would be worth giving me a try herself. Without anyone knowing, though, so it wouldn't hurt her social standing."

Still on her knees, Suzanne asked, "So you've fucked Kim?"

He tried to be evasive. "I don't want to kiss and tell."

"Tell!"

He laughed. "You have to be more convincing than that!"

She turned on the charm. "Sweetie, seriously, I'm practically your second mother and you mean the world to me. Is really important than I know these things. I want to love and protect you, but how can I do that when you won't tell me anything?" She gave him her best pleading and loving look.

"Uh, um... yeah. I did." His evasive attempt crumbled because he found it so hard to lie to her. He felt embarrassed about how easily he broke his rule against kissing and telling, but he also guessed it was probably for the best.

Suzanne pondered that revelation intently. She realized it explained quite a few things. For instance, a big reason his sexual skills were improving by leaps and bounds was because he was getting a lot of "outside" practice. It also drove her crazy with frustration because she was dying to get fucked by him, but she felt she couldn't get started until Susan reached a certain point in her sexual transformation.

However, she kept such thoughts to herself, and merely said, "I see. But I still don't see what the big secret is."

"I'm getting to that... saving the worst for last. You see, the reason I was intimate with Kim was, well, it's a long story, involving painted panties and other things, but the gist is she found out I was intimate with Sis too, and she kind of got interested from there."

"WHAT?!" Suzanne was truly shocked. "WHAT?! So Kim knows our incest secret too?!"

He nodded sadly. "Just about me and Sis though."

Suzanne stood up and started pacing around. "That's bad! Very bad! That's worse than what I thought, which was Angel creating suspicion by boasting about you. That I might fix, if it's just suspicion. But with this, there can be no doubt about the incest at all!"

He stood up too and held his hands out in a pleading gesture. "Don't worry! It's under control! It turns out that Kim is really nice. She understands our concerns about that secret and she's not going to tell anyone. I promise!"

Suzanne stopped her pacing and glared at him. "And how do you know for sure?"

"Lots of reasons. One, she's really nice, like I said. She actually started to blackmail us, but that only lasted about five minutes before she realized she just isn't that kind of person. Then she started having fun having sex with me, and Sis too. We've had a number of threesomes at her house, where it's safe. You know, just fooling around, lots of blowjobs and titfucks and such."

He added that comment even though it was a lie of omission, because he wasn't ready yet to confess to Suzanne that he and Katherine were fucking.

He went on, "That explains a lot of the mysterious check marks on my orgasm chart. And now Kim's hooked on the sexual fun, just like what we're trying to do to Brenda. And she's become our friend. She's on our side, really!"

Suzanne kept on glaring, with her hands on her hips to boot. "I am NOT happy about this! Why didn't you tell me about this right away?!"

He sheepishly explained, "At the time, you didn't know I'd gotten intimate with Sis, and I didn't know how you'd react to that. This was pretty early on, but still after you and I had gotten involved. How could I tell you about the problem with Kim without telling you about the sister incest too?!"

"So you've been intimate with Angel practically from the beginning? From the time I started giving you handjobs?! Using Kim's house and her help so nobody would know?"

"Not that far back. Sis saw what was happening between you and me, and me and Mom, and figured I was fair game. She first touched my dick a few days after that first big Tuesday with Mom. Then Kim got involved a few days after that. I know it's bad, but Sis was so enthusiastic in those early days that Kim picked up on it and figured things out on her own. But she was the only one! We've settled down and we're a lot smarter now."

"Hrrumph!" Suzanne crossed her arms. "You disappoint me. I think of you as mature beyond your years, but sometimes you still act like a foolish kid. You really should have told me! This is as big a problem as the Brenda problem! Now we've got to permanently hook Kim on you too!"

He replied, "No we don't. And we can't. She really IS mostly lesbian. Sure, she and I have played around some, but she'd never want me as a boyfriend or anything like that. She's simply not that into me or

impressed by me, and I don't see that changing. This is a totally different situation than Brenda. Kim's not submissive like Brenda either. And, to be brutally honest, I'm not that much into her either. I was at first, but, Jesus Christ! Since then, all my sexual dreams have come true."

