

6 Times 541

Chapter 541 Susan And Suzanne

With the kids still in school, Suzanne continued to break down Susan's resistance to kissing other women. Susan needed a breather after sharing one very steamy kiss with Suzanne, so Suzanne gave her some space and they resumed their interrupted morning exercises.

Suzanne thought that she'd figured out Susan's pattern of sexual liberation and prudish backsliding. She'd known Susan about as well as she'd ever known another person, but Susan's sexual liberation had no precedent, so it had taken her some time to understand all the nuances of Susan's moods.

Right now, she knew that she had to keep Susan continually horny until Susan's remaining regrets and worries faded away.

They were both still topless, and Suzanne racked her brain for some kind of plausible, or even semi-plausible, excuse for them to take their spandex shorts off too. But she couldn't think of any.

However, she had no trouble keeping Susan extremely aroused, even without any physical contact. She just had Susan describe in intimate detail her first blowjob that morning. Suzanne picked the first one because that way she avoided all the "lesbianism" issues Susan had with her later kissing of Katherine. Actually, the first blowjob hadn't lasted more than a minute; it was all the events that led up to it that Susan got hot and bothered talking about, especially the dry humping.

The only problem Suzanne had with her scheming, if one could call it a problem, was that when she manipulated Susan into getting extremely aroused, she usually ended up getting similarly excited herself.

More disturbing for Suzanne, her attempt to indoctrinate Susan with specific lingo and ideas was wildly successful, but she sensed that she was at least partially indoctrinating herself at the same time. For instance, even though she'd never thought of Alan as "powerful" before, and certainly never thought of his penis as a "powerful" thing, she and Susan had used that term so much lately that she couldn't help but be affected. Before, when she'd heard Susan use that kind of language she'd had to try not to snicker, but now she didn't even bat an eye.

In any case, Suzanne got so carried away hearing all the details about the dry humping that it took her a while before she remembered her goal to push Susan's boundaries about woman-to-woman kissing. The fact that Susan was telling her story while they were both ostensibly still exercising made it even easier to be distracted. Both of them pretty much sexually humped every exercise machine they sat on, thanks to all Susan's talk about dry humping.

But eventually the story reached its cummy climax when Susan finally started describing the actual blowjob itself.

Knowing that Susan's lusty mood was climaxing along with the story, Suzanne announced it was a good time for them to end their exercises (such as they were). Suzanne wanted to get her kissing scheme back on track.

Susan had agreed that they should practice greeting each other with French kisses whenever one of them entered a room where the other one was. So when they finished resting and toweling off after the exercises, Suzanne walked out of the basement, rushed up to the underwear cabinet, picked up a pair of high heels for Susan and another pair for herself, then returned to the basement exercise area and walked back in.

"Hi girlfriend! How's it going?" She walked forward.

"Hi Suzanne!" Susan said in mock surprise as Suzanne entered the room. She knew Suzanne had created a ridiculously thin pretense for another kiss, but she didn't care. She was still so aroused that she could hardly wait for it.

Suzanne smiled, held up the two pair of high heels, and wagged them enticingly.

Susan smiled too. She'd recently begun to associate high heels with sexual fun with Alan, so a kind of Pavlovian association had developed where even the sight of high heels made her horny. She was rather surprised that Suzanne had brought them, though. The women almost never wore heels when Alan wasn't home, because they had to limit their time in them so their feet wouldn't hurt all the time. Besides, there was no way to wear them while exercising.

She decided to reply to Suzanne's question: "Okay. How's it going with you?"

Suzanne put the shoes down on a table so she could have her hands free. She kept walking forward, then suddenly and boldly encircled Susan in a tight embrace and planted her lips on her friend's mouth. She immediately began tonguing her, even bending Susan backward a bit during their kiss.

Susan responded with her own tongue, more actively and passionately this time than before.

After another minute, Suzanne stopped the kiss and pulled back.

"It's going well," she said, answering Susan's nearly forgotten question. "How are things on your side?"

"Good. Really good. I was just helping Tiger reach his daily target..."

Then Susan broke from her acting role. "Do women really truly kiss like that? It just seems so passionate. What if Ron saw us kissing like that?" Her brain was fogged, especially because Suzanne still held her in an embrace, and Suzanne's big, bare melons actively rubbed against her own in distractingly delightful ways.

Suzanne answered, "If he saw a kiss like that, he'd probably get horny and give you a good fucking later that evening. Oh wait, I forgot, I'm talking about Ron. Women don't turn him on, so that wouldn't work."

They chuckled, although with a tinge of sadness.

Suzanne went on, "Most guys would get horny, anyway. That's probably why guys encourage women to do this kind of thing. You have to admit it's a lot more fun than just saying 'hi.'"

Susan ran a hand down Suzanne's shapely back as she responded, "Yes it is. But it was just so emotional. And passionate. I just can't imagine that women normally kiss like this. I mean, like you and Brenda. I can't even picture how your two faces can meet in the first place with your big tits getting in the way. When you kiss her, do you feel shivers down your spine? Do you feel tingling down in your... Well, tingling all over your skin? Doesn't it make it hard to even think when she's got her beach-ball-size breasts pressing into your chest, rubbing her remarkably long nipples all over your own soft, white mountains? I mean, how can you just casually greet someone like that?"

Susan was getting herself quite worked up visualizing Brenda and Suzanne together, greeting one another so intensely.

Suzanne had been lying when she said that she regularly kissed Brenda on the mouth like that. She replied, "Kissing Brenda isn't that different from kissing you. Your tits are nearly as humongous as hers, and they're the same as mine. You and I are both prime centerfold material, and you know it. You may deny it because you're so modest, but that's just a fact. Bodies like yours and mine, and I'm sure Brenda's, are designed to give and receive pleasure."

Suzanne reached out and cupped Susan's boobs from underneath. "Our tits, our lips" - she glided a finger up Susan's neck and chin until it reached her lips - "our hands" - she ran a finger of her other hand down Susan's arm until it reached her hand - "our asses" - the finger on Susan's lip suddenly found itself sliding down Susan's thinly covered ass crack - "and our pussies" - Suzanne knew Susan's pussy was a no-go area for now, even with shorts on, so she trailed a finger down to the top of where Susan's bush was and stopped there - "every inch of us has more nerve endings than the typical female."

Susan shivered and tingled everywhere Suzanne had touched her. She felt particularly powerful tingles in her pussy and nipples, even though Suzanne hadn't quite touched her in either of those places.

Suzanne continued, "It's not just our large breasts; we're exceptionally sensitive all over. Maybe that's one reason that we've become such good friends, because we're kindred spirits. You know, when Sweetie puts his hand on my ass cheek and strokes it, that's enough to make me want to cum, right there."

Susan thought, Me too, sometimes! So what she's saying is that big-titted women are born to please naturally superior males like my cutie Tiger. That makes sense. It stands to reason that the bigger the tits a woman has, the more they were made by the Lord to serve! Yes! To be a sexual SLAVE to my son's cock... Gaawwwd, that makes me SO HOT!

But she merely said, "Me too! I love it when he touches my ass. That's my favorite." However, then she salivated as she thought about sucking his cock. "Well, my second favorite." Then she thought about his tit play. "Okay, third favorite, probably. But that's partially 'cos I'm afraid to let him get near my tits and especially my nipples because they're just too sensitive. I can get off just by pinching my own nipple."

Susan attempted to demonstrate this by pinching one of her nipples. While it didn't get her to climax, that was only because she'd climaxed so recently.

Without thinking, Suzanne unconsciously reached over and pinched Susan's other nipple, then pinched one of her own as well. She watched Susan's whole body shudder and tremble, although again it didn't quite lead to a full orgasm. "Yes. See what I mean? So that's part of it. There's going to be more electricity just because of our bodies. Call it a blessing or a curse. But more than that, this is a new and scary experience for you, so you're excited and tense about it. That'll pass."

Suzanne continued to hold Susan's nipple, gently rolling it between her fingers. "Think about how you would kiss your husband when he came home from work, when he is here in the States. Even if you were to kiss him on the lips, it'd be no big deal anymore, right?"

"Yuck. Don't remind me about him." The unpleasant thought caused Susan to put her hands down, removing them from fondling herself.

"Sorry, but the point is, that's how it'll be with other women when you get used to kissing them. You and I need to practice more so that the next time Sweetie asks you to kiss another woman you won't be all frazzled and troubled by it. It's like learning to ride a bicycle without training wheels. The first time, you're really nervous, but eventually you can do it without even thinking about how it's done."

"You're right. My nerves will go away too, just like that. I couldn't handle the intensity if every kiss was like this, thank God. It's almost better than kissing my Tiger! This will pass. Yes. You're always right. What a good friend you are."

Suzanne said, as she casually brought her other hand up to play with Susan's other nipple at the same time, "Note also that I said 'Hi, girlfriend'? I'm sure you've noticed how women call each other 'girlfriend' but guys never call each other 'boyfriend'? That's another example of how our society likes a certain amount of low-level woman-woman interaction. It's titillating. All of Sweetie's women call each other 'girlfriend' but, needless to say, he doesn't call anyone 'boyfriend.' I know it's unfair."

"It is!" But Susan was much more aroused than upset by the idea. It's like he has a harem! A stable! A stable of big-titted beauties. And we all have to kiss each other and rub our tits against each other to keep his cock stiff and long! He needs all that visual stimulation because he has such a big, thick, and oh-so suckable cock!

Suzanne added, while still idly playing with Susan's nipples, "Boy, Sweetie will be really turned on when he sees us kiss each other!"

"He sure will!" Susan paused, and then asked shyly, "Can we... maybe... practice some more?"

Suzanne's heart soared. She was totally in love with Susan. Her friendship with Susan came first, and she didn't want to do anything to jeopardize that. But to keep that friendship and have a physically intimate relationship was such an exciting idea that Suzanne actually swooned. Unbelievable! It's really happening! My impossible dream to be with Susan in every way is coming true after all these years. Her lust for Sweetie was the key to breaking down her defenses. Even if she's against making love with me and just wants to kiss and fondle, I'll still be over the moon! That's like winning the lottery, right there! No, I'm winning it three times, once with her, once with Sweetie, and once with Angel!

Suzanne had to turn away, because she didn't want to scare Susan off by revealing just how excited and downright giddy she was. She needed an excuse to stay facing another direction for a while, so a naughty idea came to her: she pulled her shorts down her legs.

Susan was still waiting anxiously for an answer to her request to practice some more, so she was quite puzzled. "Suzanne? What are you doing?" Very quietly, almost in a whisper, she added, "Does that mean you don't want to kiss me again?"

Suzanne's shorts were only down to her knees when she suddenly turned around and beamed with joy. "Susan, of COURSE I'd love to kiss you some more!" She's just so cute and lovable! This is true love! She added, "But let's take our shorts off first, okay?"

However, Suzanne saw Susan looking confused, and realized that her friend needed at least some thin excuse. So she added, "If we're gonna practice kissing and imagine that Tiger is watching us, you know he's gonna want us naked. Completely naked. So we should practice that." She pulled her shorts the rest of the way off as she explained this, then draped them over one of the exercise machines.

Susan giggled. "You called him 'Tiger.'"

Suzanne reviewed her words and smiled. "So I did. Heck, I hear 'Tiger this' and 'Tiger that' so much every day that I think of him as a Tiger almost as much as a Sweetie."

"Ditto for me and 'Sweetie,'" Susan said. "He's a sweet tiger." She giggled at that happy thought. "But is it really necessary for us to get totally nude just to kiss? It's not like we're ALWAYS completely naked around him."

"True, but we ARE naked for him quite a lot lately. Don't you think naked and kneeling is the very best way to suck his cock? Not counting wearing high heels, of course."

Susan bit her lip and nodded. That's so true! Just thinking about it is making me salivate. Tiger, where are you and your big thick cock when I need it most?!

Suzanne added, "Besides, those exercise shorts were just too tight and confining anyway. Try taking yours off. Do it for your son. Imagine he's here right now, staring at you. You'll feel much better."

Susan immediately followed that advice. The magic words were "Do it for your son." She didn't need to think about it after Suzanne said that, at least not while in her current horny state. And she was relieved to take them off anyway, since they'd gotten quite wet with all her pussy juices.

Chapter 542 Is It Wrong To Kiss Like This?

Suzanne and Susan practiced kissing three more times, with Suzanne pretending to leave and reenter the room each time. Rubbing their bare tits and especially their erect nipples together was as much or more important for them than the kissing. But Suzanne avoided grinding her pussy against Susan's leg since she didn't want to push her too far too soon.

After the second kiss, Susan nodded to the table where their high heels were sitting. "Can we try a kiss with those on?"

Suzanne went and got the shoes. "Sure." She was euphoric. She had no idea when she'd woken up that morning that she'd be kissing her best friend on the lips just hours later. She'd thought Susan wasn't ready for this, so she was delighted to be proven wrong.

She wiggled the shoes in her hands as she walked back, sashaying her hips as if parading for Alan. "Heels like these really get your blood pumping, don't they?"

Susan blushed a little bit as she took her pair. She bent over to put them on, causing her huge tits to dangle dramatically. "Well, yeah. I mean, Tiger never says anything about them, but I can just tell he gets extra excited and stiff when I'm wearing them. I feel naked without them these days, and I don't mean the good kind of naked. It almost doesn't seem right to suck his big cock unless I'm wearing them. Four- or five-inch heels are best!"

Suzanne had been putting her own heels on, while also enjoying the sight of Susan bending over. She stood back up at the same time Susan did, and took her again in her arms. "Let's see if heels make a better kiss." She wasn't willing to admit it, but even she was developing a fetish for high heels.

They kissed again. By this point they had gotten quite comfortable with kissing each other, so they were able to let themselves go. Susan had already gotten used to Alan running his hands all over her naked body while kissing her, and she especially liked the way he kneaded her bare ass cheeks while pressing his stiffy against her. So it seemed natural when Suzanne kneaded her bare ass cheeks too while kissing.

There were two major differences than if she'd been with Alan: there was no hot boner pressing into her lower abdomen, and her big melons were pushing into Suzanne's equally big and impressive melons instead of Alan's flat, muscular chest. Susan missed feeling Alan's hard-on, but since her breasts were so excitable, their rubbing racks together almost made up for it.

Suzanne had a good idea just how sensitive Susan's boobs were - unfortunately, much more sensitive than her own - so she let her hands roam over them quite a lot. Even though Suzanne's boobs weren't as sensitive as she would have liked, now that she knew how much pleasure Susan derived from her own, Suzanne's nipples were quite responsive, which led the two busty mothers to have "nipple battles," rubbing their nipples against the other's while they were also dueling with their tongues.

Susan realized that Suzanne was a much more talented kisser than she was. When that kiss ended, she bemoaned her own lack of skill. "I'm sorry I'm such a bad kisser. Kissing Ron was like kissing a dead fish. I just never got into it. I need to learn to do better for my Tiger."

"No worries," Suzanne said reassuringly as she rolled Susan's left nipple. She liked how Susan referred to kissing Ron in the past tense. "We'll practice this until you get really good. Sweetie won't know what hit him when you kiss him goodnight tonight. Then he'll learn from you and become a better kisser too, and then both of you will be better kissers. If it helps you, just imagine that my tongue is actually his fat erection, deeply penetrating your mouth. Treat it gently with your own tongue. Put your growing

cocksucking skills to use. Then switch roles and imagine that your tongue is his cock, and my mouth is one of your wet, dripping holes."

"Oooh!" Susan bounced and squealed with delight, rubbing her nude body all over Suzanne's in the process. "That might help. Let's try again!"

They necked some more, and this time Susan was much, much better. Suzanne could hardly believe how good it felt, or how happy this kissing made her. In fact, she was so ecstatic that she repeatedly had to use all her willpower not to cry tears of joy. (She would have had a real problem coming up with a plausible explanation for her tears.)

They broke apart after a few minutes. Susan bent down to take her high heels off.

Suzanne asked, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, you know how it goes. As a general rule, I only wear high heels for my Tiger. Otherwise, my feet hurt too much."

"Well, hold your horses for now though," Suzanne advised. "Soon, I think it's time for us to get serious about your sashaying practice."

