

6 Times 461

Chapter 461 Alan X Kath

Alan awoke Sunday morning and immediately decided that all he wanted to do was go back to sleep. The Plummer family didn't always go to church, at least not all of them together, but at dinner the night before Susan had mentioned that she wanted them to go this week.

He hit the snooze button on his alarm clock once, and then did it again.

As he lay half asleep and contemplated snoozing for a third time, Susan came in dressed in her church clothes. "Wake up, sleepyhead," she said in a kind, motherly tone. "I know church isn't as exciting as your video games and movies, but we can't forget the Lord." She sat on the edge of the bed, tenderly brushing his hair from his forehead.

She leaned over and kissed him, even slipping him some tongue.

He liked that a lot. His hands went to her breasts, which he caressed and squeezed, but he was frustrated by all her clothes. He couldn't even figure out how to begin to take them off.

She sat back up, forcing him to let go. "Son, you know you shouldn't do that. "However, she smiled and didn't seem all that upset. Then she announced, "I don't know about you, but I'm getting ready for church."

He was a bit surprised at her new surge of religious activity. There was no doubting her devout faith, but in recent weeks she'd vacillated between wanting urgently to go to church to help atone for her sins, and being too ashamed to go. Overall, he'd felt that shame was winning as their sexual games heated up. He couldn't help but ask, "Mom, but what about, you know, what we're all doing physically? Does that trouble you, you know, religiously?"

Alan thought of himself as agnostic, but wanted to see what she thought of her own beliefs. At the same time, he joked to himself, There must be a god, and a very great god, to have given me such a mother.

She continued to idly brush his hair with her long, sensuous fingers. "Thanks for asking, Tiger. You have a special medical condition, and I think God has to understand that. I've made peace with what I have to

do to help you. God must want me to help you in this way. What if you were paralyzed and I had to hold your penis to help you go to the bathroom? Well, it's kind of like that only ... a little more, er, intimate. I have a special role, and I'm just doing His will."

He thought that was the rationalization of the year, but he wisely kept his mouth shut about it. "So you don't feel guilty?"

"Oh, I do. What pains me is when I go beyond just helping you and take pleasure for myself."

He asked, "Why should that be bad?"

"Don't worry. I've talked to Suzanne about this at length and she's helped me see that my feelings are immaterial. It doesn't matter to God if I have my own orgasms or not, so long as you're being helped with your problem. And I have a set of clear boundaries in my mind now. Suzanne helped me see that what we're doing is not incest. Real incest is when we... well, you know. As long as we don't give in to temptation and go further than we should, we'll be fine."

He was silent. He didn't want to say that Susan had a habit of going further than her professed intent on an almost daily basis. For instance, technically, he wasn't allowed to touch her breasts, but he ended up fondling them extensively almost every day, leaving that rule pretty much in a shambles. Thoughts of the boundaries they'd broken the day before and the things he had done to her by the pool got him hard instantly, which was a bit of a curse at the moment as all he really wanted to do was go back to sleep. She was certainly hindering that.

She clapped her hands. "Come on. Enough chit-chat. Let's get this show on the road. I'm about to make some breakfast."

He rolled over and closed his eyes. "Okay. Just give me ten more minutes. One more snooze button."

She tsk-tsked, but lovingly. "Alan Evan Plummer, you are a hopeless case. Five more minutes. Max." She got up and left.

Five minutes later, he still wasn't up.

Katherine barged right in. "Hey, Big Pussy Pleasing Brother. I've been sent as a messenger from the big-boobed one. She says no more lollygagging. Breakfast is almost ready."

He rolled over and opened his eyes. He saw Katherine standing there in hot pants - tight, dark blue, short leather shorts - and an equally tight, white tank-top that had a giant heart-shaped hole to expose her cleavage and matching white high heels. He had just gotten his dick to deflate after Susan had left his room, so he groaned when he felt it elongate once again at the sight of his sexy sister. "Dang, Sis, you're not planning on going to church like that, are you?"

She guffawed. "No, silly. But wouldn't it be fun to see the face on the minister if I did! Ha! ... No, these are my 'get Big Wine Bottle Brother out of bed' clothes."

"You really love those Big Brother names, don't you? ...Um, Little Moist Holed Sister?" He sat up to better appreciate the view, even though it literally pained him to do so.

Yesterday's extensive festivities, while enjoyable, had taken their toll on his body. He still couldn't believe he'd climaxed ten times in a single day. He wasn't in agony or particularly sore, but he wasn't exactly prepared to start a sex-filled day quite yet. He wanted to at least get his bearings first.

She smiled. "That's better, Big Heat-seeking Missile Brother. Mom said that I should use, quote, 'any means necessary,' unquote, to get you out of bed. And the only excuse for any delay is if I have to give you a gob-smackingly yummy handjob. That's literally what she said, minus a couple of adjectives."

"What did she really say, exactly?" he asked, growing aroused at the thought of his mother sending his sister to stimulate him sexually.

"Let's see. She looked at me sternly and told me what a 'terribly cum-filled boy' you are and that it was 'imperative my Tiger gets his satisfaction.' But she said I wasn't allowed to use my mouth on you 'cos of my punishment. And she said that even if I do lend you a hand, so to speak, I should hurry it up, because you have only thirty minutes to shower, dress, and eat breakfast."

Katherine wasted no time. Even as she said this, she moved to his bed and threw back his covers. Her hand went to his erect dick as soon as it was exposed. She squealed with glee and thrust out her chest to make her cleavage even more obvious. She muttered, "Hard as steel already. I should have known."

He groaned, partly in delight, partly in frustration. The fact was, he felt strange. The events of the previous day seemed bizarre in the light of the new morning. He thought, I know I say or think it ALL the time, but this is too surreal! Mom comes in my room all pious and dressed for church, and then she sends in Sis like this, basically ordering her to give me a handjob? It's contradictory. Completely bizarre. I kind of don't even feel like having another orgasm right now. I mean, I had ten yesterday. Ten! And everywhere I look I see some hottie naked or taking their clothes off. My mind is in sexual overload.

Even as he thought this, Katherine took her tank-top off while giving him a smoldering, seductive smile.

He laughed inwardly at that coincidence. I just want to have a normal day today. Heck, even going to church doesn't sound so bad, for once. I should really ask Sis to stop and just get up on my own...

But he grew transfixed by the sight of his sister's firm tits as they shook in time to her strokes, and the sensation in his loins felt too good to bring to an end. He amused himself thinking, Maybe being in mental sexual overload isn't such a bad thing after all.

Given that, for once, her mouth wasn't filled with his erection while near him, she was free to whisper sexy things to him. She took full advantage. "Brother, I was soooo lonely last night, lying naked in my bed. When are you gonna sneak across the hall for a nice midnight sister boning?"

He joked, "I suppose I'll have to do it at midnight, if it's a midnight boning."

She punched his arm lightly. "You know what I mean!" She kept right on teasing him.

He found that he loved her sexy talk, just as he always did. He decided that he should try harder to give as good as he got, and attempted to whisper sexy things back to her.

She talked, as she usually did in these circumstances, about how desperate she was to have him fuck her. She respected her mother's wish not to give him a blowjob, but she leaned in close and blew air on his sensitive cockhead from time to time.

After hearing her say things like, "Your fuck toy hopes that today will be the day you take your big strong hands and teach my naughty ass how to behave," his desire to go back to sleep vanished completely.

Soon he was saying to her, "Watch out, Little Bubble Butt Sis. It's a good thing I can't see your sweet ass right now, or a spanking might not be good enough for you. I just might have to spread your cheeks with my hands and do you doggy-style from the rear. I'd get one of those butt dildos and fill up both your holes, and then shove my hand in your mouth so you're filled up in every way. How would you like that?"

bender

"Oh yeah, Big Tree Trunk Brother! Now you're talking! Let's do it right now!" She started to pull her shorts all the way off.

He had to stop her with his hand. "Just the handjob, Sis. Remember the no-fucking-at-home rule? Let's at least make some tiny concession to obeying Mom at least some of the time and not get majorly busted, okay? Remember how mad she was at you yesterday? I was just trying to get you hot with some talk. Geez!"

She giggled. "Sorry. You don't have to try to get me hot. Just holding this sister-fucking baby maker in my hands gets me so hot that my shirt would get ironed right on my back if I was wearing one! Luckily I never do around you, at least not for long. Keep going and fuck me with your words. And by the way, do you think if I breathe on this big sister-splitter, that would cross the line into a blowjob? Let's find out!" She giggled even more.

"You're already doing that," he pointed out.

"Oh, am I? I didn't notice." She giggled at that too.

So he continued to talk dirty to her, as she kept on blowing on the head of his dick while steadily jacking him off. But in a concession to time, he didn't exercise his PC muscle to prolong the experience. As a result, the handjob ended nearly as fast as it would have for most guys his age.

Technically, Katherine wasn't allowed to give him a blowjob, but her blowing slowly morphed into soft, gentle licks. She finished the handjob with his dick in her mouth under the excuse that she didn't want to make a mess.

He ended up blasting a load into the back of her throat.

Then she spent another minute or two thoroughly "cleaning" his extremely sensitive dick and balls.

He felt bad that they had once again violated his mother's orders, but under the circumstances he wasn't in a position to say "stop," because her licking and sucking just felt too great.

When it was done, he kissed her on the cheek and thanked her politely, which caused her to modestly blush a bit. Somehow, that led to him playing with her tits for a minute or two, since her shirt was already off.

She whispered to him, "That made me really hot and horny, but for once I didn't cum. You were too fast! Make me cum. I have a steaming hot pussy. It's ready for you. Just slide right in, Big Torpedo Bro. It has your name on it. Any time you like. You own my hole, my fuck hole! You're the only one I'll ever allow in there. I really mean that - you're the only one! You can fuck whomever you want, but this fuck toy's fuck hole belongs just to you! Make me cum, my nasty, naughty brother. Just from your hands on my tits. Yes!"

She slid her hot pants down her legs just seconds before she froze, clenched tight, and let loose with a joyous, loud orgasm. Apparently just the fantasy that she was about to get fucked had pushed her over the edge.

That was a good ending for Alan too. He was amused. Talk about hype! I don't even need to do anything anymore. Just the idea that I could gets her hot to trot! He took his hands away as he realized it was getting later and later for breakfast, close to when they needed to leave for church.

Katherine commented as she pulled herself back together, "To think. All these years of Mom saying to me, 'Go get your brother and tell him he's going to be late for church.' And it was such a bother. It was certainly a lot more fun today! Now, I just love any excuse to come in here. Or should I say cum in here. They're nearly one and the same! This room is starting to smell good, just like your cum. Don't change it. We need to fuck repeatedly in every room of the house so there's no escape from this smell anywhere."

He joked, "I don't know. That sounds like a lot of work. What's in it for me?"

She punched him lightly on the shoulder as she prepared to leave.

Downstairs, as they all quickly ate salad rolls and croissants, Susan asked, "Tiger, did your sister use any special methods to wake you up?"

"Yes she did."

Looking sternly at Katherine, she asked, "Did she keep her promise not to use her mouth?"

"Well, yeah, for the most part. She was careful to only use her hands until I told her I was about to cum. Then she swallowed the head and bobbed on it while I blew a load into the back of her throat."

Katherine defended herself. "Mom, I only did that because I didn't want to make a mess. I mean, we're about to go to church. You wouldn't want me to go with my face all spermy, right?"

Susan conceded, "No, I suppose not. I guess that was acceptable. And then?"

Alan explained, "She kept on bobbing until I was completely flaccid. Then she spent a couple more minutes licking my balls and dick completely clean. Mostly my balls, actually. It felt good."

Katherine again defended herself. "Mom, you can't object to that! You were the one who told me recently that his powerful cock demands respect, and that we all should show our respect and love by thanking it with a proper cleaning after each and every climax."

Susan clutched her chest, which she tended to do when she started to get horny. "I did say that, didn't I? And it's true; it does demand respect! For a powerful cock like that, it's essential that you show your gratitude at being allowed to pleasure it. So I can't get upset at you for that either."

Katherine beamed.

"HOWEVER! And listen carefully. Don't take advantage of my generous nature. Don't spend a long time cleaning it only to have that turn into a full-on blowjob, if his member gets hard again before too long, which it often does. That's a big no-no!"

"Don't worry, Mom. I'll be good."

Alan thought the entire thing was beyond surreal, especially since, by this time, they were all dressed in their church clothes. But he figured that was how his new life was going to be, so he had better get used to it.

Chapter 462 This Is What Your Life's About Now: Sex!

Suzanne came waltzing in the front door just as Susan, Alan, and Katherine were getting ready to head to church. She met the others just as they were about to get in Susan's minivan. "Whoa. Looks like I'm just in time. Sweetie, are you going to church?"

"Yeah." His voice was listless, since he couldn't hide his disappointment.

"Well, now you're not. There's been a change of plans."

Susan stepped forward, dressed in her Sunday best. "Hold on. What's more important than the Lord?" She looked disapprovingly at Suzanne, who was wearing regular clothes instead of church clothes.

"I wouldn't say it's more important than the Lord, but some things are time sensitive. I've just been talking on the phone with Brenda, and she's coming over right now, to talk to Sweetie and me."

Susan's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What about?"

Suzanne put an arm around Susan and walked her away from the others to speak confidentially. "Susan, let me remind you that this Brenda thing is all your doing. You're the one who carelessly revealed our secrets to her. Now we're in damage control mode. To be honest, I don't know what she wants to talk

about exactly, but whatever it is, I'm going to use it as an excuse to bind her closer to us, and especially to Sweetie. The more she falls for him, the better we can rest easy that she won't spill your secrets."

Susan realized that she couldn't really oppose that, given her own culpability. But she pouted, "I don't like it. Especially during the one time of the week dedicated to our Savior."

"I know. But you can't always have everything you like. This is just a matter of having to roll with the punches. Remember, we know that handjobs and blowjobs aren't real incest, but there are a lot of people out there who wouldn't understand what you are doing."

Susan grumbled. "I know, but I still don't like it! Somehow, I get the feeling she's gonna end up playing with his penis. Promise me you won't let her touch it!"

Suzanne was surprised by that, until she remembered Susan's lingering jealousy issues over Brenda's breast size. But she decided she could actually work that restriction to her advantage: she could get Brenda even more obsessed about Alan by denying her access temporarily to what she wanted most. So she said, "Okay. If you insist. But I can't make the same promise. After all, we don't want him to suffer."

Susan frowned, grumbling some more. "If you must, I suppose." In truth, she hated to miss out on the fun if her son's penis was involved, so she was half-tempted to cancel her church plans. Then she paused and reconsidered. She added shyly, "That said, maybe you could, you know... I'm not keen on her touching it just yet, but maybe she could at least see it, in all its fully erect glory. And... and... let her have a couple of nice orgasms too."

"Oh?" Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "Sure, I can do that. But what's the reason for your change of heart?" bender

"I was just thinking about my discussion with her last night. She called me and sounded rather anxious and needy, like she was having big doubts about giving in to her sexual desires and helping Tiger in a big way. My heart really goes out to her, despite the issues I have with her. She's in a tough position. As she put it, she feels like she's jumping off a cliff into the great unknown, and that's very scary. Besides, we can't have her back out now, given what she knows about us. So it wouldn't be so bad for her to have a little fun, kind of a taste of how good it can be playing with Alan's big member."

Suzanne said, "So shall it be, then. That's very kind of you. You continually inspire me with your big, loving heart. So, just to review, no penis-touching allowed by her today, but if it so happens that she can see his stiff erection and even have a couple of nice orgasms, then so much the better."

"Exactly."

The two of them talked some more, and then Susan and Katherine left for church.

Suzanne immediately took Alan's hand and walked with him to the living room. She sat down with him in the love seat and began hungrily French kissing him, using lots of tongue.

She snickered with amusement when his hands went straight to her breasts. But she used her hands to stop him from removing her top. She also foiled his attempts to touch her pussy, and avoided his crotch. Clearly, she didn't want things to get too heated, so when he realized that he took it easy, despite the fact that she'd given him a raging boner.

After a couple minutes of necking, she pulled away.

He said, "Nice! But what was that all about?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to kiss you. You don't know what you do to me, do you?"

He shook his head.

"That's a shame. Anyway, here's the plan. I would have kissed you a lot longer, and done much more, except that Brenda is literally on her way here right now, so we don't have time. She visited me a few days ago, and I got her to hang out in my hot tub with us wearing bikinis, so we're gonna do that again."

"I wish I could've been a fly on the wall for that. What about Brad and Eric?"

"They're off doing some stupid male bonding thing. I think they're gonna watch cars race around in circles for hours and hours somewhere in L.A. If you ask me, that makes watching golf exciting by comparison. But the important thing is that they'll be gone for hours."

"And Amy?"

She grunted impatiently. "I talked her into going to church with your family. I'm sure she met them as they were pulling out of the garage. Now, let me explain what you should do. Brenda thinks she's just meeting me here, because you supposedly went to church. Give me at least ten minutes with her in the hot tub. Wait until I manage to get her bikini off and get her properly prepped."

"Whoa! What?!"

"Don't act all surprised! You're going to be much more than a fly on the wall today, you lucky dog."

"Are you serious?!"

"Of course. This is what your life's about now: Sex!"

"Is that all?"