He pictured Kim in his mind, from a time when he'd seen her looking particularly good while formally dressed. "Kim is a girl and you're a woman; you know what I mean? She's pretty and she's cute, but quite skinny. Whereas you're... va va voom! You're like a living sex goddess! I love your type, the voluptuous type."

He looked Suzanne over with lusty eyes until she almost got embarrassed from the attention. Then he continued, "How can Kim compete? So she and I are more like friends with benefits. What's been binding us together lately are threesomes with Sis. She's probably more interested in Sis than in me."

Suzanne grunted and rolled her eyes. "UNGH! If what you're saying is true, we MIGHT be okay, relatively speaking. But even then, you were flirting with disaster all along! What if Kim hadn't turned out to be so nice? What if she'd been more like Heather?"

"Then I guess I would have been totally screwed," he admitted.

"Yes, and not just you, but everybody. UGH!" She glared at him. "So who else are you intimate with? No, wait, let me guess: me, Susan, Angel, Kim, Heather, and I think we can already safely include Brenda, given the way you fondled her naked body all over at the last poker party. Oh, and Akami. Am I missing anybody?"

"You know about Akami?"

Suzanne griped, "I can guess well enough, based on Susan's accounts of your appointments. What happened with her today?"

"I fucked her." He winced and closed his eyes tightly, like he was expected to get punched.

"Really?"

"Really." He opened his eyes, relieved at her relatively mild reaction.

"GRRR! Dammit!"

He looked at her with unusual nervousness. "What?! Is that really bad too?"

Mostly, Suzanne was upset that so many other women were fucking Alan and she had yet to fuck him even once. It really was driving her batty, and confirming Akami fucked him too was just more fuel to the fire.

She didn't want to admit that to him, but it sort of slipped out as she kept talking. "No, it's not so bad. Although we have to be very careful about her since she knows about the incest too. Hell, is there anybody who DOESN'T know about that so-called secret?! UGH! No, what pisses me off about what you said is that it seems that everyone is fucking you but me! Kim, Heather, Akami... ARRRGH! And how many more that I don't know amount yet or are still to come?!"

He carefully treated that as a rhetorical question.

She went on, "I have to hold back because Susan and I are practically joined at the hip. If and when you and I do fuck, she'll know before long, and that'll be a big, big step back in her sexual awakening if she's not mentally open to the idea yet."

He said, "I'm sorry, I really am. You don't know how much I want to fuck you! Sis is one thing. There's no way I can stop having fun with her now; I love her too much. But I'd gladly never see the other three girls again for the chance to fuck you just once. I'd love to fuck you every single God-damned day! Multiple times! I just know it's going to be epic!"

Suzanne groaned. "Don't say that! It just makes things more frustrating for me!" She pointed at his face aggressively. "You're damn right it's going to be epic! I'll blow your fucking mind, and you'll blow mine! But unfortunately... not today."

He repeated sadly, "Not today."

She was looking glum, but then she leaned towards him with more aggression. "So is there anyone else I'm missing that you've been fucking or just intimate with? Or any other nasty surprises, like someone else knowing about the incest?"

There was one name that he was resolutely determined not to reveal, even if he confessed everything else: Glory's. Due to the danger of her losing her job, he felt the safest thing was to have as few people as possible know, even Suzanne. He figured if there was one woman so exemplary that Suzanne wouldn't need to vet her, it was Glory. And there was one other name, so he tried to deflect his highly perceptive aunt away from Glory by mentioning that name.

He said, "Well, there's one name we're both forgetting: Amy."

Suzanne winced and groaned unhappily again.

"So far, I haven't done that much with her, relatively speaking. But I have done some things with her that involve my dick. And she definitely knows about what we're all doing with each other; there's no doubt about that! Furthermore, I can tell you now that things between her and me are going to develop more and more until we end up fucking. It's just a matter of time."

He went on, "Think about it. She's over here nearly as much as you. She's Sis's best friend, and they talk about everything, just like you and Mom. She's totally fun and easy-going and sexually eager. She's busty and beautiful. She's into me and I'm into her. Most importantly, we both love each other, and have for a long time. So how can it NOT happen?"

