

6 Times 601

Chapter 601 BRENDA IS HERE!- Let's Play

Brenda felt troubled and conflicted. She stood at the front door of the Plummer house, ready to ring the bell. She was beyond excited. She'd practically been counting the minutes all week until the next poker party, and now it was here. Her encounter with Alan and Suzanne on Sunday had only redoubled her eagerness.

However, her excitement was matched by her fear. In the last week or two, she'd built up Alan in her mind until he practically seemed superhuman in his sexual talents and dominating ways. And she had good reason to think that way, because Susan and Suzanne had been hyping him up for her at every opportunity. She had reached the point that merely being in the same room with him felt daunting.

Furthermore, she was afraid of her submissive desires. Deep down, she longed for Alan to be her master. Thanks to her idealized conception of him, he seemed like the perfect master and ultimate lover. But she was still very ashamed by the idea that she even wanted a master, and most of the time she refused to let herself think those thoughts, much less express them to someone else. She even tried to downplay that when talking to Susan, although she knew that Susan had a similar submissive mindset.

Additionally, she had big doubts that Alan would even want her as anything more than an arousing curiosity to use for his amusement every now and then, since he'd been playing so hard-to-get. Susan and Suzanne had also been intentionally working to make him even more attractive in Brenda's eyes by indicating that she might not be "Alan-worthy," as improbable as that was, since it was hard to see how Brenda could have been any more sexually desirable or titillating.

God damn! I have to calm down, or I'm going to have a heart attack on the spot! This is just a poker party. It's not like I'm getting married or something! All we're gonna do is play cards. Ah, who the hell am I kidding? All kinds of sexually thrilling things are gonna happen! Maybe I'll be able to give Alan a handjob or titfuck... or even a blowjob! My God, that would be a dream come true! Hell, for all I know, he might just up and fuck me! With him, there's no telling! It's like Susan always says: "There's no way to resist him! All we can do is thrust our chests out, drop to our knees, and SERVE!"

Dammit, there I go again. Alan is just a man. A very impressive and virile man, sure, but still just a man. Rainbows don't shine all over his ass. I have to play it cool - cool as glacier ice. Nobody's interested in someone who's too eager or too clingy. I have to be NORMAL. I can't let my submissive fantasies and

desires run wild; everyone will think I'm weird! And maybe there is something wrong with me... No, I have to keep cool, act normal, even play a little hard to get if I can.

Hell, I'm a very impressive woman in my own right! Everyone says I have a "perfect ten" body and a gorgeous face, and that my breasts are to die for. Alan should be going ga-ga over ME! Confidence! That's what I need: confidence! I can do this! I'm gonna wow him with my body and my personality so that he has no choice but to fall for me just as hard as I'm falling for him! And all my submissive desires to submit to a naturally superior man exactly like him? I'm not even gonna go there tonight. Normal is the word; I'm just a normal woman out to have a normal fun time playing cards. Period! Anything else that happens is just icing on the cake.

She finally worked up her courage and rang the doorbell.

The result was an immediate gasp, coming from behind the door, followed by some whispering. After some seconds, she heard someone, probably Suzanne, call out, "Just a minute, Brenda!"

She continued to stand in the front foyer of the Plummer residence, wondering why there was so much whispering behind the door. She clutched tightly at the box she was carrying, a special gift for Susan. Thinking about her gift gave her confidence that she would be happily welcomed.

After about a minute, she rang the doorbell a second time. The whispering continued briefly, then stopped when she heard the "click-clack" of high heels moving towards the door, after which the door opened.

Like Brenda, Susan also felt troubled. Not only was she quite disturbed about the confirmation that Ron was gay, but she still had the other issues that had driven her to want to see a psychologist.

However, Suzanne had been right that Susan was very good at putting her worries aside when she had to be polite to a guest. It helped greatly that Susan was horny. She'd already been quite aroused in anticipation of Brenda's visit, even before the news about Ron. Although she wouldn't admit it to herself, she was gradually succumbing to her lesbian urges - she was finding herself turned on by her new friend, the cute and extremely buxom Brenda Hunter. The news about Ron had initially spoiled her mood somewhat, but then the last few minutes of Suzanne's counsel had made her even more aroused than earlier.

As she opened the door, she was particularly keen to see what Brenda would be wearing. She knew it would be something good. She held her breath as Brenda stepped into the house, still wearing her overcoat.

She handed a long box to Susan. "Hi. Um... here. It's a special gift for you." She was so nervous that she was practically tongue-tied.

Susan gave the box a curious look. It was thoroughly wrapped, so it wasn't easy to open. "Oh. Thank you. You shouldn't have. What is it? Can you give me a clue?"

Brenda replied, "Well, I wouldn't open it until later, in private. It's personal. But trust me, I can guarantee you'll love it!" She added, "Suzanne helped me with it, so trust me, I know it'll be perfect for you."

"Oh! Thanks again. I'll just go put this away then." Susan was dying of curiosity, after that hype. But she followed Brenda's advice not to open it just yet.

While Susan was off putting the box in a safe place to be opened later, Brenda removed her concealing overcoat.

She had followed Suzanne's advice from their last meeting, which was to wear something sexy. In fact, she was wearing the most daring outfit that she'd ever worn outside her house, and "daring" was an understatement.

All throughout the week, Susan and Suzanne had talked to Brenda on the phone, not just getting to be better friends and sharing arousing stories but also engaging in bits of one-upmanship. Each vowed that they would come to the card game dressed in the sexiest and most revealing outfit of all. In the last day or two especially, Susan and Brenda had spent a long time on the phone discussing the things they would wear and goading each other to show off more.

Brenda had taken up the challenge with a vengeance, since her desire to impress Alan was great. What she finally wore was less an outfit and more an open invitation to be fucked. Such scraps of covering that existed were made of supple black leather. The eye was first drawn to a strapless half-bra that valiantly presented her gargantuan tits, projecting them forward while showing all their magnificence. A

thin vertical strap across her tummy connected this to a tiny black thong that covered her bush, the lower half of her ass crack, and not much else.

She knew from her last visit that the "house rule" prohibited the wearing of any underwear. That was a moot point, since her outfit was too revealing to allow for underwear anyway.

Black gloves that covered her elbows, black boots that came up just past her knees, and a spiked black dog collar completed the look. The outfit had an obvious D/s (dominance and submission) theme. She hoped that Alan would get the hint, especially from the not-so-subtle collar.

Needless to say, she had needed to wear an overcoat while driving, in case she got a flat tire or was otherwise stopped for some reason. She'd chosen a rich, plush, three-quarter-length mink coat for that purpose, so that even the police would not expect her to remove or open it if she were stopped.

At first she was distressed to see Susan dressed in a full-length cheongsam. She feared that she was horribly underdressed, under her coat. But her worry quickly dissipated when she saw Suzanne's more revealing and sexy outfit.

Having returned to the foyer, Susan said, "You're probably wondering about my dress. Don't worry; I doubt I'll be wearing it for very long." She giggled. In truth, she'd toned down what she'd originally planned to wear because of her new resolve to take it easy until she could meet with the psychologist. But she was sincerely regretting that already, especially because she was so horny and competitive.

Then Suzanne cupped her hands into a megaphone shape and shouted, "HEY GIRLS! COME ON DOWN! BRENDA IS HERE!"

Mere seconds later, there was a loud trampling sound heard from the upper floor. Katherine and Amy soon came into view, bounding down the stairway until they stood right in front of Brenda.

Being very affectionate girls, they took turns giving her a welcoming hug.

Brenda felt much more welcomed after that, and even better after she was able to see what they were wearing. Even though the girls and Suzanne had followed Susan's lead and toned down their state of

undress somewhat from what they otherwise would have worn, there was still an amazing amount of flesh exposed.

Brenda stood a bit more proudly after that, because she realized that she had the most arresting outfit of all.

However, after seeing Brenda, Susan and Katherine claimed "home field advantage" and immediately went back upstairs to change into even sexier garb.

Amy remained with her mother Suzanne because she was eager to talk to Brenda. She was very pleased just to be allowed to join in this time, since she'd been excluded from the prior poker parties. She had hoped that Alan's making her his official boyfriend the night before had other implications, allowing her to be more fully sexually involved with the rest of the gang for occasions like this. Besides, she didn't have much else to change into at the moment, unless she went all the way back to her own bedroom next door. She kept a few sexy items in the underwear cabinet, but she didn't own anything that could come close to competing with what Brenda was wearing.

In the end, Amy had to resort to wearing the robe she'd worn for Alan a couple of days earlier, that she'd altered to make dramatically short. At the time it had so utterly failed to cover up her bare pussy that Suzanne had made her wear a regular pair of shorts underneath.

Everyone decided that Brenda won the "first round" by having the most outrageous outfit. But then she lost the "second round" when Katherine returned after changing into something even skimpier.

As soon as Katherine appeared in the living room in her new outfit, Susan said, "Angel, I hope you don't think you're going to wear that. Please pardon my daughter, Brenda; you know how wild teenagers are these days."

Katherine played innocent. "What? You don't like my outfit? What's wrong with it?"

She wore a transparent pink top that was completely open in the front. The same material covered her legs up to the middle of her thighs. Her crotch was covered by panties that were also somewhat transparent but less so than the rest. Had she had any hair on her bald pussy, it would have shown clearly.

Before Susan could respond, Suzanne said, "I think it looks very sexy. You should keep it on because, after all, it's just us girls. What do you think, Brenda?"

Brenda replied eagerly, "Oh, definitely keep it on. It's like a lingerie party! Susan, you have to give her points for bravery, not discourage her. By the way Katherine, I can't help but notice you shave down there. Why is that?"

"For Alan, of course! He likes it that way. And for me. It feels divine when he runs his fingers against my baby smooth skin down there."

Brenda showed her obvious worry with a serious frown. She had a desire to rush to the bathroom and shave off her bush.

Susan saw that and put a friendly hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry. Tiger loves a nice full bush just as much. Think about Suzanne and me."

But Katherine teased, "Think about Amy and me. He likes shaved pussies better!"

The conversation turned to the pluses and minuses of bald pussies. It became a rather spirited argument, with Brenda caught in the middle.

With everyone else in opposition, Susan was unable to get Katherine to change her outfit, so Susan changed her own outfit to an extremely low-cut black satin dress. Even so, due to her competition with Katherine's and Brenda's garb, she let her shoulder straps slip down to her elbows more often than not, frequently exposing her nipples. And that was without Alan around. She was thrilled to show herself off to other women, though she justified it by telling herself that it was all about outdoing the others.

Brenda couldn't help but notice Suzanne's comment that "just us girls" would attend the card game. That left her nearly frantic with worry that Alan wouldn't be there, since she'd looked forward to seeing him all week and had dressed to entice him.

A few minutes later, she managed to ask Suzanne, "You said something about 'just us girls.' Isn't Alan going to join us later?" She hoped she hadn't made her interest sound too obvious.

Suzanne just replied enigmatically, "Perhaps." She knew Brenda had the hots for Alan way more than the ultra-busty millionaire was willing to admit, probably even to herself. The "just us girls" comment was a lie, as everyone except Brenda knew, but Suzanne let Brenda twist in the wind a little bit to build her anticipation.

Brenda wanted to press the issue more, but she didn't want to appear too eager, so she kept quiet. She didn't realize just how clearly her eagerness and her worry about Alan's lack of participation was written on her face, not to mention all her earlier behavior and comments.

Despite her improbably curvy body, her sex life had been nothing but dull for too many years. Now that her repressed submissive side was coming out, everything seemed to be arousing her. Just the fact that she was with other gorgeous women wearing ultra-sexy outfits and talking about things like the pros and cons of shaving their bushes was a great thrill. She knew that going without panties was going to be a big challenge for her, given how wet she could get, and already her pussy was getting wetter by the minute.

The women started to play a game of hearts.

Amy said that she didn't know the rules, so she would just sit it out and watch. She was happy just to be there and be part of the group.