"Definitely not. Much more of anyone's day is spent not having sex than having it, even for you. Other things are more important, especially love. But still, you'll be having way more sex than most, so you should learn to go with it." She stopped to ask, "You don't feel overwhelmed with too much sex, do you?"

"No way! Bring it on!"

"Good. Sex and love are closely entwined, and in my opinion one can't get too much of either. Anyway, please spy on us. Once you feel the time is right, 'accidentally' discover us there. Your story should be that you skipped church and you've come looking for me. Then we'll play it by ear. I've noticed you've gotten good at that, so keep it up, big guy." She reached down to his shorts and squeezed his dick, which not surprisingly was still erect from their make-out session as well as from her talk about Brenda.

Then she released it just as quickly. "Oh, and your mom made me promise that Brenda wouldn't be allowed to have fun with your cock just yet, so let's respect that too. That's fine, since the plan is for you to keep playing relatively hard to get until her resistance crumbles completely. When your mom gets home from church, I'm sure she's going to make a bee-line straight to us to see what's happening. That's fine. She all but told us she'd do that before she left. Let's play that by ear too. With any luck, we can have her join in." She raised an eyebrow suggestively. "How would you like to have me, your mom, and Brenda spend the afternoon playing 'Bobbing for Cock'?"

"Oh, man! You know I'd love it! But... that's it? That's the plan? That's not much of a plan. You might as well say 'play the whole thing by ear.'"

She grinned. "I know. But I like improvising, and I think you do too. It's more fun that way. I know you don't want me to scheme about your conquests, but what can I say? I'm incorrigible." She winked.

"I'll forgive you this one time." He winked back.

She smiled widely at that. "We all know that Brenda is bound to play a big role in our lives from now on, if only because she knows our secrets. So, along with having some sexy fun, it wouldn't hurt to try to get to know more about her, as well as telling her more about yourself. This is a woman you're almost certainly going to be fucking for many years to come. I think it's a given that she'll be one of your personal cocksuckers before long, and probably more after that." She faked a cough and muttered "Sex pet!" as she was coughing. "Given that, wouldn't it be better if you could get to really know her, and maybe even someday love her?"

"Oh, man!" His dick was already hard, but now it seemed to get even stiffer. Brenda, my totally adoring, dedicated, loving, super-stacked sex pet! That could happen. With Aunt Suzy working on it, it's probably almost a done deal! He leaned forward to revel in Suzanne's arousing ideas. He tried to kiss her some more but she just pushed him back.

She'd been loosely embracing him, but when he leaned toward her she disengaged completely and stood up. Then another thought hit her. "Oh! Important! Never forget her submissive tendencies! Although I know you may not feel in your heart that you're an alpha male, you need to act that way around her. You should act somewhat aloof but at the same time totally in charge. Order her around as much as you can get away with, and do NOT take 'No' for an answer!"

"But what if she really means 'No'?"

"She won't, trust me, not with you. She's totally fallen for you already. The more you play hard to get, like you're mainly interested in me and only somewhat in her, the deeper she'll fall for you. Remember, we need that, to keep the family safe."

"Do you really think I could wind up fucking her for years and years?"

"Probably. Let's just say the odds are leaning that way right now, but it's not a done deal, at least not yet."

"I... see..." he said, not entirely convinced.

Suzanne hastened to reassure him, "I keep saying 'sex pet' because I think that's HER ultimate end-goal fantasy. It doesn't need to be yours or mine. So why not make it real for her and for you?" And the rest of us while you're at it, she thought eagerly.

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I can be at this stage. All the Magic 8 Balls are saying 'yes', if you want to know."

"Huh. So... then...?" he looked at her expectantly.

"Right, it all depends on how you play your cards, starting today. Be confident and dominant! Actually, the things I've told you to do with Heather, you should do those too, but without the mean, insulting edge that gets Heather off in her very unusual way. Cocky and aloof is good. Similar to Heather, at least a bit, nothing bores Brenda more than guys who chase after her and attempt to ingratiate themselves with her. Remember that everyone wants what they can't have, not what they're offered on a silver platter. At the same time, just relax and don't worry too much. Enjoy yourself! If anything, you'll probably have trouble keeping her away from your cock, just so long as you keep doing the thing you do."

"Which is?"

She grinned slyly. "I don't know, but just keep doing it." She winked. "Now, I've really gotta go. She might have arrived already. She thinks our time is limited to when you and Susan are in church, so she wants to maximize that."

He nodded. As Suzanne walked off, he thought, And to think I figured I'd have an hour or two of boring normality this Sunday morning. I was almost looking forward to going to church, just for a break from these non-stop wild adventures. But I have to admit, this is something I don't want to miss out on!

Chapter 463 Can You Feel His Eyes On You?

Suzanne hadn't really expected that her prediction about Brenda arriving early would be true, but Brenda was already ringing her doorbell when she got back to her house (via the backyard gate so she wouldn't be seen). Upon hearing the bell, Suzanne hurried through her house and opened her front door. "Oh, hello, Brenda. Nice to see you again. Come on in."

"Thanks." Brenda stepped into Suzanne's house, letting Suzanne close the door behind her. Her heart was racing already, just from being there.

"Come in all the way; don't be shy. We're going to the backyard. It's a nice day, so let's not waste our time inside this stuffy house." Suzanne walked Brenda through the house to her backyard.

Brenda was wearing a T-shirt and a beach wrap, but that was just so she could be seen in public without causing a riot if she had car problems or something like that. Underneath, she wore a daringly skimpy bikini. Suzanne by contrast was wearing generic "around the house" clothes, because she hadn't wanted to alarm Susan by showing up in something sexy when asking that Alan stay behind.

When they reached the pool area, Suzanne stopped and said, "Okay. I'm dying to see your sexy bikini, so strip!"

Brenda felt somewhat abashed, because Suzanne just stood there expectantly a few feet from the pool without making any effort to change her own clothes. But Brenda dutifully took off her T-shirt and wrap.

Her confidence grew as she did so, because she knew she had a smoking hot body. When she was done, she even preened and posed a little.

"Very nice!" Suzanne said airily. "Now, take that off too, and meanwhile I'll go get us some drinks and suntan lotion."

Brenda's confidence crumbled in an instant. "What?! Suzanne!"

Suzanne's eyes narrowed, showing she brooked no dissent. "Remember what happened the last time you were here? We both ended up naked, and for good reason. I've discovered that it's much more difficult for a person to lie when they're not wearing any clothes. So get crackin'. But don't feel embarrassed, because I'll be naked too."

"It's not that. It's just..."

"What?" Suzanne crossed her arms, arms in front of her, imperiously lifting her breasts up and out while looking decidedly impatient

"Nothing." The super-busty millionaire turned away.

"It must be something."

"No. I'm good." Brenda's face was slowly turning red. The problem was that she wasn't worked up into a frenzy of sexual arousal, at least not yet. She really didn't want to take her bikini off, but as a natural submissive she also didn't want to oppose Suzanne, who was acting out the part of being a very stern-looking alpha female.

With her arms still crossed, Suzanne said skeptically, "Well, I'll just stand here then and make sure you really take everything off, and right away."

That doubled Brenda's embarrassment. But under Suzanne's withering gaze, she slowly took her bikini top off. Her blush turned fully red when Suzanne whistled in appreciation as her huge melons bounced free.

Brenda's heart raced even faster and her pussy pulsed almost painfully. Her problem of not being horny enough was getting solved with great speed. Why is Suzanne being so mean?! This is NOT what I expected when I came here! I'm not just being forced to get naked, but naked OUTSIDE! Look at her face. Those commanding eyes! How can I say 'No' to those eyes?!

After taking her bikini top off, she stopped and glanced at Suzanne, hoping for mercy. But she still saw nothing but impatient expectation in Suzanne's eyes.

Defeated by the steely gaze locked onto her, she slowly pulled her bikini bottoms down her legs. She could feel her arousal level rocketing upward, which only made her blush even more. She didn't realize it consciously, but being bossed around by Suzanne both stirred and even satisfied something deep inside her. It was almost as thrilling for her as if she'd been bossed around by Alan. As she bent over lower and lower to get her bikini bottoms all the way off, she felt compelled to wiggle her impressive ass in Suzanne's direction.

She thought, I wish Alan were here right now! If nothing else, that would explain why I'm feeling so tingly all over. I'm NOT a lesbian. What's wrong with me? I shouldn't be getting this worked up being naked around another woman!

She stood back up straight, only to start to bend over again to take off the high heels that Suzanne had told her via the phone to wear.

But Suzanne ordered, "Keep those on. Alan loves them. You should know that by now."

So, with nothing else to do, she just stood there awkwardly, trying to cover her privates with the bikini pieces that she held in her hands.

Suzanne held out her hand and said in her usual commanding tone, "I'll take those, thank you. And don't even THINK about covering yourself with your hands, even when I'm not looking!"

Once Brenda handed both parts of her bikini over, Suzanne took them from her and walked into the house without even a backwards glance to see if her orders were being obeyed.

Brenda was having to continually force herself to keep her hands at her sides, for fear that Suzanne would notice from afar. Crap! Why do we have to talk naked? Is that really necessary? I do admit that last time it forced me to be completely honest, but I don't want to have to be completely honest, not with all the weird ideas running around in my head. And where did she take my bikini, anyway? Maybe I'll never get it back!

I should have said something. This isn't right! But I can't. Why does she scare me so much? She's a nice person, but I sure wouldn't want to cross her!

What is she going to do with me now?! I hope she understands that I'm not into women! But the problem is, when she bosses me around, I kind of feel like it's Alan bossing me around, using her as a proxy. And getting bossed around by Alan makes me so fucking horny that I can't stand it! Since he's not here, and she is, my needs get directed at her. Already, I can't even look at her red luscious lips without wanting to kiss them!

Suzanne came out several minutes later with a tray containing a pitcher, two glasses, and suntan lotion. She was wearing high heels, sunglasses, and nothing else. She'd taken an extra long time because she'd just rapidly lathered herself with suntan lotion to protect her very pale skin.

Brenda was standing there with her hands over her pussy and breasts, since she'd eventually given up on keeping her hands at her sides.

Suzanne immediately put the tray down on a patio table, put her hands on her hips, and sternly demanded, "What are you doing?"

"What? What do you mean?" Brenda was inordinately frightened of displeasing Suzanne.

"Covering yourself like that. NEVER do that, you hear?" As soon as Brenda dropped her arms back to her sides, Suzanne continued, "Did you not hear me before?"

"I-I... I did..."

"Then why are you so willfully disobedient? You have a long way to go if you want to be one of Alan's busty sluts. Do you need a spanking to learn your manners?"

Brenda tried to stand up for herself. "You can't spank a grown woman!" bender

Suzanne intoned ominously, "Yes I can." She waited to see if Brenda would still protest.

But Brenda just trembled with lust. She'd had some pivotal spanking events with her mother when she was younger, so spanking had a special allure for and power over her. She was tempted to do wrong just so the taller woman would spank her.

"You've given me the task of making you 'Alan-worthy.' That's pretty daunting. You're never gonna make it if you're ashamed of your body. In fact, put your hands on your head and thrust out your chest."

"Do I have to?" Brenda asked meekly. The mention of a potential spanking turned her on so powerfully that she couldn't help but gaze at Suzanne with a new sexual hunger in her eyes. Neither of them was consciously aware of it, but their relationship had just shifted significantly. Brenda felt like she was ready and eager to obey any command the sexy redhead might give her, much more than before. She didn't understand that reaction, but she couldn't deny it to herself.

Suzanne stared hard with narrowed eyes. "YES! But don't just do it; do it and be damned proud about it! You've got a great body. Let's see you show it off!"

Brenda put her hands on her head. Even though Suzanne continued to stare at her intently, she felt emboldened by Suzanne's words, so she managed to thrust out her boobs and arch her back with verve and a smile. The combined effect was so impressive that it was a wonder she didn't fall over.

"That's it!" Suzanne said, genuinely pleased. "Very good. Now, stay like that, and imagine that Alan is somewhere nearby checking you out." She was amused by that scenario, mostly because she thought it was fairly likely true - that he really was spying on them already. "What do you do about that?"

"I don't know. Smile at him, maybe?"

Suzanne slapped her forehead in exaggerated frustration. "You can do better than that. Imagine that his penis is flaccid, although in fact that's pretty unlikely. It almost never happens, as you know. You want to make it hard. You NEED to make it hard! You need for him to get so stiff and horny that he'll let you drop

to your knees and stuff that super fat cock of his in your mouth so you can show what a good slut you can be for him. How do you accomplish that?"

Brenda looked around uncertainly. "Where is he? Or, er, where would he be?"

"Imagine that I'm him."

Brenda began striking sexy poses. At first she was hesitant, because she was totally unused to standing outside in the buff, much less in front of another nude woman. But Suzanne kept saying encouraging things to her, helping her warm to the task.

Before long, Brenda started to loosen up and truly get into it. She actually enjoyed it despite her continued feeling of humiliation (and actually partly because of that feeling). She wished they had some music for her posing, because she found the relative silence of the outdoors disconcerting. The only sound was birds chirping in the distance.

She discovered that it was easier if she imagined that she was a professional model creating erotic images for a photographer. Pretty soon she found herself striking a sexy pose, holding it for a few moments, then striking another.

She thought, Gotta focus! Think sexy, be sexy! Keep my eyes on the prize: Alan's cock! The competition is steep around here, to say the least. Just look at Suzanne standing there, for instance. She's a true goddess! I've never felt so sexually inadequate compared to another woman in my life! For once, my big tits aren't gonna be enough to get my hands on his balls and my lips locked around his shaft, where they belong. I'll have to do more, be more! Be sexy all over! The rules of the outside world don't apply here. Only the very best of the best get a face full of his cum!

Meanwhile, Suzanne continued to just stand there and goad her on. "Good! Remember, Alan is no ordinary man, and his cock is no ordinary cock. If you want to please him and pleasure him, you have to do much better! Your curvy body is your foot in the door, but what'll set you apart is attitude. Think about your reward. Think how good it'll feel when he slides that thick cock of his into your mouth and uses you just like a real live human sex pet for his very own personal satisfaction!"

Suzanne smirked, because she immediately saw Brenda's outrageous chest start to heave in response. Excellent! She's developing a Pavlovian reaction. All I have to do is mention his name and she starts to

salivate, and if I mention blowjobs, she positively drools. She's going to be such a good little cocksucker. Sweetie should thank me a thousand times over for the way I'm training her to crave him. Yet the lucky devil still has barely a clue what a perfect sub I'm molding for him.

When she saw Brenda's energy start to flag, Suzanne said, "Come on, you can do better than that. Remember: a truly impressive cock-tease gets rewarded with a great big cock-log stuck all the way up inside her juicy, squishy cunt! And practice your sultry stares while you're at it."

Brenda immediately redoubled her efforts, including a very sultry "come hither" stare. She was taking this posing task very seriously indeed, driven by a great hope of feeling Alan's thick cock in her pussy or her mouth sometime soon.

To further psych herself up as she went from pose to pose, Brenda thought, I'm hot! I'm a hot, sexy, super-busty slut. And I'm not just any slut, but Alan's slut! He doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to learn to serve his cock just as well as Susan does! I have the looks and the attitude to really do that well. Look at Suzanne standing there. Gaawwwd, she really is a goddess. But I'm a goddess too! I have a body built for fucking, a body built to please! A perfect, flawless body in the same league as those of Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and his other lovers. Why can't I play with his cock just as much as they do?

Alan, look at me! God gave me this remarkable body. Now, I want to give it to you, to serve you. Let me... please, let me... sit down on your cock! Oh, yes! Spear me with it! And then I'm gonna rise up and down, and churn my hips all over! Yes... Yes... OH YES!

Suzanne made sure this went on for quite awhile, with Brenda switching poses frequently, because she wanted to give Alan time to enjoy the show from wherever he was observing. She was also mindful of Brenda's comment about not feeling fully aroused, so she was using the posing process to get Brenda nearly to the point of cumming uncontrollably.

After a few minutes where she left Brenda to her erotic fantasies, she told her, "Turn around and touch your toes."

While Brenda was busy doing that, Suzanne looked towards the Plummer house for likely hiding places. She finally spotted Alan hiding behind some bushes. She waved at him with a hand high above her head, so he couldn't miss it. Smiling widely, she even yelled out, "Hi, Sweetie!"

Brenda was startled by that, because it sounded like the kind of thing Suzanne would say if Alan really were present. Once again she almost toppled over, since she was still bent way over and wearing high heels. She asked, "What was that?!"

Suzanne attempted a cover-up: "Oh, I'm just trying to increase the realism, as if he were really here. Can you feel it? Can you feel his eyes on you?"

"Oh, yes!"

Suzanne stepped forward. "Can you even feel his hand on your ass, caressing you?" She reached out and enjoyed the feel of Brenda's firm yet soft ass cheeks. Oh my! she thought, touching Brenda's butt. This is some high-quality ass right here. Mmmm-hmmm! I love it when helping my Sweetie helps me too. If she's not bisexual yet, she will be, I'm sure. Then I'll really get to enjoy this ass, not to mention the rest of her!

"NGGGH!" Brenda had to clench her teeth. Her problem wasn't that she disliked Suzanne's touch; it was that she liked it too much. She didn't even think about the fact that it was a woman fondling her, because in her mind it really was Alan doing it. She found herself worrying about cumming so strongly that she'd fall to the hard stone pool deck.