There was a long silence as Suzanne took that all in. Then she said, "Why do you have to remind me of all that? In my mind, she's still twelve. Still an innocent girl!"

"But she's not!"

"I know! I know! And I know you're right. I don't see how she won't get involved. Why does she have to grow up so fast? She's not in my vision of the sexual utopia that's forming here."

He said firmly, "Then you need to update your vision."

Trying to throw her off before she could ask if there were any names he'd failed to mention, he said, "Oh, and there's something else you should know, since it's been a while since we had a talk like this. I told you already that I fucked Heather that one time, after she kind of shanghaied me. Well, since then, we've fucked two more times. I've tried to be aloof with her because I really want to be aloof with her! But there's that playing-hard-to-get thing working again. My lack of interest in a repeat performance made her extra eager for one, and once she came onto me, I couldn't resist. So now we've gotta deal with her some more."

Suzanne threw up her hands. "Oh, Sweetie, Sweetie, Sweetie. You should just keep your rampant cock well-tended here at home. You're getting into all kinds of trouble with these other grils."

"I know. It's kind of a problem. But look on the bright side. It could be worse, a lot worse. For one thing, I haven't done any bragging or boasting at all. I've been very tight-lipped."

"A lot of good that does if people like Kim are talking instead!" She sat back down near him. "Okay, you've given me the very short versions of a lot of things. Now, I want to hear the full stories. It may take a while, but it's important. What happened with you and Kim and Angel, for starters? What's going on with Akami? What's been happening with Heather?"

He asked tentatively, "And what's happening with Amy as well? You want to hear that too?"

She face-palmed herself. "Maybe not tonight. I can only handle so much at one time. I'm having particular trouble with that one, as you can tell."

So Alan revealed all that had happened with Katherine and Kim, Heather, and Akami, minus the actual fucking between him and Katherine. The accounts of his sexual adventures could have been highly arousing, but he wasn't horny anymore and Suzanne was still upset, so he told them like any other story. Suzanne asked a lot of questions with a "just the facts, ma'am" attitude.

Suzanne was highly suspicious that he was fucking Katherine too. She noticed he dodged discussing in detail what exactly Kim, Katherine, and him in their threesomes at Kim's house, and it was easy for her to figure that if he was fucking Kim with Katherine watching, it wouldn't take much for Katherine to want to experience the same thing. But she kept quiet about it and didn't ask any probing questions in that direction. She understood it was probably something he felt he couldn't reveal without making a mutual decision with Katherine first.

He felt wrung out by the time he was done with all his explanations. He concluded, "Phew! So there you have it. So many sexual secrets." Minus Glory, that is. And that one vital fact about Sis and me, he added to himself.bender

He asked her, "Are you satisfied now?"

"I wouldn't exactly say satisfied. But thank you for sharing and being honest with me. At least now I know the truth about the 'big-titted cheerleaders' that Susan keeps raving about, eh?" Suzanne grinned at that.

"Yeah, it turns out to be more like 'big-titted cheerleader,' singular. Kim isn't what I would call busty. But I still feel I've been honest with the plural because in my mind I've been including Sis and Amy in that too."

Suzanne groaned in misery, her grin gone. "Please don't remind me of Amy any more tonight. Yes, I'm in denial, and yes it's immature, but I need some time to adjust."

"Understood." Trying to wrap up the discussion, he asked, "So, now that you know all about that, what are you going to do about it?"

She shrugged. "What can I do? There are some things I wish you wouldn't have done, but I can't undo the past. I guess it's not so bad, overall. As the saying goes, you're 'young, dumb, and full of cum,' so you're going to do dumb things like fuck Heather in the middle of a school parking lot!"

He admitted ruefully, "Yeah, that wasn't my brightest moment."

"More important is what you do moving forward. If there's any big development, please let me know, okay? I know you want to be your own man, but if you're so secretive then I can't help you, and sometimes you may need help. Don't let your sexual success go to your head. You still have a lot to learn. Okay?"

"Okay. Thanks. Hug?" He held his arms open wide.