As had happened at the previous poker party, the women soon found themselves talking about sexual things and telling sexual stories. The stories mostly revolved around their sexual adventures with Alan, usually discussing events that had happened in the prior week. The Plummer house women were now more honest with each other, and more comfortable with Brenda, so they went into details that they wouldn't have revealed the week before. The women were all so in love and lust with Alan that they genuinely had nothing but good things to say about him. But wanting to impress Brenda, they exaggerated his sexual prowess even more than they usually did.

These stories quickly had their intended effect on Brenda, even though she already knew most of the stories involving Susan. She didn't have any Alan stories of her own to contribute yet that the others didn't know, and she felt too self-conscious to detail her wet dreams to anyone other than Susan or Suzanne. But she listened raptly, constantly goading them for more details.

Susan appeared to have completely forgotten her moody morning, when she had despaired and demanded to see a psychologist, as well as the revelation about Ron. There really was nothing that could make her happier and more excited than talking about her son's sexual talents. In fact, once she

got going, the others sometimes had trouble getting a word in edgewise as Susan described some of her fondest blowjobs in minute detail.

Everyone got so horny from these accounts that when their game of hearts ended and Suzanne suggested they make the card game more interesting by playing strip poker, there were no objections.

Brenda did have one practical complaint however. "This is going to be the shortest strip poker game of all time. Look how few items of clothes we're wearing to start with!"

"You shouldn't complain," Suzanne replied. "If we count your gloves and boots as two items each, not to mention your collar, you're wearing more items than anyone else. But you do have a point. Take me, for instance." She looked down at her skimpy dress. "My dress is the only item I'm wearing, if you don't count my high heels. Actually, now that I think about it, I think we can agree that shoes are excluded for everyone, since we have a rule in this house to wear high heels if there's any chance of Alan showing up. That means your boots too, Brenda, since they've got decent heels on them."

Brenda nodded in agreement. She could feel her excitement growing as she imagined Alan looking at her while she was standing in nothing but her boots. However, her anxiousness about Alan not being there was also growing.

Suzanne continued, "But I do have an idea. We can count each exposure of a naughty bit as a separate item too. For instance, if I pull this dress down over my nipples, that can count as one item." She pulled the dress down, as if a visual example were necessary. "If there's a dispute on what counts as an item, we can resolve it by majority-rule vote. Does that sound good to everyone?"

It did. The five of them began to play.

At first, everyone was at least somewhat nervous. To be naked in the Plummer house was no longer any cause for nervousness, but to be naked in front of four other people, especially since one of them was a relative stranger, was scary for some, like Susan.

Brenda was the most nervous of all. She wasn't used to being naked the way the others were, and she had already gone out on a limb with the outfit she was wearing. She had gotten to know Susan and Suzanne in the last few weeks, but she still barely knew Katherine or Amy, so their presence greatly increased her fear of having to strip.

But luckily, Amy lost the first hand. She was the first to have to officially bare her chest, but she responded with her usual blissful, nonchalant attitude towards nakedness. That did wonders to help everyone else relax.

Trying to break the ice some more, Brenda said to Amy, "By the way, congratulations again on becoming Alan's official girlfriend. That's a big honor."

Amy beamed. "Thanks! It is! And I'm one of his personal cocksuckers too! That's also totally official and everything!"

Brenda asked, "And do you like sucking his cock?" She couldn't believe she'd just asked that in a group full of people, but it seemed like the logical question.

"Oh boy! Do I ever! Like it? I love it! And I totally love it when he fucks my tits too!" She'd been holding her cards up, but she put them face down on the table so she could push her boobs together in imitation of a titfuck.

Brenda smiled at that. She expected nothing less from one of Alan's lovers. "What do you think though about having to share him with other women?"

"Well, it's not like I have a say in the matter." Amy grinned and giggled at that. "He gets to do whatever he wants, and I don't. But all in all, it's cool. I don't think I could handle his big thingy all on my very own. Heck, I know I couldn't! And the other night, Aunt Susan and I got to lick and suck him together. That was totally awesomiferous!"

Again, Brenda was very impressed. Such answers helped convince her that she was lucky to even be in this group.

Alan sat in his room while all this went on, doing his homework to help pass the time. Or at least he tried to. In fact, he was antsy and unable to accomplish anything, knowing that Suzanne was downstairs working on getting Brenda and the others naked in preparation for his grand entrance.

By eight-thirty, the strip poker game had been going on for half an hour. It had also turned into a freewheeling party, with wine, lively music, and more Alan-centric sex stories loosening everyone's inhibitions.

Suzanne judged the time was right for Alan to get involved, so she went upstairs, nominally to use the upstairs bathroom. She knocked on his door.

As she poked her head inside, she said, "Sweetie, come down to the living room in about five minutes. I think you'll find a nice surprise." She gave him a wink full of promise.

He asked, "Brenda's there, right? Any special instructions on how to handle her, based on the latest developments?"

"Nah. You're getting pretty damn good at this. Keep playing aloof and hard to get. I know I've told you that already, but it doesn't hurt to say it again. Overall, just be yourself and you'll do great."bender

Chapter 602 Hotness Overloaded. !

In contrast to the previous weekly poker parties where he'd dressed up, Alan chose to wear only his typical T-shirt and shorts. That was a power move to show Brenda that she (and the others) dressed to the nines to please him while he didn't have to make any effort to dress up for her.

As Alan walked down the stairs towards the living room, he had a rough idea that he'd see women playing cards in various states of undress. But once he got there and witnessed the actuality, the sight exceeded his expectations. He thought, Dang! It's like the female cast of Baywatch is playing strip poker, but these women are even hotter than those TV stars.

But what pleased him most was to see Brenda again. As he stepped into the living room, he was careful not to sound too eager, so he said, "Hi, Brenda. How've you been?"

She already had her top pulled down enough to expose her pointy nipples. She felt proud to show off her fantastic body to Alan, but she was very embarrassed about it too. Her face turned red and she was momentarily struck speechless by his arrival.

Alan thought, Damn! Holy fuck! She is seriously stacked! Of course I knew that already, but seeing her like this, with her boobs presented as if on a platter, it's like getting punched in the stomach. It's such a WOW feeling. She's way more endowed than even Mom or Aunt Suzy! I mean, I knew that already, but seeing it like this... WOW!

However, he successfully hid his enthusiasm. Mindful of Suzanne's advice, he was very careful to act as if what he saw was nothing out of the ordinary. In fact, after his initial glance, he made a point of only looking at her face, at least for the moment.

Brenda, by contrast, was utterly failing in her attempt to act "normal" and "cool" around him. She stammered, "Alan?! What are you doing here? Suzanne, I thought you said the game would be just us girls!" She bashfully covered her chest with her arms, an act made nearly pointless by the sheer size of her boobs. Her tit flesh bulged out everywhere around her fingers.

She hadn't fooled anyone with her act of being bothered by Alan's arrival. In fact, she was already so aroused that she was speaking to his crotch, unable to take her eyes off the huge bulge she saw there, which seemed ready to burst free of his shorts.

Suzanne said, "I thought Sweetie would be too busy with his homework to join us, but it looks like he's finished."

Alan correctly picked up her hidden message to follow up on what she'd said.

"Yeah, I just finished my homework, so I'd be delighted to join in or just sit back and watch. Whatever suits you ladies best."

"I'm sure you would," Brenda said in a complaining tone of voice. "But I don't want a young man ogling my body. I've already lost my top!" Her supposed reluctance was almost comical, because she didn't realize how her lusty desire was written on her face.

He sat down to watch the game anyway, incredibly aroused by the whole scene. "Well then, Brenda, you should play better to make sure you don't lose more clothing."

As far as the game was going, at that point Brenda had actually done fairly well compared to the others. She'd only lost once. After much joking encouragement, she elected to expose her long nipples since they were begging to be freed of their constraints anyway.

In contrast, Susan and Katherine were already topless, Amy had her dress off, leaving both her tits and ass uncovered, and Suzanne had her dress bunched up around her stomach, covering nothing of strategic importance. (However, her pussy was hidden from most eyes by the table, provided she remained sitting.)

Brenda continued to try to present a bold front, attempting to hide her strong feelings for Alan. So she replied, "That's easy for you to say. This is so embarrassing! Would you look at this? I'm not even partially covered up. You can see my nipples, and my breasts are jiggling all over the place!"

But in fact, her rather feeble attempt to act outraged turned into an opportunity to show off her partial nudity. She moved her arms away from her chest so Alan could see exactly what she meant. "I might as well get it over with. It's not like I can play cards all evening with my hands over my chest. Damn." She picked up her cards, no longer trying to block his view of her monstrous rack.

Alan thought, Nice, Brenda, nice. I can't wait until I'm pounding Alan Junior through THAT bottomless cleavage. She's so fucking STACKED! Wow. I wonder if I should take my dick out right now to give it some air. Or maybe even get someone to tend to it like they did during the fashion show.

Nah. Not yet. That would probably freak out Brenda this early in the evening, not to mention who knows how Mom would react. Would she scream in protest, or demand to take charge of the stroking? There's no telling with her lately, before she gets seriously horny. No, it's better to hold off a bit until everyone is even more hot and bothered. I'm sure I'll be enjoying a lot of stroking and sucking before the night is over. Patience, my Padawan, patience.

So he said, "Brenda, it's no big deal. Look around. Everyone is topless or more. No big whoop."

He was playing her perfectly, because the more he ignored her, the more she wanted him. To be ignored or even to have to compete for attention was an almost unprecedented experience for her, ever since she'd developed her outlandish rack as a young girl.

Brenda's plan to act cool and collected didn't last long. Within minutes of his arrival, she started to overtly flirt with him. But that didn't earn her his exclusive attention, even when she used her bare tits as a lure. After a few more minutes had passed, she saw him blatantly stare at Suzanne, which made her envious - she wanted that to stop. She cupped her tits with both hands and lifted them, sheepishly smiling in his direction. That got his undivided attention, but only for a while.

Susan wanted Alan to be looking at her, so she stood up and asked if anyone wanted more to drink. In fact, that was just an excuse to get her exposed rack bouncing. She rocked back and forth on her high heels, deliberately causing her pendulous breasts to sway and rock around in circles.

Alan, predictably, sat mesmerized at his mother's blatant tit show, not to mention the fact that her pussy was on view as well.

Brenda reclaimed his attention by raising a hand to her head, lifting her chest and jiggling her tits. She smirked in triumph.

But she didn't hold his attention for long, because Katherine said something and gave him a smoldering look that made him shift his focus to her.

So Brenda had to resort to greater and greater extremes. Soon she started overtly playing with her nipples, just to win more of his attention. She tried to justify this to herself by pretending that she was drunk, although in reality she wasn't even tipsy.

Susan, meanwhile, continued with her tit show, now finding herself very irritated by Brenda's larger rack. She'd thought that she'd gotten over that, but realized that she hadn't. Now she and Brenda were in direct competition for Alan's attention, each primarily using their fantastic bust, so it was only natural that their competitive instincts would come to the fore.

Soon there was so much jiggling going on that Alan joked, "I don't know what it is, but all of a sudden I'm feeling very hungry for some Jell-O."

Amy cupped one of her tits and asked, "Would you like some milk with that?"

Everyone laughed, but it also reminded Alan of Amy's inspired milk incident earlier that evening, and also of the fantasy of breast-feeding from his mother's chest, as Amy no doubt knew it would. Alan was surprised, since Amy wasn't known for saying such things. But he was also pleased, and became very aroused when he imagined Amy pregnant and lactating.

When it was time to deal the next hand, Alan joined in.

It seemed that Brenda's luck vanished as soon as he started to play. Perhaps her mind was too preoccupied by his presence, or she was too busy modeling her body in sexy poses for his benefit. A part of her wanted to lose on purpose, to help her win the "titty war" of attention. But a part of her was afraid of losing more clothes, mostly due to the presence of Amy and Katherine.

For whatever reason, she lost the next three hands in a row, so she had to take off both her gloves and then what remained of her top.

She made a big protest out of each loss, although she was secretly loving it. In the end all that remained was the narrow strip of fabric that covered portions of her crotch and ass.

She made a fuss about her losses. "Susan, what am I going to do if I keep losing? How long will it be before he sees me completely naked?"

Alan asked, "Aren't you completely naked already?" He wasn't able to see her lower body, due to the table being in the way.