Suzanne ran a finger down Brenda's deep ass crack. She spoke in a low voice, as if she were Alan. "Hi, Brenda, my slut. How is this ass of mine doing today?"

Brenda's arousal soared to the sky. "G-g-g-good! Sir! This ass belongs to you!"

Suzanne spoke gruffly as she started to probe near Brenda's anus. "Of course it does. That's why it's MY ass. Just like the rest of you, body and soul."

Brenda was so overcome that it was a near thing she didn't topple over. She was struggling hard to do her best, as if Alan really was there, so falling was out of the question.

As Suzanne's fingertip circled around and around Brenda's puckered hole, she waved at Alan again, giving him a big smile.

Alan groaned in both frustration and arousal. He didn't worry about being heard, since the distance was too great unless one were shouting, as Suzanne had done previously.

Suzanne was having a great time freely fondling Brenda while watching Alan at a distance. But she was eager to move things along, so she said, "That's good. Now, sit down somewhere comfy and tell me what's on your mind." She walked to a table where she'd left a pitcher and two glasses. "Oh, and here's your nice cool drink. You deserve it!"

Brenda was a bit disoriented: she'd worked herself into a wonderful trance-like state stretching and preening under the blazing sun while fantasizing about all the things she could do to prove herself worthy of Alan and his "unstoppable" cock. She practically had to slap her face to refocus. Rivulets of cum were already flowing from her throbbing pussy.

She took the drink and downed it quickly, hoping that would help shock her back to the here and now. She was surprised to discover that it was rum and punch, with an emphasis on the rum. When she finished the drink she made an intentional pun: "Wow, that packed a punch!"

"Indeed." That was no mistake, since Suzanne figured alcohol would help reduce Brenda's defenses. "What say we take a quick dip in the pool?"

"Good idea!" Brenda was still right on the edge of a climax. She hoped a short swim would calm her down enough for normal conversation. She was ready for anything if it could help get her mind off the feeling of having Suzanne's fingers teasing her asshole.

Chapter 464 This Is What My Body Needs!

The two of them took off their high heels and waded into the pool. Brenda was pleased that getting in the water did reduce her arousal somewhat, but that also left her frustrated, with engorged labia, because entering the pool also quenched her need for an orgasm that would have provided some more significant relief.

Brenda found herself thinking, I'm standing in the water with Suzanne while fully naked. This is so exciting, and yet also terrifying! I can't even remember what my life was like before. I'm obsessed with everything and everyone in the Plummer house. That house is just non-stop sex. Even when Alan isn't

here, you can think about him, talk about him, and improve yourself for him. And just look at her: it's all so arousing that I can hardly breathe. But that's the problem: I'm too obsessed! And, I'm too aroused. There have to be limits.

As they stood side by side, working their way deeper into the water, Suzanne said, "Okay, what's on your mind?"

"Boy, I don't know what to say, after all that. Was that really necessary?"

"Yes. Brenda, don't ever question me about things like that."

"Sorry." She dropped her head in embarrassment.

Then the statuesque goddess explained, "You need the training, for both your mind and your body. It's like I told you last time you were here: you've been coasting on your looks and especially the size of your breasts. But when it comes to Alan, he's got lots of other busty women at his command who are at least as gorgeous as you. You're in the big leagues now! So you have to step up your game. You do want to please him, sexually and otherwise, don't you?"

Brenda's heart skipped a beat as she thought, It's true: I'm in the big leagues now! Soon, I could become one of his personal cocksuckers, just like Susan! But she had some big concerns, so she focused on those. "Well, yes, but... that's one of the things I want to talk to you about. I mean, when we discussed it last time, it sounded pretty good, but where is it leading up to, exactly? It's just that... we've talked about me getting a man, a good man. But how can I do that, and get sexually involved with Alan at the same time?"

"You can't," Suzanne said frankly. "But first things first. First you have to discover who you are sexually, all the way down to the very core of your being. From what you told me, you've been living a lie your entire life when it comes to sex. I'm sure your two husbands found you sexy as hell; that's a big reason why they married you."

Brenda wasn't about to deny that, since it was hardly a secret that she'd been a stereotypical trophy wife, even though she had lots of money of her own from her family.

"You completely hid your true submissive nature from them throughout your relationships with them. In fact, I'll bet you even went overboard, lashing out if anyone so much as ordered you to do anything."

Brenda looked to Suzanne with surprise, as she hadn't even realized that connection until just that moment. "I did! How'd you know that?!"

"Brenda, I know almost everything. Remember, I was just like you, at least in certain aspects. What I don't know I can easily guess. It just makes sense, especially since you're known for having a temper. Lots of people are like that. Did you know that MOST bullies are actually very insecure on the inside? Fear is a big motivator. So, for instance, people who are gay but in denial about it even to themselves often act the most homophobic when around others. You're messed up. You're not whole. You need to let your true self surface, which will let you be unbelievably happy for the first time in your life."

Brenda exclaimed, "But it's so scary! For instance, what you made me do just now, with all that nude posing, I was so nervous and ashamed at first, I thought I was gonna die!"

Suzanne smiled while idly playing with her long tassel of curly hair. "But you didn't. You were grooving there by the end, weren't you? I could tell!"

Brenda smiled too. "I was, wasn't I?"

"And look at you now. You're standing in the middle of a pool in the middle of someone's backyard in the middle of nowhere. That should be frightening. But you're not that frightened, because it pales in comparison to what I had you do before. See how that works? I know what I'm doing."

"That's for sure," Brenda agreed, awed. "But I'm still feeling a little frightened and a whole lot embarrassed. My heart is still pounding so hard and fast that it feels like I should call 9-1-1!"

Suzanne said with a knowing smile. "Believe me, you'll get used to the feeling that you're on the verge of having a heart attack. It's pretty common around here." She winked.

Brenda panted, "But I can't take it, especially all the fear and shame!"

"That's good though," Suzanne said. "I don't want you to lose that feeling completely; it keeps you on your toes. Sexually pleasuring Alan can be a pretty embarrassing thing to do in general. There's no room for dignity when you're naked on your knees with a face full of cum, wantonly begging him to let you suck his fat cock some more! And then, as if that isn't enough, imagine someone like Susan or me watching all the while."

Brenda gasped, reflexively covering her long nipples. If nothing else, she didn't want Suzanne to see just how erect they were. "Is that... Will that really...?"

Suzanne pressed on, "In fact, serving Alan involves at least a low level of embarrassment a lot of the time." She raised her hand between her face and Brenda's and pretended to be jacking off a penis. From the position of her hand she was mimicking it being halfway down her throat, even though her mouth wasn't open that wide.

She explained, "You'll find yourself frequently thinking, often while doing this very thing, 'It isn't fair! Why is he treating me like some kind of sexual servant? Like I'm just his personal cocksucker? Worse, not even his primary personal cocksucker, but just one of many! What about women's lib? What about just plain fairness and equality?'"

"Exactly!" Brenda said emphatically. "That's another thing I've been wanting to discuss with you today. What about fairness and equality?!"

Suzanne turned to Brenda and looked her directly in the eyes, dropping her hand in the process. "What fairness? What equality? This is not an inherently equitable situation. Alan is your natural master."

Brenda felt chills run down her spine, even as her pussy and nipples tingled upon hearing that stated so matter-of-factly. Thinking about the word "master" in particular hit her like an electric kiss that left her breathless. "Wow!"

"Wow, indeed. If you want to be with him then you have to accept that, and everything that implies. Now, get out of the water and stretch your body upwards. Reach for the sky, as high as you can."

"Why?"

"Don't ask why! Just do it!"

Brenda wasn't happy about it, but she did it. She reached as high as she could. She was grateful that, at least at that moment, she wasn't wearing high heels, but she shivered after coming out of the water, even though the temperature was in the high 70s (about 25° C).

Suzanne didn't offer her a towel. Instead, while Brenda was distracted following those orders, Suzanne smiled and waved at Alan once more. She was tickled pink that she was having Brenda put on a sexy show for him without her even realizing it.

"Good," Suzanne said. She got out of the pool to stand next to Brenda. She dried herself off with a towel while still not letting Brenda do so. She made sure to move her nude body in an extra sexy manner, knowing that Alan was watching.

She said, "Maintain that pose while we talk, until I say otherwise. You'll understand why in a minute. The heat of the sun will dry you. Forget everything you thought you knew about relationships. To be frank, both of your husbands were weak losers. I'm insulting them, not you. Despite all their money and success, or maybe because of it, they didn't know how to handle a hot woman like you. Alan knows! He can see right through all your pretenses."

"He really can!" Brenda said, stunned. "Remember the poker party? When he talked to me one on one, it was like he could read my mind! Kind of like you, actually, except maybe even more so. He saw through me and saw my submissive nature right away, at a time when I hadn't even admitted it fully to myself."

Suzanne nodded. "There you go. Alpha men like that are the masters of the world. Women like you and Susan, it's your natural role to be drawn to serve such a man." She didn't believe that for a second, but she expected that Brenda would eat it up. She made a deliberate point of using words like "master" and "serve," knowing how much that would push Brenda's buttons. She'd gotten quite skilled at indoctrinating Susan and she was doing the same to Brenda, only even more brazenly, since Brenda apparently was even more submissive.

Sure enough, those words hit Brenda almost like punches to the gut. WOW! Suzanne is so wise. She sees through me like I'm made of glass! It just makes so much sense! It's like I always knew that to be true, but I was afraid to admit it except in my fantasies!

Brenda knew that she got wildly excited talking to Susan about sex and Alan, but even with Susan she remained afraid to talk directly about her ideas and fantasies of having a "master" like him. It was almost too exciting for her to think about, and at this point much too embarrassing to discuss. Yet here was Suzanne casually mentioning it as if it were already an established fact. Brenda felt that her heart was going to leap right out of her chest.

Suzanne went on, "Now, that doesn't sound fair, because it's not. But that's true only in one way. If you look at it in another way, who gets more out of this relationship, you or him? Naturally, you both get a lot out of it. If that wasn't true, you wouldn't keep coming back for more, and neither would he. Whether one person enjoys it a little more is essentially meaningless, since nothing is ever 100 percent even, but it could very well be that you will get much more out of it than he does. After all, you have deep-seated submissive needs, whereas he has plenty of other gorgeous, stacked babes to have fun with, so he doesn't need you as much as you need him."

"I hadn't thought of it like that," Brenda said, considering that seriously while also panting heavily with arousal. She was having a very difficult time maintaining her "reach for the sky" pose for such a long time. To make matters worse, she was having no success in calming her racing heart when such thrilling words were being spoken. It was all she could do to look and sound somewhat normal. "I guess I need to rethink the fairness issue."bender

After a long pause where she tried to bring her burning-hot body under control, she asked, "But what about you? Does all that apply to you?"

"Well... somewhat." In truth, Suzanne put herself in an entirely different category than Brenda. So she gave an answer which she felt was truthful as far as it went, but which also was not the complete story as she saw it. "That's how I feel sometimes. I burn with frustration at the inherently unfair situation. I burn with embarrassment as he just sits there smugly, kicking back and enjoying the hell out of yet another blowjob I'm giving him while I do all the work. And it IS a hell of a lot of work! Nearly jaw-busting work. God damn!"

Suzanne was really hyping Alan up now, even though there was a lot of truth in what she was saying. "Sometimes, I wonder how I can even fit his hot, fat, throbbing rod in my mouth, much less keep it in there for so long with my lips sliding and my tongue roaming, until I feel nearly too tired to go on. You'll feel that kind of emotional burn all the time. I don't think it ever goes away completely, just like the lust to serve never completely goes away."

Brenda frowned, even as she found that fact strangely arousing. "That's distressing. But that leads to my previous question of where this is all going. I worry that my feelings for him are already growing too

strong. These poker parties have been the best nights of my life! They're all I can think about lately. HE'S all I can think about! Where is my relationship with him going to go, and what happens if I get in too deep? How do I transition from that to getting the man of my dreams, if he's someone other than Alan?"

Suzanne replied carefully. "Remember what I said about how you need to get in touch with your true self, your submissive self? You can and should fall as deeply in lust and love with your master as you want. Let yourself go! Completely!"

"I can't do that!" Brenda wailed. "It's bad enough already. I'll get hopelessly hooked!" Her pussy was tingling and gushing. Suzanne was suggesting she dive into the deep end of her greatest fantasies.

"Maybe so," Suzanne replied nonchalantly while moving her hips in a sexy manner, figuring that Alan was probably watching. "But this is the safest situation imaginable for you to experiment in. Remember, you have Susan and me. We won't let you fall flat on your face."

"But Suzanne! You don't understand!" Her fear wasn't that she wouldn't like it, but that she'd love it too much. She feared she'd get completely hooked on Alan, yet he was already "taken," and several times over.

Suzanne stated firmly, her voice quiet yet powerful, "No, I DO understand. You fear success more than failure."

"I do! How did you know that?"

Suzanne just gave her a disdainful look, as if she was irked that her insight into Brenda was being questioned. "And that brings me back to why I'm having you maintain such a ludicrous pose. You're feeling pretty silly, standing there like that, aren't you?"

Brenda nodded. "You'd better believe it. And my arms are killing me! Can I please stand at ease already?"

"No. I'm teaching you a lesson in fairness. It's not fair for you to stand like that. There's no justice in it. There's no purpose in it, even. You asked 'Why?' The answer is that there is no 'why' other than I felt like

making you do it. That's how Alan may treat you at times. That's the life of a submissive. You serve your natural superiors, period."

Brenda felt shivers race down her spine. The shivers somehow made it to her pussy, nearly making her cum on the spot.

Suzanne stepped forward and cupped Brenda's pussy mound. "You hate having to stand like this, don't you? I can see it in the way you're blushing. But you love it too. Look at how wet you are. You're gushing like a river!"

She slid her fingers through some of the rivulets that were running down Brenda's inner thighs. Then she trailed a fingertip up one of them to the source, sliding her finger up and down Brenda's soaked and sensitive pussy lips.

Brenda gritted her teeth. She was so aroused that she was sure she wouldn't be able to maintain her stretched-out pose even another second. She was fighting with all her might not to cum from another woman's fingers. Somehow she held on without dropping her arms or cumming, although her arm and shoulder muscles were now feeling pain. She complained, "That's... that's the water from the pool?" Her lie was so weak that she couldn't help but phrase it as a question.

"Right." Suzanne laughed. "Are you lying to me? Is that some kind of joke? Do you want to be punished?"

Brenda said, defeated, "I'm sorry."

"That's better. I'll forgive you... this time."

Brenda breathed a heavy sigh of relief. She admitted, "It's me. That wetness you're touching... it's all me. I'm too horny to stand it!"

Suzanne continued to finger Brenda's labia as she talked, and then added playing with her clit, deliberately making it almost impossible for Brenda to hold her pose or refrain from cumming. Every time she touched Brenda's clit, Brenda's body trembled from head to toe. "So you can see fairness is a moot point. If it pleases Alan for you to stand like this, then you'll stand like this for as long as HE likes.

And the longer you do it, the more you'll love it, because that's the kind of woman you are, deep down inside."

Brenda thought, Shit! She's right! Screw fairness! Screw everything; I don't care anymore. This IS who I am! This is what my body needs! Oh God! She finally couldn't hold out any longer. Her body finally shook with an immense climax. Even so, she still struggled to keep her arms up high.

When Suzanne saw that, implying that Brenda had made a real mental breakthrough, she withdrew her probing fingers and stepped back. "Very good. You can stand at ease now."

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Brenda dropped her arms and slumped in her position. She was beyond relieved, because she'd been seconds from dropping her arms, no matter what. She gratefully rubbed her upper arms, trying to massage the pain from her sore muscles.

Suzanne continued, "We don't know how deep your submissiveness goes. It could go very deep indeed. There's nothing to be ashamed about. It's just another natural variation, like height or hair color. We need to find out under relatively safe conditions like these. Could you get hurt emotionally? Yes. You can't make an omelette without breaking some eggs. But keep in mind that most sexually dominant men are real assholes with little or no check on their tendency to abuse their position, whereas collectively we provide some check on Alan. Besides, he's a genuinely kind person to begin with."

Brenda finally expressed one of her greatest fears. "But that could be a problem too. What if he's so kind yet masterful that I fall deeper and deeper under his spell, until I can't get out? I could even fall in love with him if we don't watch out!"

That was the kind of result that Suzanne was actually hoping for. Now that Brenda knew the Plummer incest secrets, Suzanne figured the safest course was to permanently attach her to their extended family in one way or another. Besides, Brenda was so remarkably sexual, submissive, busty, and outright beautiful that Suzanne was looking forward to having a lot of fun with her too, and for a long time to come. On top of that, she figured Alan really would be about the best possible man for Brenda, so it was win-win for everybody.

However, she knew that it wasn't wise to say all that to Brenda at this time, so she merely said, "Don't worry. I'm ready for any possible situation. And besides, if you end up sticking with him for a longer time, that wouldn't exactly be a bad thing for you, and I'm sure he won't mind. Remember, if you're not careful about who you choose, you could end up chained in some dungeon, beaten, whipped, raped, starved, and utterly miserable. Maybe even dead. It happens!"