Susan immediately stopped talking off her heels and stood up straight. "Oh, goody! I'm more than ready. You've had me practicing walking in heels in weird ways for over a week now, and I don't quite understand what's it all about. What's so great about sashaying, anyway, and why do I need so much practice for it?"

Suzanne lectured, "Sashaying isn't just another way of walking; it's an art form! If you do it right, you'll literally see Sweetie's tongue hanging out of his mouth. And his cock will get so hard and stiff in seconds that he'll have no choice but to ask you for a nice long cocksucking!"

That perked Susan up. She licked her lips hungrily. "Let's do it! Not 'soon,' but now!"

Suzanne chuckled at Susan's eagerness. "I've already taught you how to strut, and you've doing well with that, but sashaying is much more difficult. Especially if you want to do it in high heels."

"I do, I do! I can already sense that to do it any other way would be downright improper. But what's so hard about it? I've been walking in high heels for many years now."

Suzanne walked away, showing off her sashaying style as she talked. "Yes, but strutting is a very different thing. You have to rethink how you place your feet, how you move your hips, how you hold your head, what you do with your arms - everything. Frankly, I wouldn't even let you try it in anything more than low heels except for your experience wearing high heels to all those parties you used to go to. Angel and Amy for instance, they'd need a lot of training even to do it in low heels. And just as important is your attitude. You need to walk with confidence and feminine grace, yet with a touch of aggression, like you're a panther stalking its prey."

Suzanne spun around on her heels as if turning on a dime. "And you see that little move? I have so many moves and tricks to teach you." She resumed sashaying, but back to Susan this time. "If you can do it all correctly - and in high heels, no less - the effect on a horny guy like Alan is simply devastating. Coming or going, it makes no difference." She winked as she added, "Soon, you'll have HIM cumming, if you know what I mean."

Susan clutched at her bare chest. Had she not done that, her huge tits would have moved up and down in time to her pounding heart.

Suzanne turned back around and bent over slightly. "Now I know you pride yourself on being Tiger's big-titted mommy, and rightfully so. But let's not forget how effective a lure the ass can be. Look at my ass right now. Imagine you just came home from a hard day at school and you saw me standing bare-assed like this. Wouldn't you just want to run your hands all over my backside?"

Susan whispered lustily, "Oh, yes! Oh yes!"

Suzanne prodded, "Wouldn't you want to walk up close, unzip your fly, whip out your massive cock, and rub it up and down my ass crack? And then reach around and fondle my big tits from behind until you've got me so hot and bothered that I'll have no choice but to drop to my knees and suck and suck and suck, just like a good mommy should?"

Susan gasped, "Oh yes! Yes, yes, YES! A thousand times yes!"

Suzanne turned back and smirked. She loved playing with Susan like that.

Susan waved her arms in impatient exasperation. "Let's get started already!"

Suzanne laughed. "Okay, but what about our kissing practice?"

"We can do that too. My goodness. Between the kissing practice and all this talk about sashaying, you've got me so horny that, well... I don't know what! I feel like I'm going to burst!"

They decided to take their kissing and sashaying practicing upstairs. For the rest of the morning, whenever one or the other would leave the room to go to the bathroom, answer the phone, get a drink, or whatever, they would greet each other again with a passionate kiss on their return.

They spent the rest of the day doing their usual things, with Susan working on household chores and Suzanne helping out just to be friendly and stay near. But pretty much the whole time they discussed Alan, and sex, and sex with Alan, which kept them horny while Suzanne found more reasons to keep them naked. As a consequence, each kiss grew only more passionate. bender

At one point, while they were folding laundry together, Susan looked around and said, "Look at us. This feels weird. I mean, we're doing this simple chore wearing nothing but sexy heels. I can't get used to it."

Suzanne said, "Don't! Never get used to nudity. Never forget your shame and embarrassment. You're not naked because it's comfy; you're naked because you're your son's big-titted slut! You're in training to be the best cocksucking centerfold mommy slut you can possibly be! That includes providing him with incredible visual stimulation. Imagine that he has a magic telescope that allows him to see you right now!"

Susan immediately straightened and stiffened her posture.

Suzanne continued, "Imagine him sitting in his class but somehow able to see his busty mom and busty aunt! He's listening to us too, watching and listening at all times, getting a big fat boner as he sees us

training to serve him!" Suzanne got off on the idea of Susan training to serve Alan, but she put herself in an entirely different category. She figured that if anyone was going to be the leader of the family harem, it was going to be her.

But she certainly knew how to push Susan's buttons. Susan stood up, causing the laundry in her lap to fall to the floor. "My goodness! Suzanne, that's SO HOT! Quickly, kiss me!"

Suzanne stood up to join her and they necked yet again.

As they did, Susan found herself thinking, Uh-oh! I think I'm starting to really love this. And as a thing in and of itself, not just as something to titillate my hunky son. Suzanne is such a wonderful person. I love her so much. And she's so very, very beautiful. How can I not react to her in a physical way?

Is it wrong to kiss like this? Especially when we're naked and our big tits are pressing together so delightfully? Lord, please grant me wisdom here. I'm turning into such a naughty, wanton woman! Where will it end?!

Chapter 543 Now Don't Tell Me Women Regularly Kiss Goodbye Like That!

Suzanne and Susan sunbathed in the nude in the back yard for the second day in a row. By that time both of them had been nude or nearly so most of the day. They'd spent over an hour in Susan's bedroom practicing naked sashaying, with Susan making a lot of progress.

Suzanne constantly made up excuses for them to "greet" each other while both of them were in the buff. They did so for many minutes, often continuing to rub their chests into each other even while pausing between kisses.

Suzanne used Alan as a lever to get Susan to do more intimate things without really realizing it was lesbian activity. She could justify just about anything by pretending that Alan was involved or watching.

For instance, as they were about to start another kiss, she said to Susan, "Kissing is even better if you really fondle your partner's ass. You know, like in slow dances."

"But we've already been doing that," Susan pointed out. "Practically all morning, in fact."

"True," Suzanne acknowledged. "But that's just surface stuff, clutching and caressing the fleshy part. Now imagine that my hand is your Tiger's hand, and that he wants to aggressively 'get your attention.'"

"Okay." Susan had such a vivid imagination that her heart started to beat faster, imagining she really was being groped by her son.

Suzanne gave Susan's ass cheeks a couple of tight squeezes before saying, "Okay, now I'm a horny Alan and I want to get nasty on your ass. What do I do?"

"Well, when he's a really naughty boy, he slips his hand into my ass crack."

Suzanne did so with one of her hands.

"Yeah, like that. Then he lets his hands roam all over my ass like he owns it, even deep into my ass crack, and he goes almost to my pussy lips. Mmmm! I love it when he does that! But he doesn't stop there! He even... this is so terribly embarrassing, but... sometimes he even puts a finger right into my, my... dirty hole. You know, back there!"

"You mean like this?" Suzanne brought her index finger to her mouth and licked it in a very sexy manner. Then she inserted it into Susan's anus.

Susan moaned quite loudly. "MMMM! Yeah!" She attacked Suzanne's lips with renewed vigor.

Suzanne said, "Why don't you try that on me at the same time, so that you'll know what it feels like for Tiger?"

Susan thought that was a great idea. So for a while the two of them sawed their fingers in and out of each other's assholes while they kissed, until they both exploded in massive orgasms that hit at nearly the same moment.

Suzanne was sorely tempted to stick her fingers into Susan's pussy and go all the way. But she thought, I've been fantasizing about Susan's body for years, even though I was in denial about just how much I wanted her for most of that time. I can wait a few more days. We've made so much progress today; I shouldn't push my luck, especially since she's so protective of her pussy. Sweetie will vouch for that! No, I've gotta keep the eye on the bigger prize. It's better if she buys this "friendly greeting" bull until she's kissing everybody in the house with abandon.

I'm going to have to let Tiger fuck her first, to get her over her pussy penetration phobia. Then I'll go for the kill. I have to make her a total sex slut not just with me, but with everyone here.

Suzanne also really wanted to rub their bushes together, but she thought that too would go too far for one day. She knew that Susan's boundaries tended to crumble pretty easily, except when it came to her pussy. Just as Suzanne had managed to redefine Susan's concept of "real incest" until it only covered vaginal sex, she was now redefining lesbian sex to only be female pussy contact. Such redefinitions made breaking boundaries easier in the short run, but made eventually crossing that final barrier even more difficult. Suzanne knew that, but she couldn't think of a better way. Susan's aversion to things like incest and lesbianism, based in part on her conservative Christian upbringing, was so strong that even Suzanne with all her clever arguments couldn't completely explain or redefine them away completely.

After that kiss and mutual orgasm, they needed to take a break to recover, so they went back to folding laundry.

Susan started to cool down after her orgasm and began to have second thoughts. "Aren't things getting a little too... well... lesbian, what with you and me running around naked and kissing and rubbing our bodies all over each other all day long? I don't know. I know it's good practice to help Tiger, but it just seems improper to do it so much."

Suzanne replied, "Just ask yourself: would he approve? Would he want to watch? Wouldn't that be exceptional visual stimulation for him? Can't you see him watching us kiss and rub our big racks when he comes home, and popping an instant boner? The kind of thick, hot, throbbing boner that needs immediate attention from your lips. Why, I'll bet in less than a minute you'd be on your knees, bobbing on his sweet meat!"

That quieted Susan's doubts. She even licked her lips hungrily.

Suzanne continued, "Let's face it: our lives will never be the same. We're no longer ordinary housewives; we've become Sweetie's big-titted personal cocksuckers. Our job is to service and serve his cock. Period! If we have to practice kissing and rubbing our bodies against each other every day for a week or more to get really good at it, then that's what we need to do. Tell me: if his energy problem was solved tomorrow and he didn't need to cum six times a day anymore, would you want to stop?"

Susan considered that. She dropped her head and blushed. "God help me, but... no! No way! If that happened, God forbid, there would be such a big void in my life... I wouldn't know what to do! Or even where to start."

Seeing that Susan was about to burst into tears, Suzanne scooted up to her and threw an arm around her. "Hold on! That's not going to happen. I won't let it."

Susan looked up at her beseechingly. "I love him so much! So much more than a mother should! And I love... God help me. I really love serving his cock so very, very much! It's brought more joy into my life than I ever could have imagined! A... a real purpose! A reason to not only get up in the morning, but to practically leap out of bed! I haven't had that since he and Angel were little kids."

Suzanne ran a hand through Susan's long, dark brown hair. "That's not bad; it's good! Think of all the good you're able to do for him."

But Susan asked hesitantly, "But... don't you wonder sometimes if we might be getting too carried away?"

Actually, Suzanne did worry about that, but she just replied, "Are you kidding me? There's no such thing as a mother loving her son too much. We ARE his personal big-titted cocksuckers. Revel in it. Doesn't it feel good?"

"Mmmm..." Susan decided to put her worries aside and just give in. Too hard to fight... Can't think while Suzanne is playing with my nipples like that... Gonna succumb completely... Mmmm... Succumb... Suck semen! It all makes sense... succumbing sucking semen! My son's sweet, fat cock!

Suzanne could sense she was making progress in breaking down Susan's barriers. She kept on fondling her friend's breasts as she continued, "I'm just saying that if that's what we are, his personal

cocksuckers, then we should be the best! It's not just about sucking cock; it's about sexually serving him to the best of our abilities in every way."

Susan's eyes were closed and she muttered blissfully, "Yesssss... Serving him... Tit slave!"

Suzanne wondered what that "tit slave" comment was about, since Susan had been too ashamed to use those words with her before. She pressed on, "Let's kiss again, and practice rubbing our breasts some more while we're at it. Imagine he's watching! And don't worry about enjoying the kissing too much. Passion shows through. The more we love it, the more he'll love it and the more it will turn him on."bender

Susan kissed her best friend again and found herself transported away into an erotic nirvana. She resolved to put all her "lesbian" concerns about kissing other women aside once and for all. It made perfect sense to her now that it was all part of serving Alan and his powerful, needy cock.

By the time Suzanne was ready to leave the house to run some errands a couple hours later, Susan's attitude about kissing and even fondling other women had been totally transformed. Or at least her attitude about kissing and fondling Suzanne had been transformed. Suzanne knew Susan would need more conditioning and practice before she could kiss Katherine and Amy and Brenda as easily. But the major breakthrough had been made.

Of course, when Suzanne was finally ready to leave they had to kiss once again, even though they'd necked at least two dozen times already during the day.

Standing next to the underwear cabinet in the front entryway, Suzanne kissed Susan for five minutes non-stop while freely playing with her body. That time, since she was leaving, she even fingered Susan's clit and pussy lips.

Even though both of them were dripping in their secretions, they pretended they weren't. They also each pretended that they didn't climax, even though they both did. That was because Suzanne was intent on supporting Susan's self-deception that they were merely kissing and not engaging in near all-out standing-up sex.

When their kissing finally ended, Susan leaned against the wall, panting, with Suzanne still pressing her tits into her. As she caught her breath, she said to her friend, "Now don't tell me women regularly kiss goodbye like that!" But even so, she was deliriously happy rather than accusing.

Suzanne finally disengaged, even though she felt tempted to play with Susan's luscious body forever. While reaching into the underwear cabinet she said, "No, but I figure you need all the practice you can get. Your husband is, or should I say was, as poor a kisser as he was a lover, it seems. Remember, this isn't some lesbian thing; we're doing this for your cutie Tiger. Besides, this will leave you more ready for him, especially since this is a Tuesday." She put on her bra first and then a blouse. But then she stopped, still naked below that.

Susan slumped down along the wall, ending up sitting on the floor too overwhelmed to move.

The two of them just looked at each other happily from across the foyer for a moment or two. There was a deep love as well as lust in the way they gazed at each other.

Finally Suzanne finished dressing. "I'll see you later. I can't wait to see his face - and his erection - when he sees us kiss!"

"I can't either!" Susan said happily, still sitting naked on the floor.

"And just think about practicing your new kissing skills on him, too."

"Yeah..." Susan said, staring out into space, imagining the scene. The electricity of their first kiss had hardly faded, even with all their later kisses. Susan was delighted to bring that kind of firepower to bear on her son, thanks to all she'd learned. But then the thought came, "Hey, wait. Technically, that's against the rules."

"Technically, but according to who? According to you. You can change that rule at any time. I think that rule is headed for the trash heap."

Susan scrunched her face, considering that. It wasn't that she minded revising that one rule, but she didn't like how all her rules seemed to get discarded sooner or later. She feared it was inevitable that

she'd end up getting fucked by her son unless she actually put her foot down and held to the rules at some point.

Suzanne figured she'd pushed Susan as far as she could in one day, so she didn't press the issue any further. "Anyway, it's not totally against your rules. It just depends on the situation. For instance, what about your goodnight kiss and tuck-in? You can show him what you learned then."

"Oh yeah. You're right." Susan was delighted. "I can hardly wait until tonight!"

Suzanne changed her mind, deciding to push the issue a little more. "And remember that the rules are up to you. You should think twice about this 'no kissing' silliness. Are you saying you can kiss me more than you can kiss him? That doesn't make any sense, especially when your number one goal is to give him prolonged stimulation and big orgasms, is it not? The more you do with him in other ways, the less you'll feel the need to have intercourse. 'Bend over but don't break,' as you so colorfully put it." Suzanne smiled as she recalled Susan saying that, and that made Suzanne also happily recall earlier that day when Susan had stuffed her fingers into Suzanne's mouth.

Susan said, "You're right. I'll have to think about that." She frowned. A big reason that she'd at least tried to maintain the 'no kissing' rule was because she got so horny during such kisses that she feared she'd lose all control. She pictured herself kissing Alan one minute, then finding herself bent over with his thick dick fully impaled in her cunt a few minutes later. She decided, Maybe if I keep kissing Suzanne a lot, I'll get more used to it and then I'll be able to control myself better when kissing my hunky son. Yes, that's what I need to do.

Suzanne finally put on her panties, making sure to give Susan a nice show of her pussy as she slowly lifted her legs, and then a pair of pants. She opened the front door, blew Susan a kiss, and walked out of the house.