"No, I'm not. See?" She stood up to show that she was wearing just the bottom part of her black outfit. It covered little more than a typical pair of panties. One could already see rivulets of cum sliding down her inner thighs.

She clutched at her immense boobs and subtly moved them a little bit. "It's just not fair. You should have warned me that he'd be playing." She reluctantly sat back down.

Susan loved Brenda's appearance of distress, even though she could tell it was at least partly a pose. "Tell me about it! There's not much we can do; he's the man of the house now. I find myself naked and

humiliated by him on a daily basis. You might as well get used to it too. It seems to be something that especially happens to big-breasted women, so you probably don't stand a chance."

Brenda didn't reply to that, but she found it strangely arousing. Susan's right! I don't stand a chance. Before the night is over, I'll be naked and kneeling, slurping on Alan's fat cock! No, wait! As much as I'd love for that to happen, I can't be too easy or he won't want me for anything more than an occasional quick suck or fuck. I want him to fucking OWN me! Wait, did I really just say that? Scratch that. But I need to be one of his personal cocksuckers, at least!

Besides, do I really want to do something so utterly humiliating in front of four other women? Okay, don't answer that. I'm too horny already! I can't think straight! I need to shut up, stop thinking, stop flirting, and just play these cards.

Susan lost the next hand, so she raised her dress to expose her ass. The dress still covered her crotch, but not much else. Now that Alan was there, she and the other women, except Brenda, had quietly switched to a tactic of deliberately losing. The only reason that Brenda hadn't done the same was that she was still feeling highly conflicted.

Brenda lost the next hand and had to expose her ass. She was so nervous that she just pulled her black formal thong down below her ass without getting up for anyone to see what she was doing. Of course, that pulled it down in front as well, so that it still barely clung to her pussy while revealing part of her bush.

Suzanne said, "Hold on. Time out. Brenda, how do we even know you did anything? I can't see a change from here."

Amy was sitting next to Brenda. She did a quick visual check and reported, "Mom, it's cool. Her ass is bare now."

Suzanne replied, "Still, it doesn't count unless Alan can see it. Brenda, stand up and show him."

"Do I have to?" Brenda was blushing, already on the verge of cumming.

"You do."

Brenda reluctantly stood up. She covered her tits with her arms, even though that wasn't where the group's focus was. She turned so Alan and the others could take a good look at her bare ass.

Suzanne said, "Not good enough. First off, what are you doing with your hands over your tits? Put them on your head!"

"Do I-"

Suzanne interrupted her, "If you ask 'do I have to' one more time, Alan's going to spank you like you've never been spanked before! Or I'll do it myself."

Brenda put her hands on her head with startling speed. This spanking talk redoubled her arousal, causing her to breathe heavily, which in turn caused her uncovered tits to start waltzing around on her chest.

But her humiliation wasn't over. Suzanne added, "As for your... whatever you call it, that black thong that was covering your ass, it's not all the way off. Brenda, I've changed my mind. Bend over and grab your ankles. Alan, Sweetie, please do the honors and pull it down a little lower."

Brenda gasped. Oh no! Please, no! But she wanted him to touch her more than she didn't. When she bent over as ordered she was dizzy with extreme lust.

Alan was very happy to get up and "help" with the situation. He brazenly put both hands on Brenda's bare ass cheeks and then asked Suzanne, "How far should I pull it down?"

Brenda immediately complained, "He's touching my butt!"

Suzanne shrugged. "So what? Don't you remember last time, when he 'measured' you all over, including your ass? Anyway, Sweetie, I leave it up to you."bender

Alan just stood there and fondled Brenda's ass cheeks for another minute or two while everyone else watched. Then, finally, he yanked her black thong down about three more inches, just enough for it to

barely still cling to the very bottom of her pussy lips on the front side. He said, "That should do it," and gave Brenda a friendly smack on her ass as he walked away.

Brenda's face had been turning redder and redder, and she was clenching her teeth with her eyes shut tight as she struggled not to cum. She thought she was finally in the clear - just barely - but then he gave her that final ass smack. That pushed her over the edge, due to her spanking fetish.

She quickly sat back down, now that she was allowed to again, then bent forward with her big boobs resting on the table, to hide her lower body as much as possible. Then, with her teeth still clenched and her eyes closed, she had an orgasm. It was fairly quiet, which was remarkable given how aroused she was. It helped that a collection of lively Motown 60s hits was playing at the time.

She didn't know if anyone else had noticed her orgasm; in fact, they all had. But no one let on, so she hoped that she'd gotten away with it. She forced herself to get back to playing the card game right away, even though she was still reeling and flying high.

She thought, Shit! That was fucking frightening! I suppose I'm lucky I got away with just a little ass feel that time. But what about next time?! The night is young! If only the others weren't watching, I'd let him do anything to me that he wanted. But, please, not in front of a crowd!

Then it was Suzanne's turn to lose. All her private parts were already exposed, with her outfit bunched around her waist, so the only thing left was to take it off completely.

She loved to ham things up, so she prolonged the removal, mostly for Alan's benefit. When she finally did get it off, she made it look as if the act itself had given her an intense orgasm.

The sight of Suzanne struggling to get her clothes over her head and the inevitable tit jiggling that followed took Alan's breath away.

He thought, I've lost count of how many times I've stopped breathing in sheer awe tonight, and I've only been sitting here a short while. This has got to be the greatest five sets of tits ever put together in one place. I swear to God!

Suzanne had left her shirt for last. So after she took it off, Brenda said, "You're completely naked now. Does that mean the game is over?"

Suzanne replied, "Of course not, unless we all want it to be. Does anyone want it to end?"

A long silence indicated that there were no takers for that idea.

Ever since Alan had arrived, Brenda had been trying to use her "hard to get" approach, so she felt obliged to say something. "I suppose I can't quit now and ruin the game for everybody." That was a pretty feeble excuse, and in fact she was the most eager of all to keep going, which was saying a lot. She covered up the ensuing awkward silence by asking Suzanne, "So what happens if you lose again?"

"The usual rules," the pale beauty replied, as if those were obvious to everyone. "If all of the clothes are gone, the person with the highest hand gets to pick a dare for the person with the lowest hand to do. The winner can't be part of the dare in any way. Didn't you ever play strip poker when you were younger?"

"No. I got busty at a young age and kept growing, so my parents kept me on a very tight leash." Brenda was wistful at that reminder of all the fun she'd missed out on in her youth.

Katherine said mischievously, "Your parents kept you on a tight leash, eh? Mom, did you hear that? Sounds like an excellent suggestion to me. Now you know what I want for my birthday - a tight leash so I can be ordered around naked on all fours!" She giggled.

Brenda felt as if a sharp shock had been delivered straight to her pussy when she imagined Alan holding her leash and walking her around like a pet. She actually felt her nipples tingle as she imagined them brushing lightly against the carpet. But then she caught herself. No! I can't think like that; that's wrong! Even Susan would think I'm weird. I've gotta hold it together!

Susan chastised her daughter, "All right, Angel, I think that's quite enough joking." To the group, she asked, "Are you all sure we should keep this game going, after comments like that?"

"That's what your boundaries are for, Susan," Suzanne pointed out. "We all respect your boundaries. Are you willing to respect them too, Brenda?"

"Of course." Brenda wanted to keep the game going so she could get Alan to want her, not to mention the fact that she was having so much lusty fun. She believed that Alan must be attracted to her - she'd yet to meet a straight man who wasn't - but she remained frustrated that he seemed able to resist her ample charms, and she was planning on changing that.

She thought, He's not like ordinary guys. I need to be patient and step up my game. Most of all, I can't appear too needy! Normal, cool, and calm, that's the plan. If I play my cards right, who knows? I could wind up in his bedroom with my lips tightly sealed around his great cock! He might even fuck me all night long!

Suzanne said, "Okay then, let's continue. Unless you don't want to, Susan?"

Susan was silent, but briefly blushed. Despite her protestations, her pussy was pulsing. Her mouth could complain all she wanted to, but her pussy wasn't going to let her end the game. Furthermore, her breasts were also being very insistent that they wanted the game to continue. She didn't have particularly long nipples - that was another thing of Brenda's that she was jealous about - but her areolae crinkled and her nipples stood out about as long as they'd ever been.

Chapter 603 Brenda In Pleasure Haven

Suzanne pressed on with the game, dealing the next hand.

Brenda lost that hand, which meant it was time for her to expose her pussy. Although her pussy was mostly exposed already, she had to slide what remained of her outfit down below her knees. (That left her only one turn where she could take that off altogether.)

This time she stood to do it herself, because she was too embarrassed to have Alan "help" her again. That revealed a pussy which was leaking like an open faucet. Jesus! I'm sitting here in a strange house, effectively wearing nothing but my high-heel boots! This is the kind of situation Susan gets into on a daily basis, and now it's happening to me! I haven't felt so horny in ages, if ever. I can't think of anything in my life to compare to this. Look at Alan over there. He's barely even looking my way, like it's no big deal. Damn! I'm likely to just cum loudly if I can't hold my need in check!

Katherine was also jealous, and had Brenda in her sights, so Katherine teased her a bit. "Hey Brenda, did someone spill a pitcher of water in your lap? I thought that you said you weren't turned on, that you were just humoring us to keep the card game going."

Brenda bit her lip. She was at a loss for words. Finally, she muttered, very quietly, "It's not how it looks..." Trying to change the subject, she asked, "So what happens if I keep losing?"

Katherine's jealousy was flaring; she really wanted to scare Brenda off to reduce the competition. So she tried to shock her with something drastic. "Well, if that happens I suppose Alan's going to have to tie you up, spank you, and generally have his way with you. He'll probably fuck every orifice you've got. So if you've got any self-respect, now's the time to leave."

Little did Katherine realize it, but she was playing directly into Brenda's fantasies; that was music to Brenda's ears. She'd dreamt of bondage for years, so her only response was, "What would he use? Ropes or chains?"

Katherine was so nonplussed by that question that she didn't know what to say.

Suzanne felt obliged to say, "Don't worry, Brenda. He can't do all of that to you, at least not yet. You know how the rules go about dares, after you lose one more hand."

The game continued, though there were many raised eyebrows due to Brenda's comment about ropes and chains.

Brenda thought, Shit! I really blew it! Someone tell me I didn't just say that out loud! My erotic fantasies have to stay just that: fantasies! Even though I'm getting hotter by the minute, I have to act and look normal.

Amy lost the next round, so she bunched her dress up around her stomach to expose her pussy.

Because of the table, Alan sometimes couldn't see what was being shown off down below, unless the person was sitting next to him. So he asked Amy, "Aims, can you stand up so I can see what you've got there? We have to be sure that you've taken it off all the way."

"M'kay!" she answered with her usual bright smile. She held her dress up above her belly button while swaying her hips back and forth to better show off her bald pussy. As she did, she proudly announced, "Alan's my official boyfriend!"

Of course, all the others were already well aware of that fact. None of them were excited about it, but they humored Amy anyway with their smiles.

Brenda thought, Geez, what a ditz. She's so adorable and nice, but doesn't she see that she's less an official girlfriend and more one of his many sexual servants? Oh God! Hot! Such a fucking hot concept! The fact that I'm sitting here tells me that I'm well on my way to being forced to serve him too! Already, he's got me effectively completely naked! In fact, wearing this stupid thing below my knees is even WORSE than being completely naked! What next?! What will he do to my helpless, horny body?! It's like Susan keeps saying: big-titted women don't stand a chance against a handsome, well-hung, clever young man like him!

Dammit! I have to stop thinking like this or I'm gonna make myself cum really openly, and probably really loudly! Gotta, gotta... act normal!bender

Susan lost the next hand, and found that she needed to make a similar display. As she gyrated her hips sensuously, she said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Brenda, you may look down on me for acting like some kind of naked slut for my son. And yes, I realize that what I'm doing is wrong, at least from a certain point of view. But my son is just so virile and powerful! He simply can't be denied. He has needs, great needs! Why, even the doctor and nurse say that it's a medical necessity that he has to have his demanding cock drained by big-titted babes over and over and over, every single day! Who am I to resist such a well-hung, cum-filled boy?"