Brenda knew that Suzanne's words made sense; it started to worry her a lot. She whimpered, "Why am I so submissive? I hate it! That's another thing I've been wanting to ask you about. What makes me this way?!"

Suzanne responded in a different, more soothing tone. "Don't ask why. Why is it even a bad thing?"

"Why?! Because I'm not in control!"

"Ah, but you are, in a way. A dominant-submissive relationship is a two-way street, despite appearances to the contrary. If you have a master and you don't like how he's treating you, you can just go find another one. Frankly, that's not my scene, but I understand that submissives can and do change masters quite a lot until they find one that works for them. That's one reason you shouldn't worry too much about how things go with Alan, by the way. Each party has to act in a certain manner to fulfill the expectations of the other, or they both lose out in the end. You need to look at these things in a new way, just like how I mentioned you need to look at 'fairness' and 'equality' in a new way."

"I suppose." Brenda was glad that at least the pain in her arms was going away quickly. However, despite the seriousness of the conversation and the fact she'd just had a climax, the throbbing in her pussy was only increasing. She was embarrassed at how pungent the smell of her arousal had to be.

"Brenda, you have a gift. Your submissiveness is a wonderful gift. I think you're a very sexual and sensual woman. So far, you haven't experienced even a fraction of the sexual pleasure you're capable of, because you deliberately avoided the things that arouse you the most. Actually, you have two great gifts, because your outstanding body is another gift. You have a great capacity for joy, for love, for total erotic ecstasy. Don't miss the boat, or be afraid of your submissive side. You have a golden opportunity here to learn who you really are. Alan is as safe and as good a potential master as you'll ever find. Go for it! Fully submit to him!"

Brenda thought about that. Suzanne is completely right. I have to give myself to Alan! Serve him! My master! Oh God! That's so exciting that I'm about to pass out! But I have to keep my cool. That's it: just keep my cool.

She nodded, then promised, "I'll try. But it's so scary! He hasn't committed to me yet. I don't even know if he WANTS me as one of his many sluts!"

"I know. But if you want to really impress him, you have to fully commit first. Show him what a perfect cock-loving slut you can be! Prove it with every move you make, every look you give him. If you're sincere, he'll realize it and respond to you. Then how can he turn you down?"

Brenda nodded. She became more determined to do just that.

"I've just seen Susan go through a similar transition. Just look how happy she is now: she pretty much walks on air all the time. You can have that too, in the not too distant future, if you let us guide you."

That had given Brenda a lot to think about. She nodded again.

Suzanne grinned impishly. "Besides, you have to admit that the act of submitting is pretty arousing in and of itself, don't you think?"

Brenda nodded shyly. But she couldn't stop smiling. She couldn't agree more. Even thinking about submitting made her nearly dizzy with lusty desire.

"I understand that for a woman like you, the act of submission is one of the most satisfying and arousing feelings you can have. The good news is that it doesn't happen just once. Susan has told me that, every day, she's struck with a powerful realization that she belongs to Alan. And not just once a day, but time and time again. And each time, she feels an incredible rush!"

Susan actually had recently told Suzanne something to that effect. It was precisely that sort of thing that made Suzanne feel that she was actually doing Brenda a service in helping her to fall hard for Alan.

Brenda was deeply impressed. Wooooow! That's what I want, what I need. To know every day, every hour, that I belong to someone. That's not what I felt as a wife. No, I want... I need... something much deeper, more profound. To be OWNED! By Alan!

Suzanne wanted to give Brenda some time to think through all that. As a result, the two of them went back into the pool and began swimming in the warm water.

Brenda was relieved. If nothing else, she was glad when the water washed away the cummy rivulets running down her thighs. Hopefully it masked the smell of her arousal as well. But even going deep into the water couldn't suppress the electric, erotic tingling she felt from head to toe.

Suzanne asked, "Have you ever gone skinny-dipping before?"

"Actually, no. Dumb, huh? Especially given how long I've had a house with privacy and a big pool."

"You were probably trying to suppress your true self. That's a part of it. But never fear; I foresee you'll have a lot of first-time experiences in the near future. And many of them won't involve any clothes!"

They had a lot of fun simply swimming around for a while, reveling in their nudity. However, both were careful not to get their hair wet. Because her hair was longer, particularly her telltale zig-zag strand, Suzanne was extra careful, so she limited herself to dog-paddling, while Brenda with her short hair actually did a few laps with her head held high.

Suzanne was also wanting to look her best for Alan, since she knew he was nearby. In fact, she was wondering when he would announce himself, since he was already overdue.

As Brenda swam, she kept thinking, Suzanne is so right! Susan keeps telling me that she trusts Suzanne's wisdom even over her own, and I can see why. I'm so lucky that I have these wonderful new friends looking out for me. I need to stop worrying and just run with my feelings, at least until I see where they take me!

I'm going to submit fully to Alan, starting today, and let the chips fall where they may. I feel deep in my heart that I belong on my knees between his legs, pleasuring his thick cock with my mouth! Maybe soon that could become my frequent reality! Unfortunately, Suzanne's been implying that I might not be able to see him all that often. But if I prove that I'm devoted to serving him, surely I'll be allowed to see him and serve his cock more than a couple of times a week, right? God, I hope so!

I'm so glad Suzanne has put my fears to rest. If she had ordered me to stay away from him, I think I would have just died of frustration!

Alan was still spying on the two busty, nude MILFs from behind some bushes. He remained too far away to hear what they were saying, but he could tell they were discussing something serious and important, so he decided to let the conversation play itself out. However, he certainly enjoyed the sight of their incredible bare bodies. He considered masturbating from his hiding place, but decided not to, figuring his erection would get a lot more interesting stimulation when he finally joined them.

He decided to wait until after they finished their swim. He wanted them to be out of the pool where Brenda couldn't hide her nudity by staying in the deep end of the pool. He watched them get out, towel off, and refill their drinks from the pitcher before they started relaxing on adjacent lounge chairs. Man, this is nuts. I have no right to ever have one woman who looks like this, much less three! Mom, Aunt Suzy, and Brenda are truly in a league of their own. And Sis and Amy aren't that far behind. Give them a couple more years to fully fill out and... good God!

The funny thing is that Heather thinks she's the hottest thing under the Sun. If she saw these two right now, I think she'd have to cry in despair.

He finally made his entrance, strolling across the back lawn barefoot, wearing just a T-shirt and shorts with nothing on underneath. While he was walking towards them, he noticed they were putting their high heels back on, which he found both curious and arousing. When he got fairly close, he shouted in a friendly voice, "Hey, Aunt Suzy! Hi, Brenda!"

Brenda spotted him and immediately covered her privates as best she could. She'd finally managed to get her racing heartbeat under control, but now it started thumping again, and even harder than before. She urgently hissed in a quiet voice to Suzanne, "Oh my God! Oh my God! It's Alan and he's coming this way! What do I do?! I'm NAKED!"

Suzanne whispered back, "NOTHING! Don't even try to cover yourself like that. Remember, your goal now is to learn how to serve and submit to him sexually. Nothing is more important to you at this moment. That's the key to unlocking your submissive side, which you need to do to discover your true self. Just roll with it!"

Brenda asked with increasing panic, while squirming and writhing around helplessly in her lounge chair, "'Roll with it?!' What does that mean?"

Alan was getting closer fast, and she worried he'd overhear or at least see them whispering. She was desperate to put at least some clothes back on, yet she didn't want to risk Suzanne's ire by doing so. Besides, she didn't even know what Suzanne had done with her bikini. Just as Suzanne had intended, that left her feeling even more helpless and exposed, but also extremely aroused.

Suzanne spoke out of the corner of her mouth, because she too saw that Alan was getting near. "Follow my lead! Do what I do, if he lets you. Be cool. Show that you're worthy of being allowed to serve his cock!"

Oh God! Oh God, oh God, oh God! Brenda was so nervous that she had to struggle to control her breathing. She gawked at Alan's crotch and saw an obvious bulge. There it is! That cock! That's MY cock now, the one that'll rule my life! My master is coming right at me!

She started to put a hand over her pussy, but then she remembered Suzanne's command not to cover up. It took great force of will, but she brought her arms to her sides and held them there. Still, she was so embarrassed that she couldn't help but close her eyes and blush profusely. Her body continued to tremble and wiggle, both with desire and in fear.

Alan walked right up to them. He said in an easy-going voice, "Hey, you guys. What's up? Aunt Suzy, what's Brenda doing here?"

Suzanne stood up. "Before I answer that, where's my kiss?"

Alan wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in for a kiss. The two of them necked passionately for a minute or two.

Brenda managed to open her eyes and watch, feeling safe that at least he wasn't looking at her at that moment. Her pussy gushed just from watching, especially since she imagined that might be her next. But she could feel her juices leak from her pussy, and that caused her to worry that Alan would smell her sudden arousal, not to mention see the traces. She'd long felt that she was cursed with an overly-wet and too-easily-aroused pussy.

Her body trembled while she peeked. Holy shit! Look at what they're doing! Not only are they kissing, but he's got his hands all over her naked body, like some kind of greedy octopus! He's even fingering her

pussy, I can tell! I can't see it directly 'cos they're pressed so closely together, but look at his arm moving and the way she's moaning into his mouth. She's so hot for him! Suzanne, this, this... goddess, is also just one of his many personal sluts! He's running his hands all over her with such confidence, like he really does own her! And now he's kneading her ass cheeks and pulling her in even closer, and all she does is hump back!

God, he's such a fucking STUD! I think I'm gonna pass out! I wish that was me! Alan, play with MY tits and ass like that! Jesus! It hasn't even been a minute and he's already got the mighty Suzanne purring and moaning in the most erotic manner. She's putty in his hands! They're gonna be fucking before long, right here in front of me, if they keep at it like that!

When the necking ended, Suzanne looked down at his crotch and smiled knowingly. "Oops! How did that happen?" She was referring to the way that his shorts had "accidentally" been pulled down (by her hands). His dick, which not surprisingly was fully erect, was also completely exposed.

Brenda gasped when she saw that, and sat up in her lounge chair. Oh no! Just look at all that... COCK! So much cock! It looks ten inches long, at least! To think... my lips sliding over that... my jaw stretched to its limits... The pressure of trying to do as well as his personal cocksuckers... I don't know if I can handle it!

(Of course Alan's penis was just shy of eight inches when fully erect; that hadn't changed. But Brenda was now looking at it in awe, particularly since Susan had repeatedly told her that it was really ten inches long.)

Alan shrugged, slightly abashed. "Oops, for real. Sorry, Brenda. I suppose I should pull back up." He started to go through the motions of pulling up his shorts without actually doing so just yet, since he was hoping Suzanne would say or do something to stop him first.

Sure enough, Suzanne quickly jumped in, "Don't you dare! Brenda and I are sunbathing nude. You should join us. Brenda, come here and pull his shorts all the way off his legs while I give him another kiss." Puckering up, she pulled him in closer for another scorcher.

Brenda clutched her chest with worry. Me? She means me! Fuck! This is going to be tough, getting that close to them and that great cock of his. It's too intimidating, and the fact that Suzanne's hand is sliding all over it isn't exactly helping! But I'm not gonna give up that easily. Suzanne said I have to roll with the punches, so that's what I've gotta do!

Filled with resolve, she stood up and walked a few feet to where the other two stood. I have to remember who I am. I'm smart and rich, with a perfect-ten body and huge breasts! I'm hardly a virgin. So his cock shouldn't intimidate me. But it does! When I think what his mother Susan does with it... how she loves it with her mouth and her hands... and her boobs... Oh God!

Alan and Suzanne appeared very preoccupied with kissing and fondling each other. Brenda couldn't help but stare at the way that Suzanne was already busy sliding a hand up and down his stiff pole. She was both shocked and thrilled by how brazenly Suzanne was in doing that openly in the great outdoors; it left her struggling just to breathe. However, in a way she was glad that Suzanne had taken him in hand (literally), because she hoped that he would be so distracted by what Suzanne was doing that he would hardly notice her when she pulled his shorts down past his knees.

She was also glad that she'd had two drinks, because the alcohol gave her some "courage." She moved behind Alan, standing where he wouldn't be able to look at her. Then she reached down and grabbed his shorts, which were clinging just above his knees, and slowly tugged them down around his ankles.

To her great relief, the process went smoothly and quickly, despite the fact that she was still trembling all over with both fear and arousal. Feeling her heavy tits dangling down made her think about just how engorged and aroused her erect nipples were. When she reached his feet, he helpfully lifted one foot up and then the other. Soon, she found herself standing back up, holding his shorts in her hands. She lifted them to her face and smelled the crotch. She nearly swooned at their manly smell, even though it was nearly entirely in her mind.

Suzanne had been monitoring Brenda's progress out of the corner of her eye. When she saw that Brenda had completed the task, she broke free of necking with Alan and turned to Brenda. "Good work," she told her. Then she snatched his shorts from Brenda's hands and tossed them far away onto a nearby lawn. "We won't be needing those for a while!" she laughed.

Brenda's heart was already racing a mile a minute and her face was still cherry red. Seeing Alan's shorts fly away and realizing the implications practically gave her a heart attack. Then she remembered that not only was she not wearing her own bikini, she didn't even know where it was.

She had to fight the urge not to cover her pussy and nipples with her hands. No! I have to be strong! Remember what Suzanne said: embarrassment is part and parcel of serving a powerful boy like Alan. Wait a minute. "Powerful boy?" Isn't that a contradiction? But look at the way he's manhandling her! Good GOD! He's a MAN! Look at the way she strokes his cock! Too much! Too hot! I think I really AM gonna pass out!

Suzanne stood behind Alan and gave him a not-so-subtle push in Brenda's direction. "Sweetie, don't be rude. Give our nice guest a friendly kiss too."

Brenda was so shocked that she took a step backward. She seriously contemplated running away, and had it not been for the fact that she'd just put her high heels back on, which made it very difficult to run, and had no bikini or place to go, she might well have done so.

Alan stepped forward. Brenda looked so nervous and bug-eyed that he had some sympathy for her. He wrapped his arms around her, but held her loosely in a comforting hug instead of trying something highly sexual right off the bat.

Brenda was relieved, to say the least, and melted in his arms. But then she remembered just who she was holding, and that both her privates and his were exposed, and that caused her to tense up and freak out all over again. In her heart, she was beginning to long for Alan to be her true master, but it was such a new and embarrassing idea that she was too embarrassed to tell Susan or Suzanne about, much less Alan himself. Just touching her potential master in any way was extremely exciting. Doing it while she was buck naked was almost more than she could handle.

However, Alan just kept on holding her close, without taking it any further, so after nearly a minute she gave in and truly relaxed, to the point that she rested her head against his chest and closed her eyes.

She thought, This is... nice! Sure, it's scary as Hell! I've built him up so much in my mind since the last poker party that I'm acting like a nervous wreck, even compared to then. But it's just a hug. Besides, in a way he's just a boy. True, he's a naturally superior, well-hung, dominant kind of boy, but he hugs just like my Aidy does. I can handle it!

It helped that Alan was extra careful about his erection. Mindful of Susan's request not to allow Brenda to touch it, he'd tucked it away directly down between his legs and kept his legs closed so it stayed trapped between his thighs. As a result, it hadn't even lightly brushed against Brenda, despite their intimate embrace.

While Alan and Brenda continued their comforting hug, Suzanne spoke up. "Oh, Sweetie, to answer your question why Brenda is here, she just decided to come over for a visit and to talk about some stuff. Girl stuff. But what are you doing here? I thought you were at church?"

Since he merely had his arms around Brenda's back and hadn't attempted to kiss her yet, he was able to answer. "I was gonna go, but I bagged it at the last minute. And I'm glad I did, because you two sure are a sight for sore eyes."

Suzanne laughed. "Do you mean a sight for sore eyes, or a sight for sore cock?"

To Brenda's shock and horror, Suzanne reached in between them, found his boner where it was trapped pointing down between his thighs, and wrapped her hand around it. She said, "Excuse me, Brenda, but I have to see what's going on here." Then she pulled his cock into view and began jacking him off. She kept his pole pointed upward and away from Brenda for the most part. But Brenda felt Suzanne's hand sliding up and down over her lower tummy.

Oh God! Sweet Jesus! I can't believe she's doing that! Brenda's breathing grew extremely labored, causing her fat tits and especially her unusually long nipples to slide up and down Alan's chest. She was grateful at least that he was still wearing a T-shirt, but she was sure there was no way he could fail to notice how she couldn't stop rubbing against him due to her heaving chest, or the very aroused state of her nipples.

Suzanne didn't relent from continually pushing Brenda's limits. Seeing that the tomato-faced Brenda had calmed down enough to at least not hyperventilate, she said, "Come on, Sweetie. Are you gonna kiss her or not?"

Alan lowered his head a bit and kissed Brenda on the lips. It occurred to him that this was the very first time he'd done so, even though he'd already explored nearly every other inch of her body at the previous poker party. He appreciated that he didn't need to bend that much, since she was wearing high heels.

Immediately and without thinking, Brenda opened her mouth wide, giving him access. When they began kissing intently, complete with tongue dueling, she felt a surge of arousal so great that she swooned and very nearly fainted in his arms.