Suzanne was content to pretend for Susan's momentary benefit that they were merely practicing kissing, but it was obvious to anyone who could see (except for Susan in her self-denial) that the two of them had begun a torrid lesbian relationship. That made Suzanne very happy, to say the least. Her friendship with Susan had always been partially based on physical attraction due somewhat to the similarity of their unusually tall and curvy bodies, so she could hardly believe it was finally happening after nearly twenty years of being friends.

As she walked home she thought, Damn! If I only would have known, I would have started this kissing YEARS ago! Of course it wouldn't have worked back then, since her love and lust for Sweetie is what's

changing her sexuality, but still I can dream. But heck, why dream? Forget those lost years; I'm living the dream right now! It's perfect because I can claim our kissing is so innocent, even when it's so passionate. I just love seeing her prudish barriers collapsing. Soon we'll all be one happy orgy family, living in total lust and total love!

Susan still sat in her front hallway, completely naked and more than a little cummy and sweaty. Her earlier worry that she was going too far sexually was long gone. Several hours of erotic talk about Alan certainly helped drive her worries away, but the frequent kisses with her best friend had erased her doubts even more. Her fears that she would go too far with Alan or her daughter were replaced with a newfound conviction that it was her utmost responsibility to go further with both of them, short of "real incest," as a means of better serving her son.

On a related topic, they'd talked about anal sex some more, as a possible alternative to "real" intercourse. That got Susan even more interested in the idea, so she decided to read more about it in the books she'd bought.

Suzanne's kisses were so distracting that for once the idea of sucking or fucking Alan wasn't constantly in the forefront of Susan's mind. Instead she pondered what it would be like to "do it" with a woman. For the first time ever, thinking about Suzanne's remarkable body made her feel warm and cuddly, and almost dizzy.

Eventually she came back around to thoughts of Alan and what might happen when he came home from school, particularly since it was a Tuesday. She went into the kitchen to get something to eat, since she'd been so involved with her kissing lessons that she and Suzanne had skipped lunch. She looked at the clock above the oven. Oh my goodness! It's after two already. That means Tiger will be home soon. I can't wait. It won't be long until my mouth is crammed full of delicious, thick Tiger cock. Mmmm! Yum! This is turning out to be the best Tuesday yet!

She went to her room to masturbate, to pass the time until he arrived. But this time, instead of just dreaming of Alan, she fantasized about herself and Suzanne being "forced" to kiss and fondle each other right in front of her son and his rampant cock. But in her fantasy he wasn't happy with just that. Soon he joined in a three-way kiss-and-grope. Before long, Susan and Suzanne wound up on their knees taking turns licking his cock and kissing each other. She didn't feel bad about breaking yet more rules, because in her dream Alan was very aggressive and "forced" her and Suzanne to do all those things.

She was in heaven, cumming repeatedly while savoring that fantasy.

Chapter 544 Brenda's Fantasy

After Susan recovered, she went to her answering machine and found two new messages from Brenda. She returned Brenda's call and they started another long, arousing conversation about Alan and their mutual fondness for his penis.

Brenda recalled that she'd gotten an extra big thrill out of fielding one of Susan's recent sexual calls while completely naked in her backyard, so she decided to do that again, and found a spot in the middle of a big grass lawn, just like last time. She knew she was home alone so there was no danger of anybody seeing her, but it was extra exciting and arousing just the same. She was too shy to tell Susan about her location or lack of clothes, though.

They shared their hottest, most recent Alan-related stories and dreams. Additionally, when it was Susan's turn to talk, Brenda generally listened while practicing her blowjob and titfuck moves on her dildo. Since Susan usually was describing either cocksucking or titfucking Alan in great detail, Brenda usually attempted to imitate whatever Susan recounted.

The call started out with Susan getting Brenda caught up with her latest Alan-related sexual adventures. Susan stayed naked and played with herself throughout the call, and she knew that Brenda was doing the same. Susan was in her bedroom, and assumed Brenda was in a private room like that too.

Susan didn't want to be the main one talking the whole time, so eventually she asked Brenda to share some of her Alan-themed dreams or fantasies.

Brenda felt she had to choose carefully which dream to share. Since she was very submissive, she had some pretty wild dreams that she doubted even Susan would like. Then she recalled a particularly memorable one she thought might be safe enough. "I had a pretty intense dream about him last night, so I suppose I can tell you that one."

"Oh, goody!"

Brenda was already extremely horny from hearing Susan's stories. She was busy fingering her gushing pussy as she began her story. "I must admit, I started having erotic dreams right after he hit me with that 'lord and master' talk I can't seem to stop telling you about. But lately, it's like I almost can't dream

of anything or anyone else! I get excited just going to bed these days, knowing that he's gonna be with me soon in my dreams, doing all kinds of naughty things to my helpless body!"

"Mmmm!" Susan said with an approving sexy moan. "I know what that's like. He tames me while I sleep, and when I wake up, he tames me even more! My mouth is never safe from his plundering mommy-tamer, and that's just the way I like it. Speaking of which, can you please make sure this dream involves at least some cocksucking?"

Brenda chuckled. "Sure. Of course, I love that too, even though I haven't gotten to enjoy the pleasure with him in real life yet."

"Sorry about that. Your time is coming soon, I'm sure. Maybe even this Wednesday night. But anyway, tell me everything! In VERY graphic detail, just like I've been telling you."

So Brenda closed her eyes, which helped her remember her dream and also lessened her self-conscious inhibitions. She stopped playing with her pussy to concentrate on the storytelling. "Okay, here it goes. My dream took place on a train. A really crowded train. I mean, jam packed!"

"Where were you going?" Susan asked.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter. But somehow I got the feeling the train was in Japan somewhere, although I don't remember faces except for Alan's, and everyone seemed to speak English, so that was kind of weird. You know how dreams are: things are fuzzy except for what you're focusing on."

Susan asked, "Japan? That's rather unexpected. Why Japan?"

Brenda sighed. "Do you really want to know, or can we just get to the fun parts?"

"I'm pretty keen to get to the fun, but I'm curious too. Can you maybe give me the short version."

"Fine," Brenda replied a bit testily. "You see, I've become something of a connoisseur of pornography over the years, mostly due to the sex in my failing marriage dwindling down and down, eventually to

none at all. I have needs! And I wasn't getting sexual satisfaction from my husband. Don't you think masturbating to pornography is better than adultery?"bender

Susan still felt a prudish disdain for pornography, since old habits are hard to break. But she rallied to respond, "Um, er... I suppose... I suppose that's true."

Brenda continued, "For whatever reason, Japan makes tons of pornography, especially of the animated and comic book art types, and I prefer those types. Seeing real people acting in porn films just depress me, because I can totally tell the women are faking their enjoyment. I can tell, since I've faked my pleasure with both of my husbands enough times! But that's another story."

Susan knew what she meant, since she'd done the same thing with Ron many times.

" Anyway, I've collected a big amount of Japanese porn over the years, translated into English of course, and there are certain themes that are particularly popular. One theme is girls getting molested on a train or subway. Maybe because Japan is very crowded and people are often packed into crowded public transportation. So, now do you see why this fantasy is set on a Japanese train?"

"I do," Susan replied. "Sorry for getting us distracted. Let's get to your sexy adventure!"

Brenda chuckled at Susan's enthusiasm. She was tempted to further explain that a major reason she'd become a big fan of Japanese pornography in particular was because much of it had themes that catered to her submissive desires and fetishes. The molestation on a train or subway theme played right into that, as well as feelings of helplessness and public humiliation. So Brenda was confident Susan would enjoy this story.

Brenda said, "Okay, so picture me with Alan on a speeding Japanese train, moving across the country at night. By the way, I should mention that I was dressed kind of slutty. I don't know why."

Susan snickered. "Of course you know why! You were there with Alan! You were dressed to please him. What exactly were you wearing?"

Brenda grinned in fond memory. "I had this kind of dark blue tank top on that showed off my belly button and of course my deep, plunging cleavage. I wore a reddish-brown jacket over that, but it was

oversized, so it was constantly sliding off one shoulder or the other in a sexy way. And I had a matching miniskirt. Oh, and white stockings and red high heels."

"Excellent! Did you have any underwear on?"

Brenda sadly admitted, "Yes, I did."

Susan was delighted nonetheless. "Oh my goodness! That sounds more than 'kind of slutty' to me; that's positively scandalous. Especially considering you were riding a train in Japan. Was the train fairly crowded?"

"Oh yes. VERY crowded. At least, that's how it was in my dream. Even though we apparently were going a long distance between towns, it was standing room only. Alan wound up standing right next to me. We were packed in close!"

"Oooh! Sounds sexy already!" Susan commented. "What did he do?"

"In my dream it was clear we were just acquaintances, not lovers. At least not yet! And nothing much happened for a while, except the two of us were standing there, trying not to bump into each other or touch much, despite the occasional shaking of the train. But then I felt a hand on my ass! I turned around quickly, trying to catch the culprit, but to no success. In fact, except for Alan and myself, everyone on the train seemed to be completely anonymous, generic, business-suit-wearing salarymen. I never seemed to see any faces clearly, as they were always turned away or looking down. I complained to Alan about what someone had done, but he couldn't help me. In fact, not long thereafter I felt a hand brush directly over one of my nipples! Amazingly, I didn't even notice who did that."

Susan pointed out, "You've got unusual nipples for sure. They stick way out. Even if you were wearing a bra, I'll bet your nipples were showing your interest, if you know what I mean."

"I do!" Brenda giggled. "And they were!" She briefly pinched her nipples. Then she ran a hand down her tummy and began fingering her clit, knowing she was getting to the good part. "So Alan took me to a corner of the train car. I didn't mind, since I figured that at least there I would have my back up against a wall with another wall to the side of me. Alan would be right in front of me, making it nearly impossible for any molester to get me there. So that's what we did, and it worked for a while. But I was naïve,

because it turned out the molester those earlier times was Alan himself! He'd brushed my sensitive regions here and there just to get me into the corner."

"Oh my!" Susan said. "That's so like him. When he sees what he wants, he just takes it. Well, at least if it's a beautiful, big-titted woman, that is. He's so clever! There's really nothing you or I can do but submit!" Alan actually wasn't nearly that pushy; Susan was simply describing her fantasy version of him.

Brenda liked that, since it fitted her fantasy dominant man too. She said, "So true! But that was just the start. Once we were there in the corner, he pressed even closer to me. At first it seemed like he was trying to protect me, or maybe he couldn't help himself from squishing in because the train was too crowded, but in fact it wasn't THAT crowded where we were. Before long, I was sandwiched between a large glass window behind me and Alan in front. Our bodies were pressed together practically from head to toe, which meant that my big breasts and especially my erect nipples poked into his chest."

Susan squealed with glee. She was loving this. She had her eyes closed and was vividly imagining the story, only with herself in Brenda's place.

Brenda continued, "I was really embarrassed about the whole situation, but also increasingly aroused. For one thing, I could feel a big lump in his pants poking against my leg, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I do. I do!"

"And for another, it happened that I was wearing ridiculously tall five-inch heels, so his face wound up almost directly in front of mine. Our lips were practically touching, and he stared intently right in my eyes from only an inch or two away! And as if that wasn't bad enough, all this made me nervous, causing my big tits to slide up and down against his chest!"

"Oh goodness!" Susan said, her breath growing heavy. "You were in a spot. When he stares intently at me like that, I just melt. My big tits heave up and down too. And my pussy gushes! He's so passionate and commanding, you know? It's a look that demands obedience!"

"Exactly! Before long, I couldn't return his gaze. I bowed my head slightly, as if I were showing my submission, letting him know against my will that I acknowledged him as my natural superior. And of course he proved it by immediately taking advantage of me! Without saying a word, he brought a hand up to my breasts and clutched them tightly!"

Susan just grunted lustily. She was busy fingering herself, as was Brenda.

Brenda continued, "Now, I would have allowed that, but not in the middle of a crowded train! Everybody could see, and I knew that once he gets started he doesn't stop until he gets his satisfaction. So I tried to show my disapproval by staring angrily at him, but he stared right back and made me cower again with that intense gaze of his!"

"So hot!" Susan exclaimed. She pulled on her nipples and caressed her hefty globes all over, since Brenda was talking about breast fondling. "Where did you put your hands?"

"I just held them up in the air at first, because it seemed the only thing I could grab onto was Alan, and I knew that would only encourage him. But somehow they wound up on his ass! I probably actually pulled him even closer in to me!"

"Brenda! You gave him a big green light there!"

"I know!" Brenda agreed emphatically. "I shouldn't have done that, but I couldn't help myself. And because I failed so miserably in my attempt to discourage him, I tried to make up for it by turning around in place. I thought that would force him to let go."

"Did it work?"

"For maybe one second! But then his hands immediately went right back to my tits! That move was a BIG mistake! Now he could play with my body like I was his personal sex pet, without having to suffer my disapproving stare. He started playing with my nipples, right through my top and bra. The damn things poke out almost obscenely no matter what I wear, especially when I'm all horny like I was there in the dream. But then he didn't even wait a minute before he slid his hands right UNDER my top, reaching up from my waist until he was grasping my boobs tightly again!"

"Oh God!" Susan imitated that move with her hands, even though she wasn't wearing a blouse. "Why didn't you say something, to at least try to slow him down?!"

"I wanted to, believe me! We could get thrown in jail for what we were doing already, and it was only bound to get worse! I was feeling intimidated by his sexy power, remember. Since I wasn't facing him any longer, I thought I'd be able to tell him 'No', but I just couldn't. His commanding authority was too strong! I tried to at least say SOMETHING and tell him off. You know: 'Fuck you! Let go of me, you bastard!' Something like that. But all that came out were helpless, hopeless whimpers. And I'm sure they came out sounding like highly aroused whimpers too, because the way his body was rubbing against mine was driving me wild! Furthermore, by that time I could feel his hot, HUGE cock pressing against my ass!"

Susan moaned lustily. She loved that particular mental image more than words could say.

Brenda did too. Her fingers were going to town on her nipples and clit now. "Before, it had been brushing against me here and there, but suddenly I could feel the shape of the whole damn long thing, and I could feel his balls too! I was wearing a short skirt and panties and he was wearing long pants, but I could feel the burning heat of that big cock-snake wedged right into my ass crack with a clarity that was breathtaking! It was like we were both naked!"

Susan responded to that with more heavy panting. Now that Brenda was talking about Alan's crotch, Susan brought a hand down to fondle herself there too. (She was glad she had her cell set to speakerphone mode.)

Brenda was panting about as hard as Susan. She moved both hands to her bouncy breasts as she sat on her backyard lawn with her eyes closed, so deep in her fantasy that she had almost lost awareness of her real outdoor location. "I kind of humped back against his cock. I didn't want to, but it was so BIG and HOT! I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't help myself. Then, he spun me back around!"

"NO!"

"Yes! I guess he wanted to see my tits as well as play with them. Unfortunately for my dignity, I happened to be wearing a bra with a front clasp, and within seconds he had that unclasped. It slipped down inside my tank top."

Susan practically screamed, "Wait! So you were topless then?!"

"No, not yet. I still had my top on at that point, although it was riding up from below due to all his fondling. But he didn't stop there! Oh no! He used that bra to make perfectly clear how he was going to totally dominate me, humiliate me, and use me for his sexual pleasure, right there on the crowded train! It just so happened that the large window my back was pressed against was opened a crack at the top, above my head. So he took my bra out from under my top, and then, with him grinning like a naughty schoolboy, I turned just in time to see him stuff the bra through the crack. I watched my bra go sailing off into the darkness of Japan, no doubt landing in some rice farm!"

"Oh NO!" Susan squealed. "My God! Do you realize how... how... how hot that is?! Can you imagine the other passengers in the other train cars after yours, watching a 34J bra wafting by on the breeze? Or some flat-chested Japanese woman picking it up and thinking it was a two-person tent?" She chuckled at that.

Brenda was too horny to be very amused. Her fingers were digging into her slit. "I know! By this point, I was hotter than a firecracker. I wanted to kiss him so bad, especially since his lips were still just inches from mine. But I felt like I couldn't! Even though my hands were still on his ass, pulling him closer, I knew I had to resist! I was so hot for him that I could scarcely breathe, but knowing what an insatiable sexual BEAST he is, I HAD to resist!"

"You go, girl," Susan cheered, even though she hoped Brenda's resistance would utterly fail.