Brenda found herself hypnotized, both by Susan's gyrations and by her provocative words. She longed to see Alan and Susan rutting, almost more than she longed to have Alan lying on top of herself, hammering her endlessly with powerful hip thrusts.

Then Brenda lost again and had to take what remained of her outfit completely off her body. She was still dreadfully nervous, so she simply slipped it down her legs while sitting in the chair.

Suzanne could see that Brenda was horny enough to be pushed further. She said, "Tut tut, Brenda. You already know that's not how we do things around here. Didn't you hear Alan's request to Amy that she stand while stripping?"

Brenda gulped. It was one thing to show off her breasts. She did that nearly every single day, though they were clothed, since everyone always stared at her chest, pretty much no matter what she was wearing. She could even handle just sitting there completely naked, since the table did much to protect her from view. And she'd managed to get through her sexy humiliation of having Alan "help" her with her ass. But she wasn't used to making a public display of her pussy.

She actually trembled as she stood. She closed her eyes, as if having them closed somehow meant this wasn't happening, as if not being able to see them meant that they were unable to see her. She hated how she was admitting her great arousal by the cum flowing down her thighs. She also hated how standing like this brought her to the very cusp of cumming again.

Susan could be naïve and clueless at times, but this time she could readily sense Brenda's discomfort. After all, Susan had found herself in the same situation of sexual embarrassment many times in the recent past. So, even though she was still struggling with jealous feelings towards Brenda, her innate kindness took over and she tried to be supportive. "Brenda, I think you're doing great. And you're so brave. You have a very lovely pussy."

Amy could see what Susan was doing, so she also began praising Brenda's pussy. She always liked to be helpful. "Yeah, Brenda, it's a way super great pussy. My boyfriend is totally gonna love poking it, I'm sure."

Suzanne tried to be encouraging as well. "Brenda, relax. You have a great body. Stand proud. And yes, your puss is pretty cute too."

Katherine, though, was filled with jealous bile. She didn't like being that way, especially when the others were saying nice things, but she simply couldn't will away her strong emotions. However, she managed to stay silent instead of blurting out something insulting.

Brenda found the experience of having a group of women discussing her openly-displayed (and very wet) pussy to be extremely humiliating, yet also strangely freeing and exhilarating. This was doubly true since she was acutely aware that Alan was closely looking at it too.

Her knees nearly buckled when she heard Susan add, "It's so pink and wet and perfectly formed. Very wet, in fact. I know Tiger will just love fucking it. That pussy needs a good taming. Son, don't you want to

nail the shit out of her? I know you do!" (As so frequently happened, Susan's jealousy towards Brenda had been temporarily suppressed by her overwhelming lust.)

Brenda was incredibly aroused by the way all the other women took it for granted that Alan would soon be fucking her. She held her breath to hear what he had to say, but he remained silent.

Somehow, his apparent indifference turned her on even more than if he'd praised her effusively. It was as if he didn't care one way or another.

Eventually the comments trickled to an end and she sat back down.

But then Suzanne pointed out to her, "You still have your panties, or whatever you call them, on just below your knees. Do we need to have Alan help you again?"

"NO! I can do it!" She immediately stood back up. She was fearful that if Alan so much as stood near her, she would cum, hard. She took some deep breaths in an attempt to calm down, although all it really did was show off the heaving of her huge tits. Then she turned around, bent over, and slowly pulled her remaining piece of clothing down her legs and then off them altogether.

Then, knowing that Alan had to be watching, she remained in that position, even spreading her legs wider.

Suzanne, having realized Brenda's spanking fetish, said, "Hey Sweetie, check out Brenda's ass. How would you like to warm your hand giving those ass cheeks a good spanking?"

Knowing that he was supposed to be acting aloof, he just grunted incomprehensibly.

Suzanne was tempted to tease Brenda much more, but she could tell from the way Brenda's legs were shaking that their guest was already extremely close to cumming. So she relented and let Brenda sit back down without further comment.

Brenda remained quite nervous, especially because she realized that she was now eligible for a dare if she lost once again. Gaawwwd! I'm just sitting here - buck naked! At any moment Alan could order me

to do anything to him, and I know I would do it! I hate to admit it but I'd suck his fat cock with everyone watching if he'd just say the word. It's so scary, because he probably WILL soon! I haven't felt this aroused and alive in YEARS!

As the game continued, all the women except Brenda continued their talkative banter, making jokes and lewd comments.

For instance, Katherine, who generally remained in a good and horny mood (except when thinking about Brenda), teased Amy when Amy turned to show off her wide ass to the group. "Aims, is all that white goo dribbling out of your pussy courtesy of Alan? Damn, I didn't realize he'd tapped you already, but he sure tapped you good!"

Amy blushed, and replied, "No. I wish! That's just me."

Alan generally tried to remain silent in such situations, figuring that was the safest response. At times, the others talked about him like he wasn't there, but of course he heard every word. His dick stayed hard, and he was increasingly tempted to get someone to "take care of it". He even considered stroking it himself, although that would undoubtedly trigger another lecture about 'the sin of Onan' from his mother. But he knew that the other women of his house were setting Brenda up, and he didn't realize just how hot she was for him already, so he guessed it still wasn't time for him to ask for some help with his dick.

Brenda usually refrained from talking, because most of it was the other women making sexual comments and compliments to each other. She felt very uncomfortable with anything smacking of lesbianism. She had mixed feelings about the flattering comments about her looks unless those comments came from Alan, but since he hardly said a word, her curiosity and desire just continued to grow.

Meanwhile, Katherine hadn't lost a hand in a long time, so she was still merely topless. That frustrated her so much that she half-jokingly complained, "No fair! Brenda, you're losing far too much lately. Let some of us lose on occasion."

Everyone laughed at that, but by now Brenda had also decided that losing was the better strategy if she wanted to prove herself to be the sexiest woman in the room.

Only Alan was still trying to win. As a result, he won virtually every hand; by the time a round had ended it was rare if any of the women even had a matching pair of cards.

Amy lost the next hand, which left her totally naked, causing her to let out a loud whoop of triumph.

Then Suzanne lost. Since she was already completely naked, she asked Alan as she posed seductively for him, standing with her arms held high, "Okay, Sweetie, it's time for the first dare. What can I do for you?"

Alan's answer was very clever. "I want you to put a vibrator in Brenda. One of the ones that throbs and rotates." He figured it was important to get Brenda to descend even further into debauchery, and a vibrator throbbing in her pussy would help speed that along.

"We don't do anything that people don't want to do," Suzanne said to Brenda. "Does that sound acceptable to you?"

Brenda pretended reluctance. "I guess so. Assuming it's within Susan's rules." Thanks to Alan's attention, her confidence returned. She smugly thought, Alan picked me first. He's falling for me already!

"It is," Suzanne said authoritatively, not giving Susan a chance to reply. "Angel, please get the vibrator from my purse. You know the one Sweetie is referring to."

Katherine hurried off to get it. She didn't begrudge Brenda getting orgasms, as long as they weren't with Alan.

While still waiting for Katherine to return, Suzanne said to Brenda, "Now turn around and let's see your ass."

Brenda stood up and did so, once again while trembling with excitement and fear.

But Suzanne wasn't satisfied. "Not like that. Get on all fours so you can thrust your ass high up in the air. We want Alan to be able to clearly see the vibrator going in, doggy style. He's our judge and he has to verify that the dare is completed."

Brenda thought, That's so lewd and rude! Should I?! I've never done anything like this before. But... Gaawwwd, I'm too fucking horny to say no! She did as she was told, getting on all fours with her firm, round ass pointing toward Alan.

She thought, I don't know what it is, but I love the way Suzanne takes charge. She really knows what she's doing. She's such a strong person. Even though she's treating me like a piece of meat, like some ripe tits and ass here just for Alan's amusement... I dunno. I just can't resist that scratchy yet oh-so-sexy voice!

She said some of these thoughts out loud while panting hard. "I can't believe I'm doing this. This is such an embarrassing position. It's like I'm a ripe piece of ass here for Alan's amusement!"

She waited for someone to contradict that, but no one did. Instead, she found herself slightly wiggling her ass around to draw even more attention to it. She sighed at her own uncontrollable lust, then continued, "But no lesbian stuff, all right? I'm really not into that."

"Don't worry. No lesbian stuff," Suzanne said confidently, even as she started running her hands all over Brenda's lovely ass. "Unless of course that's what the winner of the hand wants. We can't stop that. But hopefully no one will ask for that with you."

She reached down to Brenda's upper thighs and ran her fingers through the many rivulets of Brenda's cum that she found there. She knew that Brenda was so far gone that she could goad, "You wouldn't want that, would you? You wouldn't want another woman to touch you in a sexual way, would you?" As she said this, she lightly brushed her fingers up and down Brenda's soaked pussy lips.

Brenda shivered all over. She felt completely humiliated as she replied, "No." She knew that everyone else could easily see what Suzanne was doing to her, but she wanted another climax too much to tell her to stop.

Suzanne brought her cum-soaked fingers to her mouth and licked them clean. "Mmmm! Delicious!" And she wasn't just saying that either - she really did enjoy the taste, although it wasn't as sweet as Alan's cum.

Brenda was mortified. With her eyes already shut tight in denial and her face blushing cherry red, she dropped her head nearly to the floor in defeat. "Don't look, Alan! Please! Don't look!"

Of course, that only made Alan even more interested, but he was staring already.

Katherine returned with the vibrator and handed it to Suzanne. Suzanne slowly and sensuously stuck it into Brenda's sopping pussy - at first only inserting it a little, then pulling it out some, then further in, then out, and back and forth in this fashion in a very slow manner until it was all the way in. Her hands continued to rub all over Brenda's ass in the meantime, but she resisted doing what she really wanted to do, which was to grope at Brenda's big tits. At the moment they were physically out of reach, unless she got out of her chair. But she could see Brenda falling down a metaphorical slippery slope and knew that she'd have ample opportunity to play with Brenda's twin towers soon enough.

Brenda honestly wanted to cry. She felt even more humiliated than she'd been at the last poker party, and while she had been drinking some wine this time she couldn't blame alcohol as an excuse as much as at the prior party. She thought, Good God! This is crazy; it's outrageous and wrong! So very, very wrong! Suzanne's treating me like her personal plaything, and I for one won't stand for it! It'd be one thing if Alan were to do this to me, but a woman? NO! Absolutely not!

But despite her thoughts, she didn't say or do a thing to resist. She was far too horny, and too busy trying hard not to cum loudly in front of everybody. She moaned and whimpered and lowered her head, which made her ass look like it was thrusting up even higher.

Alan, meanwhile, watched everything silently. He found himself holding on to his erection through his shorts. He would have taken it out already, but he still wasn't sure if the time was right. He was hoping Suzanne would let him know when it was okay to expose it, but he was leaning towards just doing it anyway.

Susan wasn't so hesitant. Knowing that Brenda couldn't see while she was on all fours facing the other direction, she pulled her chair right next to Alan's and whispered, "Here, let me help you with that. I can't watch you commit the sin of Onan!" With that, she stuck a hand inside his shorts, found his hard cock, and started to stroke it.

Fuck, man! He huffed and puffed as he tried to endure the sudden surge of arousal without cumming. One reason he'd been delaying getting any penis-tending help was because he was fully aroused simply from watching, and he didn't want to have to worry about cumming too soon. But the pleasure was so much better from her stroking that he decided it was fully worth the risk.

Once he felt he had his pulsing boner more or less under control, he looked to his stunning, fully-naked mother and briefly caressed her nearest tit from below. He smiled at her and whispered, "Thanks, Mom!"

She smiled back from ear to ear, whispering, "It's my pleasure. Plus, it's my duty!"

Alan returned his attention to the "Suzanne and Brenda show." Suzanne was supposedly still inserting the vibrator into Brenda, when in reality she was already fucking Brenda with it.

Eventually, Suzanne asked Alan, "So would you say the vibrator is in yet?"