Dear God! Lord have mercy! Alan is kissing me! ALAN! Even... even while Suzanne is jacking him off! So HOT! This is my chance, my first big chance to prove that I'm Alan-worthy! At first, it took some time to recover from her swoon. But then she felt energized, so she kissed back much more aggressively. At the

same time, she began running her hands up and down his back, as if she just couldn't get enough of him (which she couldn't).

Alan was pleasantly surprised. So far, he'd just kept his hands on Brenda's back. But seeing that she could handle it, he dropped a hand to her nearest ass cheek and gave it a good squeeze.bender

That caused Brenda to experience another surge of lust. She moaned loudly into his mouth. In reality, Alan was a reasonably good kisser, but he hadn't developed an incredible kissing technique. There was nothing extraordinary in the way he squeezed Brenda's bubbly ass cheeks either. But she had built him up so much in her mind that she felt as aroused as if she were getting the fucking of her life.

Brenda thought, Oh my God! I can't blow it! I have to use my tits. Yes, my tits! I can't just stand still; I'll slide 'em all over his chest! She proceeded to do just that (although in fact it wasn't that different from her on-going chest heaving). But she had to be careful how much she slithered up and down his body, due to Suzanne's hand being in the way.

Knowing that Suzanne was still reaching in and jacking him off in the narrow space between their bodies was simply too arousing for her to think about. But she couldn't stop thinking about it, because Suzanne's hand continually brushed against her just above her bush. From time to time, she could even feel Alan's hot, wet cockhead sliding directly against her bare skin. (Although Suzanne was trying not to let Brenda touch Alan's cock, she wasn't that concerned about his cock touching Brenda, since Susan had not included that aspect when she'd imposed her constraint.)

Chapter 466 You Mean, You Want To Blow Me?

It was all too much for poor Brenda. She was forced to push back from him, ending the kiss. She was frightened that if things continued like they were for much longer, she would cum loudly and wetly. That in turn would cause her to simply die of shame or arousal (or both).

Alan relented, pulling back as well. He let go of her ass, allowing her to break completely free. He looked to the pitcher, glasses, and tray on the table between two lounge chairs. "Hey, what are you two drinking there?"

Suzanne was still stroking his cock, but then she broke completely free as well and went to the table. "It's a rum punch. You want some?"

"Sure."

"Well, that's an alcoholic beverage, and legally you're not allowed to have it. Sorry."

"Oh. Bummer."

But then Suzanne winked. "However, I think your all-around studliness exempts you from the rules, at least this time. Let me go get you a glass."

He sat down on the nearest lounge chair. "Can't I just use yours? Somehow I think we've been sharing germs already."

"Good point." Suzanne adjusted the settings on the lounge chair he was on, causing it to straighten until it was completely flat.

While Suzanne was doing that, Brenda was trying her best to calm down. But it wasn't easy, especially since her heart was still racing wildly. She thought back to Suzanne's earlier comment about how the feeling of an impending heart attack was common around the Plummer house. Good God! I still can barely breathe. This is too much for me! No. I can't say that. I'm in the big leagues now. My big breasts provide little more than a foot in the door around here, just as Suzanne said. I've gotta rise to the occasion and show that I have what it takes to be one of his sex toys!

Suzanne spoke as she finished fiddling with Alan's lounge chair. "Here, Sweetie. Take off your T-shirt." She waited until he did so. "Good. Now, lie on that so your head and arms are hanging off the top edge. That way, you'll be able to drink your drink while Brenda covers you thoroughly in suntan lotion. We don't want you to get even more sunburned."bender

Brenda looked at Suzanne with renewed fear. I'm going to do WHAT?! She frantically shook her head 'No.'

But Suzanne just rolled her eyes and stared Brenda down with an intense gaze. Clearly she was not going to permit Brenda to avoid her demands.

Giving up, Brenda followed Suzanne's non-verbal nod of directions, indicating she should sit between Alan's legs on the lounge chair. After she did that, she realized that her new position put her right in front of Alan's bare ass. She didn't know what to do. I'm naked! Completely buck naked! And he's such a STUD! This is too crazy!

Suzanne babied her to make sure she'd do the right thing. She picked up the bottle of suntan lotion, squeezing some into Brenda's open hand. Then she did the same to Brenda's other hand. Finally, she took Brenda's wrists and guided her hands directly to Alan's ass cheeks. She whispered quietly in her ear, "Go for it! This is the chance you want, right? Show him that you're a big-titted babe worthy of serving him in EVERY way!"

Once that was accomplished, Suzanne filled her own glass with the rum punch (for Alan), then refilled Brenda's glass, and carried both glasses to where the other two could reach them.

Just as Suzanne had hoped, Alan drank his rum punch while fully sprawled out on the lounge chair. His dick was trapped between his belly and the lounge chair, making it impossible for anyone to stimulate it. But he was fine with that. He didn't need to be stimulated every single second, and he was mindful of their promise to Susan not to let Brenda touch his dick.

Actually, Suzanne was very keen to continue jacking him off, and it would have been easy enough to get him to reposition slightly so she could do that. Even though she loved the act in and of itself, at that moment she mostly wanted to do it to continue Brenda's indoctrination. However, she decided that it was best to give Brenda some space and let her get used to intimately touching Alan first.

Brenda was nervous about fondling Alan's slightly sunburned butt, so even though Suzanne had put her hands directly on it to start, she focused mostly on applying the lotion on his back. Even that was enough to make her hands tremble, but Suzanne's whisper in her ear boosted her confidence. While her hands ran over his backside, she thought, Suzanne's right: I am a beautiful, submissive, big-titted babe, and I AM worthy of serving him. It's like I was telling myself before: I'm a hot slut! I'm a goddess! Objectively speaking, it can't be denied that my body is just as curvy and flawless as Susan's or Suzanne's. Well, at least I'm close, and God knows I do have the big tits he loves. I can do this! I'm hot and sexy and Alan-worthy! I am!

Brenda soon found that applying the lotion to Alan's back wasn't as "safe" as she'd first thought. Because her breasts were so very large, it was hard for her to lean forward to reach the top of his back without having them dangle down enough to brush against him lower down his torso.

At first, she tried hard to avoid that, but then Suzanne said to her, "You know, if it were me, I'd use what I've got to full advantage. Why not thoroughly cover your tits with lotion and rub them against him on purpose? Then it'll be like working twice as efficiently. I'm sure he'll like it. I hear in Japan they pay big bucks for that kind of thing. Just sayin'."

So Brenda did as Suzanne suggested, though very reluctantly at first. However, once she started dragging her huge, soft tits against his hard back, she found herself highly aroused by doing it, even while she was freaking out about the entire situation.

She thought, This is the craziest thing I've ever done! Just look at me! If I could see a picture of myself right now, I think I'd die of shame. Here I am, a perfect-ten beauty, basically performing "soapland" service for this, this... mere KID! And yes, I know what "soapland" is, but I'm not about to admit to them the extent of my knowledge of pornography. As if I'm not humiliated enough already!

It's bad enough having to be completely fucking buck naked outside in the middle of nowhere. But having to wear high heels too is twice as bad. It's like I really am just a sexual toy for his amusement. I'm a fucking MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, for Christ's sake! This shouldn't be happening to me! Meanwhile, Suzanne is standing right next to me, watching and judging everything I do. This is an outrage! I really should get up and get the fuck out of here. So why am I so damn fucking horny?! Maybe my problem is my nipples are too sensitive. I swear, if I keep this up, I'm gonna start cumming and cumming and I'll never stop!

Lust was taking over. She did a good job covering his back, actually using her lotion-covered tits more than her hands. She managed not to cum while doing so, but it was a very close thing.

Eventually, she ran out of skin there and had no choice but to sit up and go back to his ass. By that time, with increasing familiarity and the extra alcoholic drink, she'd warmed to her task and was actually quite gleeful about the opportunity to (carefully) fondle his ass cheeks as much as she wanted. Not only had her hands stopped trembling, she grew so bold that she even thoroughly covered his ass crack with the lotion. She was flying high and loving life. She was more excited at that moment than she'd ever been on either of her honeymoons.

I'm actually touching his ass cheeks, and to my heart's content! This could be my future. If I ever get to be one of his personal cocksuckers, I'll probably spend hours clutching these ass cheeks as I suck at his great, thick cock until my jaw practically falls off! Wow! Goose bumps!

Suzanne, meanwhile, took more lotion from the bottle and applied it further down Alan's legs. It would have been difficult for Brenda to reach those areas without changing position, and Suzanne wanted Brenda to stay where she had been placed, near Alan's butt.

The lotion application proceeded in near total silence, although Suzanne did mutter something about how Alan was a special guy who deserved special tender loving care, and his ass needed extra special attention. That allowed Brenda to relax about as much as she could, given the situation, since it gave her an excuse to linger there.

Alan was having a great time too. His dick was still erect, but he'd been keeping it trapped underneath his body, so as to not freak out Brenda. But after a while, she'd become so familiar with his ass, and even his ass crack, that he "readjusted" his boner, letting it hang between his thighs.

Brenda was sitting back just enough so she could look straight down and see his erection there. But she was still far too intimidated to think about touching it. Just looking at it was almost too much, although she couldn't help but steal glances at it from time to time. That sight alone kept her heart pounding. For all her interest in it, she had yet to overtly touch it. The temptation was great to at least gently run a finger up and down it, but even that was too scary for her to do right away.

Clearly, she had bought into the Alan hype - hook, line, and sinker.

Eventually, every last inch of Alan's backside had been covered, with his ass cheeks covered several times over. So Suzanne said, "Okay. Sweetie, now it's your turn to do us. Then we'll get back to your front."

That threw Brenda for a loop, making her nervous all over again. She said, "Um, I'm good! Uh, do Suzanne!"

Suzanne gave Brenda a glaring, disapproving look that Alan couldn't see. She said, "No you're not. It's true you're not as pale as I am, but you're still fair skinned. You'll burn too, just like me."

Brenda replied triumphantly, "But you're a lot more pale than I am! He should do you first!" She breathed a sigh of relief, since that at least would delay her time of reckoning.

But Suzanne just said, "That would be true, except that I'm so fair skinned that I already put on lots of lotion before I came outside. Here. Feel." She took one of Brenda's hands and brought it to her own face.

Sure enough, Brenda could feel traces of the lotion, which was still there even though they'd been swimming because Suzanne had kept her head out of the water. Brenda was crushed.

Alan was still lying face down on the lounge chair, rather unaware of what was happening behind him. Suzanne took advantage of that by bending close to Brenda and whispering directly in her ear. "Be brave! Roll with the punches. Are you Alan-worthy? Do you want to serve his cock? If so, prove it. Show it!"

That gave Brenda some resolve, although she was still terribly nervous. She got up from the lounge chair Alan was on and instead laid on the one next to it.

Alan sat up, making no attempt to hide his still very erect pole. In fact, he made sure it stuck up at a jaunty angle that Brenda couldn't fail to notice. Before he could decide how to approach applying the lotion to Brenda, Suzanne suggested, "Here, Sweetie. You sit on the edge of the lounge chair you're on, and we'll just pull it closer to Brenda's. That way, your hands can reach her easily, and I'll be able to jack you off in comfort while sitting next to you."

Brenda's brain reeled. Jesus! She's gonna jack him off again?! Of course she will. This is Alan we're talking about. They've told me that his cock is insatiable, and it's TRUE! At least I can lie face down and close my eyes, so I can pretend it's not happening.

That's what she did. Alan sat as Suzanne suggested and began applying the lotion to Brenda's back. He put the lotion on fairly quickly and efficiently, because he was keen on getting to Brenda's other side. But he definitely took the time to enjoy her body, especially her delightfully protruding ass.

Brenda enjoyed what his hands were doing. But what kept her heart pounding hard was her constant awareness of what Suzanne was doing to him. It was rather quiet outside, so Suzanne went all out to make the handjob as noisy as possible, to help further Brenda's indoctrination. She made sure his cock was as wet as possible, using both her saliva and his pre-cum. She slid her hands all over his entire shaft, rather than focusing mostly on the area around his sweet spot as she often did.

The result was a constant stream of squishy sounds that drove Brenda wild with desire. She began to moan and pant, much more than either Alan or Suzanne were doing. She thought, as she writhed around on her own lounge chair, This is crazy! I swear, it's like they're trying to drive me mad! God, hearing Suzanne stroke his cock is the sexiest thing I've ever heard! Well, except for the sounds of her bobbing on it at the last party. I can't even bear to look! I would simply DIE of arousal!

Meanwhile, he keeps running his hands over my ass like he owns me! And maybe he WILL! If I really fully submit myself to him, and he accepts me, then there's no telling what could happen! I might as well kiss any kind of normal life goodbye!

Suzanne found various excuses to say and do things designed to drive Brenda out of her mind with lust, with the side effect of stimulating Alan even more. For instance, at one point, she bent her head down to Alan's erection and said to it, "Alan Junior, have you been good or bad? Because if you've been good, then you deserve a kiss."

Suzanne had never called his penis "Alan Junior" before, but earlier that day Susan had mentioned in passing that she'd called it that the day before, and Suzanne thought it was a cute name, though obvious.

She planted a wet, sloppy kiss on his cockhead while continuing to stroke the rest. "Like that! But you've been BAAAAAD, you big, fat, naughty boy! You've been sticking yourself in all kinds of naughty holes, haven't you? Fucking married women and making them fall in love with you. But still, I think you need another kiss."

She kissed it again, right on his sweet spot this time, and with a lot of tongue. "Oh no! I can't stop with just one!" She kissed his cock several more times, pausing between each one for Brenda's benefit to graphically describe what her hands and mouth were doing. She also made a big production out of kissing Alan's balls, and then describing that too.

Brenda felt the pressure was off her, since Suzanne was taking such good care of Alan's hard-on. She was flying high, reveling in the joy of hearing every "victory" Suzanne was having in keeping Alan feeling great. That made her feel like she was part of a winning team.

Suzanne never really did move her mouth away once she started with the kissing. After a few minutes of such teasing, she spoke while ostentatiously licking his sweet spot. "Geez. Sweetie, your cock is getting too dry. I've been licking it with my tongue, but I think I'm gonna have to resort to more extreme measures to make sure it's thoroughly moisturized."

Alan chuckled. "You mean, you want to blow me."

"Yeah, but only for a minute or two." Then she engulfed his cockhead and started bobbing. She made sure her blowjob was as wet and loud as possible, just like her continuing handjob, to help drive Brenda wild. Sometimes she was more focused on making lewd and loud slurping sounds than anything else.

Brenda's hips squirmed needfully from hearing and imagining what the other two were doing - she was too overwhelmed to look. Oh God! Dear God! Now she's sucking his cock! She must be suffering, breathing through her nose, lips stretched impossibly wide, but she's not going to stop for anything! It's too much! I can't take it! Somebody, anybody, please help me!

However, Suzanne didn't find her positioning comfortable. So, after a minute or two, far from stopping, she got off the lounge chair altogether and knelt next to it. She said, "Sorry, Brenda, It looks like Sweetie's cock is going to need a LOT more T.L.C. - tender, loving cocksucking. I need to reposition. As I'm sure Susan has told you, the best way to do that is naked and kneeling!" She grunted loudly as she engulfed him.

Brenda's hips were practically humping air. She had her eyes shut tight and her mouth craned open, as she imagined that she was the one sucking Alan off. Her pussy was leaking copiously. More naked and kneeling! They talk about that so much, and it's so fucking great! I swear, just THINKING about kneeling now gets me horny!

Alan had to readjust as well, since he was standing next to the lounge chair. That gave Suzanne's mouth easy access to his crotch at the same time that his hands had easy access to Brenda's nude body.

Brenda twisted her head around enough to see what was happening. Oh dear Jesus! Sweet Mother of Mary! I can't believe it! Suzanne is in THE position! She's in the position Susan can't stop talking about and the one I can't stop dreaming about every night: naked and kneeling with Alan's cock deep in her mouth! Why, she's even got high heels on! It's perfect! I can't see his fat snake because of her bobbing head, but it's still just about the most inspiring sight I've ever seen!

Good God! She had to turn away because it was just too much to take, like trying to stare into the sun.

She very much craved an orgasm, but she was fighting hard to hold back, because she knew that she was so worked up she wouldn't be able to be secretive about it. The more she struggled to resist, the more her body writhed around and even humped up and down.

Alan was feeling cheeky and emboldened, so he barked at her, "Hey! Keep still!" He punctuated that by loudly smacking her ass.

That was too much for poor Brenda, due to her spanking fetish. She came, and came hard. She clenched her teeth and managed not to scream out, but she did make some tell-tale noises. That, and the way her entire body shook and trembled made it blatantly obvious what had just happened.

Alan could tell that Brenda was wiped out after that. He took it easy on her for a while so she could recover.

Brenda was still on cloud nine well after her orgasm petered out. He SPANKED me! I can't believe it! A hard smack on my ass! If I don't object now, that means he'll be able to spank me any time he feels like it. And I don't want to object! No, I sure as hell don't want to. He has me under his thumb in the most delightful way! I'm turning into another one of his obedient, big-titted, cock-loving SLUTS!

But I can't get too excited or he's gonna think I'm weird. I've gotta brace myself for what's still to come. I'm still totally nude with his hands on me. What's he going to do to me next? I can't wait to find out!