"Hug!" She gave him a firm hug, and then a very enjoyable kiss on the lips. It was brief though, since neither of them were in the mood for serious hanky-panky.

Then she started to go, but stopped and said, "Oh, one last thing."

"What's that?"

"You know those great naked pictures of Brenda? There are a lot more of those. A LOT more. Since you know it's Brenda, are you interested in seeing them all? We might even be able to arrange a 'special viewing' where I suck your cock while your mom tells a rousing story about what she and Brenda were talking about when the pictures were taken. Trust me, it's a VERY rousing story!"

"Oh, man! That sounds triple arousing. But I don't know. It doesn't feel right. I don't think Brenda would be happy about that."

With her hands on her hips, she asked, "So let me get this straight. You're part of a scheme to turn her into your sex pet, forever, and you're okay with that, but you have a problem with seeing some nude pictures of her that she gave to us?"

"Hmmm. If you put it that way, it does seem silly. But there's a difference. We're scheming because exploring her submissive side will make her very happy as well as me. That falls under your moral 'good scheme' rule. Whereas if I see the photos, there's no real point to it except I'd be getting my jollies. That doesn't seem so moral."

"Damn. Good point. I guess I'm not as moral as you, but at least I'm still kind of moral-ish." She winked.

He chuckled, and joked, "Emphasis on '-ish.'"

Once she was alone, she thought, So he's got seven lovers now? Plus, I have a strong feeling there's a bit more that he's still not telling me. I could have tried to squeeze that out of him, but I've learned enough for one day. So he might have even MORE than seven lovers!

Hrm. I must say, I underestimated him again. I didn't think he could seduce any women without my behind-the-scenes scheming, but he's fucked Kim AND Heather without my involvement. True, that was due to a series of fairly bizarre events, but it did happen. We'll have to see where he goes from here, I suppose.

I'm worried that he's totally ruled by his dick, and I'm probably partly to blame for that by letting him enjoy so much success so fast. But then again, he declined my offer to see the uncropped Brenda photos. At least he has some self-restraint.

— — —

Alan was in bed by nine o'clock, not long after Suzanne left. He was tired after another eventful and successful sexual day.

Susan came in to give him another goodnight kiss and tuck-in. Her earlier worried mood had been effectively banished by her talk with Suzanne, so she was ready to have some "cocky" fun.

Unfortunately, Alan wasn't up for very much. She'd dressed in a see-through nightgown that was open in the front down to her belly button. She explained with a wink, "I want to make sure nothing will come between your dick and my big tits, if you know what I mean. My nipples have been like two bullets all day, thinking about how you fucked my tits last night and really showed me that they completely belong to you."

She made it extremely clear that nothing would make her happier than another titfuck, but despite more sexy words and thrusting her chest so far forward that she nearly fell over, he just wasn't feeling up to it.

They just French kissed for a while, and his "tuck-in" was actually just that this time: little more than her tucking him in.

But after she left, he thought, Last night was a lot of fun when I sneaked into Sis's room and had a nice sixty-nine with her. I felt pretty crappy when I went to sleep, but when I woke up in the middle of the night I sure felt rarin' to go. Not only that, but I've only cum four times today, five if you count the middle of the night adventure. I have to do better. It's still way early. What if I set my alarm clock for two hours from now and see how I feel?

Chapter 420 Titfuck With Susan

Two hours later, Alan was awakened by his alarm clock. He felt a lot better than when he'd gone to sleep. He came to full consciousness quickly, excited by the prospect of having more sexual fun with his sexpot mother. There had been nothing she could do to get him aroused during his goodnight kiss and tuck-in, but now his erection jutted out proudly just from the thought that he would be near her soon.

However, he also felt strangely shy about initiating something with her. With Katherine, he had no problem walking into her room naked and waking her by licking her pussy. But he couldn't do that with Susan for some reason. She was still his mother and his authority figure, and her bedroom was a sort of chamber of power and mystery to him, not just an ordinary room.

To his dismay, he found himself putting on pajamas and then knocking on her bedroom door. Why am I such a chicken? he thought as he waited. I know she'll totally want this, so what's my problem? But he couldn't overcome his deeply ingrained rules of parental respect.