"I couldn't ever forget that I was on a crowded train. In fact, even though I was protected by walls on two sides and Alan was in front, that left one side where I felt some strange man's shoulder sometimes brushing against mine. So I just HAD to say something! Or DO something! But Alan just kept staring into my eyes with laser-like intensity, reminding me that resistance was futile! My face was burning, even my ears were burning, and my heart was racing, all from knowing that he was turning me into his personal plaything! His... his sex pet!"

She was panting harder as she admitted, "And I'm on fire all over again from just telling you about it!"

Susan exclaimed, "Oh, Brenda! I'm burning up too!" That was true. Her fingerbanging and tit fondling had her on the edge of climax already. "What did he do next?"

"What DIDN'T he do?! With his hands back on my now bare tits, he went to town! He yanked and twisted my nipples relentlessly, roughly, and it felt SO GOOD!"

Chapter 545 Oh God! So Hot..!

Brenda had been keeping her cell phone trapped between her head and shoulder, but that was a precarious position and now it dropped to the grass. She picked it up and said, "Wait. Hold on. I'm going to put you on speakerphone."

Brenda looked around. I can't believe I'm doing this outside again. I'm soooo bad! But I had soooo much fun last time, and it's happening all over again. It's only fitting to be exposed like this, given the story I'm telling. The truth is, I love the sense of danger. I even love the feel of the grass against my bare ass. Thank God Aidy and Anika aren't home!

She positioned her cell phone on a branch near her head so she could speak into it easily, just like she did last time. In fact, she was in the same spot. Then she again closed her eyes and resumed fondling herself with both hands.

After a long pause, Susan asked, "Brenda? You there?"

Brenda struggled to calm down just enough that she could resume her story. "Where was I? Oh yeah. Even THAT wasn't enough for him! Not only did he want to play with my big boobs, he wanted to see what he was doing to them at the same time!"

Susan cut in, "That's so him! He absolutely loves to see my big round tits bouncing around and fully exposed! I don't know why I ever bother to wear any top at all!"

Brenda clenched her teeth because she felt a surge of lust as she imagined Alan tearing her blouse off within minutes of arriving at the Plummer house. But, after pausing for some heavy breathing, she persevered with her story. "So he slowly pulled my top off over my head. I wanted to tell him to stop! I wanted to SCREAM! People were gonna see! Why couldn't he be content to just play with my breasts from under my top?! Wasn't that enough?! Why did he have to see them too?! But all I could do was whimper and moan. I think I muttered 'please' several times, but I don't even know if I meant 'please stop' or 'please do me.' In fact, I'm pretty sure I meant both of them at once! Do you know what I mean?"

"I do! This sure sounds exactly like the real Alan. I feel like that with him ALL THE TIME! And of course he won't relent until you're completely nude! But tell me more!"

"He didn't stop until he had my top balled up in his hands! That gave him a perfect view of my bare breasts, and of his hands roaming all over them. However, at least he was somewhat merciful. He'd taken my jacket off to get the top off. Once he had my top, he quickly pulled my jacket back up over my arms, up to my shoulders. That still left my big tits fully exposed in front, but I still looked more or less fully dressed to everyone else. At least, that's what I tried to tell myself. Little did I know though that he was just getting warmed up. At some point, he'd unzipped his fly and whipped out his fat, long cock!"

Susan gasped loudly.

Brenda went on, "He'd lifted up my short skirt so his cock was hidden underneath it. It seemed to feel much hotter than before, and it was, because now the only barrier between it and my pussy were my thin, lacy, white panties! Gaawwwd, I was just GUSHING, feeling that hot cobra of his rubbing relentlessly against me! So THICK! So demanding!"

"Oh God! Too hot! By the way, what happened to your top?"

"Oh, I forgot to mention that. He wanted to have both hands free to fondle my helpless body, so he simply put the top through the crack in the window, sending it out to the rice fields, just like my bra! Naturally I was horrified, but I told myself I still had my red jacket and I could zip it up enough so people wouldn't know I was topless underneath. Not that Alan was going to give me a chance to do that!"

A panting Susan said, "Brenda, I have a confession!"

"What?"

Susan said shyly but also lustily, "I'm totally masturbating right now! In fact, I have been for quite a while! It's just that your story is SO HOT!" She was fingerbanging herself as she said this.

Brenda chuckled. "That's okay. I figured as much. Don't worry; you're not alone!" She stopped to gather her breath, even though she kept on fingering her slit. "How can we not? I mean, it's like he's controlling

us through space and time by haunting me in my sexy dreams and then making me tell you all about them!"

Susan gasped for air. "Brenda! What a thought! WOW! That means there's no escape from him! None!" She could hardly believe how much her body tingled all over, thinking about that.

Brenda loved that idea too. "I know!" She pinched her clit tightly between her fingers, which caused her to moan loudly as a small climax hit her.

Susan had been holding out, but when she heard the tell-tale sounds of Brenda cumming, she gave in and had a fairly intense orgasm too. (She was able to get more carried away than Brenda, since she didn't need to talk most of the time.)

Both women knew what had just happened with their orgasms, but they were too shy to directly mention it. That was the usual unspoken rule with cumming during their phone calls.

Brenda recovered quickly, eager to resume her story. "Anyway, once he was done getting rid of my top, he reached under my skirt and pulled my panties down to my knees! And a second or two later, I felt his HOT, HOT, HOT cock lying directly against my soaked pussy lips! My miniskirt didn't help at all. He tugged it up and out of the way in front, though at least it was still covering my ass in back. Thanks to my high heels, his cock-snake was at the perfect height for rubbing, and even penetration! I swooned, realizing with horror just how easily he could have me, right then and there!"

Susan clarified, "You mean fuck you! He's gonna fuck you! Drill you! Nail you! Pound your helpless pussy into submission!" She resumed playing with herself even though she'd just climaxed. The story was too hot for her not to.

"YES! God, yes! He's gonna drill that big fucking master cock right into me!" Brenda had been trying not to use the word "master" even though that was a word that aroused her almost more than any other, but it slipped out that time. "And I knew he would! I had to do my best to resist, what with the crowd of people around us, but I also knew he was just too sexy! Too strong! Too demanding! He was gonna have me, take me, OWN me, and there was nothing I could do but submit!"

"Oh GOD!" Susan was masturbating without restraint.

bender

"In fact, he didn't even have to try to fuck me, since I was practically fucking HIM before long! I was gasping and groaning like a shameless WHORE! ! I was so hot and bothered that I was rubbing my entire body up and down against him, which meant that his fat cockhead kept sliding right over my clit and labia! With my pussy lips so wet and needy, it was just a matter of time before it slipped right in!"

Susan asked breathlessly, "What about that strange man standing next to you?"

"I don't know! I kind of lost track of him. All I could think about was Alan's great cock and how good it felt rubbing against me! I knew I had to do something, and fast! It wasn't that I didn't want to get fucked, but not there. We'd wind up arrested and thrown in some Japanese jail! So I suddenly spun around, hoping to find refuge against the window."

"And?!"

"And it was even worse! Or better, if you like his cock poking you in all kinds of naughty places!"

"I do! If it's my son's cock!" Susan panted.

Brenda laughed at Susan's enthusiasm. "I don't know what I'd been thinking, because turning around just presented my ass to him on a platter. But I didn't even notice that at first because I was overwhelmed when my big, bare tits mashed against the window. So cold! And with long, super-erect nipples like mine - ouch! I swear, they were so hard I thought they'd break the glass. Then he pulled my miniskirt up so it hung uselessly above my ass!"

"Oh no!" Susan reached back and fondled her own ass, pretending the touch was from her son's hand.

"I thought I would up and die! How could the people around me not notice?! I didn't dare look back at their scornful and outraged faces. Once he had me thoroughly humiliated, he put both hands on my bare ass cheeks and pressed his huge snake-cock right into my ass crack!"

"NO!"

"YES!"

"NO!"

Brenda laughed. "I'm telling you, YES! Just picture it. In theory, I was trying to stop him from fucking me, or at least slow him down. I could feel a thousand eyes on me - strange, foreign eyes - hungry, horny eyes! At least they couldn't see my big bare tits anymore, but I'm sure they were just as happy to ogle my newly-bared ass, sticking out obscenely! And my hips seemed to have a mind of their own. I thrust my ass back at him, wiggling it, grinding it into him, all but daring him to fuck me doggy style!"

Susan giggled. "I can picture that! That would present an interesting sight at the next train station! All that tit-flesh mashed flat, and your nipples against the cold glass! SO HOT!"

"Don't even say that! It was such a vivid dream that I can almost feel the glass on my tits right now! Ugh! Susan, I'm so horny from recalling my dream that I can't stand it! Gaawwwd, when is he going to do me like that for real?! When is he going to play with my big tits some more? I'm trying to mash them with my hands - it's not quite the same, but it takes me back... I'm so very HOT that it's all I can do not to cum and scream at the top of my lungs like a wild animal! In fact, let me just... calm... calm down..."

"Me too!" Susan said breathlessly. "We have to not touch ourselves for, like, a whole minute! Promise me!" That was a rare admission that they were masturbating, but they were too horny to think much about it.

"Okay!"

The two of them waited with their eyes closed and their hands in the air. They knew they had to calm down some or Brenda simply wouldn't be able to keep talking. As it was, Susan had been having a hard time hearing her through her gasping moans and groans.

Brenda looked around the large lawn she was sitting on. This is crazy! I've fallen hard for a mere kid who has a bunch of other lovers. This has to end badly. My submissive desires are taking over my mind and making me do crazy things, like sitting out here again. I need to calm down and keep some perspective.

I just hope he doesn't let me down once I get to know him better. I know I've put him on a pedestal, to say the least. I'm only going to get disappointed by the reality. But from Susan's stories, and what I've experienced directly so far, he really does seem like the man of my dreams! And what about that "lord and master" speech of his? Just thinking about it drives me absolutely wild!

Finally, Brenda asked, "Is that a minute yet?"

"Who cares? Close enough!"

The two of them giggled with glee. With that, their hands went right back to their nipples and pussies.

Brenda resumed her story, but she was more careful not to work herself up too much or too fast with her masturbating. "Anyway, there I was, tottering on high heels with my jacket wide open, my titties pressed against the window, my panties above my knees, and my bare ass getting pillaged by Alan's hands AND his great big cock! I reached back, trying to stop him. At least, I'd like to think that was my intention. But instead, somehow I wound up taking his thick snake in my hand! Within seconds, I was stroking all those magnificent inches of cock-meat!"

"Brenda! You naughty girl!" Susan fingered her ass crack in imitation, as her arousal kicked into an ever higher gear. "So, you were jacking him off, there on the busy train?!"

"I was! Worst of all, even though I had my fingers around his wonderfully thick cock, it was still rubbing against my pussy, probing, poking, and rubbing, searching for a way into the deepest depths of my hot cunt! I was so frightened by the danger of getting fucked in public, almost out of my mind, that I reached back with a second hand in an attempt to keep his pulsing bone from sinking balls-deep inside me. Balls-deep, I tell you! I can almost feel it now, the total fullness, being nearly split in two! His thick, throbbing cock-meat filling me completely, taming me!"

Susan gasped, "Please! Please don't talk like that!" If there was one thing she didn't want to think too much about, it was getting fucked by her son. But she was thinking about it now, and it was driving her to the brink of a big climax.

Brenda continued, "My plan was to jack him off with both hands and get him to blow his load ON my ass before he fucked his way INTO my ass or my cunt! And good God, my hands were slipping and sliding, up and down!"

Susan was up on her knees on her bed so she could reach back and pretend to jack off a penis directly behind her ass. "You were reaching back, right? With your bare tits still pressed against the glass?"

"That's right. I couldn't see what was happening behind me, which made me feel that much more helpless. But instead of stopping him, I could feel my hands actually FEEDING his cock into my slit! Even as my fingers were slipping and sliding all over his cum-covered shaft, I was slowly pulling him forward into my wiggling bottom! I could feel my pussy lips parting and his cockhead pushing in!"

Susan gasped. He's going to FUCK her! For real! She wailed, "OH GOD! DEAR GOD! HELP ME, LORD! I NEED IT! I NEED IT IN ME!"

"MY GOD, Susan, it felt so divine! In the dream, I think that's when I started cumming uncontrollably and pretty much continuously, just from holding it and stroking it, feeling all that thick cock about to pound me deeper into submission. To fuck me into total servitude! Does it always feel that good in real life?"

"You know it does! I get shivers down my spine every single damn time my fingers wrap around it! And when it slides into my mouth? OH! Dear God, have mercy!" Susan licked her lips longingly, and even opened her mouth wide in anticipation. "It's like getting struck by lightning! But COCK lightning, if you know what I mean!"

Brenda chuckled at that, even as she fingerbanged herself. "I think I do! But then I got a reprieve of sorts. For some reason he wanted to play with my tits, so he pulled me up and back slightly until I was standing straight up with my tits mercifully away from the glass. Then his hands came around and his fingers sank deep into my soft tit-flesh! Meanwhile, his cock had momentarily bounced free, because he still hadn't speared me. Close call!"

"You can say THAT again!" Susan thought, How am I going to resist getting fucked by him for long? I want it so badly! Then an even more important question raised itself and demanded an answer. How can I be a good big-titted mommy slut for him if I don't let him fuck me?!

Susan thoughts were cut off as Brenda resumed, "Although, at this point, I needed him in me so bad! Then his cock went right back between my thighs and poked out the other side! I looked down, and it looked as if I had a cock between my legs!"

Susan panted, "What did you... what... what did you do?!"

"I did what any self-respecting horny slut would do: I reached down and started jacking him off. I just couldn't help it! It didn't help that his hands went back to my tits and he mauled them - up, down, and all around - like he owned them!"

"I love it!"

"Me too! But that wasn't enough. I had this uncontrollable urge to pleasure his cock, and fuck who might see or hear! Since most of his precious inches were trapped between my thighs, making them unreachable to my fingers, I closed my thighs altogether around him. Then I started squeezing his shaft tightly with my thighs while working my fingers on his cockhead and especially on his sweet spot!"

Susan thought, You know, Brenda is more than all right. I love her attitude! She shouted out as her fingers plunged deeper and deeper into her hot box, "Oh, Brenda! Good for you! A superior cock like that DEMANDS superior service!"

Brenda was nearly feverish with lust. She couldn't have agreed more. "It does! It really does! That's what I was feeling in my dream. But then things got even crazier. I had just brought a second hand down so I could better stroke his thickness when he yanked my miniskirt way down my legs!"

Susan gasped. She was loving life, teasing her clit, right on the edge of orgasm.

"I guess he didn't like the way it kept falling down and getting in the way, or maybe he just wanted to assert his total domination over me by humiliating me that much more. He pulled it down until it was hanging just above my knees, along with my panties!"

"My GOD!" Susan exclaimed. "It's like I said, isn't it? He won't stop until you're completely naked and helpless, totally at his mercy!"

"I know! Think about my predicament. Here I was standing a couple of feet away from the window with a cherry red face. All the strange people around us, they could see my big tits heaving up and down and Alan's fingers digging deep into them, AND they could see my bare ass too! And unless you had the

perfect view, you probably would have thought he was balls-deep inside me already! Could my shame and embarrassment be any greater?!"

Susan panted, "Oh, I wish that had been me! SO HOT!" Although she didn't fully realize it consciously, getting humiliated was a big turn-on for her too.

Brenda continued, "However, it occurred to me that he still wasn't fucking me yet, and God knows I longed for him to do just that, but in a hotel room! Not in the middle of a crowded train car! I could still prevent the ultimate humiliation of having my cunt tamed in front of dozens of strangers! I realized the only way to keep him out of my pussy was if I blew him! I had to suck his incredible cock, all the way down to the root if I could! It seemed to make total sense."

Susan exclaimed, "It IS what you need to do! Gaawwwd! Do it! Do it! SUCK THAT FAT COCK!" She immediately began salivating and licking her lips. With her eyes closed and her mind transported deep into Brenda's fantasy, she felt like Alan's cock really was about to go into her mouth.