She closed her eyes and tried to pretend she was getting a regular massage from a professional masseuse. That helped her calm down some, although the slurpy cocksucking sounds simply could not be ignored.

Alan had long since forgotten the pretense of putting lotion on Brenda. He was simply fondling her body to his heart's content. She was so stacked that there was a lot of side boob even when she was lying down, and he made sure to fondle her there. Sometimes he also lightly grazed her pussy lips, but he didn't want to do too much with that, correctly figuring she'd get even more worked up if she was held just on the verge of cumming.

He tended to stay focused on kneading her ass, driving her to distraction with arousal. She hated the fact that she often climaxed very easily, because she didn't want to cum just from having his hands on

her ass. He was sure to both hear and feel that. So she struggled mightily to hold back her orgasm. Nevertheless, the smell of her hot, wet, ready pussy was more than apparent to everyone.

Chapter 467 Hot Time With Aunt Suzy

Alan didn't speak for a while, letting Brenda calm down. Then, out of the blue, he said, "So, Brenda, I still don't know you very well. Tell me more about yourself. I hear you have a teenage son in my high school. Is that true? Tell me all about him. Also, what's the story with your upcoming divorce? Tell me everything."

She thought, No! I can't! How the hell am I supposed to think, much less talk, while his hands are all over me and Suzanne's mouth is all over him? Or her hands. Or whatever the hell she's doing right now to make that slurpy racket! (In fact, Suzanne had gone back to jacking him off, if only because she sensed that she needed to ease up for a while or he'd cum too soon.)

But she was determined to prove herself Alan-worthy, and she was calmer now that she'd had an orgasm. So she said, "Okay, just a sec." Then she tried her best to relax and control her breathing. Finally feeling better, she said, "Let's start with my husband. What a prick!"

Somehow, she managed to give a detailed account of her marriage and its slow collapse. She was so upset with her husband Bob that she never dignified him by mentioning his name, referring to him as "the jerk" instead. Then she talked some about her son Adrian.

Neither topic aroused her, and talking about her husband in particular was the opposite of arousing. But she actually was glad about that, because it countered the arousal of Alan's hands and Suzanne's slurpy sounds, allowing her to keep a steady erotic buzz going without getting completely out of control.

Alan had started fondling her thighs. Then, while she was still talking about Adrian, he brazenly explored her inner thighs, repeatedly going up to the very edge of her pussy. Thanks to the way her body leaked copiously when greatly aroused, that meant that his fingers were soon soaked in her cum. Sometimes he even lightly brushed a finger up and down her pussy lips.

This embarrassed and aroused her so much that she wanted to whimper and even cry. But Alan didn't say a word about her excessive leakage, forcing her to keep talking about her life.

He sensed from her trembling and panting that his new attention on and near her pussy was going to make her cum soon. So he bent down and whispered in her ear, "I saw how you had an orgasm a little while ago. But you're not allowed to cum unless I say so, and I haven't given you permission!"

She groaned loudly. Oh NO! I'd been holding back already, but I was just about to lose it again. Now, I'm not allowed to do even that! UNGH! HRRRNG! Gotta... gotta... hold out! Anyway, what gives him the right to say I'm not allowed to cum?! How dare he? It's like he's already taken full control of my body without asking. He's just claiming me as his natural right! No, I can't think that, because it's too fucking HOT! Then I'm gonna have to cum, and he'll have to punish me! And that's too hot to think about too!

Sensing that she was in a desperate state, and unable to keep up her end of the discussion, he had mercy on her and went back to simply fondling her ass cheeks for a while.

She slowly came back from the very brink of a huge climax. But the conversation couldn't resume because she was huffing and puffing too much.

A few minutes later, Alan resumed touching her near her pussy without ever quite reaching it. And all the while, Suzanne was still bobbing on his cock.

That made Brenda think, Everything Alan does makes me too fucking hot to be believed! Look at what he's doing now: he's taking all my wetness and smearing it all over my bare ass and thighs. It's like he's marking me with my own cum! Claiming me even more! He's all but saying, "It's your cum this time, but next time it'll be my sperm smeared into your skin." Dammit! Too hot! And I'm supposed to just lie here and take it while the mighty Suzanne endlessly sucks him. That's also too hot! Oh God!

She found herself thinking about her son. How I wish I was like Susan, with a son just like Alan! She's so lucky. I love my Aidy so much! He's my cute little Pooh Bear, and he always will be. But he's no natural, powerful, alpha male like Alan, with a towering cock that demands to be constantly serviced by a wide variety of busty bombshells. If only he were! Then I could be a son-fucker, just like Susan soon will be. That would be the ultimate. But then again, could anything top this?

Alan had been getting a kick out of smearing her own cum into her skin. There was an actual puddle forming between her legs, giving him a copious supply. He gleefully smeared and caressed her cum into her skin everywhere, from her neck to her toes, until no trace of it could be seen. Yet there was always fresh cum leaking from her slit, so he could have continued all day long.

The symbolism wasn't lost on Brenda. He really IS claiming my body for his own! He's proving that he can do whatever he wants to me, and I won't resist! Oh God! I still need to cum so bad, and I still CAN'T! What torture! What exquisite torture!

Eventually he decided it was finally time for her to turn over, and she did. But he didn't make any attempt to touch her front side just yet.

Once she had turned over, she opened her eyes and was able to see one of Suzanne's hands pumping up and down Alan's shaft while the other one fondled his balls. (Suzanne was still on her knees in front of his crotch, but she had repositioned herself slightly to make sure that Brenda got a good view.)

Brenda was slightly disappointed that Suzanne was merely jacking him off, but she was impressed nonetheless. Suzanne didn't want to stop her oral loving, but the situation was so arousing for Alan that she'd been forced to give him a strategic break. The alcohol was heavily affecting Brenda by that point, making her bold. She asked, "How...? What...? What I mean is... Jesus! Suzanne, you're just... jacking him off like forever! Isn't that thing ever going to squirt?!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yeah, it seems that way, doesn't it? It's true that he's got good stamina, and he's getting better all the time. But it's all about teamwork. I've been learning the telltale signs of his cock, and his face, and the sounds he makes." She pinned his boner to the side of her face and lovingly ran her fingers up and down it while letting his wetness smear her cheek.

Brenda had trouble breathing as she watched that.

Then Suzanne's tongue snaked out and she began teasing his sweet spot with its tip.

Brenda was absolutely staggered. I saw Suzanne's extraordinarily long tongue in action the other day, but I'm shocked all over again. I was so freaked out that I couldn't believe my eyes, and I STILL can't! My GOD! How can I compete with that?! It's the perfect cock-pleasuring tool!

Suzanne brought his cockhead closer to her mouth so she could both talk and lick with ease. "If his thick boner so much as twitches in a certain way, I know exactly what that means, so I ease up if need be." She licked his sweet spot every time she stopped to take a breath. "As long as we're both careful, and I

have the energy for it, I'll bet I could literally jack him off all day long... and more!" She slipped her lips over his cockhead and gave him a good suck, but then she pulled off again.

"My God!" That answer aroused Brenda as much as the sight she was seeing. "That's just so... hot!"

Alan chuckled at that. "You sound just like my mom. For her everything is 'so hot!'"

Suzanne ostentatiously licked Alan's cock from his balls to the tip of his cockhead, as if she was laying claim to every last inch. Her fingers slipped all over whatever part of his shaft her tongue wasn't covering.

Brenda's eyes bugged out and she just about fainted. She'd only seen the back of Suzanne's bobbing head before, so this was an escalation over anything she'd seen so far that day. She sat up in the lounge chair to get a better view. She found herself holding her breath in awe.

Suzanne licked all the way back down. But then she turned Brenda's way and stared at Brenda's chest hungrily. "Sweetie, you know what else is 'so hot?' Brenda's breasts! I think you need to start there. And since they're so big, it might take you a very long time to apply the lotion all over 'em."bender

He grinned. "Aunt Suzy, I think you're right!" He'd just been standing there, enjoying the sight of Brenda's fabulous front, together with the feeling of Suzanne's continued handjob. He lathered up his hands with more lotion.

Brenda was afraid. Mostly she was afraid that it would feel too good and she'd squirt and scream and shake and generally lose all control. She was mindful of the fact that she still didn't have his permission to cum. She looked over at Suzanne and asked frantically, "Uh, what if we, uh, what if we do his front side first? We haven't done that yet!"

Instead of replying, Suzanne buried her nose in Alan's balls and inhaled deeply. She sighed happily, then started licking each of his balls as her fingers stroked way up and down his shaft.

Again, a transfixed Brenda forgot to breathe for some long moments. She practically drooled, wishing that those were her tongue and fingers. Susan had spoken to her at great length about the joy of

pleasuring Alan's balls, not to mention the "necessity" of frequently "cleaning" them after his climaxes. Brenda just sat there, staring, repeatedly licking her lips.

Finally, after nearly a minute, Suzanne replied, "Oh. Good idea. We'll do that next, for sure. Of course, the area we need to be extra careful about is his cock. Naturally, we'll have to give that most of our attention. Maybe we'll even need to suck it and stroke it together. Oops, I mean put the lotion on it together." She winked, and then she ostentatiously gave his long shaft another lick from bottom to top, and back down again.

Brenda gulped. I'm going to get to lick and suck him?! Today?! I don't think I can handle it! She stared at Alan's stiff boner, with Suzanne's hand sliding up and down along its length, and then to his hands and the lotion he was about to put on her huge tits.

Oh God! It's all too much! Is it possible to pass out simply from anticipation?! I want his cock so badly that I can practically taste his cum in my mouth, and I certainly can smell his sweet cream. But how the hell am I supposed to compete with his stable of experienced personal cocksuckers? Look at what Suzanne's long tongue is doing to him, for crying out loud!

Knowing that Brenda was staring, Suzanne made sure to put on a good show. She switched from mostly stroking him with an occasional lick to lovingly lapping all over his sweet spot. Her fingers kept on sliding along his shaft or playing with his balls, but that was a sideshow compared to the extreme pleasure her tongue was giving him. Throughout it all, she was careful to keep her head angled in a way that gave Brenda a great view.

Suzanne decided that it was time to let Brenda see just how stiff the competition was. She extended her freakishly long tongue as far as she could, tickling Alan's sweet spot with its very tip while his cock was completely out of her mouth. Then she visibly wrapped her tongue about his shaft as she again engulfed his cockhead and resumed bobbing on him.

Brenda knew about Suzanne's extraordinary tongue, mostly thanks to Susan's "lick by lick" accounts of some of Suzanne's "penis tending," and she'd gotten one glimpse already of its length. But to see it in action like this was another thing entirely.

Brenda couldn't take it anymore; she straightened her neck and simply lay back on her chair, closing her eyes for good measure. She needed to mentally check out for a while. Oh no! What have I gotten myself into?! I've been married twice, and I've had sex with some other men too. I thought I was very sexually

experienced and talented. But everything I've ever seen and done is NOTHING compared to today! And I haven't even gotten to touch his cock yet!

But she didn't get any respite at all. As soon as she closed her eyes, Alan brought his hands to her bounteous chest.

Brenda had been so transfixed by Suzanne's licking that she'd actually forgotten what Alan was going to do to her. However, the instant his fingers touched her massive globes, her attention was completely redirected there. The fresh squirts of lotion made his fingers extra cool, and her entire body jerked when she felt his touch. Even after the jerking ended, her hips kept churning about spasmodically. So hot! TOO HOT! I'm gonna cum ... and cum and CUM! And there's nothing I can do to hold it off! What'll happen when he gets to my pussy and starts playing down there? He'll see and feel how swampy and soaked I am, for him, because of him! They both will! I'm afraid I'll start to have my greatest orgasm ever and won't be able to stop!

"OH NO!" Brenda squealed out loud, because once Alan had his hands on her fulsome orbs and started to fondle them, she turned her head and saw Suzanne steadily bobbing on his shaft. Earlier, Brenda had only been able to hear Suzanne doing that, but now she could see absolutely everything. Since it was an effort for her to raise her head and look, she could have stopped at any time, but she was too fascinated to even blink.

Suzanne had been taking it easy on his hot, saliva-soaked hard-on, letting him get acclimated to the sensation so he could withstand the prolonged stimulus. She planned on sucking him a good long time to show off his stamina for Brenda, and also to raise Brenda's desire for him and his cock to a nearly uncontrollable level.

Intense erotic pleasure radiated like waves from Alan's crotch throughout his entire body, leaving him with a slap-happy look on his face. Between playing with Brenda's tits and reveling in Suzanne's oral skills, he was forced to squeeze his PC muscle constantly. Yet he was getting so practiced at it that he didn't have to think about it much; it certainly didn't impede his great pleasure.

But Brenda actually seemed even more affected by Suzanne's blowjob than he did. She simply couldn't believe how arousing everything was, and seeing Suzanne's gorgeous face crammed full of stiff cock and her endlessly sliding lips were the most arousing sights of all.

I was so wrong! I thought I'd come here and just have a casual chat with Suzanne about some of my problems. But it's like I've been dropped headlong into a furnace instead - a furnace of pure sex and

pure lust! Is it like this here every day? It must be! Alan is such a FUCKING STUD! I can't even believe it! Gaawwwd! Of COURSE I'm going to submit to him. I MUST! If I could have him as my master forever...!

Oh God! Oh dear God! Please, help me! Help me, Lord! As if that isn't stunning enough already, now Suzanne is looking RIGHT AT ME! She's slurping and sucking, her mouth crammed full of all that thick cock-meat, and she's staring into my eyes, into my soul! It's like she's saying, "This is going to be you next! Get ready to stretch your jaw wider than it's ever been stretched before, because your turn is coming up!" Oh God! Ohgodohgodohgodohgod! I can't breathe! HELP!

Brenda was so enraptured by the sight of Suzanne's bobbing that, for some moments, Alan's fondling of her boobs actually took a back seat in her mind. That was also partly due to the fact that he started out actually thoroughly and carefully covering her entire upper torso with the suntan lotion, including her enormous tits. But once that task was done, he felt he could focus all of his attention on just playing with her tits, so that's what he did.

He was fascinated by Brenda's nipples, which poked out more than any other nipples he'd ever seen. He experimentally pulled and twisted them, gingerly and gently at first.

That redirected Brenda's focus, like a hard slap to her face. Suddenly, she practically forgot all about Suzanne's blowjob (although the loud slurping still registered on some level). Her awareness contracted to just Alan's hands and her erect nipples. She loved what he was doing, so she moaned encouragingly to get him to be more aggressive.

Seeing the effect he was having, he responded as she had hoped, by pulling on them more assertively.

She thought, Oh, Jesus! I'm his bitch! I'm his willing slut and his whore AND his bitch! He's just made me his sexy big-titted slut, for sure! One of many, that is! How can I ever go back to normal after this? Susan has told me that my tits are the greatest gift God has given me, and it's so true! They're so sensitive! So intense! Oh God! It's like I'm being fucked, royally FUCKED, just from him playing with my nipples!

Soon, Brenda started screaming - not just moaning or purring, but very loud screaming. At the same time, she reached another powerful orgasm, even without her pussy or clit being touched. She knew she still didn't have permission to cum, and that distressed her greatly, but she was completely helpless to stop it from happening.

Her hips churned and gyrated so much that her ass repeatedly lifted off the lounge chair, leaving her flopping around like a fish desperately struggling for life on a sandy beach.

Alan started to think how he should handle Brenda cumming without permission. He wasn't sure how far he should take his obvious and easy control over this highly submissive woman. A spanking seemed like a good possibility. But unfortunately for all of them, he didn't get a chance to think things through.

Chapter 468 Are You Saying I Shouldn't Suck His Cock On A Sunday?

An hour had passed since Brenda's arrival, enough time for Susan to return home from Sunday services. Still dressed very conservatively in her church clothes, Susan heard Brenda's screaming from inside the garage once she'd finished parking the car and turned off the engine. Katherine and Amy were in the car too, so she shouted to them, "Stay here!" Then she rushed through a door that led from the back of the garage to the backyard. She sprinted across her lawn, through the gate, and across Suzanne's lawn to the source of the screaming.

Susan reacted as though she was responding to someone who had been badly hurt, even though she was more than half convinced the screaming was of an erotic nature. But the cries were so pained, frantic, and insistent that she had to be sure. As she got nearer, she saw to her chagrin that the cause of the screaming was entirely sexual.

She slowed her pace, which allowed her to approach unnoticed because the others were focused on Brenda's many orgasms and Suzanne's on-going blowjob. She came to a halt only a few feet away from them and put her hands on her hips in a huffy posture. Frowning, she complained loudly, "I should have figured."

Brenda, Alan, and Suzanne were all shocked, especially because the voice came from so nearby. Suzanne reacted by pulling her tightly sucking lips off Alan's boner. Alan simply released Brenda's nipples.

The three of them frantically looked around to find the source of the voice. Brenda even sat upright and tried to cover her privates, while Suzanne stood up.

Susan stared at each of them, one by one. She was fuming with anger. "Brenda! What are YOU doing here?! And why are you screaming loud enough to be heard in L.A.?"

Suzanne quickly shifted into damage control mode. Wiping the cum and saliva off her chin, she said, "Come on, Susan. The neighbors can't hear. My backyard is gigantic; you know that."

"Well, I heard it all the way from inside my car in my garage! It was faint, but it was sure distinctive, like a wounded animal. Would someone please tell me just what the heck is going on here? It looks like you're having a mini-orgy!"