Brenda panted, "It's in! It's in! Alan, please say it's in!" Her eyes were open again and glazed with lust, and her hips were rotating from the sensations that she felt deep within her inner walls. Suzanne was fingering her clit while plunging the vibrator in and out, and it made Brenda so very, very aroused that she wanted to scream. But she stayed where she was, ass high in the air. She tried to turn her head back to Alan to plead with her eyes, but he was almost directly behind her so she couldn't see him. That was lucky for her, because if she had noticed what Susan was doing to him she would have lost her battle not to cum, for sure. As it was, she knew it could happen at any moment, and she wouldn't be able to stay quiet this time.

He hemmed and hawed. He knew that the longer he appeared indecisive, the more success Suzanne would have in breaking down Brenda's self-control. Then he joked, "I'm not sure. As President Clinton once said, 'it depends on what the definition of "is" is.'"

Brenda moaned in frustration; in her current lust-addled state the political reference went right over her head. All she knew was that Suzanne wasn't stopping, and she was in imminent danger of having a big, loud climax in front of everyone. Already, the sounds of her sexy struggling were almost as loud as many women's orgasms, and that deeply humiliated her. The more her sexual humiliation, the greater her arousal; it was a self-reinforcing cycle, a positive feedback loop.

Suzanne, teasing Brenda some more, said, "I think it's in, Sweetie. Look. I'm pushing it aaaalll the way in, and then pulling it almost aaaalll the way out. And then again. Aaaaaalll the way in, and aaaaaalll the way out. I don't think it can go in any further. Look, I can barely keep my fingertips on it, it's in so deep."

Alan grinned. "So wait. You're saying you're pushing it aaaaaaallll the way in, and then pulling it aaaaaaallll the way out?"

Suzanne grinned too. She moved the vibrator in and out in time to Alan's words. Then, moving it in time to her own words, she replied, "Yes, aaaaaaallll the way in, then aaaaaaallll the way out."

Brenda whimpered helplessly. Crap! It's just like Suzanne's fucking me, right here in front of everybody, and all I can do is gasp for air while my big tits sway wildly! I've gotta cum so bad! Help! Somebody help me!

"So which is it then?" Alan asked with feigned cluelessness. "Is it aaaaaaallll the way in? Or is it aaaaaaallll the way out?"

Suzanne grinned wider as she asked back, "So, you're asking me if it's aaaaaaallll the way in or is it aaaaaaallll the way out? What's the question, exactly?" She kept on working the vibrator in Brenda's pussy.

Brenda couldn't take any more. A great orgasm was imminent. She shrieked, "Please! Please have mercy!"

Suzanne decided she'd had brought Brenda far enough along, so she replied to Alan, "It's aaaaaaallll the way in." She made one final, deep push in time to those words, then held the vibrator inside Brenda as far as it could go.

Alan grinned even more. "Okay. I guess. If you say so. Brenda, the dare didn't say anything about taking the vibrator back out, so you've gotta keep it in there."

"God!" Brenda shrieked, a lusty desperation on her face as her thighs began to tremble like an impending earthquake. She knew she was past the point of no return, with an epic climax about to rip through her body. "NO!"

Suzanne let go of the vibrator, but left it lodged deep inside Brenda's pussy.

Brenda fell to the floor as she writhed in submission to her orgasmic urges. She fought with all her might to remain in control, but her body wouldn't listen to her mind.

She inadvertently rolled face up, giving everyone an even better show to watch. The only downside to that was that Susan didn't want to get caught with her hand in Alan's shorts, since she didn't think that was what he wanted. So, reluctantly, she removed her hand.

The others stared at Brenda as she let herself go completely. Her huge, bouncy tits were highly entertaining and arousing for everyone, as were her verbal protests. She was an extremely vocal woman when aroused.

As she bucked her hips off the floor like she was trying to fuck the vibrator harder, she cried out a steady stream of words and panted, "NO! God no! Someone please, make it stop! It's too good! So fucking good! Lord God, help me! Please! I'm dying of pleasure! Fuck! Alan! Don't look! No, Alan, no! This is too... too... too embarrassing! I'm... I'm gonna... gonna cum... in front of all of you! Fuck. Why did I, did I agree, to... to do this? Why?! Dear God, WHY?! Oh no! Oh no! No! Fuck me! Alan! Please! Fuck me! I'm cumming! YES! Aaaaaa!"

This was just one sample of what she said as she reached one climax. She was wracked by a series of orgasms that just kept going and going. She babbled incessantly and nearly incoherently as they hit her one after another. All the while, she stared at Alan with a pained yet lustful expression on her face.

It was torture for him to watch this without having his hard-on stroked, especially after how good Susan's help had felt. Katherine, who was sitting next to him, saw his anguish and figured that if Susan was missing out, she'd be most happy to take over, so she covertly dropped a hand into his lap and started fondling him. Some light rubbing through his shorts was almost enough to bring him off, given what he was seeing taking place before him, as well as all the arousing sights and sounds that had led up to this moment.

Brenda saw Katherine stroking his bulge, and that set her off even more. She screamed even more loudly and incoherently, especially when she saw Katherine reach inside his shorts to stroke his erection directly.

But just as Alan was ready to cum in his shorts, Suzanne noticed his desperate face and tried to stop him from going over the edge. She was too far away to intervene directly, so instead she announced, "Okay, that's it! It's time for a break."

All eyes returned to the table. Katherine wasn't sure whether Suzanne would approve of her handjob assistance, so she reluctantly took her hand out of her brother's shorts.

He groaned audibly in frustration. His urge to cum slowly abated, but just a bit - he still remained only a hair trigger away from flooding his shorts with his seed.

Brenda couldn't even get back to the table; her body just shuddered and wriggled on the floor. The vibrator was still working deep within her, pushing her along. She felt like she could stay all evening on one continuous high, hitting climax after climax.

Suzanne sensed that too and was curious whether it was possible, but she also felt some sympathy for her sweaty, bedraggled guest. She clarified, "Brenda, Alan's dare only talked about putting the vibrator in. He said nothing about taking it out. So you're going to have to keep it in there until and unless someone rescues you with another dare. For instance, a dare that would replace it with something else. But if you like, you can turn the settings down."

Brenda gasped between her heavy panting, "Oh, thank you, Suzanne, thank you! Ohmigod. Ohmigod!" She reached around, found the controls, and flicked the vibrator to the low setting. She would have preferred to take it all the way out, but the new, lower setting made a huge difference for her.

As a result, within a few minutes she had recovered enough to sit back at the table and return to the game. But now she had a glassy look in her eyes. The setting was just enough to keep her close to orgasm, especially as she kept rocking back and forth in her chair as if trying to rub herself into satisfaction, but it wasn't quite enough to get her there. The vibrator had served its purpose; there was no way she would protest about anything getting too sexual anymore.

Chapter 604 Too... Too Damn HOT!

Katherine was very happy to lose the next two hands. She still had her top hanging around her waist, but she elected to expose first her pussy and then her ass. Now she had both her top and skirt hanging off her loosely, while all her private parts were uncovered.

Alan lost the next hand, the first time he'd lost since joining the game. He merely took off a sock, to the frustrated groans of everyone else in the room. He lightly teased as he tossed the sock aside, "Maybe, I'm a little overdressed, huh?"

All the females agreed with frantic nods of their heads.

Brenda was stunned to realize that Alan hadn't lost prior to that. Dammit! Alan is unstoppable! There's no way to win against him, not even in a game of chance! What chance do I have to resist the urge to serve his incredible cock? None, that's what! Look at me, buck naked and utterly humiliated! Utterly defeated too! My efforts to play hard to get, or even just seem normal, are in tatters. When is he going to claim his prize?!

Susan lost the next hand, so she had to take off the last of her clothes. She tried to hide how happy that made her, but not very successfully. Then she lost another hand, and Katherine had the highest hand.

So Katherine had the right to order her mother on a dare. She said, "Brother's third leg must be in great pain after so much excellent visual stimulation. Mom, I order you to jack him off, but not too quickly. Keep rubbing his cock while we play."

Alan let out a loud groan of relief.

Susan eagerly leapt up. She smiled as if there had just been an announcement that she'd won the lottery. She mouthed the words "Thank you" in Katherine's direction. She unzipped his shorts and pulled them down his thighs. Then her tender hands went to work.

The Brenda from much earlier in the evening might have protested had someone begun jacking Alan off right in front of her, but there was no possibility of that happening at this point. She just stared in total fascination and licked her lips repeatedly. Look at that! Susan is his mother, but does that stop her from jacking him off? No! She doesn't care that she's not even wearing a stitch of clothing, or that we're all watching; all that matters is satisfying and serving her son's powerful cock! Gaawwwd! And she's so fucking hot and STACKED, almost as much as me!

What if I was in her shoes?! Hell, what if it was my son, Adrian?! What if we were playing cards at my house, and Aidy wandered in and joined us, and the next thing I knew, I'd been ordered to jack him off?! Oh God! Just like... just like Susan is... OH! URGH! Gonna... gonna cum! No! Not again!

She grabbed at her clit and began a particularly intense orgasm, greatly helped by the vibrator that still gyrated and hummed inside her pussy. At least this time she still had enough self-control not to scream without restraint.

As she came down from her obvious but relatively quiet climax, she thought, Oh God! Too horny! AGAIN! Phew, I can't take it. What's with these people?! I'm losing my mind! I knew this would be a sexually intense party, but all evening I've either been cumming or on the brink of cumming! I can't take it much longer. I have to win a hand so I can remove this vibrator. I have no choice or I'll... I'll... go insane!

The other women looked on at Brenda with envy, wishing that they too had big vibrators throbbing inside their slits. But they restrained themselves from any personal touching not ordered via the game, while desperately wishing for the game to end so that they too could get off.

Although Brenda had just had yet another big climax, that only served to further stoke her overheated libido. She couldn't stop staring at Susan's hand where it was stroking Alan's erection. She'd seen Suzanne help Alan in previous visits, but seeing Susan doing it for the first time stirred a powerful desire deep inside her. "How can you do that? He's your son!"

Susan repositioned herself a little better for Brenda's visual benefit. "How can I NOT?!" she asked incredulously. "Just look at it. This is the cock of a real man!" She made long strokes from tip to root and back again, to emphasize its length. "Don't you want to get your hands on it? Or even better, your mouth?"

Brenda thought, I do! I do! So much! I wonder what would happen if I pulled this damn vibrator out of me and simply sat down on him?! Fully impaled on his trouser snake! I wish I had the guts to do that!

Susan leaned over close enough to blow her minty breath on the tip. "Big-titted women like us were made to suck on big cocks!"

Brenda groaned with great arousal. She writhed around helplessly, right on the brink of another orgasm. She looked around at the others for some kind of help or support, but they were all too glassy-eyed and horny. Still resisting, she managed to complain, "But he's your son!"

Susan grinned from ear to ear, even as she stuck her tongue out like she was about to start licking. "I know! Isn't it great?" She thought back to Suzanne's words of consolation about Ron's homosexuality. "There's something magical at work here. Something spiritual. It was meant to be. It was like I was born and bred to serve my son's huge, magnificent cock!"

That pushed Brenda over the edge, and she came again. "Born and bred!" Oh God! "To serve!" Oh God! That's me! Help me, God! Sweet Jesus!

She came yet again. Once again she tried to do so quietly, but then she let out a series of gasping shrieks. When her orgasm ended she didn't feel much relief, because she was immediately right on the edge of orgasm all over again, in large part because of the ever-present vibrator throbbing inside her. Fuck! What am I going to do?! Cumming doesn't help at all! I have to stop looking at Susan's sliding fingers or I'm going to scream or cry, or both! But I just can't manage to look away!

Susan refrained from licking Alan's boner only because she was under orders to help him last as long as possible, and she sensed that would push him over the edge. But even her vigorous stroking was tempting fate, especially since he'd been close to climax before she'd even started. His one lucky break was that she wasn't stimulating his most sensitive spots as much as she could have, since she kept her hands sliding all the way up and down in order to show off her stroking for Brenda's benefit.

Regardless, he pleaded, "Mom, could you please slow it down a lot?"

She did slow down some, but he couldn't resist asking her, "Anyways, Mom, what about the reservations you had this morning about doing this kind of thing in front of others?"

"Mommy can't think right now," Susan replied honestly, and then blushed when she realized that she'd called herself "Mommy" in front of Brenda. (Not that Brenda particularly minded at this point; in fact, it was yet another thing that greatly aroused her, playing to her own fantasies.)