Brenda was also rising to the brink of climax with her self fondling, despite her best efforts to stay calm enough to keep talking. "I wanted to, believe me! The only problem was that so far the two of us had been tightly pressed together. I was still hoping against hope that most of the people in the train car couldn't tell what was going on, especially with us in a corner. But I knew if I dropped to my knees, people would notice! Worse, so far, I could at least maintain the pretense that I was reluctant about everything. But if I dropped to my knees, everyone watching would know that I was fully willing and eagerly servicing his big cock!"

Susan eagerly pointed out, "And he would know too! Certainly, he'd realize that if you're willing to choke and gag on his cock there, you'd do it anywhere, anytime!"

"That's true. And I have my pride. I didn't want him to know that I'd totally fallen under his spell. So I still had my doubts. It seemed too reckless. I was caught between a rock and a hard place!"

Susan joked, "Literally!"

Brenda laughed at that heartily while she diddled her clit. "Yeah! I was caught between the glass and a hard cock! So I didn't know what to do, so I just kept jacking him off while humping him with my thighs.

Stroking, stroking, stroking, all that hot, thick cock! Susan, you're so lucky, getting to do that to him every day. Aaaah... So lucky... Gaawwwd, how much I envy you. I've never even had... the chance to..."

Susan cried out urgently, "Brenda, focus! Don't fade on me now, and go away into some spermy daydream. The story!"

Brenda had been drifting off into a handjob fantasy as she played with her nipples and pussy, but she snapped back to her story. "Oh, right! Then I felt him pulling my skirt further down! You'd think that he'd be happy after totally exposing my ass. But no, not him! He yanked my skirt AND my panties below my knees, and then they fell the rest of the way to the floor!"

"Oh no!" Actually, Susan loved it. She was revelling in her nudity in real life and was glad to expose more of herself in the fantasy, since she still mostly imagined herself in Brenda's place.

"It's true! At that point, I felt like I had no choice about what to do next. All I still had on were my high heels and the jacket that was hanging down from my shoulders, and I didn't know how long he'd let me keep the jacket! The way things were going, I'd be lucky if he didn't toss that out the window too!"

"He wouldn't!" Susan gasped. She was really going to town on her slit.

"Who knows with him? It's like you said: he just takes what he wants! Besides, something else hit me, and it hit me hard, like getting run over by a truck! In my dream I wasn't on any birth control and it was the week for me to ovulate!"

"NO!"

"YES! If I didn't do something fast, I'd have a baby nailed into me! In fact, just standing next to his virile body, I practically felt like I'd started ovulating right then and there! I had no choice but to suck his cock!"

Susan practically screamed, "AAAIIEEEE! I love it! But come on, admit it! You know you wanted to do it too! You couldn't wait! Admit it!"

"Okay, okay! I admit it! God, his cock felt so good in my hands, I just HAD to feel it completely filling up my mouth!"

Susan let out an incoherent, orgasmic scream as the next climax finally hit her.

Brenda was so excited that she started screaming and cumming at the same time.

Chapter 546 I LOVE An Intense Face Fucking!

Brenda had to stop for a few moments to calm down somewhat and regain her breath. Once she was ready, she could hear Susan practically hyperventilating through the phone, so she waited a little longer.

Then she continued, "Anyway, I quickly dropped down until my knees were on the dirty floor. My back was still pressed against the wall and window behind me, and then, there it was: his massive cock, right in front of my face!"

Susan squealed with delight. Then she moaned erotically, "MMMM! So hot!"

"Literally! My self-control was in tatters, so I dove down on that fat fucking thing with gusto! And it was VERY hot, practically like a red-hot poker in my mouth! And throbbing and alive! And so fleshy and cummy and wonderful! I could feel every last veiny bulge as it slid past my lips and my tongue. Just from the heat, I could tell he was as horny as I was!"

Susan was dying to suck her son's cock. She crammed four fingers into her mouth, since that was the best imitation she had within reach.

Brenda tugged on her long nipples as she continued rapturously, "Oh, Susan! I'm so jealous that you get to suck him all the time, and I've never been able to, not even once! Although it was just his dream-cock, somehow I just KNOW his real one is just the same! So... powerful! It's like it's calling to me, telling me that I HAVE to pleasure it with my mouth, my hands, my tits, my pussy, my ass, and the rest of my body!"

Susan pulled her fingers from her mouth to exclaim, "Oh my Lord, Brenda! That's SO true! I hear it calling me almost constantly! But tell me what you did!" She immediately resumed sucking on her fingers.

"What could I do? It was calling me. Already my lips were wrapped around that super-wide motherfucker, and I just... I just... Oh God! I did EVERYTHING to it! I went all out! He'd worked me up into such a frenzy, I had to repay him by giving him the best cocksucking I possibly could! I bobbed and bobbed and sucked and sucked and licked and licked! I was so into it that at times I almost forgot about everyone else in the crowded train, though to be honest my shame was never-ending. I felt like I was gonna choke to death on all that endless cock, but in the best possible way, if you know what I mean!"

"I do! Boy, do I!" Susan admitted, pulling her fingers from her mouth again. "Mmmm! I just had to wipe my chin, because your story is making me DROOL! But what about your fingers?"

"They're in my pussy!" Brenda giggled. She looked down and pushed three fingers even deeper inside her hot tunnel. "Oh, you mean in the dream?" She giggled some more. "In the dream, I held and played with his balls! So big and heavy! So full of his potent, insolent, POWERFUL seed! The seed I knew he was going to be BLASTING on me in a matter of minutes!"

"YES! As he should! He needs to mark you in order to complete the taming! But... but what about the other people on the train?! Didn't anybody say or do anything?"

"Who the fuck knows? Who cares?! I was so busy FEASTING on Alan's cock that I wouldn't have noticed if they were all screaming in dismay! And they would have to scream pretty loud to be heard at all, because I slobbered and slurped on him just as loudly as I wanted! Oh wait, that's not entirely true, since the ticket collector came by to punch our tickets! I definitely noticed THAT!"

"NO!"

"YES! I heard him speak to Alan, saying something like 'tickets, please.' Of course I couldn't see anything but Alan's body since his cock was halfway down my throat. But then I looked down even as I kept thrusting my lips up and down Alan's thick snake, and I saw the conductor's shoes and slacks near Alan's feet. I also saw my skirt and panties around MY feet, but that's a different story!"

"Brenda! Brenda! Stop!" Susan shrieked. "Gotta cum again!" And she did, loudly.

Brenda had also climaxed a couple of times, but surprisingly quietly for her, since she was trying to stay relatively calm in order to continue describing her dream. But with Susan taking another cum break, she did too. She let a loud roar rip, completely ignoring the fact that she was on her back lawn. She loved the emotional release, as well as the physical surge of pleasure.

But with surprising quickness, a panting Susan said, "Okay, continue!"

Brenda laughed at Susan's eagerness. "Where was I? Let's see. I felt a tapping on MY shoulder, and realized the conductor was bending down to talk to ME! He had to see absolutely EVERYthing, because how could he not?! He said, 'Excuse me, miss.'"

"Oh dear Mary, mother of God! Watch out! What did you say to him?!"

"Nothing! How could I speak, when my lips were still sliding relentlessly up and down Alan's cock? I wasn't about to stop just because of the conductor. If he threw me off the train, then so be it, but not until I got the cum load I so desperately craved! However, I was lucky, because Alan handled the guy. Or at least he tried to. I heard him say over all my loud slurping, 'I think her ticket is in her skirt pocket.' In fact, I think that was the very first time he'd said a word in this entire dream. Then somehow he managed to bend over in that cramped space, despite my lips still bobbing with a steady rhythm. I felt my skirt go away, from under my feet, and my panties too for good measure. I don't know what happened to them, because I didn't see them after that."

"Maybe the conductor picked them up," Susan pointed out. "Maybe he even kept them as a souvenir of the slutty, busty, cock-hungry American!"

"Oh shit! Maybe! I hadn't even thought of that. But anyway, then Alan said, 'No, they must be in her jacket pocket then.' And he took my jacket off me too! All the way off! And this time I'm sure it was Alan, 'cos of the way he possessively fondled my tits while he was at it. That left me wearing ABSOLUTELY NOTHING but my high heels and my stockings! I would have complained, loudly, but I couldn't stop gobbling and bobbing on his throbbing snake!"

Susan's body shuddered all over, and she moaned and grunted even more than usual. After a long pause, she confessed, "So hot! Oh Brenda, I just came again!"

"Tell me about it! I've been cumming off and on for a while now. It's a miracle I can still speak. I don't think I can stop creaming!" (Their usual rule about not admitting they were cumming was blown out of the water due to their sheer arousal.)

Susan was up on her knees in the middle of her bed, trying to imitate Brenda's position in the story. She hadn't opened her eyes in a long time, so in her mind it felt like she really was there on the train. "Me either! I keep thinking of how you must have looked to the others on the train! So wicked! So hot!"bender

"Susan, I'm burning up right now! Telling you this dream was the best idea ever! Anyway, Alan said something to the conductor like, 'Don't worry. I don't know where her ticket is exactly, but she's with me and she's okay.' That must have satisfied the conductor, because I didn't hear his voice again, and Alan turned his full attention back to my blowjob. He held the back of my head with both hands and... and... soon he was seriously FUCKING MY FACE!"

"GAH!" Susan wailed lustily. I LOVE an intense face fucking! Oh, Tiger! Come to Mommy's mouth! Cum IN Mommy's mouth! It seemed like she had no control over her hands anymore. They kept fondling her body with reckless abandon.

Brenda was also frantically fondling herself, knowing that she was reaching the climax of her story. "I sped up, my lips sliding faster and faster and faster! I was sucking as tightly as I possibly could, despite the speed of my bobbing head! SO MUCH COCK! My eyes were shut tight, so I could concentrate on getting him to cum! Pleasuring his cock was my entire world!"

Susan moaned, "MMMM!" Her mouth was wide open in a perfect "O" shape and she was living every word Brenda said.

"Then, since my hands were still holding and fondling his balls, I could feel it when they started to tighten up. As much as I loved the way my lips were pumping up and down his shaft, not to mention tickling those sliding inches of cock-meat with my tongue, I wanted to feel his cum on my face even more! So I pulled off and rested the back of my head against the window behind me. I closed my eyes just in time, 'cos he BLASTED my face! He absolutely DRENCHED me with his superior seed! The cum kept on rocketing out of his hot pole, until my face was thoroughly painted! But he still had more cum to give, so he tilted his cock down and seriously soaked my cleavage too! I was the stickiest, cummiest, creamiest mess you've ever seen!"

Brenda was so excited by her own story that she let out an impassioned howl and came yet again. Her fingers were flooded with yet more cum.

Susan was about to reach her biggest climax yet. "Brenda, I'm dying here! Too hot! I think I'm gonna masturbate myself to death!"

Brenda laughed at that. "Me too! My tits are practically flying in my face they're bouncing around so much, and I'm just about watering the lawn with my swampy pussy!"

Susan gasped in shock, "You're... you're... you're on the LAWN?!"

Brenda hadn't meant to reveal that, but by this point she was too far gone to care much. "Yes! In my backyard! I'll explain later!" She had to stop to catch her breath. For a full minute or more, the two sexy MILFs just panted hard into their phones.

Finally, Brenda said, "Aaah. That's bit better. I have no idea how I manage to even keep breathing enough to tell you all this, except I so very much want to share the story with you."

"Well, keep going!" Susan was lost in a great blowjob fantasy that continued even when Brenda was taking a break. She couldn't wait for Alan to come home, so she could do it to him for real.

"Anyhow, in a way, all that cum was a blessing, because there was no way I could open my eyes just yet. Which meant I couldn't see how all the stuffy Japanese businessmen were reacting, or what they thought of a shameless Western slut like me. Although before now no one had spoken at all, I heard a lot of gasping and quiet muttering. They knew! They all knew!"

Susan didn't reply to that, but her heavy panting showed how she felt. Her fingers kept pumping, taking her even closer to the verge of a massive release.

Brenda explained, "I realized I couldn't stay naked on my knees forever, so I finally wiped my eyes clean. I stood back up and shamefully tried to look in Alan's eyes. I was brave in doing that, because I desperately needed to find my clothes! I even spoke to him, asking, 'Where did my clothes go?'"

She went on, "He spoke directly to me then for the first time, while devastating me with more of his intense, direct stare." She lowered her voice to imitate a man's. "'You don't need clothes. Not anymore. You belong to me now. I'm your lord and master and you're my slut, my very own big-titted slut!'"

Susan lustily moaned, "Mmmm!" Brenda briefly worried she'd gone too far with his last comment, but it all was like heavenly music to Susan's ears, like Alan was saying those words directly to her. Her entire body actually trembled with lusty need. She soared with pride as she thought, I'm his big-titted slut too!

Brenda managed to continue, "As he spoke, I realized that his cock had never gone down, and instead was immediately ready for a second round! He rubbed his cockhead up and down my swampy pussy lips, and I knew he'd be fucking me soon! I knew right then that his conquest of my body was TOTAL! I couldn't fight it any longer, because he's right: I AM his big-titted slut! Well, one of them, I mean. Sorry."

"That's okay." Somehow, Susan even found that apology arousing.

"I couldn't wait for him to fuck me and otherwise use me to his heart's content! I needed him so bad! In me, deeply, powerfully! Filling me all the way, until I was skewered practically up to my neck! Let him show off this naked, high heeled, busty white woman to all the horny men there in the train car and even to half the train stations in Japan! I didn't care! In fact, I wanted everyone to see how he'd taken me and owned me! So when he asked me, 'Do you have a problem with that?', I quickly replied, 'No, Sir!'"

Susan yelled, "Oh, Gaawwwd! Brenda, he tamed me! He completely and utterly tamed me! I meant, he tamed you! 'SIR!' Too much! AAAAAIIIIIEEEE!" Her next anticipated climax finally arrived, and it was a whopper. She kept on screaming and screaming.

Brenda hadn't been about to climax right then, but she was game for another one. She let go of her inhibitions and ended up cumming nearly as loudly and long as Susan had.

Before Susan had fully recovered her breath, she gasped out, "What happened after that?"

Brenda somehow panted a reply. "Unfortunately, that was it. I guess I was just too excited by the way he completely defeated and humiliated me in front of all those people, and I couldn't keep the dream going. Right when he was about to fuck me too! UGH! I woke up in the dark in my bed, utterly disoriented and lying in a big, fresh wet spot. The dream had been so real! I could almost still feel his

hands on me, and the taste of his cum in my mouth! I was crushed to realize it was just a dream, after all."

"Darn! I'm SO sad that he didn't get to fuck you." Since Susan figured Alan would never fuck his mother in real life, when she was horny like this, she wanted to at least experience it vicariously through storytelling.

"Tell me about it!" Brenda was still fingering her soaked pussy lips as she reveled in her post-orgasmic abandon. She sighed from deep sexual satisfaction. "But that's okay, because he did in some later dreams that night. In fact, when I went back to sleep, my next dream pretty much continued where that one had left off, cummy face and all."

"Oh goody! Tell me that one too! Please, please, pretty please!"

Brenda laughed gleefully at Susan's child-like enthusiasm. "I'd love to. But not now. I don't know about you, but I've had so many nice cums along the way that I'm mentally and physically drained."

"Oh, poo. Me too. I suppose it's best that we rest. But why don't we continue this tomorrow?"

"Sounds good. But I'll warn you, I'm likely to have even more wet dreams about Alan tonight."

"That's okay. You can tell me about those too! And I'll tell you about my dreams, as well as some very real fun things too that I actually get to do with him." She made a loud slurping noise, and then giggled with glee.

Brenda moaned needfully as she caressed her breasts from below with both hands. "But then I'll just get MORE horny for him, and then I'll have even MORE wild fantasies!"

"And you'll tell me about those too!"

The two of them laughed heartily. With each phone call like this, they were getting to be better friends.

Chapter 547 Janice And Joy...!

The last school period of the day brought cheerleader practice. Before the practice started, Katherine took Kim aside when they were in the lockers changing and moved to a more private spot. She whispered quietly into Kim's ear, "I've got a secret, but you can't tell ANYBODY! Can you handle that?"

"Sure. And in fact I've got a juicy secret for you too."

"Cool! But I wanna go first." Katherine looked around to double-check that no one could hear, then she whispered quietly, "Guess what happened to me this morning? Susan kissed me right on the lips! Twice. With tongue! She's totally becoming bi."