Alan also tried to help with the damage control. "Mom, I know it looks that way, but it really isn't. We were just talking. But the sun got to us and we decided to put some suntan lotion on. And, well..."

Susan said sarcastically, "Let me guess: you ran out of lotion, and the one spot still uncovered was your penis, so Suzanne helpfully covered it with her mouth!"

Suzanne found that quite funny, especially coming from Susan, and she couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Susan turned her wrath on her best friend. "YOU! What's so funny?! I can't even leave home for an hour without all this, this ... debauchery happening!"

Suzanne decided that this time she would brave Susan's wrath, which was always a risky decision. "Get real, Susan. Are you forgetting all the things you did to Alan's penis yesterday alone? And I explicitly told you this morning before church that I might play with him a little bit! Don't you remember that? 'Let she who is free of cocksucking cast the first stone.'"

Suzanne had been doing a good job defending herself, up until she made that last comment. Susan went from angry to livid. "How DARE YOU mock Scripture like that! I know that... Well, I've done some things... Heck, I've done a lot of things! But I haven't done them during God's time! This is God's time!"

Suzanne still braved disaster. "Susan, you're not in church anymore."

"I know. But I just got home! I literally just got out of the car!" She sniffed the air disapprovingly. "And you've made even the great outdoors smell like a whorehouse!" bender

Brenda blanched at that, knowing that most of the pussy smell was due to her own very leaky slit.

But Suzanne seemed unfazed. "Fine. You should have gotten out of the car and gone into your house. If you had stopped and listened for a few minutes, you would have realized that those were erotic screams. What's happening here has nothing to do with you and your religious activities."

Susan lowered her voice, although she was still simmering with anger (which was evident by her aggressive stance, with her hands on her hips). "It has everything to do with me! How can I contemplate the mercy of the Lord at all now, after hearing screams like that? Someone could have been hurt, so I had to come running! I'm all frazzled now. Frazzled and shocked and appalled. And YOU! Brenda!"

Up to that point, Brenda had been trying to lay low and avoid Susan's gaze. She'd done her best to curl up and cover her privates (although her hands couldn't do much to cover her vast expanse of tit-flesh). She was grateful that Suzanne was taking the brunt of Susan's anger, so she shuddered when she heard Susan call her name.

Fortunately, Suzanne cut in. "Susan, lay off her! Whatever she was doing, it's my fault. I arranged it! Brenda just came over to have a nice chat with me. I was the one who insisted we take off all our clothes, and all the rest. You see that pitcher on the table there? That contains rum. Brenda is more than a little tipsy, and that's my doing too."

Susan huffed, "Well... I... never! Drinking demon alcohol during the Lord's time, on a Sunday morning! Not to mention what you were doing to... to... his penis!" She pointed accusingly at Alan's crotch.

Alan had reacted much like Brenda, kneeling down behind the lounge chair and trying to make himself inconspicuous. His penis had gone flaccid, and he was covering it with his hands for good measure. Also like Brenda, he was grateful to be ignored for a while, and upset to be called out.

He felt frustrated, because he felt he needed to act authoritatively in front of Brenda in order to maintain his dominant persona for her. It was vital to maintain his reputation since she knew the incest secret. But at the same time, he'd had a lifetime of deferring to his mother, especially in the very rare times she got in a truly angry mood. He wanted to say or do something decisive, but he didn't know what.

Suzanne continued to run interference, bravely defying Susan's anger, even though she knew that sometimes Susan could fly into a "mama grizzly bear" mode that was frightening to behold. She was fighting hard to deflate Susan's arguments before Susan reached that level of indignation. "Are you saying I shouldn't suck his cock on a Sunday?"

"Yes! That's exactly what I'm saying!"

"So, let's get this straight. That means you're not going to suck or otherwise touch his cock in any way for the rest of the day, as well as every Sunday from now on? Interesting."

Susan turned away in embarrassment. She said in a more contrite voice, "I didn't say that, exactly. You know I don't mean that..."

"Furthermore, you didn't do anything to his cock last Sunday?"

"Um..." Susan blushed, because she did a quick mental check and remembered that she had sucked her son's cock the prior Sunday evening.

"Well then, how can you get so upset with me? Especially since I TOLD YOU it was likely I'd have fun with him while you were gone. You didn't tell me then not to do anything!"

Susan tried to regain the offensive. "I know, but I said 'If you must,' like if there was an emergency. It's one thing to do it on God's day, like, in the evening. It's another thing to do it while some people are still at church. I really frown on, on... all of this!" She waved her hand dramatically in their general direction.

Suzanne was mindful that Susan had given permission for Brenda to see Alan's penis "in all its fully erect glory" and let Brenda "have a couple of nice orgasms too," to use Susan's own words, and that was more or less exactly what had happened. Suzanne longed to mention that immediately, but she felt she couldn't since Brenda was listening to every word. She wanted Brenda to think that everything that had happened had been completely spontaneous.

But that made Suzanne feel that she was definitely in the right, which in turn emboldened her to take a stronger stand. "Susan, don't you dare get all 'holier than thou' on me! You're just as 'bad' as me and you know it! Tell me this: if you're sitting around in your backyard with Alan, and he starts to get a hard-

on - and I do mean a raging, throbbing, painfully stiff boner - would you just sit there acting all religious and high and mighty and do nothing about it? Even if it's not long after church? Isn't that the textbook definition of an emergency?!"

Susan looked uncertain. "Well... that's hard to say... Would it be... really painful for him?"

"Oh, you know it. Serious blue balls. But you know that painful state isn't uncommon for him, what with the rate he's producing fresh sperm these days." Actually, she was just making that up, knowing it was the kind of thing Susan would fall for.

Susan bit her lip. "I know. It's a terrible affliction! If that's the case, I wouldn't be able to just stand by and watch him suffer. I'd have to help!"

Suzanne prodded, "And you'd help with your hands, right? And your lips, maybe? Your tongue? Could you see yourself perhaps fondling his balls with one hand, stroking the root of his shaft with your other, and bobbing up and down on the rest?"

Susan blushed. "That's, uh... That's how it's generally done, yes... After all, it's so hard to get him to cum. You have to go all out." The fire and anger had left her voice, and she sounded downright defeated. She realized Suzanne had bested her.

Suzanne delivered the final blow. "Then what's the difference between that and what I was just doing? Alan came out here and saw Brenda and me both buck naked. You know how alluring we look, and how stiff he gets. How could I not help him out? I tried to merely jack him off most of the time-"

Brenda chimed in, now that Susan wasn't so scary. "It's true. She did stroke him a lot." She felt very uncomfortable about the whole situation and didn't know what to say, but she wanted to at least help verify the truth.

Suzanne continued, "But you know how he is. If I only used my hands, I'd still be here fondling his cock until it gets dark. Remember his need to cum many times a day. Does that stop on Sunday? No! It never stops, and don't you forget it!"

Susan frowned miserably. "There is that..."

Alan had wanted to say something and not have Suzanne fight his battles for him. But Suzanne had been on a defiant and impassioned roll, and he didn't have much of a chance to butt in. With Susan at a loss for words, Alan finally saw his chance. He said, "Mom, can I speak to you for a moment in private?"

Susan reluctantly replied, "I suppose."

He took his mother about ten feet away. He put his hands on her shoulders and spoke to her in a low voice, heedless of the fact that his flaccid dick was in the open. "Mom, look. I understand how you got upset. But in addition to what Suzanne said, remember that Brenda knows our secret, the incest secret. Protecting the family comes first. How is your little tirade helping her join our group so our secret can stay secret forever?"

Susan thought that was a rhetorical question, but the long silence made clear that it wasn't. Subdued and sheepish, she quietly replied, "It's not."

"No, it's not. Remember that while you know I still put my pants on one leg at a time, Brenda has this elevated image of me as a super dominant kind of guy. It will help ease her into our group if that can be maintained as long as possible."

Susan nodded grimly. "I get it. Don't worry, I know what to do."

She walked back to the others, with Alan trailing slightly behind her. Then she spoke in Brenda's direction with her head hung down. "I'm sorry. I have to apologize. I misunderstood the situation, but my wonderful, manly son set me straight. I was way out of line with my prudish notions and in fact I deserve to be punished. So please, carry on. Don't mind me."

Suzanne was secretly chagrined, since she'd done most of the work getting Susan's attitude changed, yet Alan seemed to sweep in at the last minute and get all the credit. But she understood even though she hadn't been able to hear what Alan and Susan quietly discussed, she correctly guessed the gist, that it was important that Brenda's idea of Alan being a natural master type was reinforced in her mind.

Thus, she swallowed her pride, and said, "Thank you, Sweetie, for setting her straight."

Brenda was duly impressed. She hadn't really thought about the fact that Alan was staying quiet, but it was a discordant note for her on some level. Seeing and hearing him take charge of the situation was highly reassuring for her. She was so predisposed to adore Alan and his authority that she mentally gave him all the credit for changing Susan's mind, with only a small assist to Suzanne.

Susan waved her hands impatiently, mainly in Suzanne's direction. "What are you waiting for? Please, resume! If you don't, I'll feel bad. Not to mention, I'll probably face a well-deserved spanking."

That wasn't even on Alan's radar screen, and Susan knew that. But she was hamming it up for Brenda's benefit. She already had a rough idea that Brenda had a special love for getting spanked.

Sure enough, that spanking comment hit home for Brenda. Her arousal soared.

Alan would have liked to continue the sexual fun, but his penis had gone completely flaccid due to Susan's surprise interruption. He worried that he could make a bad impression on Brenda if he couldn't quickly get erect again.

So he said, "That's okay. Thanks for all the help, Aunt Suzy. At this point, my dick is like a turtle that went into its shell to hide. It won't be coming out again to play anytime soon."

Suzanne griped at Susan, "There! Are you happy? Look what you did. If he fails to reach his target today, we'll know the reason why."

Susan was sheepish, exaggerating her feelings a bit for Brenda's sake. "I'm sorry. I guess I blew it. Tiger, how could I make it up to you?"

He wiggled his eyes suggestively, "I've got some ideas for later, believe me. But I'm feeling pretty sexually satisfied right now anyway. I don't need to cum every time. That allows me to have more fun throughout the day. Why don't we all get dressed and go inside?"

Susan nodded. "Good idea. I can serve some drinks and we can have a nice chat."

So Suzanne took them into her house, since it was nearest. Everyone also got fully dressed again.

Alan quickly excused himself and went back to his own house next door. He figured that it was better if Brenda only saw him in sexual situations.

At one point, while Susan was getting drinks, Brenda urgently whispered to Suzanne, "Is Alan really going to punish her for what she did?! A spanking, even?!"

Suzanne shrugged, then quietly replied, "Who can say, except Alan? He's the man of the house. There's no telling. But... probably."

Suzanne, Susan and Brenda chatted awhile. Amy, who, like Katherine, hadn't stayed in the car very long after Susan had departed in such haste, also came home, and joined them for a while.

Brenda and Amy had never laid eyes on each other before, due to Suzanne trying to keep Amy away from sexually explicit activities like the weekly poker parties. However, they had heard a fair deal about each other. They shook hands and eyed each other carefully.

Brenda tried to be friendly. She wasn't aware that Amy had already been accepted as one of Alan's personal cocksuckers. However, she knew that Amy previously had gotten physically intimate with Alan, and that she was very close to him, almost like a second sister. So Brenda wanted to be in Amy's good graces.

Amy smiled, as she nearly always did, but Brenda detected that Amy was wary about her. And that was understandable, since Amy was protective of Alan and didn't know whether Brenda would be good for him or not.

The general mood of the group was awkward and the conversation was stilted, so Brenda made an excuse to leave as soon as she could.

All in all, despite the interruption and the disappointing ending, Suzanne was very pleased at how things had gone with Brenda. She figured that the whole encounter had been a big step on Brenda's journey towards total subservience to Alan, and also to herself. Things had gone a little wobbly with Susan's angry interruption, but luckily that situation had been saved and Alan was able to retain his sterling reputation in Brenda's eyes.

Brenda, though, felt like her world had been turned upside down. She was especially keen to talk to Suzanne about her feelings, but she felt she couldn't do that with Amy there too. Besides, she was afraid to admit to anyone else or even to herself just how powerfully Alan had affected her, and how strong her desire to submit to him had become.

She wasn't sure what to think when Susan walked her out the front door to share a brief private moment. Despite her generally miffed mood, Susan's pride in her son's sexual prowess meant she couldn't stop herself from gloating a little bit. "By the way, you know how last night on the phone I told you that Alan had eight orgasms yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"It turns out I was wrong. Actually, it was TEN! I got him to number nine between my breasts, and to number ten in my mouth!"

Brenda had been walking down the front path with Susan, but she stopped and stared. "Are you kidding me?! That can't be!"

"It is! True, it was a record day, but who knows what the future will bring? Perhaps that'll be the usual before long!"

"But what about... didn't you say you couldn't do that since you were punishing him?"

"Ha! The joke's on me. As if I could resist! And as if I could ever punish HIM!" Susan was going to say more, such as how he'd blasted his cum all over her face towards the end of the evening, but she looked around and was reminded they were in the front yard. Nobody was even in eyesight, but she didn't feel comfortable talking about such things in a place even that exposed. So she said, "We'll talk more about it later."

Brenda was relieved to hear that. It seemed upside down to her that Susan could even think of punishing Alan. She much preferred thinking about the likelihood that Alan was going to give Susan a spanking, as Suzanne had strongly suggested.

Then Susan whispered, "Oh, and I couldn't mention this with Suzanne being right there, but last night I also found out that Amy volunteered to be one of Alan's personal cocksuckers, and of course he accepted. Anyway, see you later!"

Brenda walked alone to her Aston Martin DB7 Volante convertible after exchanging final goodbyes. Her body had calmed down after Susan's arrival, but now she was so hot and bothered all over again that her legs were shaking and her heart was thumping. God DAMN! Already, today pretty much broke the last shreds of my resistance. All I can think about now is submitting to Alan and serving his cock with my busty body. Then Susan has to go and tell me all THAT?! GOD DAMN! I want him so badly that I feel like sobbing in frustration!

Chapter 469 Permission To Deploy My Mouth On Brother's Cock!

Suzanne still wanted to press her idea of taking Alan to the beach. As it had been before, her beach idea was just a cover so she could take him to a hotel and fuck him properly for the first time.

She knew that Alan would be amenable to such a beach trip, since that promised revealing bikinis and lots of sexy fun. Furthermore, he would be even more eager if he knew her true intent.

Suzanne went back to the Plummers' house. She worked with Susan, cleaning the kitchen and other rooms, just because they really were like sisters in one family. This was the first time they'd been alone since Brenda left, so Suzanne said, "By the way, thanks for playing along and acting deferential to Alan in front of Brenda."

Susan nodded. "Tiger explained it to me when he took me aside for a private chat. I feel like a fool for letting my feelings get the best of me. He pointed out that family comes first. But I just wasn't thinking."

Suzanne put a hand on Susan's back and gave it a friendly rub. "That's okay. We all make mistakes. The fact that you are such a passionate person and wear your emotions on your sleeve is one of the things I most love about you. We got it corrected before Brenda could get the wrong idea, and that's all that matters."

Susan said glumly, "Yeah, but I should have done better. I'm feeling like I really do deserve a harsh spanking."

Suzanne took her hand off Susan's back and gave her a sharp smack on her ass. "Who knows? Maybe you'll get one!" She gave her a saucy wink. "We'll just have to see what the man of the house has to say about that!"

Susan smiled widely at that. She found the idea of being punished by her son strangely appealing.

Half an hour later, when they'd finished cleaning, she figured enough time had passed since Susan's tirade for her to suggest the beach idea again. She figured that Susan was almost back to her normal self.

However, Susan wouldn't allow it. After all, she pointed out, Alan had been grounded just the day before.

Alan complained, "Now, wait a minute. You said I was grounded for three days, including yesterday. Fine. But then last night, you blew me twice and tossed out the punishment in the process. Don't you remember? Don't you recall saying to me: 'Tiger, why don't we just forget all about your punishment? Mommy needs your cock in her mouth every single day or she just doesn't feel right.' I sure remember that!"

Susan didn't know what to say at first. It didn't help that she'd been in a non-aroused and fully clothed state since church. She finally muttered, "Last night... mistakes were made. I did some things of which I'm not so proud. But let's not compound one error with another. Today is the day of the Lord. It's a day for quiet, spiritual contemplation."

Suzanne knew Susan well, so she was ready with a counterargument. "Susan, you're so right. But we could also use this time to contemplate the severity of Sweetie's condition. It just so happens that I have an article I've been meaning to show you." She held up a magazine and opened it to a pre-selected page. "This is an article about male masturbation."

"How dreadful!" Susan exclaimed with a frown, just from hearing those words. "What a vile, wasteful habit."

"I know," Suzanne replied. "For men, that is. But we must not be ignorant of the evils that threaten us. Most of this article is just technical, boring stuff, but read this sentence right here. It says that a typical male produces over 100 million new sperm a day. One hundred million!"

Susan snatched the magazine away and closely read the sentence Suzanne had highlighted. Sure enough, that's what it said.

While Susan read, Suzanne gave Alan a quick, furtive wink.