Susan felt her own sexy humiliation as she looked around the room and saw Brenda, Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy all watching. She continued in a more responsible tone, "I'm sure that once I'm able to think again, those reservations will come back, but right now I see no problem in just enjoying the moment, assuming we can respect the boundaries." She huffed and puffed heavily as she said that, betraying her calm words. Her eyes were focused on his erection. She playfully ran all ten fingers up and down his shaft like she was trying to stimulate it everywhere at once.

Seeing her resistance crumble and her chest heave, Alan reached out and grabbed one of his mother's fulsome tits.

Susan's eyes lit up at that, and she thrust her chest towards her son to encourage him.

Then to Alan's surprise, Suzanne said, "Tut tut. I don't know about Susan's boundaries, but that's against the game rules. No touching unless a dare allows it."

So Alan withdrew his hand, to the sound of Susan's very vocal disappointed moans. He wondered if Suzanne's adherence to the rules in this case was a sign of jealousy.

Alan had been perilously close to cumming, so he concentrated on squeezing his PC muscle. He was riding as close to the edge as possible, so far without actually going over, and it felt incredible. Still, he knew he'd need a strategic break very soon or he'd have to succumb.

Once again, Suzanne could read the signs of an imminent cum explosion on Alan's face. She wanted him to hold off even longer just to impress Brenda that much more. She started to pour herself another glass of wine, only to make a show of the fact that the bottle was empty. She asked Susan, "Do you have another bottle of this?"

Susan was so focused on pleasuring Alan's cock with both hands that it took her some long moments before she even realized she was being asked a question. She eventually looked up and around in confusion. "What was that?"

"I said, do you have another bottle of this wine?"

"Oh. Yes. Um..." She looked down at the cum dripping over her slipping and sliding fingers. She certainly didn't want to let go of her son's cock, but she was very possessive of her kitchen and she knew best where to find the wine.

Alan could see her conflict. He concluded that this offered a great excuse to give his cock a rest. He whispered, "Mom, I could REALLY use a break. You've got me so close to cumming that it's crazy!"

With that, Susan let go of his thickness, stood up, and smiled. "Hold on. I'll get it. And I think we can use some snacks all around, as well as some more non-alcoholic drinks, yes?"

After some discussion of what people wanted, Susan was about to walk off when Katherine asked the group, "By the way, who's gonna take care of Alan's cock while Mom is gone?"

"Oh! ME!" Amy eagerly waved her arms in the air. "Please, please, please?!"

Katherine was chagrined, because she'd been hoping to be the one to take over. But seeing Amy's excitement, she couldn't help but nod. "Okay, I guess you can do it, but I get the next break, okay?"

"M'kay!"

Alan moaned in a mixture of lust and frustration, even as Amy sidled up next to him and wrapped her fingers around his cum-soaked shaft. He'd been looking forward to a strategic break while Susan was busy in the kitchen, but he doubted that would be possible with Amy working on him.

He was grateful at least for the minute or so that his cock had been untouched while Susan stood there and conferred with the others about what they wanted to eat and drink. He didn't realize just how much he'd need that short respite, because Susan had planned something momentous.

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Susan had been taking "sashaying lessons" with Suzanne for the previous few weeks, as well as practicing sashaying in private. She'd been looking for an opportunity for a "grand unveiling," and this seemed like a perfect time. She was especially keen to steal the spotlight back from a naked Brenda and her extremely large breasts.

For most people, sashaying might not have sounded like a particularly difficult thing to do. But Suzanne took her various sexy walking styles very seriously, and sashaying was one of the most difficult ones to do correctly. Furthermore, Susan had insisted on learning how to sashay in high heels.

As Suzanne put it early in Susan's lessons, "With sashaying it's all about the sway. In high heels this is very difficult because your center of balance is constantly shifting. The objective is to swish the butt cheeks from side to side while twisting them slightly in order to get them to separate and close again and put them on display. As with strutting, the key is keeping the butt muscles loose. There is more shoulder work involved in order to keep balanced, but the added benefit of this is that it causes the breasts to sway as well. The first step in sashaying is learning the ass sway. Once that can be done with confidence the next step is learning to twist the hips slightly to get the pivot down. The final step is combining the two motions."

Suzanne had continued, "You need to start first in flats or very low heels. When you've got that working without any problems, that's the time to try it in high heels. But not before, or you're likely to sprain or break an ankle. It's really very hard to do in high heels, because the proper motions put so much sideways thrust on the heels that they can slip or break."

Susan glanced back over her shoulder to see if Alan was looking at her. She was pleased to see that she already had his attention. But just to be sure, she repeatedly ran her hands over her bare ass cheeks. As she sensuously caressed herself back there, she said, "Amy, I'm trusting you to take good care of Tiger's cock while I'm gone, okay? I don't want to come back in a few minutes and discover that his powerful pussy-pleaser has gone flaccid."

Amy giggled. "Don't worry. It's not that tough." As her hands slid up and down his shaft, she said, "All I have to do is stroke and stroke and stroke. It's fun!"

Susan spread her legs wider and wider as she stood there fondling her ass cheeks. "Now, that's not true. Sure, I suppose it's easy enough to keep him hard, especially when he's surrounded by so much visual stimulation." At that, she bent way down so she could look back at Alan and Amy from between her legs, making sure while doing so that he'd have a great view of her huge tits dangling down. "But remember Akami's wise words: 'It's not just the quantity, it's the quality.' Keep him as close to cumming as possible, but don't let him do so. I don't want to come back and find that he's splooged his tasty sperm all over you. Is that clear?"

Chastened, Amy redoubled her efforts, sliding her fingers in unpredictable clockwise and counter-clockwise motions. "Yes, Mom. Er, I mean, Aunt Susan." She looked away, embarrassed by that telling slip of the tongue.

"Good." Susan stood back up while continuing to run her hands over her own ass with as much lusty action as if she were fondling her son's dick instead. "Now, the rest of us, we need to help Amy out with as much visual stimulation as possible. For instance, Tiger, watch me walk to the kitchen."

That was a blatant command, but Susan wanted to make sure that Alan didn't miss a moment as she publicly unveiled her sashaying walk for the first time. In fact, all eyes were upon her ass and legs as she slowly headed towards the kitchen.

Within seconds, everyone could tell that there was something different and special to the way Susan was moving. She would have looked great walking away in high heels, pretty much no matter what she did, but the way her head, shoulders, ass, legs, and feet moved now could only be described as "poetry in motion."

Alan actually gasped out loud. After a few more seconds passed so he could confirm his suspicions, he blurted out, "Mom! You're walking just like Aunt Suzy!"

Susan's heart had been beating wildly for fear that she'd make some kind of mistake or fail to hold Alan's attention, but that comment calmed her fears and put a big smile on her face. She knew that was the highest compliment, because Suzanne always walked in a seemingly impossibly sexy manner. It always seemed as if Suzanne was just gliding effortlessly from here to there, but in fact it had taken her years of practice to get so good at it. Now Susan hoped to give Suzanne a run for her money.

Alan's boner twitched wildly in Amy's hands. He suddenly was forced to bring his hands down to hold Amy's hands still, because he knew that even with him flexing his PC muscle as intensely as possible he was liable to shoot his load at any moment. He was well aware that the safe thing would be to close his eyes, but he simply couldn't stop staring at Susan's undulating ass cheeks.

Suzanne sat there smugly, proud of her talented student. She didn't mind sharing her sexy secrets with Susan since she loved her so very dearly.

Amy, Katherine, and Brenda all had their mouths hanging wide open in amazement.

Brenda clutched at her massive tits and gasped out, "Too... too damn HOT!"

That caused Amy to add, "Yeah! Wow! Aunt Susan, you're walking, like, all super sexy!"

Katherine seconded the notion. "It IS just like Aunt Suzy walking!" She actually glanced at Suzanne to make sure she wasn't confused about who she was seeing walking away.

Suzanne sat there like the cat that ate the cream. She explained proudly, "That's not walking; that's sashaying! Watch and learn!"

Everyone returned their attention to Susan's slowly swaying ass cheeks. However, thanks to Susan's natural endowment, many glimpses of side-boob drew their attention as well. Susan was also cleverly using her arms and hands to shift the visual focus. For instance, from time to time she would reach back and lightly brush an ass cheek, or raise a hand up behind her head as if adjusting her hair.

Amy was so inspired that even though Alan's hands were clutching her own, she couldn't help but resume stroking his turgid cock.

Alan grimaced and groaned. He was hoping against hope to hold out until his mother Susan walked out of sight and into the kitchen. He braced himself and held his breath, knowing that she only had a few steps left to go. He didn't want Amy to take the fall for his inability to hold out.

But then, just as Susan reached the threshold between the living room and dining room/kitchen area, to his combined horror and delight, she stopped, turned around, and started walking back towards him.

Seeing the passionate "come hither and fuck me" look on her face was too much for the sexually overtaxed boy. He shut his eyes tightly while his crotch twitched with frantic PC-muscle clenches, but it was too little too late. He started cumming in Amy's hands.

However, Amy was mindful that Susan had warned her not to let Alan cum. In a panic, she squeezed his shaft as tightly as possible. As luck would have it, she'd perhaps-accidentally stumbled upon a technique to delay a man's climax though squeezing the base of his shaft. A few feeble squirts of cum jetted into the hand that was covering his cockhead, but no one else noticed.

Thinking that the cause was lost, Alan gave up his struggle to delay his orgasm. He felt a tremendous sense of relief as a surge of pleasure washed through him. He opened his eyes so he could at least continue to enjoy Susan's jaw-dropping sashaying while the surge faded. Although her moves were no more impressive than Suzanne's frequent sashaying, the fact that his formerly prudish mother was the one doing it made all the difference.

For a full minute after Alan had seemingly climaxed, Amy's face showed her worry that she'd screwed up. But that worry slowly turned to a relieved smile as his dick remained wonderfully erect. The tension drained from her body and she resumed her stroking. She quickly stroked the small amount of cum he'd squirted into his skin before she'd cut off the flow so that no one else would be the wiser.

Susan sashayed all the way back to where Alan and Amy sat. She reached out and lovingly ran her fingers over Amy's sliding hands, then smiled widely, happy that Amy was taking good care of him. Then she turned around and slowly sashayed away again, back to the kitchen.

Katherine was fingering her pussy, no longer worrying whether she was breaking the rules of the card game or not. She moaned, "Damn! Mom, you look great walking toward us, but you look even better walking away!"

Suzanne was still all smiles. She didn't mind at all that Susan's sashaying was such a big hit. In part, she could afford to be generous because she had still other walking techniques she hadn't yet taught, including a simply devastating style she called "the walking orgasm." As Susan finally moved out of sight and into the kitchen, Suzanne asked Brenda, "So what do you think?"

Brenda was caught with the proverbial "fingers in the cookie jar," except in her case it was very literal fingers at her pussy. Amy was the only woman not playing with herself at least a little, and that was only because both her hands were all over Alan's erection. But, for once, Brenda managed to recover quickly from her lusty daze. She raised her cummy hands and started clapping loudly.

The others all joined in, including Alan. Even Amy removed her hands from Alan's crotch so she could show her appreciation.

After a full minute of clapping, Susan poked her head around the corner. She was so overcome by their praise that a few tears of joy were dripping down her cheeks.

Chapter 605 He's Turning Me Into His SLUT!

Katherine shouted out, "Encore! Encore!" The other women quickly joined in.

However, Alan looked desperately at Suzanne.

Suzanne caught his look, and understood. She knew he felt that he simply couldn't handle any more intense sexual arousal at that moment, so she said, "Au contraire! NO encore!" As the other women looked at her in confusion, she explained, "Remember the cardinal show business rule: always leave them wanting more."

Hearing that, Susan walked all the way into the kitchen and started preparing the food and drinks. But she was quiet as a mouse while doing so, because she wanted to hear what the others said.

Katherine immediately proclaimed, "Aunt Suzy, you taught her that, right? I need you to teach me that too. Like NOW!"

Amy added, "Yeah! Me too!"