Kim asked, "Susan? You mean your-"

"That's the one," Katherine interrupted. She didn't want anyone to say the word "mother" in case someone overheard, even though it seemed that no one was near. "You should see what she's doing to Alan. She was pumping his cock with one of her hands at the same time she kissed me! I just had to tell somebody, and you're the only one I can tell."

Kim was already worked up from lunch, but this ramped up her lust even more. "You can trust me to keep a secret. Damn, that's just too hot! Your... Susan... is just about the most beautiful woman I've ever seen! When I've seen her at school events, I swear, my heart practically stops!"

Katherine grinned wolfishly. "I know! That happens to me a lot lately, 'cos I see her ALL the time!"

Kim asked with growing excitement, "Can you get me a picture of her doing something like that?"

"No. Even I can see that would be too risky for all of us. Alan would rightfully have my hide for that. But who knows? If she keeps going like this, maybe one day we'll just have to invite you over."

Kim bit her lip in excitement at that thought. "Can you just get me a regular picture of her? Maybe in a bathing suit? That'll help me when I think about her while playing with myself."

Katherine nodded and smiled. "So... what's your big secret?"

Kim grabbed Katherine's shoulders in eagerness. "Your... Alan." She too was trying not to say revealing words like "brother." "He's such a STUD! He's steadily working his way through the entire squad!"

"What? What happened?! Tell me everything!"

"He completed Joy's painting job at lunch. I was there watching, and Heather was too. Things started off normally. I don't think any of us expected anything sexual to happen, especially with Heather there and all. I'd been trying to get Joy hot, but with no joy, if you know what I mean. Then Alan took over, and before you know it he was fucking her like crazy, right in front of us!"

"NO!" Katherine suddenly found it hard to breathe.

"Yes! And it wasn't just any kind of fucking - he really DRILLED her! He was some kind of human jackhammer, just drilling and drilling and drilling so fast and hard that he totally overwhelmed her!"

"NO!" Katherine said again, but this time more like an awed whisper. She was torn between lust and jealousy.

"I swear! I don't even know how it started. I'm sure Joy had no intention of letting him fuck her, especially since she has a boyfriend. But he started working on her pussy to get it ready for painting, and then she was suddenly begging him to do her! When he was done, you should have seen the way she stared at him adoringly. She all but told him he could fuck her again anytime he wanted!"

"Really?"

"Yep!"

Katherine growled. "Dammit! I should be seriously pissed off, except that it's too damn arousing. Especially since I know EXACTLY how she feels!" Her pussy was actually pulsing with need just from hearing about it.

"I know!" Kim quickly agreed.

Heather walked over to them. "Hey. What are you two carrying on about?"

"Private stuff," Kim replied. "None of your business."

Heather barked, "If it happens to either of you, it's my business, since you're part of MY squad. But we'll deal with it later. Let's get organized."

Once cheerleader practice began, Heather took advantage of what she'd learned about Joy during lunch. Although Joy was acting all shy and embarrassed again, Heather now knew that there was a highly-sexual dynamo lurking within, waiting to come out.

Heather and Joy stood on the stage above all the others. Heather clapped her hands to get attention. "Joy has now been painted properly, thanks to Alan. Joy, why don't you show everyone your newly finished paint job?"

"Do I have to?" Joy whined. She looked like she would die of embarrassment, but she was still riding her post-fuck buzz from earlier, so she was very malleable.

"Yes you do," Heather said firmly.

Joy slowly, tentatively, raised her skirt, exposing her shaved pussy to the four other cheerleaders standing below them. Actually, they'd been able to see her pussy even before the skirt was lifted, because she was above them on the stage, causing them to look up at her from below.

Kim whistled in appreciation, causing the others to grin since they all knew that Kim was a lesbian.

"Show them what a nice job Alan did on your pussy lips."

Defending her friend, Janice complained, "Heather, you go too far!"

But Joy said, "No, it's okay. After all, I am getting punished." Reluctantly, she used a hand to pull her labia apart. The contrast between her black-painted skin and the pinkish interior of her pussy was startling.

"This is Joy's week to be punished," Heather said, "so I recommend that everyone punish her as much as possible." Turning to Joy, she said, "Hey, did I tell you you could put your hands down? Keep your pussy lips open."

Joy reluctantly obeyed.

Then Heather turned back to the others. "For instance, if you have an opportunity during practice to stick your finger up her cunt, please do so." Heather led by example, stuffing her fingers into Joy even as the tormented cheerleader continued to hold up her skirt and reluctantly spread her pussy lips wide in apparent invitation.

Joy's face turned beet red, but she didn't dare to stop Heather.

"That's outrageous!" Janice said, angry at the treatment of her best friend. Heather's use of the word "cunt" just made her angrier. "How can you do that? It's way too humiliating!"

"Janice, if you've got a problem with it, you can come up here and get the same treatment. After all, remember what she did. She almost got us all in trouble by tattling. There's a point to all of what I'm doing. We need to get her so that she's enjoying herself by the game on Friday, even though she'll be shaved and naked, so she can be the best cheerleader she can be. So try to arouse her at every turn. Janice, are you going to cooperate or not?"

"No way! I'm going to report you! You're gonna be in so much trouble it's not even funny!"

Heather took Janice aside and spoke to her quietly, so the others couldn't hear. "Janice, I appreciate you sticking up for your friend, but get real. You know who I am. You know my power. I've got most of this squad under my thumb now. If you complain, it'll just be a case of 'he said, she said,' and I've got a LOT of influence with the school officials. Anyway, if you do that, I'll go nuclear on you."

"Shit!" Janice mumbled.

Heather nodded. "I'm trying to run this squad the way it needs to be run. If you get in the way, believe me, I'll crush you." Seeing that her point was made, she stepped back and spoke up. "So, Janice, are you going to see things my way?"

Janice spoke through clenched teeth. "I, uh, I guess I will. But only because you're forcing me to." She glared back at Heather angrily. She cursed under her breath, Fucking bitch! One day she's gonna get what's coming to her. I'm not gonna let her lord it over me like that. I'm not a goddamned wallflower like some of these others!

Heather smiled when she saw Janice squirm with hate, then went on pleasantly, "At least you know who's boss. But since we're seeing such reluctance, I want to make sure everyone will obey this order. Katherine, can you come up here?"

Katherine reluctantly walked up to the stage.

Heather commanded, "And Joy, I want you to bend over the back of that couch, so we can see your ass."

Joy did so, though she was dying of shame.

"All right, Kath" - Katherine hated being called "Kath," which the insensitive Heather knew but sometimes either forgot or did intentionally - "stick your finger in there. That's an order."

Katherine lifted up Joy's skirt and put a finger in Joy's pussy. She pretended to be reluctant to preserve her goody-goody reputation, but actually she was quite enjoying it. She would have loved the situation if Heather hadn't been involved.

Heather had to finally tell her to stop. Then Heather made Kim, Amy, and Janice all do the same.

Kim and Amy were very amenable to the idea, but Janice was another matter.

Janice was the last one to go. She was still seething at Heather, but she obeyed. She said to her best friend, "Joy, please forgive me. I'm so sorry! I promise I'll make it up to you, but I don't want to be kicked off the squad."

"Oh, how touching," Heather said sarcastically. "But Janice, you fail to understand that she's being punished. You will not make it up to her or apologize to her. In fact, since you're being so stubborn, I'm going to make you put a finger up her ass as well."

"What? That's so gross! There's no way." bender

"There is a way. I swear, if you cross me, I'll make you regret the day you were born. Being kicked off the squad would be just the start of your troubles. Do it. NOW."

Janice sheepishly and reluctantly stuck her finger up Joy's anus. "I'm so sorry, Joy," she whispered.

"You still don't get it, do you?" said Heather testily. "No apologies. I want you to call Joy names. Nasty names. Call her a slut."

Janice closed her eyes, and whispered, "Slut."

"Let's have some more enthusiasm. Speak louder. And use it in a sentence. Let's see some pumping action with that finger while you're doing that."

"Joy, you're a slut," Janice said, louder but without conviction. She reluctantly pushed her finger deeper into Joy's butt, then slowly pulled it back out.

"Wow. Really creative use of the word there," Heather said sarcastically. "You can do better than that. Tell Joy how much she loves what you're doing to her."

Janice tried to drum up more enthusiasm for the task. "Joy, you really like this, don't you? You like how I'm sawing my finger in your butt?" There was silence as Heather waited until Janice penetrated Joy's butt a couple more times. Though she was burning with shame and anger, Janice kept looking at Heather to see whether that would be enough.

Heather nodded approvingly, feeling very smug and happy with the situation.

Janice thought to herself, I swear to God, I will get you for this, Heather! You're going to pay for your cruelty. I'm going to play some kind of horrible trick on you, and you won't even know who hit you or how.

Even so, she continued to abuse Joy as Heather was instructing. "Joy, you're just a slut who likes to take things up your ass, aren't you? In fact, a finger up the ass just isn't enough for you. You need big things in your asshole. Big, nasty things. You need both your holes filled, don't you? How does this feel?" She rammed a finger from her other hand into Joy's pussy even as she kept pistoning a finger in and out of her anus, going faster.

"Janice, no!" cried Joy. She thought, Ohmigod, what's happening to Janice? She's my best friend! What's come over her?

"Shut up, bitch!" Janice answered surprisingly fiercely. Unconsciously she was channeling her anger at Heather into her abuse of Joy. "You like it. Admit that you like it, and that you even love it!"

Janice rammed her fingers in and out of Joy, harder and harder. Janice had gotten quite aroused watching all the other cheerleaders frig Joy, but she'd kept it bottled up inside. She'd secretly lusted after Joy for a long time, but saw that her best friend didn't seem to feel the same way about her. Now her repressed feelings were coming out all at once.

She'd long wanted to be sexual with Joy, but not this way. Unknowingly, Heather was ruining her fantasies about her best friend.

"No, Janice, no! Don't!" Joy cried out.

"You love it! Admit it!" Janice yelled. She no longer needed Heather's encouragement, but was seriously getting into frigging her best friend. In fact, she'd almost forgotten about Heather, she was so lost in the pistoning and her yelling at Joy. She might have come to her senses except that she realized that Joy was actually starting to get into it, and that just drove her onward even more. She continued to abuse both of Joy's holes with complete abandon.

"Look how you thrust your hips back. SLUT! Fucking tramp! You want more, don't you? You're begging for it! You love it!"

Janice was right: Joy in fact was thrusting her hips as if she needed to be penetrated deeper and harder. A part of her was enjoying it, even as her conscious mind was screaming about the abuse. She was so confused that she could hardly think, so she just let waves of mixed feelings wash over her.

"You fucking whore!" Janice yelled. "Making me do this because you can't keep a secret! You did it just because you want us to all fuck you! Fucking cunt!"

Joy's knees buckled as she was hit by a massive orgasm. She fell to the floor.

But Janice collapsed with her, keeping her fingers going, ramming both pussy and butt holes almost violently.

Joy's face was bursting with excitement and lust and shame, even as she moaned and shrieked as if she were in her death throes.

Janice cried, "Slut! Bitch! You love it! Admit it, you lesbo! Lesbo slut! Cum dumpster! You belong on your knees!"

Heather had been watching intently, amazed at what Janice was saying and doing. But now she interrupted, "Okay, that's enough. Very good, Janice." The situation was rapidly slipping out of her control - within just a few minutes she'd gone from having to force Janice to having to stop her.

Janice removed her fingers from Joy and just stood there, dazed. She looked around at the other cheerleaders, who were staring at her in shock. Seeing the others snapped her out of her possessed state. She cringed and blushed at what she had done, then muttered, "Um, yeah. Uh, I'm sorry Joy. Heather made me do it. I'm really sorry."

She thought, What just happened to me there? I'm never gonna live this down! Joy is going to hate me. I just destroyed our friendship. She's my best friend in the whole wide world! May God curse that fucking

bitch Heather; this is all her fault. She is soooo dead. I am going to get her for this no matter what, even if it's the last thing I do!

Heather commented, "Janice, you still don't understand about apologizing, but I'll let it slide this time since you executed the rest of my orders so well, not to mention I wouldn't want to have you do that again. Now Joy, get down off the stage and let's begin our practice."

Heather thought, I sure didn't see that coming with Janice. Is everyone on this team secretly repressing so much sexually, or what? How odd. I guess I picked a good team. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that I picked them mostly not on skill but by how much they turned me on.

Joy hopped off the edge of the low stage. She kept her head down, refusing to make eye contact with anyone, especially Janice. Now that her humiliation was over, she was already starting to wonder how she could have enjoyed any of it.

She could see that Janice was shook up perhaps even more than she was. She walked up to Janice and whispered in her ear, "Don't worry. I forgive you. None of us can cross Heather." Then she nervously moved away, fearful of any more punishment from the head cheerleader.

Chapter 548 What A Day!

Heather took control of the group. "Okay, everyone, let's focus. Today we're going to do some warm-up exercises, and then some running outside. But first, Amy, what are you doing wrong?"

Amy was the cheerleader now standing closest to Joy. She shrugged cluelessly.

Heather chided, "You're forgetting something. Since you're next to Joy, please continue with her punishment."

Amy casually reached under Joy's skirt and began frigging her as if it were no big deal.

Joy didn't say a word, but she didn't seem happy about it either.

A couple of them were amazed at how easily the supposedly innocent and naïve Amy took on the task. Even Heather exercised some degree of sexual restraint with the other cheerleaders when Amy was present, in an effort not to corrupt her too much. Only Katherine really understood, because she had first-hand experience of Amy's skill at fingering pussies.

Joy continued to acquiesce to the treatment, even as she squirmed and blushed.

Janice however, was only further shocked and appalled. She was shocked at Joy's apparent enjoyment, and appalled that Heather was corrupting Amy. They all followed an unwritten rule that Amy was to be protected from all things sexual, and Heather was violating it.

But no one else seemed to be concerned at all, not even Katherine.

Janice looked from face to face and thought for sure she'd entered the Twilight Zone, where no one was acting normally.

Every moment of the practice, as long as they were in the theater room and not jumping about doing a routine, Heather made sure that one or another of the cheerleaders was keeping their fingers active in Joy's pussy. Even if they only stood around for a few seconds between routines, someone was required to plunge their fingers into Joy.

The fact was, everyone else in the squad was at least somewhat bisexual, so this activity was making them all horny. Even Joy was quite aroused.

Heather was triumphant. In addition to getting back at Joy for Alan's earlier fuck and blowjob, she sensed that she'd reached a turning point in getting the squad to go along with her sexual schemes. She looked forward to a lot of lesbian fun with all of them before the year ended.

Halfway through practice, during a longer break in their routines, Joy whispered, "Janice, please make it stop."

Janice could hardly believe her ears, since Joy's body certainly seemed to be reacting favorably. Joy was panting heavily, and her thighs were sticky with her juices. "What?" Janice asked, incomprehendingly. She'd had a finger in her friend's vagina at the time, but quickly took it out.

"Yes, I'm wet," Joy grudgingly conceded, "'cos I'm really horny. But that doesn't mean I'm enjoying this. My body may be aroused, but I just don't swing this way. Not only that, but where's the love? I need romance and there's nothing romantic about this. Sex should be fun and loving, but with Heather there's none of that here. I know that I'm to blame for telling Jenny, but I just want it to stop."

Janice was very upset to hear that. It occurred to her, This means... This means that I... she... Oh no! I've been a willing participant in all of this! Worse, I've been enjoying it. How horrible. I'm totally getting into this lesbian stuff, and I just assumed that Joy was too. I thought that she and I... Oh no! Disaster! Is our friendship over? She doesn't seem that upset, but what if she realizes that I wasn't just acting before? I must really have a dark side. ... I've got to DO something!

Janice stood up, straightened out her cheerleading uniform, and went over to the head cheerleader. "Heather, this has to stop. This has gone too far! Don't you see that Joy isn't enjoying herself?"

Heather laughed, snorting, "What, we're all here for her enjoyment? She got her enjoyment earlier today, while I just had to sit by and watch. That was unnecessary, and now she has to pay."