Finally, Susan looked up. "Oh dear! My goodness! This is highly distressing. Not only that, but this says that's for a typical male, and we know Tiger is anything but typical. Why, knowing him, he must be producing two hundred million spermies a day, if not THREE hundred million!"

Suzanne shook her head sadly, even as she was secretly amused by the way Susan automatically increased the number for Alan. "Yes. Without a doubt. Tragic, isn't it? That's why virile boys with powerful cocks like Sweetie here feel tempted to masturbate - sometimes many times a day! - if they don't have a girlfriend or wife to help out. All that sperm is filling his balls, fighting to get out! As you know, our cutie here only has you, me and Angel to help out. Well, not counting his mysterious help at school, but they can't help on a Sunday. A demanding, unstoppable cock - sorry - penis like his doesn't know anything about the need to rest on Sundays. Millions of sperm are being produced every few minutes, even as we speak!"

Susan stared at Alan's covered crotch with serious alarm. "To think! I'll have to, er, I mean we'll have to guzzle down hundreds of MILLIONS of wiggly, potent, little spermies, every single day! Each one capable of making us pregnant! The idea is so very..."

"Hot?" Suzanne suggested, with a subtle grin.

"Well, yeah! But distressing too. What can we do about it? I mean, it's like a never-ending battle. There's no rest, not even on God's day."

Suzanne was sitting next to Alan, so she ostentatiously patted the bulge that had just grown in his pants. "What can we do? We really have no choice but to serve our cutie Tiger, and service his rampant, powerful cock whenever he asks."

She dramatically raised a fist. "It's not just a battle; it's a war! We have to declare WAR!"

Katherine was there listening but staying silent, careful not to interfere with Suzanne's brilliant indoctrination. But when Suzanne said that, she had to cover her mouth to hide a snicker.

For Susan though, this subject was dead serious. She listened closely as Suzanne continued.

"It's a war on sperm! Each day, we have to strive to literally drain Tiger's balls dry. But you're right that it's a war without end. New sperm are made every single minute, and each night his balls will completely fill up with delicious seed. That's our lot in life, to fight a war we can never quite win."

She went on, "But, and this is my main point, there's no rest for the sperm!"

"But Sunday is God's day of rest," Susan pointed out. "Maybe we could at least take Sunday mornings off?"

"Let Him rest. But we can't rest, not even for half of Sundays, not if your Tiger's cock is feeling needy." Suzanne still had a hand on Alan's bulge. She looked at her hand to draw Susan's attention there. "Look at this!" She gripped his boner in a way that highlighted its length and thickness. "Look at how big that is. Think of all the millions of sperm in there, fighting to be free!"

She brought her other hand over and cupped his balls through his pants. She subtly pushed them up and out to make them look bigger. "And look here! Look at the potential uncounted BILLIONS of sperm here, and more being produced every single minute of the day! Do you think Sweetie can have a restful Sunday with painful blue balls all morning long?"

Susan held a hand to her mouth in dismay. Her eyes were glued on Suzanne's hands, which were holding Alan's cock and balls through his pants. Far from objecting, she was suddenly so horny that she was disappointed she couldn't be the one cradling his privates like that.

Suzanne began stroking Alan's shaft in an obvious manner, as best she could through the fabric. "Regardless of church, regardless of Sundays, we have to strut around in sexy clothes and high heels, bending and posing and showing off our big tits and tempting asses. All to inspire a thick, hard, tasty erection, like the one he has now... this one!"

She dramatically unzipped his fly, whipped out his erection, and resumed stroking it, this time with much more satisfying skin-on-skin contact. "If we're lucky enough to get him stiff like this, we have to do all we can! We have to rip our tops off so our big tits can bounce free, then drop to our knees and make love to his magnificent thickness for as long as it takes! Why, you might be forced to spend the next hour - or two! - trying to tend to his manly slab of delicious cock-beef, slathering it and loving it with your tongue and lips while playfully juggling his sperm-filled heavy balls with your hands. But of course, that is our lot in life, whether we like it or not. Our role is to SERVE!"

Susan's big breasts were heaving as she stared at Alan's bulge with undisguised need. She muttered, "Yes! To SERVE!"

Suzanne turned briefly to Alan and winked surreptitiously.

He thought, Wow! Incredible! Aunt Suzy is brainwashing Mom. And it's totally working!

Katherine thought Suzanne's "declaration of war" was silly, but if it helped her mother loosen up, she was all for it. So she said, "Let's not be so negative. True, we can't win the war, but if we take things one day at a time, we can win the daily battle! Help him cum six times a day, at least. That's a victory, right?"

Susan panted excitedly, "True! So true! Angel, I'm so glad you're here to hear this."

Suzanne let go of Alan's dick and balls completely and sat back in her chair. Her idea was that if Susan saw he was not being "tended to" properly, she'd be keen to take over. And then she'd get so horny that she'd agree to just about anything.

The breathless mother probably would have already fallen to her knees if she hadn't been sitting in her Sunday best in a chair. She suddenly found all her heavy church clothes far too confining, so she pulled at her top like a nervous Rodney Dangerfield. But then she came out of her trance enough to look directly at Alan's thick hard-on poking out of his fly, untended.

That bothered her greatly, as Suzanne had intended, but Susan was sitting too far away to easily reach his crotch. She looked up at his face and asked, "Uh, Son? Do you need my help right now? I mean, we don't want all those billions of yummy spermies just churning around in your balls... They belong in my stomach or on my face, where they can't cause any harm!"

Alan was no dummy. He realized that Suzanne had excited Susan so much for some purpose, and guessed that the purpose was the beach trip. He said, "Mom, that's true. But that's all the more reason Aunt Suzy and I should go to the beach together. Just think how hard and horny my dick will get, seeing my auntie strutting around in a tiny bikini. I'll cum buckets, for sure!"

Unfortunately for Suzanne, he'd taken the wrong tack. Susan was jealous. She was also really worried about the things that Suzanne might do with Alan if she had him all to herself, in private, for many hours.

Katherine didn't help matters by saying, "Hey! I wanna go too! I can help keep him well drained." Since Susan was so worked up, Katherine tried for the dramatic by stiffening up and saluting. "Private Katherine, reporting for duty! Permission to deploy my mouth on Brother's cock!"

Susan put her foot down, in large part because she didn't want to be without her son for that long. "Permission denied! You're still grounded, remember?"

"But MoooOOOOooooom!"

Alan asked, "What about if it's just Aunt Suzy and me? We're not grounded."

Susan replied, "Sorry, but no! You can get all hard and horny here. We can strut around in tiny bikinis around the pool. In fact, if we stay here, and you ask politely, we might even take part of our bikinis off. Wouldn't you like that? Besides, how could she relieve you in a public place? It's better and safer to keep you here."

"But Mom," he nagged. "I can go to the pool any old time. The pool is boring. The beach is fun."

Katherine pointed to Alan's crotch in dismay. "Look, Mom! You're making him wilt, thanks to your negative attitude."

Sure enough, Alan's penis was growing flaccid.

Even so, Susan folded her arms under her huge tits and said, "Sorry. I'm not budging."

Their dispute had dispelled the horny atmosphere that Suzanne had worked so hard to create. That made Alan feel really peeved, so he decided to act as if his dick didn't need any help. He figured that if he held out for a while, Susan would get so horny that she'd give in and go along with the beach idea. So, after tucking his penis away and zipping up his fly, he retreated in apparent disappointment, going to the living room to play video games.

Unfortunately, he was just making life difficult for himself. Suzanne's words and especially the sight of Alan's boner being stroked in front of her had finally broken Susan's prudish mood. It wasn't long before she came back downstairs dressed in a very sexy outfit.

Katherine and Suzanne noticed that, so they followed her lead - they took that as a green light for them to dress in even more revealing outfits.

Susan "retaliated" by putting on an even more sexy outfit, with a plunging neckline that went down to her belly button.

Amy came over about that time, and soon the four females were all strutting about in various states of competitive undress, each of them trying to outdo the others with "visual stimulation."

Alan was too distracted to focus on his video game, so he went to the dining room to eat celery with peanut butter as a snack, then pretended to read the Sunday newspaper. As long as he held the newspaper up with both hands, he couldn't see what they were wearing or doing. He was still trying to hold out until Susan gave in on the idea of going to the beach.

Alan's teasing continued all through lunch, although it was tempered a little bit because Amy was eating with them, and Amy felt restrained with her over-protective mother present.

Susan spoke at length about the "sperm threat," the dangers of "Onanism," and generally of the "need" to help him with his "billions of wiggly, madly multiplying spermies." This was pretty much just reiteration of Suzanne's propaganda, but Amy had never heard Susan talk like that before, so she listened attentively.

Chapter 470 It's Nude-Y Time!

After lunch, Alan maintained his seemingly unaroused mood, leading to lots of questions from the others. He just kept on apparently reading the newspaper at the dining table.

At one point, Susan walked up to him and shyly asked, "Ah... Uh, Son... How is the state of your, uh, penis doing these days?"

"Good, in general. Not a lot of soreness or chafing." His mother looked very tempting in her sexy outfit, but he had some idea of what was coming, so he tried his best not to let his penis engorge.

She smiled, but with worry on her face. "Excellent. But I mean, more specifically... how is the, uh... the getting erect status going?"

He grinned, secretly amused at how she was blushing slightly while trying not to show how eager she was to help him out. "Why? What would happen if I were erect?"

She stared longingly at his crotch. "Well... one of us, we could help you out."

"With your mouth, you mean?"

Her blush deepened and she turned away in embarrassment. "That's uh, one possibility." Without realizing it, she licked her lips several times as she pictured herself naked and on her knees, sucking his cock.

He said, "Cool. Thanks for the offer, but I'm fine for now. I don't need any help."

"Oh." She frowned sadly. "Are you still upset at how I interrupted you, Suzanne, and Brenda earlier? I'm really sorry about that."

"Nah. That's not it at all. I can understand how you were upset, coming straight from church and seeing that. Let's just forget all about that, okay?"

She nodded. But then she perked up a bit and resumed eye contact. "Could I bake you some cookies?"

He chuckled. "Sure. You're the best!"

After he'd enjoyed a snack, complete with oatmeal raisin cookies, Katherine came by and asked him, "Hey, Bro, don't you need some relief after all the teasing? I heard all about what happened with Aunt Suzy and Brenda and all. You must have worked up a big, creamy load."

He replied, "Nah, I'm good. It's still flaccid at the moment."

"Oh. Okay." She looked visibly disappointed, as did Susan and Suzanne, who were listening in.

He asked, "By the way, how did you hear all about that already?"

"Well, while you were off sulking, Aunt Suzy gave us all a full debriefing. Even Amy got to hear." She looked over at Amy and smiled.

Amy's return smile practically lit up the room. Obviously, she was very glad to have been included.

He asked, "And Mom wasn't upset?"

"Are you kidding me? Her story was so hot we could use it to run a power plant. Then, as soon it was over, she called up Brenda to get what I'm sure was an even hotter debriefing."

He looked over to Susan, who was puttering about in the kitchen, still close enough to overhear.

She blushed and suddenly started doing something that allowed her to turn her head away.

Suzanne was reading "When Genius Failed," a book on finance, while sprawled out on the love seat in the living room. She put the book down to comment, "You know, you need to maintain a better than average number for the rest of the week, to build up a surplus before your scouting trip next weekend."

"I'm aware of that. Thanks." He kept reading.

Suzanne looked over to the kitchen and shared a concerned look with Susan.

In a way, he was simply experimenting. Yes, his dick would become erect from time to time in the face of all their flirting, but overall he still felt sexually satiated from the previous day's extreme activity. He wanted to see just how desperate they would get, and what they'd do to entice him.

Katherine sat down next to him, picked up a section of the newspaper, and started to read it.

He looked over at her. "Hmmm. Sis, the Business section? Really? Since when have you been reading that?"

She blushed, realizing that she'd been busted. Obviously, she wasn't seriously interested in that section of the paper; she just wanted to be near him for when his penis engorged once more. Instead of trying to defend herself, she asked, "You have the comics?"

He handed her the comics. He deadpanned, "Make sure to check out Family Circus. It's hilarious this week, as usual."

She smirked, since she knew that he found that comic strip as unfunny as she did. "Let me guess: is it the 'little Billy running all around the yard with a black line tracing his winding path' joke, or is it the 'Not Me' joke?"

He hadn't actually bothered to look at the comic, so he said, "It's a brilliant combination of the two!"

They both snickered at that. Even when things were slightly tense, he loved the camaraderie he had with his little sister.

All the women continued to linger nearby, frequently ask him how he was doing.

When his mother came over from the kitchen yet again to ask once more whether he needed any "special help," he finally lost his patience. "Geez! Give me a break already. First off, I believe I came ten times yesterday. TEN times! That's a record, and it's left me a little wiped out. Second, I've only gone a short time without any action, since Sis helped out earlier, and then I had fun with Aunt Suzy and Brenda."

Suzanne pointed out, "But all I did was stroke and suck you a little while you played with Brenda's big tits, and you didn't even cum."

He sighed with exasperation. "Think how that would sound in any other house on this street. That right there is so 'not normal'. Are you all so perpetually horny that you can't give me one more or less sex-free afternoon?"

The fact was that, yes, they all really were that horny. Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine had each found the day before to be simply incredible, though for Katherine the highlight had been her sex with Suzanne. That day had been a sexual epiphany for everyone except Alan. (It had been fantastic for him too, but in his case it was merely the latest in a never-ending series of increasingly amazing days.) The three women wanted more, like another shot of an addictive drug.

Amy had missed out on almost everything that had happened the day before, but Susan had given her the green light to help that afternoon, and she was very keen to get more involved.

Susan replied to his outburst, "Sorry. I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say we're really sorry. It's just that... well... to maintain your average, we have to be ever vigilant. Especially with that scouting trip coming up that could knock your average way down. It's just that we all love you, and we're really concerned."

He nodded, and thought, Sure. It's just because you're 'concerned' and it has nothing to do with the fact that you're horny. Give me a break! But between the way you're licking your lips and staring wantonly at my crotch, I'm getting a boner again. Damn!

Although she returned to the kitchen, his erection just wouldn't go away. Finally, more to maintain his average and get the women to stop bothering him than anything, he said, "Hey, Aunt Suzy? You got a minute?"

She put her book down. "Sure. What's up?"

"My dick could use a little attention. But I'm keen on reading the newspaper for a while longer. Would you mind slowly stroking me while I continue to read?"

"Not at all!" Suzanne quickly stood up. Realizing that she seemed to be too eager, she feigned relative indifference and took her time walking to where he sat. She took a seat next to him, unzipped his fly and fished out his stiff pole, but for a change kept all of her own clothes on.

Katherine put down her newspaper and complained, "Hey! What about me? Am I just a bump on a log? I can help too!"

He looked over to the kitchen and saw Susan looking back with obvious disappointment on her face. He said to them both, "Sorry, but I had to pick just one, and Aunt Suzy was the one of you who was pestering me the least."

He tried to ignore her efforts and continue to read, but the others were not so disinterested. One by one, Susan, Katherine, and Amy stopped what they were doing and came closer, drawn like moths to flame. They all sat at the table and watched every move Suzanne made. No one said a word, since they didn't want to interrupt his reading. The room was deathly quiet except for the sound of Suzanne's hand as it slid up and down his erection, slicked up as it was with his pre-cum.

Suzanne wasn't happy that Amy was there, since she didn't want her to see her mother pleasuring Alan. But she realized, Amy is around here far too often for me to be able to hide everything sexual from her. The fact is, what I'm doing now is going to be the new normal. I just have to act like it's no big deal for my daughter, and hopefully she'll treat it like no big deal. That casual attitude will work wonders for getting Susan to accept what I'm doing in front of everyone as normal too.

Sometimes, you just have to make sacrifices. The good thing is that Amy is so accepting and easy-going about everything. She probably really doesn't think it's a big deal one way or another.

Alan didn't want a handjob. He didn't want to get excited; for once he really just wanted to read the newspaper. But having the other three females watch while Suzanne stroked him eventually drove him to distraction and crazy with lust. He soon gave up on the paper and just kicked back to fully luxuriate in what Suzanne's talented hands were doing.

It didn't help that Suzanne kept lowering the front of her white dress until her almost as white boobs hung free. Then she started muttering things to him in her scratchy yet oh-so-sexy voice. "Look, Sweetie, I didn't wear a bra. You know why? Because you told us all not to. Ever! But without it, my nipples get hard and rub against the rough fabric when I think of you, even in church. In fact, the fabric is so rough that I'd better lower this dress some more."

Susan overheard this and said, "Oooh! What a good idea. Too bad I don't have buttons in the front though." That was true, because her plunging neckline practically split the front of her dress in two. "Angel, can you be a dear and unzip me in the back? Thanks. Suzanne is right: Tiger is so diabolically clever. My nipples get hard all the time with all that rough rubbing and then all I want to do is suck his cock!"

Alan looked up in time to watch his mother stand up and let her dress fall to her waist when the straps slipped off her shoulders. Then he saw the same thing happen to Amy's and Katherine's dresses, although they remained sitting.

Amy cried out with glee, "Cool beans! It's nude-y time!"

He chuckled at that. Then he looked back and forth at the eight glorious tits that were being displayed just for him, and groaned.