Even Brenda added, "Me three!" She nearly blushed at that, because she belatedly realized she wasn't really a member of the group, at least not yet.

Suzanne raised an eyebrow. "Brenda, you certainly already know how to sashay, and in high heels no less. I've seen you do it. You've been strutting your stuff at fancy parties off and on."

Brenda said breathlessly, "True, but not like THAT! I was just winging it, not treating it like some kind of... work of art. I've seen you walk like that too, but somehow I thought that was just a Suzanne thing, like it was part of your overall sexiness. I didn't know that could be taught. Gaawwwd! That made me so horny, and I'm a woman! Then when I look over at Alan and Amy, and the way that Amy is jacking him off..."

She glanced over at Amy and Alan. Amy had been giving Alan a rest since the clapping started, but she quickly resumed her handjob to maintain Brenda's expectations.

Thinking about Susan's sashaying and watching Amy's fingers almost brought Brenda to another climax. "UGH! Oh! And then when Susan walked right up and ran her fingers over Amy's stroking hands... I'm... I'm speechless!"

Brenda had stopped frigging her pussy in order to clap. She was tempted to resume but felt that she couldn't while Suzanne and the others were looking at her. Still, she was so hot and bothered by what she had just witnessed that she was forced to play with her own nipples. A contented look crossed her face as she reveled in this latest sexual pleasure.

Suzanne said to the other women, "We'll talk about teaching you all later. I should warn you though, it's not easy. Sure, I could teach you a half-assed version in ten minutes, but to REALLY gain control over your body to walk like Susan just walked, that takes weeks to master. And don't even get me started on how much tougher it is to do it right in high heels."

Brenda suddenly blurted out, "And she did it all just for her son! To keep his cock thick and hot and throbbing with pleasure!" She stared right at Alan's boner and Amy's stroking fingers, exuding a nearly overwhelming need to be involved. If I don't get my hands or mouth on that cock, and soon, I'm going to pass out from sheer frustration! But then again, if I do, I'll pass out from sheer exhilaration! There's no respite from the non-stop sexiness in this house. No escape!

Amy had a good rhythm going and she knew that Alan wasn't in danger of cumming immediately, thanks to whatever had happened with his close call. She teased Brenda, "Gee, my hands are getting tired. Stroking all this super fat cock is tough! I can barely get my tiny fingers around it. Brenda, if Aunt Susan doesn't come back from the kitchen soon, I might need you to take over. Think you could handle that? And THIS?" She stopped stroking his boner and pointed it right at Brenda, as if she were aiming his next cum blast in Brenda's direction.

Brenda bit her lip and stared wide-eyed. She was so far gone that she could vividly feel his hot shaft in her hands. She even imagined a torrent of his sticky cum landing all over her face and chest.

The resulting surge of arousal was more than she could handle. With a loud squeal, she closed her eyes and fingered her pussy with sudden abandon. With each orgasm she had, she could feel her devotion to Alan growing. She credited him for everything that was happening, including all of her mind-blowing sexual pleasure.

Susan's return to the living room was rather anti-climactic. She would have loved to sashay her way back to the others, but since she was carrying a tray loaded with cookies, apple and peach slices, rice crackers with pâté, coffee and tea, she knew she wouldn't be able to do her new walk justice.

However, her walk was impressive just the same, considering that she kept the tray balanced the whole time. She did blush slightly when her reappearance resulted in another round of applause.

Katherine high-fived her once she put the tray down. "You ROCK, Mom!"

Amy nodded. "Yeah! That was totally great, Aunt Susan." Amy pointed Alan's erection at her. "Here. If anyone deserves the reward of being the next penis tender, you do."

In seconds, Susan had taken Amy's place, putting both hands once again on her son's soaked shaft. She closed her eyes and shivered all over as she took a moment to revel in the contact.

As she resumed her stroking, she thought, Sashaying took me weeks to learn, but it was SOOO worth it! Now, if Tiger is ever flaccid, I've got another powerful weapon to fix that. Not that he's ever flaccid, hee-hee! My son is just so wonderfully stiff and cocky all day long! MMMM!

The other bottle of wine that Susan had brought was opened and quickly consumed. Suzanne said, "That was fun, Susan, and we really enjoyed seeing you sashay, but now can we get back to the game already?"bender

Amy interjected, "M'kay, Mother. But before we do, Aunt Susan, can I ask you: how did walking all super sexy like that make you feel?"

Susan looked to Suzanne. "Before I answer that, can I just... suck on him for a couple of minutes? You know, as a kind of victory celebration?"

Brenda held her breath. If there was one thing she wanted to witness more than any other, it was Susan giving Alan a blowjob.

Suzanne frowned. "Oooh. Tough call. I'm tempted to say yes, because you do deserve it. But I know that if you start, you'll never stop, and then we can forget about finishing our card game."

Katherine quipped, "Give her eight inches and she'll suck a mile."

Suzanne suggested, "Susan, why don't you answer Amy's question, and then we'll see whether we can work your reward into the game." Once a game got started Suzanne really liked to see it through.

Brenda let out her breath. She was disappointed, but relieved too. She doubted she could cope with even more extreme arousal at this point. She needed some time to recover.

Susan was too euphoric to really mind Suzanne's prohibition. While her fingers were making lewd wet noises up and down Alan's long shaft, she said to Amy, "It was FANTASTIC! It's just like your mom said. It would have been easy enough to do in a half-assed way, but having complete control over my body is another thing altogether - every part has to work together like the musical instruments in an orchestra. Knowing how to move my body like that is gonna make me a better big-titted cocksucking mommy in so many ways. Mmmm... yes..."

She squirmed in her chair, seemingly close to another climax. But then, with her hands still pumping on Alan's boner, she refocused, and said with a joyous squeal, "Sashaying makes me soooo horny! It's like I'm sucking Tiger's cock from a distance, using my whole body! It sets my pussy and nipples ON FIRE! And my ass! Oh! My ass! I can almost feel Tiger's hands all over it as I walk. UGH! And then, knowing that you all are watching, and especially that Tiger is watching, and his cock is being properly tended to at the same time... Ooooh! I'm getting shivers all over, just from THINKING about it!"

Katherine and Amy turned to Suzanne and stared at her with intense "teach me now" expressions.

Suzanne just laughed at that. "We'll talk, girls... AFTER the game. So can we resume already?"

It took a while for decorum to be re-established. But eventually even Brenda was able to stop playing with herself and concentrate on her next set of cards.

Alan won the next hand while Amy was the loser.

Amy needed a dare, so Alan said to Katherine, "Little Stunnable Sister, since you're so frustrated at never losing, I order Amy to French kiss you and fondle you all over except in your love box. That'll make you feel better. You have to keep your hands still, though. Brenda, you don't mind some lesbian action if it doesn't involve you, do you?"

"No, I'm okay with that." With the vibrator still pounding her relentlessly, although at a lower setting, Brenda was ready for just about anything, as long as it was sexual. In fact, she had to grasp the edge of the table firmly as her body swooned once again from too much pleasure. The puddle of pussy juice which had accumulated on her chair now practically resembled a small pond.

Katherine and Amy locked lips and stayed that way for several minutes. Amy's hands roamed passionately all over Katherine, as if she had discovered her friend's body for the first time. Like everyone else, she was greatly aroused by Brenda.

If anything, Brenda was even more aroused in return. She kept staring at the kissing girls, and also at Susan stroking Alan's pole. She was so horny that she unconsciously and repeatedly humped her pelvis up into the air like she was getting fucked.

Despite everything, Katherine continued to allow her jealousy about Brenda triumph over her lust. She asked, "Amy, my breasts may not be anything near Brenda's obscene balloons, but who do you think Brother would rather stick it in? Me, or Brenda?"

Amy could tell that it was a mean-spirited question, but she knew that if she failed to respond with the truth, Katherine would get upset with her. So she answered, as diplomatically as she could, "You, of course. No offense, Brenda, but they've known each other all their lives."

Katherine wasn't satisfied with that. She prodded Amy, "Would you say that Alan loves me with all his heart and soul, but Brenda is nothing but another mindless big-titted fuck doll for him?"

Before Amy could answer, Suzanne protested, "Hey! Wait a minute!" She considered herself the mistress of ceremonies and didn't want the evening spoiled by jealous sniping.

However, Katherine's intended insults backfired. Brenda was actually further aroused to hear that Alan would rather fuck the other women in the room. That made him even more unobtainable and different. And being called "another mindless big-titted fuck doll" somehow turned her on even more, although she was deeply ashamed to realize this. In fact, she was so overwhelmed in her horny humiliation that she nearly fell out of her chair.

Crying "Sweet Jesus!", she came in a tremendous climax that sent her cards spilling onto the floor. She couldn't believe that she'd had a multiple orgasm yet again. She was aware that her voluptuous, naked

body was violently climaxing in front of five other people, and that drove her to still further heights of humiliation and thus arousal.

They're all looking at me! All of them! I'm so ashamed! Nothing but a shameless slut! Oh shit, I'm gonna cum again! No, it's worse. I'm a mindless big-titted fuck doll! That's what I am! I see this flagrant incest between mother and son, and it makes me so crazy with arousal that I can't think! I can't breathe! Oh no; don't let me cum again. I'm slowly losing my mind! Stop stroking his huge cock, Susan! Please, I beg you! PLEASE STOP!

With Susan's hands on Alan's boner, a vibrator throbbing inside Brenda, and Amy and Katherine occupied with each other, no one was in any hurry to continue the game anymore.

No one but Suzanne, that is, who was left out of all the fun. It was she who finally got the next hand of cards going.

Katherine and Amy had to stop kissing, mostly, to play their cards, but Amy still let her hands roam freely over her best friend while they played. She generally kept one hand holding her cards and the other teasing Katherine's clit, since that was allowed by the terms of the dare.

Alan lost the next hand and had to take off his other sock.

Everyone groaned again that his shorts and shirt still remained. However, it didn't matter much that his shorts were still on for the purposes of the game, since Susan had pulled them down his thighs to well below his balls.

Brenda was frustrated, because although his erection was now exposed, it generally was covered by Susan's constantly-sliding hands. She acted as if she was a spectator in some kind of Chippendale's show, and shouted at Alan, "Take it off! Take it all off!" She certainly wasn't teasing or acting with her urgent cry; she was so needy for his big boner that she felt feverish and dizzy.

Susan had some fun with his loss, though. "Here. Let me take that sock off for you, Tiger." She licked her tongue down his leg and pulled off his sock with her teeth, even while she managed to keep a hand moving over his stiff pole. Then she returned her full attention and both hands to his pulsing erection.

Brenda couldn't help but comment about that too. "Susan, that's so hot. Everything here is too hot! I'm burning up. I'm dying! What's with this place? So sexual. Everything. It's like a fog that's so thick in the air that I'm choking on it. How many minutes have you been jacking your son off? Your SON! That's just so WRONG, but why does it make me so hot?! It seems like forever, but it stays stiff and strong. And then your sexy sashaying around, showing off your perfect bare bubble-butt... Jesus! Won't he ever shoot his load?! Oh my God - I can't get over that he's your son!"

Susan smiled, then readjusted her hands to fondle his balls with one hand while rubbing the tip of his cockhead with the other. That gave Brenda another perfect view of his long, exposed shaft, which was copiously covered in pre-cum. "Just look at this. Really LOOK! Now you see what we mean when we say he's an insatiable sex machine. It's never easy to get him to give up his mouth-wateringly delicious cum; you have to earn it. It's hard work that can tire out your hand or your jaw. Can you imagine having this in your mouth, trying in vain to get it to spurt out a hot load?"

Brenda whispered helplessly, "Have mercy!"

But Susan had no mercy. "And it never stops! Once he's done, he's hard again almost immediately. It's like having a permanently hard cock slapping you in the face twenty-four hours a day. You practically have to live with your face in his crotch. Can you imagine that, Brenda, naked and on all fours all day long, day after day after day, sucking this perfect cock? It's a good thing there's four of us in this house to help out, because there's no way any one woman could satisfy him."

Susan beamed with pride at her son's sexual prowess. In her own highly biased view he really was that amazing.

Brenda gasped again as she watched Susan repeatedly stroking his pole from tip to base and back again.