Janice didn't know what that was all about, but needed to help her friend anyway. "Let me make you a deal, right here, right now, in front of everyone. Let me take over Joy's punishment. I'll do whatever you want her to do, and double. I'll do anything you want. Just leave Joy alone!"

Heather looked Janice over intently while she considered the idea. "But Joy was the one who blabbed about the painting," she pointed out. "She should be the one to pay."

"I'll take care of Joy. She'll never do something like that again, I promise." Janice was very insistent and pleading.

Heather pretended to waver, then finally concede. "Okay. Don't ever say that I have no heart. Fine. Go ahead." She wasn't really being kind though. Her real motive all along had been to maneuver the other cheerleaders into more and more sexual situations so she could take advantage of a completely

sexually-uninhibited squad. Joy and Janice had been the last holdouts, so this was a chance to correct that.

Janice jumped up and down, saying "Thanks! I won't forget it."

Joy leapt up from where she was sitting, hugging and thanking Janice profusely as Janice hugged her back.

"Hey, hey," Heather eventually butted in. "It's not all wine and roses here. Don't get so excited."

The two paused and looked at Heather to see what she would say.

"First off, you two, what I say goes. And rule number one is that neither of you gets to fuck Alan. Period. The more you fuck him the less I can, and I don't like that."

Janice was puzzled, since she was behind on what had been happening with Alan. However, Heather's comment was quite telling, helping Janice to start to figure things out.

"But wait-" Joy began.

Heather cut her off. "No buts. That's the deal. Second, Janice, you'll take over Joy's spot. Shave your pussy tonight, and tomorrow we'll bring Alan back in here to paint you. But your punishment won't end on Friday, since you've missed some of the week already. I'll think of more to do with you later. Joy, you'll keep your paint job and go to the game like that, but nobody's going to touch you from now on if you don't want to be touched, okay? But you're not going to complain or say a word to anyone else when the rest of us are enjoying ourselves. Especially your sister! And we're going to be doing a lot of that from now on."

"Okay," Joy agreed. It isn't much of a deal, really. But the important thing is that Heather's gonna stop abusing me. I can live with painted panties at the game, as long as she quits trying to drag me into her weird sex games. But what about Janice? Now she's gonna have to pay, and for who knows how long! What have I done, agreeing to this? Maybe I should say no, before Janice has to...

Janice saw the look of concern come over her friend's face and could guess her thoughts. "Don't worry, Joy. Don't mind me. The thing is, I'm kind of getting into this. I think I might even enjoy some of Heather's punishments. I hope you don't think less of me, but that's how it is."bender

Heather spoke up, "We'll see. I'm not here for your amusement either; I'm here for my own. I see that look in your eye, Janice. If you agree to this, you have to swear that you're not going to try to get back at me in any way. You're agreeing here of your own free will. And you're not going to tell a soul about any of this. Especially not Alan!"

Kim, Katherine, and Amy were all watching intently from nearby.

Heather now spoke to them also. "That goes for the rest of you. None of you say anything to anyone. And Katherine, you are NOT going to tell your brother about this. Is that clear? You saw how I found out about Joy telling secrets. If you tell Alan, he's gonna start behaving differently, and I'll pick it up right away. Then it'll be YOUR ass."

"Okay, fine," Katherine agreed. "If that's what makes Joy and Janice happy."

Katherine turned to Joy and said, "I'm so sorry, Joy. I didn't realize. I thought you were enjoying it."

Heather glared at Amy. "And I know you're his next door neighbor and close friend. Mum's the word. Got it?"

"M'kay," Amy nearly whispered. She seemed really intimidated by Heather, especially when Heather was like this.

The others all joined in with profuse apologies to Joy. Amy seemed especially sad about the whole thing.

While that was going on, Janice quietly whispered to Joy, "What's all this about Alan? Did he fuck you?"

Joy muttered back, "Tell you later." Then she spoke to the whole group. "Listen. I'm not traumatized or anything. No need to apologize. It's just that everyone was assuming that I could be bisexual, but I'm can't. Sure, I get aroused physically if someone stimulates me, but I'm not REALLY aroused, if you know

what I mean. So, no offense, but I'll just sit this kind of stuff out, if that's okay with all of you. And thanks again, Janice. You're a real friend."

Janice didn't feel much like a good friend though. She thought, If only you knew how much I was getting into calling you names and stuff, you wouldn't call me a friend! That fucking Heather really opened a Pandora's Box. I've had romantic feelings toward you, and now it turns out that you're not bisexual in the slightest! What a fucking horrible day, and it's all Heather's fault!

And now I'm under her thumb, the bitch, and I can't even get back at her for all of this. And I can't fuck Alan either. I was so looking forward to that after all I've heard. AND she'll humiliate me at the football game on Friday, and beyond. How can this get any worse?! At least I've redeemed myself a bit in Joy's eyes. But it's going to take a long time before I can redeem myself in my own eyes. What a fucking disaster!

Joy seemed happy that her humiliation had ended and didn't realize how troubled Janice was. She asked Heather, "About this no fucking Alan rule - doesn't that depend on Alan? What if he comes in here tomorrow and wants to fuck me or Janice? How are you going to stop him?" Joy was still thinking about her incredible earlier fuck with him, and she was determined to get a repeat performance.

"You're right that I can't stop him," Heather conceded. "But if he wants to do that, the two of you will politely turn him down. You both have boyfriends, so just tell him that you don't want to cheat on them. Alan is such a gentleman that he's not going to go against that. And he's not much of a liar either, so I'll know if you told him something behind my back. The mighty Heather sees all!"

She cackled dramatically, in a semi-parody of her bitchy image amongst the cheerleaders. Almost everyone else in the school knew her as elitist and aloof, but didn't realize just how self-serving she really was.

After more discussion, they all went back to cheerleading practice. Whatever sexual mood there had been was broken, so the rest of the practice passed without incident.

Janice and Joy furtively discussed the fact that Joy had had sex with Alan during lunch. Janice was not that upset to hear about it, but she was shocked to hear from Joy that Alan had also had sex with Heather.

Heather felt a bit bad about her treatment of Joy. She'd assumed from the way Joy was acting around Alan that she was randy as a goat, very sexual all around. But though that had been proven wrong and she felt apologetic about her mistake, she was just too proud to apologize.

Janice put on an untroubled face, but after all the other cheerleaders left she stayed behind. Sitting on the floor, she pondered her situation.

I don't regret that I made that deal with Heather. But I DO regret acting like such a fool earlier. What on Earth came over me? This is like the worst day of my life, and I can't even tell Joy all about it like I usually do. I have to keep my feelings a secret or I'll lose her for sure.

This is all Heather's fault. My feelings for Joy would never have come out in public if it hadn't been for Heather's cruelty. I don't know how or when, but some day I'm gonna give her her comeuppance. Unfortunately, at the moment I'm basically her bitch. What a bitch! That fucking she-devil! I don't know how I'm gonna stand it, but I'll have to be tough, for Joy's sake. I can take whatever Heather can dish out. I gotta keep my end of the deal or she'll take it out on Joy.

Chapter 549 Son, Take My Ass And Do Crazy Things To It.

Alan had to walk home after school, because his mother had rushed Katherine and him to class that morning. After all the shenanigans with the cheerleaders, he actually enjoyed the respite provided by the walk, which gave him a rare chance to be alone and think.

It's amazing that I'm only halfway through Tuesday. How will my dick ever make it to Saturday? It's a good thing that the SA-Club meeting at Kim's was canceled this week, 'cos there's only so much it can take. He chuckled to himself. And I've got another appointment with Akami on Friday too. Phew! That'll be hot, for sure.

His thoughts drifted to his last sexual encounter with Akami, and he clearly pictured in his mind one moment when Akami had been standing with her back to him. For some reason that particular image had stuck in his mind, as it showed what a terrific body she had. Man alive! Akami is soooo fine! Sure, she's not as ridiculously curvy as Mom is, but she still has a great, fit body. Plus, I can fuck her anytime I want. And I have! And it was GREAT!

Hot damn, life is good! I'm getting way worked up, just thinking about plunging my hot cock into her, over and over and over again! Phew! So tight, so intense! A total friction blast! If I could only do that to Mom... Or Aunt Suzy... Oh, Jesus! I just know my auntie would be the greatest fuck ever! Except fucking Mom would be even better! Hell, I can't compare. Both would be off the charts!

But dammit, what about balance? I need balance in my life! I can almost hear the sound of my grades in free fall, like a carton of a dozen eggs splattering on the ground. I've got a couple of big tests Friday, and I haven't even started to study for them. Then there's studying for the S.A.T.s and applying to colleges, which I haven't even started. Not to mention the Boy Scouts hiking trip coming up soon. How can I possibly juggle it all?bender

I sure as hell can't start getting responsible now. I've got a super stiff hard-on already thinking about what's gonna happen with Mom when I get home.

I mean, everything I'm doing and thinking is sexual in some way or another. Why, the sheer amount of juice I've been drinking lately so my dick won't run out of cum - it's insane. And now, whenever Mom says, "Tiger, would you like another glass of juice," it takes on a whole new meaning. I imagine her patiently waiting for it to run through my system so she can suck it out of me! And I get so aroused by that. I'm at the point that being handed a glass to drink is actually arousing. Every fucking single thing is arousing! I'm going to flunk out of everything in life, except getting aroused and enjoying sex.

He sighed, and thought with mixed emotions, There's no doubt I'm getting pretty good at that.

When he arrived at his house, his mother was waiting for him at the front foyer, tottering on five-inch heels and not much else. She'd just taken a shower, so she smelled and looked fresh.

Nudity was becoming so common in his house that he wasn't surprised that her outfit, an apron, left her impressive chest completely exposed. It wasn't the first time she'd worn an outfit like that. In fact, the nightie she'd worn that morning was even more revealing. But the fact that she'd spent pretty much the entire day naked and kissing and fondling Suzanne had affected her, though Suzanne's accompanying indoctrination and lecturing had affected her even more.

Before, whenever she would call herself her son's "cocksucking centerfold mommy slut," a part of her just considered it a joke, as if it was all simply a sexy game. But now she had started taking that completely seriously, and completely literally. The change made her look at Alan in an entirely new way: now he wasn't just her son; he was her de facto master. As a result, she looked and felt unusually embarrassed and incredibly nervous. She worried that she might not be worthy of him.

She'd spent the half hour before his arrival cooking one of his favorite desserts, dark chocolate brownies, for him. Now she was carrying the tray of brownies like a shield, so that they covered much of her bare breasts. She looked approvingly at the bulge in his shorts, unthinkingly licking her lips several times in anticipation. After the long story-telling phone call with Brenda earlier, she couldn't wait to start cocksucking, but she was trying to build up his desire first.

Alan had no clue about what she'd been thinking or doing all day. He noticed her nervousness and was going to gently tease her about it. But he realized that it had taken a big leap of courage for her to dress so scandalously just to please him. He decided to act as if there was nothing unusual in her attire, at least until she got more accustomed to wearing so little.

"Hi Tiger," she said, "how was your day?" She put the tray of brownies aside, walked up to him, and kissed him on the cheek as she usually did. But then she kissed him on the lips, even briefly giving him some tongue. She rubbed her body up against his, making sure to slide her hard nipples up against his T-shirt.

"Whoa," he said. He was used to his goodnight kisses, but a kiss during the day was a welcome surprise, even if it was brief. "It just got a whole lot better. What was that for?"

She thought to herself, This is how a good big-titted mommy slut behaves, especially on a Tuesday. Gaawwwd, Son, I can't wait to get your cock in my mouth! But this is a good time to try new things too. But she merely told him, "Suzanne told me today that I need to be friendlier when greeting people, so I'm trying to change my ways, especially when it comes to kissing you. You like?"

"Do I like? I love it! Wow!"

Still feeling unusually nervous, she picked up the tray of brownies again. "I made some brownies for you. Your favorite kind."

He took the tray and set it aside. "Never mind about that. My 'favorite kind' is standing right in front of me."

She blushed and beamed with happiness. She lowered her head demurely. "You're just saying that."

"No I'm not. You're gorgeous. And so fuckin' stacked!" He reached out and squeezed her ample tit-flesh. "I love your eyes, your face, even your glasses. Everything! Turn around slowly so I can see all of you and the sexy apron you're wearing."

"Okay!" She stepped back a few feet and pirouetted completely around to show off her new apron. It was a specially designed erotic apron, which had cloth in some areas that highlighted the fact that there was no cloth covering her tits or ass.

She didn't mention Suzanne's advice that she could and should do just about anything with Alan short of straight intercourse, and that the more she did such things the healthier it would be for both of them. She was embarrassed about it, yet eager to begin. She wanted to break some new barriers right away, before she lost her courage, but was a little bit skittish about how to do it. She'd never been fucked in the ass, or even had her pussy licked.

"I most definitely like," Alan enthused. "You look even sexier than you did this morning! I didn't believe that was possible, but it's true. I like how the apron exposes and hides at the same time."

Susan laughed. "Well it doesn't hide that much. It mostly exposes. About the only thing it tries to hide is this." She lifted up the front of the apron and proudly showed off her pussy.

"Mmmm, that's one spot I'd like to get to know a lot better." He was struck by how willing she was to show herself off like this, despite her nervousness. Since he knew nothing of Suzanne's day-long indoctrination effort, he figured the fashion show must have been responsible for getting her to enjoy showing herself off so much.

"Now, now, Tiger, remember that I'm your mother. We have to have limits." She still held the apron up, and even wiggled her hips a bit, which greatly diminishing her authority to talk seriously about limits.

"Do you remember what we did this morning?" They both knew that he was referring to their brief dry hump.

"Do I? How could I possibly forget it? But I'm serious about what I said about that. We can do many things, but we can't do that again. I just don't think I have the self-control to get that close to actual you-know-what. Sorry about that, Tiger."

He frowned. She seemed unusually determined to maintain that particular restriction, which was the one he most wanted to go.

She felt bad too, because she'd spent most of her day thinking and talking with Suzanne about breaking barriers, but when it actually came to doing so with Alan she was falling back onto her same slogans and restrictions. To compensate for his disappointment, she moved back to him and draped her arms around his shoulders, again poking her aroused nipples firmly into his chest.

He wished that his chest was bare so he could feel her directly against his skin.

She eyed his crotch again, even cupping his bulging package. "How's our not-so-little friend doing? Are you going to keep him locked up in those shorts forever? Mommy's hungry for a spermy snack!"

"Forever? I've been home less than two minutes. He's doing fine now, thanks to you." He grinned as she slowly unzipped his shorts. She stared in anticipation as his boner emerged, and let out one of her trademark "Mmmm!" groans.

His erection suddenly sprang forth.

Susan enveloped it with her hands even before it had stopped bouncing from being freed. She stayed standing and just bent over some, because his hand was stroking her mostly bare back and she didn't want him to stop.

He noted, "I still have four times to go to make eight today." He took his shorts off and removed his underwear.

Susan did some quick math and frowned, realizing he must have gotten off in school again during the day. She'd been noticing the last few days that the chart on his wall got one check a day that she couldn't account for, and sometimes even two.

She thought as she started to jack him off, I'm dying to know who's helping out at school, but as his big-titted mommy pet, I suppose it's none of my business. I don't want to come across like a jealous girlfriend.

God, that gets me so HOT, imagining I'm his girlfriend! In any case, eight times is a LOT, even for a virile, cum-filled boy like him. He's gotta need help at school to reach a big number like that, so I should be thanking whoever it is, especially since it must be pretty hard to have sex at school without getting caught. Heck, knowing my Tiger, he's probably getting blown and stroked by all kinds of girls at school, maybe even in a bathroom! That gets me even hotter!

Alan looked over her apron outfit and asked half-seriously, "Mom, how on earth do you expect me to concentrate in class, when I know I have someone so hot and sexy waiting to help me at home?"

Susan was fishing for more compliments as her fingers slid up and down his shaft. "Don't talk about your sister that way," she replied, knowing full-well that wasn't his meaning.

"Mom, I'm talking about YOU! Sis is gorgeous, don't get me wrong, but you're like one of the all-time greats. One of the greatest beauties of all time. Like Marilyn Monroe or something. You're so beautiful and sexy that I can hardly stand it!" He ran his hands freely all over her body, causing her to shiver lustily.