He kept knocking softly but insistently until he heard her ask in a bleary voice, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Mom."

"Oh dear! Is there some kind of emergency?!"

He could hear shuffling about, obviously assuming the worst. "No Mom, no emergency at all. I just couldn't get back to sleep and wanted to say hi."

The movement from within stopped and there was a long pause before she said through the door, "Say hi? Is that all?"

"Well, yeah. And my dick wants to say hi, too." He hesitated, then boldly added, "To your mouth!"

Her voice went from grumpy to happy. "Oooh! I see! Hold on. I'll be right there!"

"Actually, could I come in?"

"Okay, but give me a minute, would you? I look like heck, I'm sure. And my breath. Yuck! Make that two minutes!"

He stood there, lightly stroking his erection as he waited. He felt a bit odd wearing his pajamas, especially with his hard-on poking out through the front, but he didn't want to go back and take them off when she could be ready for him at any moment.

Time passed while he was dying of anticipation, as he imagined his beautiful, busty mother running around naked on the other side of the door. He complained even as he lightly stroked himself, "Mom, I'm getting some pretty strong Onanistic urges out here. Please hurry!"

"Oh my goodness! Hold on, Son. Be strong! Wait for your big-titted centerfold mommy! I'm almost done."

He groaned and wondered once again why he held himself back from just going straight into her room as he had with his sister earlier that day.

Finally, she yelled, "Okay! I'm all set. Come on in."

He walked in, expecting to be awed by his mother's bombshell beauty, and he was not disappointed. She'd kept the room dark and seductive, turning on just one dim light by her bedside. She was propped up on her bed, lying on top of the covers, in see-through lingerie designed to make men drool.

He held his breath in awe. Fuck, Mom is stacked! And so hot! Of course I know that already, but it's like every time I see her, I'm still surprised all over again!

But as he walked in, Susan appeared to be the one most eager to drool. She lifted her breasts with both hands and said, "Look, Tiger! These have been feeling lonely for you. They were just thinking how good it would feel to have hard son-cock buried deep between them."

He was too staggered by her wanton display to say anything in return. He was positively giddy, thanks to her smoldering sex appeal and lovable excitability.

As he got closer, she gazed at his erection poking through his pajamas, and said, "Oh my! Just look at all that cocky goodness. Is that all for me?"

He grinned. "All eight inches of it, Mom."

"My oh my! Whatever will I do with all that cock? Bring it over here. And don't tell me that's only eight inches; it's got to be ten at the very least!"

He saw no need to disabuse her of her over-inflated estimate of the length of his erect penis. As he got closer, he removed his own hands from holding his boner, letting her take over immediately with both of hers.

She chastised him, playfully yet seriously, "You did the right thing waking me up. It breaks my heart to see your hands on it, flirting with the sin of Onan. You're just such a terribly cum-filled boy with an unstopably powerful, oh-so-needy cock! But Mommy's going to make it all better." She pulled him in closer via his stiff rod, stroking it all the while.

He sat up on her bed next to her, but even still she gently pulled him closer. He noticed that she had lubrication of some kind on her hands, so that they slid very easily all over his happily throbbing erection.

She said to him with a serious look of concern, "I don't know what to do! All day I've been looking forward to a repeat of our wonderful titfuck last night, but now that I see your cock all hard like that, I have this overwhelming urge to suck on it!" Her forehead wrinkled because she was deeply torn over the choice.

He suggested, "Why not have your cake and eat it too? Suck on it for a while and then titfuck."

But she complained as she stroked, "You don't understand. Once I have it in my mouth, I can't take it out to save my life until you give up another tasty load. That's just how it is."

So he suggested, "Well, has Aunt Suzy taught you how to lick and titfuck at the same time? It isn't easy, especially with tits as big as yours, but we can make it work if we position ourselves just right."

She gasped incredulously. "NO!"

"Yes!"

"No! Really?! I can have it in my lips and between my breasts at the same time?!"

"Yeah, Mom."

That was just about the best news she'd ever heard, assuming she could manage it. "Oooh! Let's do it! Why doesn't Suzanne tell me these things?! This is - oh! Goodness! It's just too great! It's like finding out chocolate ice cream helps you lose weight AND cures cancer!"