As he hefted her big boobs, lifting them from below, he said, "One of these weeks I'm going to have to get sick so I can stay home with you all day. Maybe with a long illness, so I can be here every day. I'd spend the day just playing with your perfect body. Imagine if every day was Tuesday - that you had an entire week of Tuesdays."

Susan blushed and trembled with joy. "You say the nicest things! But your studies come first. Why don't we get your penis irregularity check done now so you can hit the books. Then we can enjoy some nice cocksuckings later this evening, without having to worry about your homework. You have such a silver tongue, but maybe I can show you that my tongue is good for a thing or two as well."

He looked down at her stroking hands. "Aren't you checking it now?"

"Not really. I'm just stroking your special place over and over, well, because I know how much you like it." She thought, Son, just wait until I get it in my mouth! Mmmm!

He leaned forward and kissed her neck. "Thanks, Mom!"

She dragged him by his erection up the stairs and down the hallway, towards his room, stroking it as best she could considering that they were trying to walk at the same time.

"Not so fast, Mom; I haven't gotten your attention yet." He reached forward and grabbed her ass. They made their way through the house laughing and joking, with him attached at her ass and her firmly gripping his hard-on somewhat like a two-person conga line.

Susan thought to herself, His hands on my ass! So natural. They belong there. What I really need is to have him FUCK me right up the ASS! Right now I should just tell him, "Excuse me Tiger, but your mother really needs it. Your mommy needs your big fat cock deep up her butt. Fuck my asshole, please! Do your mommy's butt deep! So deep!"

But I'm afraid it's gonna hurt. I know it's gonna hurt, because he's so unusually THICK! And he might hate me for being a weirdo. He's probably disgusted by the idea of anal sex. Why wouldn't he be? I wonder if there's a way to change that. He sure likes the outside of my butt, at least.

When they reached the door to Alan's room, he maneuvered her past it. "Let's use your room," he said. He found the idea of doing sexual things to his mother in her own bed even more exciting than doing the same things in his own. (It didn't occur to him that this was Oedipal.)

She stopped in the hall just before the door to her room. "We shouldn't," she said weakly, even as she kept jerking him off. She still felt some strange loyalty to her husband, so using the room she shared with him seemed like a violation of her marriage. She looked at her left hand, focusing on her wedding ring, even as her right hand slid up and down his shaft.

As he stood there with his hands roaming all over her ass, he said, "You know, Mom, there's something extra sexy about this apron. I hope you wear it a lot. It's so sexy, but at the same time it reminds me that you're my mother who cleans my clothes and cooks my food. It makes me really happy. And of course it shows off just how huge your luscious tits really are, not to mention your extra narrow waist." His hands went to her tits and waist as he talked about them.

She smiled a wide smile. "It makes me happy too. And I'm so proud that my tits can give you such joy. I used to almost hate them, because they were so much trouble and gave me backaches, but now I love them. I even disliked the word. 'Tits,' So vulgar. But these aren't breasts; they're tits!" She arched her back to thrust out her chest.

Her thoughts began to drift while she was enjoying the cock sliding in her fingers and her son was playing with her enormous melons. Son, don't just play with them with your hands; shove your fat cock in there! You need to do that immediately. Tiger, be a good boy and fuck your mommy's big tits. Do it now!

But she didn't share what she was thinking. She merely smiled benignly and said, "I must admit, I've been fighting admitting it for weeks now, but I surrender. I have to confess that I'm GLAD about your treatment needs. In fact, it's the best thing that's ever happened to me! Helping keep your cock stiff and throbbing with pleasure gives me endless joy. I've never felt so happy, so alive, as these last few weeks."

He smiled widely, and felt emotionally moved. "Me too, Mom. Me too. I love you so much! Talk about a win-win for both of us, don't you think?"

As she kept on jacking off his thick boner while they stood at her doorway, she said, "Indeed. Suzanne and I had a good talk today. She's helped me see that I'm a creature designed for pleasure - for YOUR pleasure."

He cut in, "Wait, Mom. You're so much MORE to me than that!"

"I know, and I love you for saying that, but I'm everything I've always been AND your big-titted mommy slut too. After all, what good is it having a centerfold mommy if you can't play with her curvy, busty body?"

Gathering her willpower, she thought, it's time! I need to be brave and let him play with my pussy! How can I be a good mommy slut and deny him that? I'll just have to be strong and resist the urge to get fucked, no matter how horny I get. She spoke with a mixture of shyness and resolve. "I need to be more lenient about some of my boundaries. For instance, some of the limits on you touching me."

There were all kinds of things she wanted to do with him, but naughty anal sex thoughts made her ass feel particularly needy. So she let go of his boner and turned her back on him. As she pinched one of her nipples, she said, "Please get my attention again, but this time, get ALL of it!"

He stood behind her and felt up her butt again. He wasn't quite sure what she was hinting for him to do. He figured he'd do anything he liked to her ass short of fucking it, and if she complained he could justify

his actions as due to her vague comments. His fingers worked his way towards the center of her rear and within seconds he was sliding his index finger deep into her anus.

"Oooh!" She squealed in delight. But then she cried in apparent dismay. "Tiger, I'm your mother! If you respect and appreciate me, you'll do that more often!"

He was confused about her mixed signals, to say the least. It took a few seconds for him to register that she was saying just the opposite of what he'd expected, and that her dismay was feigned.

"That's a joke, Son," she continued. "I know I'm not very good at them, but I'm working on it."

He laughed. "Good one!" He kept on probing the depths of her ass crack.

She thought, Suzanne says it's okay if Tiger has my butt. It's okay! Son, take my ass and do crazy things to it. Get sexy all over your mommy's bubble butt! Take out your finger and put your big cock inside me instead! Fill me with thick COCK-MEAT! Mommy wants to be your butt slut! Take my butt and fill it with your beefy rod!

But outwardly, she again displayed only a contented, motherly smile. It was one thing to run wild in her own mind with anal sex fantasies, but she was a long way from being able to say any of that out loud, much less have him actually impale her there. The fact that the idea of him putting his dick inside her tight anus was physically frightening helped make it exciting, but it wasn't possible yet for her to consider that idea as more than just a fantasy. Letting him play with her pussy was much more doable by comparison.

Alan didn't have the slightest clue about the thoughts raging in her head. "You're the best, Mom," he replied as he started to gently push her through her doorway while still sawing his finger in and out of her ass. "Not a lot of moms would be willing to help out so much with a son's medical troubles... By the way, I like that your apron has this big bow on your back. What would happen if I undid it?"

She was horny beyond belief, so nearly jumped with joy that he'd finally mentioned the bow. Not only did she not resist his pushing her towards her bedroom, she started walking there on her own. "I don't know, since you've never undone it before. It holds the apron together. If you do that, who knows? Maybe my clothes will fall off completely. If that happens, I imagine I'll have to fall naked on the bed and suck your cock quite a lot!"

She turned back to make eye contact with him. Her smoldering look showed that she could hardly wait.

"I could think of worse things that could happen," he said jokingly as he undid the bow.

Chapter 550 Alan And Susan

Sure enough, the apron fell to the floor when he undid the bow. There was no way undoing the bow could have caused that all by itself, since it was a French maid's apron with shoulder straps, so she'd helpfully pulled those straps off her shoulders at the same time.

He laughed with pure glee as he resumed fondling her awesome body. Man alive! Mom is sooo sexy! It's like every day is Christmas, except instead of the usual presents I find my mom and all kinds of other total babes under the Christmas tree!

As they entered her room, she said breathlessly, "You know, it feels almost as if you're my husband and I'm your wife, and now you're taking me to our bed to have your way with me. But of course I'm not; I'm just one of your many faithful, personal cocksuckers!"

He was afraid to push his luck, since he wasn't sure what might fuel her fantasies and what might trigger a relapse. So he just smiled knowingly as if he knew what he was doing.

Susan walked ahead of him and lay down on her double bed, spread-eagled. She spread her knees wide apart, making sure to give him a good look at her pussy. "Just what do you plan to do to me here in your father's bed?"

He was reasonably excited already, but when he heard that his heart started to pound wildly.

She asked seductively, "Are you having unwholesome thoughts about your mommy? Your cocksucking-loving, incestuous, penis-hungry mommy?"

He crawled close between her legs and had a good look at her pussy.

But she didn't want him to just look. She rolled over onto her stomach and stuck her ass up into the air, visually inviting him to "get her attention" yet again. "Your mommy is having some very naughty thoughts about you right now. I think you need a big reward for saying such nice things." She was particularly overjoyed that he'd compared her to the likes of Marilyn Monroe.

He said, "That's all I do all day: have unwholesome thoughts about you. But I love you. And I've kept my promise to respect your boundaries, haven't I?" He took off his last bits of clothing and hopped up behind her. He grabbed her butt with both hands and began kneading it.

She loved it. Sure, he'd played with her ass a lot recently, but it seemed like an entirely different thing when he did it while she was on all fours in the middle of her own bed, wearing nothing but her high heels. She moaned and "mmmm"-ed and repeatedly thrust her ass back into his hands.

Just look at me! I wish Suzanne was here to take a picture of me. I'm such a wanton SLUT! I know I'm supposed to feel bad about devoting myself to serving my son's cock. Society would never approve. But it feels SO DAMN GOOD! Society, eat your heart out!

Emboldened by her frisky ass thrusting, after a few minutes he slid a hand down and fully cupped her pussy.

She thought, Oh no, he's gonna fuck me for sure! My pussy is the one area he can't touch, not even under Suzanne's new rules. I'm going too far. No self control whatsoever. I have to pull back a bit or he'll really end up fucking me, and that'll plunge us both into the fires of Hell!

She told him reluctantly but sternly, "I love you too, Son. But boundaries - remember the boundaries. You were just saying how you respect them."

He was a bit surprised. He'd never seen her so eager, yet so firm in her resistance. He was extremely frustrated, so he didn't give up with his boundary-pushing move entirely. Instead he pretended that he had been obeying her boundaries all along. "I know, Mom. I am respecting them. I'm just getting some lubrication."

He picked up some of her pussy juices on his fingers and then plunged a slippery finger into her anus.

"UGH!" she groaned as his finger pushed all the way back in. "I guess that's ... UNH! ... Okay then. MMMM! YES! But don't go too far and force me to stop what we were doing. Mmmm! There's just one place you shouldn't- UGH! Shouldn't touch!"

He steadily moved his index finger in and out of her butt hole. Using the excuse of getting a good grip (Just like a bowling ball grip, he thought to himself), he arranged his fingers so that his thumb rested lightly on her slit most of the time.

"I wouldn't think of it, Mom," he finally said. He let his thumb "accidentally" run up and down her slit.

There was no way she couldn't notice what his thumb was doing, because its presence there was giving her an incredible thrill. But she tried her best to pretend that it was an accidental placement which she should simply ignore.

She began thrusting her ass up into the air in time with his finger prodding. Using the excuse of probing deeper into her ass, he tightened the grip of his other fingers, causing his thumb to slip slightly between her engorged pussy lips.

That was his undoing. To his disappointment, she finally said, "I think someone's ideas of boundaries are getting a little too blurry. If a certain sexy, red-headed neighbor were able to see us right now, she might get the mistaken impression that you and I were doing something incestuous." She said this with either great self-deception, ironic understatement, or both. Even she wasn't quite sure.

She raised her butt even higher, letting him concentrate on her anus for a while. She thought, You know, right now if I wanted to, I could tell him to fuck me in the ass. And it would happen! He'd probably get over his anal sex phobia immediately, and stick his thick cock deep into my ass!

Oh God! That's so HOT! It really, truly could happen, right now, if I only give in and tell him to do it!

But what would my mother think about that? She would just die of horror and shame. Or my father? He would kill me! What if they could see me now, with my naked ass up in the air, practically humping back

on his fingers? ... Oh dear, why did my parents have to pop into my head? Besides, Tiger's cock is just too long and thick. If Dad didn't kill me, Tiger would literally split me in two!

Thoughts of her ass were now momentarily tainted for Susan by thoughts of her parents, so she decided to do something else, something less dangerous. "I'm going to roll over."

Alan removed his hands from her ass and let her turn over. His erection bobbed in the air; it had been neglected so far. He hoped it would get in on the action pretty soon.

"Your turn to lie down," she said. "Someone's willy is a little too overheated, so I'm going to see if I can't get it to relax."

He lay on his back with his head on his mother's pillow and watched as she crawled towards him on all fours across the big bed. He loved to see her giant melons swing and sway; he wondered how on earth that sexy sight was supposed to calm him down. He was blown away that she'd come to love high heels so much that she even wore them to bed.

She climbed up a little past his groin so her boobs were hanging down right over his erection. She held her tits and pressed them around his stiff, pulsing cock.

She was obviously in a teasing mood. She pulled back, leaving his hard-on untouched after only a few seconds deep in 'cleavage heaven'. She said, "Oopsies! How did that happen?" before scooting back a bit to where her mouth was over his tool. She spoke breathily, deliberately blowing air directly across his boner. "If you continue to be a good boy, I just might have to allow you to fuck Mommy's big tits again. Whenever you want! Would you like that?"

He panted, "Yes! God, yes!"

Susan said excitedly, "Good! But right now she wants your slippery hardness in her mouth too much to play around with it down there." She took his erection between her lips and began sucking hard on it.

She sighed contentedly. Aaaaah! So darn GREAT! I've been thinking about this ALL DAY. especially since Brenda made me crazy with that terrific story about being molested on a Japanese train. Except this isn't pretending anymore; my mouth is really stuffed full of delicious son-cock!

She tried out a new move, one she called the Ice Cream Freeze, because the last time she did it, he seized up and shivered, just like a real ice cream freeze. To her delight, she got the same positive reaction. Oh, joy! This is such fun! Mmmm! This is where I belong, naked and on all fours and sucking son-cock! I hope he doesn't have to go anywhere and nobody interrupts us, because I want to see just how long I can make the mutual joy last!

He hefted her weighty, hanging tits, grasping them tightly as she furiously licked. He could just barely reach them with the way she was stretched out between his legs, so she readjusted her body a bit to give him better access.

That let him know she was fine with what he was doing, so he kneaded her tit-flesh with gusto.

He was rewarded with a series of sexy (though slightly muffled) "Mmmm!" noises coming from her bobbing mouth.

bender

Between doing that and the way she was sucking his cock, he was soon totally overwhelmed by all the erotic pleasure. From the get-go it was all he could do not to shoot his load, so he had to let go of her round melons before long. He was forced to close his eyes and focus his concentration on squeezing his PC muscle in order to prevent an immediate cum explosion.

A minute of total ecstasy passed for both of them, and then another, and then another. He realized that she was holding him right at the edge of a major climax with her talented tongue lashing, and that he could stay in that blissful state for quite a while if he was mindful not to trip over the edge.

After about ten minutes, she was forced to stop for a little while to rest her jaw. She slumped down on the bed. "God, son! Your stamina is incredible!" She panted for a minute, and then she realized, "Oops, I just took the Lord's name in vain. The things your big cock makes me do!"

"I'm sorry," he panted. She'd stopped just in time. He wouldn't have been able to last even half a minute more. In fact he continued to struggle with his orgasmic urge, so he wasn't able to talk much.

She sat up enough to look up at him from between his legs. His boner was sticking up nearly as straight as a flag-pole. "Don't be sorry. The truth is, I totally love it! I've been waiting ALL DAY to do this, and now that you're here it's just as good as I'd hoped! I'm so PROUD to be one of your cocksuckers!"

Inspired, she scooted forward to put her mouth back at his crotch.

He winced, and was about to ask her to hold off because he needed more time to recover. But she started lapping her way around his balls and he decided he could deal with that.

She purred in an extra sexy voice, "Now, just because I'm sucking your cock on the bed where your father and I conceived you, don't think this makes you a replacement for my husband. We may not be married for much longer, but we still are, so I feel weird having you here in my marriage bed."

He knew that she didn't really believe that she'd conceived him, but he also knew pretending it was true made her happy, so he stayed silent. He also could tell from her lusty pose and tone of voice that her protests were just another sexy tease.

She put her hand on his knee, and positioned it in such a way that he wouldn't be able to miss the sight of her glistening wedding ring.