He chuckled happily at her expression of enthusiasm.

Susan propped herself up with pillows until her face was practically smashed into her own cleavage. She was determined to get at his cockhead.

He removed his pajama bottoms while keeping his pajama top on. As he straddled her, he said, "Here, let me help you out of that nightie. It'll just get in the way."

"I suppose you're right," she conceded. "Although I'll bet that's just a thin excuse so you can have your big-titted mommy naked and helpless and forced to serve your cock!"

He smirked. "That's true."bender

She muttered excitedly as she waited impatiently for him to disrobe her, "I still can't believe this is for real. A titfuck and a cocksuck at the same time? It just seems too good to believe, like finding out that chocolate is better for you than broccoli." (She had a sweet tooth when it came to chocolate.) "Next

time I see Suz- ... Wait! What are you doing?" He'd gotten her nightie off, and she could feel he was taking her matching set of panties off as well.

"I'm just taking your clothes off."

"But why do you need to take my panties off, too?" She let her panties slowly slide down her legs, not trying to stop him. In fact, because he was sitting on her, she had to bend her knees and do most of the work getting them off.

She thought, He always somehow manages to get me completely naked, and then has his complete way with my body. He's just too clever and spermy for me to resist!

He said casually, "Mom, I don't think you're in any position to tell me what you can and can't wear."

She exploded lustily, "SO HOT! Say that again, please! You're really TAKING CHARGE of your busty mommy, aren't you?"

He was all smiles as he twirled her panties around a finger until they flew off and landed on the floor.

Her heart pounded hard. Oh God! He is! He is! I'm delightfully defeated, again!

His erection was already in position between her perfect globes, and she started to slide them all over it. He repeated, "Mom, I don't think you're in any position to tell me what you can and can't wear."

She squealed. "Oh! Shivers! I'm getting shivers everywhere! Son, you're just taking TOTAL CONTROL of my entire body, using me to satisfy your extraordinary lust!"

Her words might have sounded distressing, but her tone made it clear that she thought this was just about the greatest thing in the world. She extended her head forward and tried to lick his cockhead, but without success. Her tits were like bumpers keeping her less than an inch from her personal nirvana.

Encouraged by her comment about him taking "total control" of her "entire body," he reached back from where he was straddling her above her diaphragm and fingered her exposed slit a little bit.

She practically exploded into orgasm. The fact that he was fingering her was arousing enough, but what excited her even more was when she thought, I'm so helpless! My big strong Tiger is sitting on my chest and he can do ANYthing he wants to my pussy - or the rest of me - and I can't stop him! He's in total control of his big-titted mother and he's taking his rightful place as MASTER of this house! He could even fuck my juicy pussy right now and I'd just have to spread my legs and LOVE IT!

She felt a belated twinge of worry when she realized she'd just effectively called him her "master." But then she remembered Suzanne's advice from their conversation earlier in the day and felt relief that Suzanne said that sort of language was just harmless fun.

She moaned with great need, "Please! Pleeease!"

He wasn't sure what the 'pleases' referred to. Was it that she wanted him to stop fingering her slit, or was it that she wanted him to start the titfuck?

In truth, even she didn't know what she meant at first. She was deeply conflicted. But after a moment she gathered her resolve and said, "No! Tiger, please! You can't do that!"

He'd been worried she'd say something like that, and he'd already come up with an excuse. As he kept fingering her pussy lips, he said calmly, "But Mom. A titfuck needs to be well-lubricated. My dick isn't all wet like last time. I'm just going to another source of abundant lubrication."

He brought his hand back and sucked some of her secretions into his mouth while he still could. He loved the taste, but he couldn't be sure if that was because it tasted sexy or because she was his mother.

She looked at him with sad puppy-dog eyes. Their titfuck was temporarily forgotten, although he still clutched her tits tightly around his shaft. "But Son! You can't! Please! That's my very special place. That's the one place sons can never go, not even well-hung, virile sons like you." She shivered lustily and muttered to herself, "ESPECIALLY not even well-hung, virile sons like you." She shuddered, teetering on the edge of orgasmic ecstasy.

He couldn't stand to see her like that, so he tried to rectify the situation (but without promising not to touch her there again). "I'm sorry! Really sorry! I didn't realize."

She still frowned, and then exhaled loudly. "That's okay. Just don't try that again, please? Mommy has only a limited ability to resist your cocky prowess. And didn't you realize my big tits are lubed up already? I just covered them in coconut oil, just for you."

Actually, he'd realized that already - the smell of coconut was noticable - but he pretended cluelessness. "Wow! Mom, you're the best!" He bent down and inhaled deeply, then let out a sigh of exaggerated satisfaction.

She giggled, and her facial expression changed to smiles. All seemed well again in the world. "Well then, what are you waiting for? Fuck the shit out of me!"

He found that comment bittersweet, since that wasn't the kind of fucking he most wanted to give her. But it was still divine, so he smiled and tried to scoot closer to her face.

She tentatively tried again to lick him in this new position, and this time was overjoyed to find that her tongue just managed to reach his cockhead. She didn't say anything, because her tongue was fully extended; she just looked up at him and wiggled her eyebrows approvingly.

He slid back and forth a little bit, but not much because that would stymie her licking efforts. He paused and said, "Mom, I love the oiled-up feeling. Cool! But next time, please let me watch you oil them. That would be hot." He slid his hard-on around a bit more, enjoying the lubrication of her slippery tunnel.

She loved that idea; it brought her lusty enthusiasm roaring back. She managed a very affirmative sounding "Mmmm!" Then she reached up, grabbed his ass cheeks with both hands, and pulled him forward, smashing his groin into her bouncy rack.

He tended to be a little too gentle with her because he loved and respected her so much. But she didn't have any such hesitation herself. As a result, she was able to get him another vital inch or two closer. That let her tilt her head downward and lick the entire head of his cock, although, to her great frustration, his sweet spot remained just out of reach.

She licked for a minute or two, with ever more urgent, loud "Mmmm!" noises. Oh my God! This is heaven on earth! Feeling his hot, throbbing, sperm-filled shaft between my super sensitive tits is divine enough, but then getting to lick him at the same time is almost too much for me to take! I'm getting dizzy from all this cocky, spermy joy!

He'd been content just to sit there and enjoy her suction, but then she withdrew a bit to rest her neck and exclaimed, "Okay, I'm ready! This is the BEST! Don't sit still; spear me! If you can fuck my tits AND my mouth at the same time, I'll just die of happiness! It's like a two-for-one mommy taming!"

He laughed. "That it is! Let's see how it works. You surprised me! Even Aunt Suzy with her long tongue has had trouble licking all she wanted to lick during a titfuck, but then again she hasn't tried a position like this."

He started thrusting in and out, taking very short strokes of only an inch or so. He wanted to see if he could stroke while she kept at least some of his cockhead in her mouth at all times. When that was successful, he started to increase the length of the strokes another inch or so until she was often in danger of completely losing lip contact with his dick.

He eventually found a good compromise position that allowed them to have what was effectively a simultaneous blowjob and titfuck. There were limitations - for instance, he couldn't just freely plow through her deliciously oiled cleavage with deep, hard strokes, because her tongue couldn't possibly stay in contact the full time. Mostly, he just moved his erection slowly back and forth by no more than an inch, while she slid her soft globes all over his shaft as she also lavished his cockhead with attention using her lips and tongue.

After a few minutes in a nice, steady rhythm, he reached back behind him and let his hand wander until it reached her clit. As soon as he started to tweak that, she let out a loud scream of orgasmic release.

She had a great big cum. She worried about waking up Katherine down the hall, not to mention the Pestruges next door, because she let out such a wail.

As she came down a bit from her great high, she thought, It's so true. My son is the MAN of the house! He comes into my room any time he wants, assaults my body with his relentless huge cock, and makes me scream his name with pure bliss over and over again. It's so wrong, but it's so right! Thank you, Lord, for giving me this tempting body and such a wonderful son, and the whole medical treatment he's had, not to mention inventing titfucking and cocksucking for your humble servants - it's all so good!