Amy proudly announced yet again, "Brenda, did you know that I'm his official girlfriend? It's official!" It was a rather funny thing to say, given that Alan's dick was being stroked by his mother and Amy was in the middle of licking Katherine's neck and pulling on her nipples.

Katherine goaded her like a mother hen, "What else are you, Amy?"

"I'm one of his personal cocksuckers, of course. Oh, I'm his pussy, too!" She smiled a happy, proud grin. "One of his pussies, that is. But you'll always be his Kat."

Brenda was tremendously impressed by all this. She openly ached for Alan's dick to replace the relentless vibrator in her pussy, which was causing her to shake nearly right out of her seat. She realized her attempt to overwhelm Alan with her beauty was failing. She mumbled, "Alan. Pussies. These pussies. Owned. Pussies. Cunts... Alan! By Alan!"

She thought, Pussy! I want to be his pussy too! No, ONE OF his pussies! JESUS CHRIST, I need him to fuck me! What an amazing boy. He's only a teenager, and all of these women are in love with him! There's just no way to resist. He's turning me into one of his pussies! One of his big-titted fuck dolls! YES! God! No! Alan, lord and master! SPANK my ass! Gonna cum AGAIN!

No! No! What am I saying? I have to get a grip. I can't let him win that easily! In a last ditch effort to beat him, she managed to ask as she writhed, "Alan, who's the most beautiful woman here?"

Alan had generally been trying to maintain a low profile and not talk, but now he had to answer a very dangerous question. He considered it for a bit, and then came up with a suave answer. "Brenda, you're very beautiful, sure. I love your chest and your cute face. But the most beautiful people here to me are the ones I've known the longest, because I can see their beauty both inside AND out."

That got "Awww" sighs of happiness from everyone but Brenda, as the others all thought of how long they'd known him and their many good times together. Each of them felt as if he'd spoken directly to them and only them.

Brenda, however, realized she was beaten: he just wasn't overwhelmed by her beauty like all the other men she'd known. But losing had never felt so good. Deep down she'd actually hoped that he wouldn't say she was the most beautiful, because her submissive side loved being just one of his many conquests. She was having the best, and certainly the most erotic, time of her life.

Katherine won the next hand, while Brenda was the loser. Katherine said, "Alan, I think it's time you teach Brenda that little back-door trick that Akami showed you." Katherine saw Susan frown, no doubt unhappy to have to stop her stroking, as well as due to her jealousy over the size of Brenda's breasts. So to appease her, Katherine added, "But that's it. Don't take your hands off her ass."

Needless to say, Alan was delighted. He had been incredibly turned on by their impossibly-proportioned guest, but hadn't really had a chance to touch her much that evening. He'd been playing it cool towards her, but he couldn't not smile with great glee. It helped that he remembered Suzanne's advice that he

should act aloof towards Brenda for a while, and then enjoy himself with her later. He decided that "later" had arrived.

Brenda pulled herself together enough to move over to a sofa. Still panting breathlessly, she bent down low and raised her ass. Her immense breasts hung down so low that they scraped the fabric of the sofa, while the vibrator kept buzzing and twitching in her pussy.

She babbled semi-coherently, very rapidly, "Alan, my ass. My ass. That's my ass. Do it to my ass! Yes! You're gonna... Gonna put it my ass! So hard. So hard. So big. Big. Up the ass! Asshole. My asshole. Alan. Fuck stud. Sex machine! He's gonna... My ass! Gonna do my ass..."

And that was all before Alan even touched her.

He gently rubbed his hands all over her ass, causing her to switch to a high-pitched breathy moaning. He got his fingers wet by running them through all the pussy juice leaking from her slit. Then, without any warning, he plunged his index finger deep into her anus.

She cried out in an earsplitting scream of ecstasy, going on and on until the others all had to cover their ears. Needless to say, she'd had yet another powerful orgasm.

Alan could only wonder what noises she'd make during actual sex. But he continued, sawing his finger in and out of her butt for as long as he could. At the same time, his other hand eagerly explored and kneaded her ample (but by no means fat) ass cheeks.

She'd never experienced anal penetration of any kind before. Both of her husbands, not surprisingly, had been so attracted to her breasts that they'd generally neglected her ass. Aided by the vibrator that was still throbbing in her cunt, she was overwhelmed with what was, to her, a delightful mixture of pleasure and pain.

Brenda's body was extremely responsive. Neither she nor Alan knew that she was particularly responsive to anal stimulation. He had accidentally hit the jackpot, helping her assume that there was something magical about him. From that point on, his touch would forever be to her something exceptionally special.

Alan pulled his finger out of her anus so he could get more lube from the juices that were flowing copiously from her pussy. He briefly ran his dirty index finger up and down her moist legs, avoiding contaminating her vulva, then plunged it back in her anus. With his other hand, he continued to explore her butt, kneading her ass flesh over and over like a baker making bread.

Brenda loved his treatment. Her previously repressed submissive side seemed to be showing itself more and more. God! He's turning me into his SLUT! One of his sluts! One of his big-titted toys! Oh... FUCK! UGH! I can't... can't resist! Gonna cum again! And again! Here it comes again! Somebody help me! God help me! UH! His finger... finger in my ass! Nooooo! Too much!

She screamed as if in her death throes when yet another climax overwhelmed her.

He didn't stop just because she was cumming. His continued fingering made her orgasm go on and on, until she really did think she might die from too much joy.

The others grew jealous as they watched the anal probing.

Susan thought, Look at that! Good Lord, look at that! He's taking a super busty babe and reducing her to a quivering wreck! It's so right, and yet it's so wrong! It shouldn't be his finger in her ass; it should be his COCK in MY ass! Yes! Mmmm! Oh yes! Tiger, take my ass, take it now! Plunge your meaty cock ten inches deep between my hot ass cheeks! Mmmm! Didn't you like the way I sashayed for you? Why don't you reward me by fucking the hell out of that ass you love so much?

Brenda is so right. Son, you're a 'fuck stud' and a 'sex machine!' Oh God! Who can resist?! So good!

Susan was burning up inside but somehow managed to conceal it, mostly. For once her hands were free, but with everyone else present she was too embarrassed to masturbate openly, despite the fact that Alan's anal fingering had aroused her to an incredible degree.

Suzanne was very unhappy to hear her daughter proclaim herself an owned pussy, and say similar things that implied low self-esteem, but she was too horny to really put her foot down. She made a note to talk about it with Amy in private, later.

Chapter 606 Who Does This Bimbo Brenda With Her Freak Tits Think She Is, Taking My Tiger Away From Me?

Susan was chomping at the bit, particularly pained by the fact that Alan's boner was untended and out of her reach. She finally used her position of authority to demand the game go on. "Okay, enough of that. House rules. Everybody back to their seats!"

Alan started to return to where he'd been sitting. But Brenda moaned needfully to him as he stood up, "Wait! Katherine said that you're not allowed to take your hands off my ass. You have to obey the dare! Keep them there!"

The remarkable thing was that Brenda had managed to be coherent enough to string those thoughts and words together. It showed just how badly she wanted that to happen.

Alan grinned. "Hmmm. That is true." He brought his hands back to her ass. But his definition of 'ass' was quite loose, so he grabbed the vibrator and helped slide it in and out of her pussy.

Unfortunately, his interpretation was to no avail. Suzanne said, "Kiddo, I can see what you're doing, and that's not part of her ass."

"Shoot." He figured he'd had enough fun with Brenda for the time being, so he stopped and went back to his seat.

It was probably just as well that Alan stopped, because Brenda collapsed on the nearby sofa as if she was about to die of pleasure. She writhed around like she was having an epileptic seizure while she had yet another climax.

When it ended, she thought, Fuuuuuuuck! I don't care about anything else anymore. Something special has happened tonight. Forget trying to be normal. I can never go back to normal again! I love this. I love everything about these people and this house. I love... Alan! Okay, maybe it's just lust at this point, but I want him so bad that it hurts! DAMN!

Somehow, she recovered after a few minutes and even managed to sit up again at the table. It was all she could do to pick up her cards and look at them. The vibrator was still throbbing away deep inside, and that was a fact she couldn't forget for even a second.

Susan asked with a smirk, "Enjoying yourself, Brenda?"

Brenda laughed. "You could say that again! I don't know what it is, but I've never been so aroused in my whole life! I can hardly stand it. Even last week's party pales in comparison, and I loved last week. I didn't think it was physically possible to feel so much pleasure! Phew!"

It was a moment of relative calm and clarity for her, so she went to retrieve her cards, which had once again fallen to the floor. But she knew it was just the calm before another vibrator-induced erotic storm, and that before long she'd be cumming and writhing at full intensity once more.

Suzanne won the next hand and Susan was the loser. Suzanne needed to order someone to do something, so she said, "Susan, you're not stimulating Alan at all! What's with you? I think you need to make it up to him by pleasuring his big cock with your breasts. Give him a titfuck." She wanted to reward Susan for doing a great job with her sashaying walk, but she wanted to keep Susan's mouth empty to let her continue to play the game. That seemed like a good solution.

In fact, Alan had deliberately sat beyond the range of his mother's hands after fingering Brenda's ass, hoping that his dick would have a few minutes to recover. It had, but not much.

Susan accepted the blame. "I'm sorry. Sorry, Tiger. Sorry, Suzanne. Son, let me make it up to you." She pressed her tits up and together, creating a tight line of cleavage. "Son... Tiger... Please... Please... fuck my boobs!"

Alan jumped up. "Sweet!" He wanted to say more, but then remembered his conclusion that saying too much might ruin things, but silence was always safe.

He watched Susan kneel in front of where he stood, bringing her sizable orbs to the same height as his erection. Having her below him emphasized the fact that he was the only one left wearing any clothes.

Brenda could scarcely believe her eyes. Jesus fucking Christ! That's the sexiest thing I've ever seen! Look at him towering over her, dominating her, and her kneeling in submission! That's how it should be. Born and bred, like she said earlier! Born and bred to serve her master! And not just her, but me too! All of us!

Brenda's own bare boobs began heaving wildly as she suddenly found herself short of breath once more. She held them firmly to restrain them, at first. But soon she found herself rubbing them together in imitation of what Susan was doing only a few feet away. Dammit! I don't care what it takes; I'm going to give myself fully to Alan, period! And once I do, he's going to fuck my tits just like that! A hell of a fucking lot!

Although Susan kept her tits pressed together and waited for Alan to fill her cleavage, she was nervous: "Mommy's afraid, Tiger. Please go easy on me."

"Afraid? Why?"

"My boobs are so sensitive all over. Not just the nipples, but every inch. When you touch them it drives me crazy! I get so horny I'm afraid I'm going to pass out. The more you demonstrate your sexual dominance over us all, the more they tingle all over. I'm afraid I'll end up like Brenda over there." She motioned towards Brenda with her eyes.

Alan followed her gaze, looking at Brenda.

Brenda somehow managed to sit at the table holding the cards in one hand, but she was obviously a total wreck. She was mauling her tits while keeping them pressed tightly together, and her eyes were glazed over as she stared at nothing. She appeared to be totally lost in some orgasmic nirvana.

"I'll be careful, Mom. If it gets to be too much, just say something." He cast a quick glance at his sister and added, "Say Uncle. The word is 'Uncle.' If it becomes too much, just say that." That was the obvious safe word he and his sister had already agreed upon between themselves.

"Yes, Tiger," Susan replied obediently as she positioned his long member in her sweaty cleavage.

He slid his dick through her generous orbs. There was no need to lubricate them because his erection was positively covered with the pre-cum he had been dribbling from the many long minutes earlier when he'd been stroked. In fact, his chief worry was that he wouldn't be able to last very long, and he wanted to maintain his reputation with Brenda.

Brenda couldn't stop staring at the titfuck taking place right before her eyes. After she had seen his long cock completely disappear into Susan's deep tit-tunnel, she belatedly exclaimed, "Good God! You're going to fuck your mother's tits now?!" She was so dizzy with uncontrollable lust that she was swaying and tottering in her chair.

Susan began to slide her tits up and down around his glistening shaft. At the same time, she replied to Brenda, "Of course he will! Tiger's the man of the house around here. He does pretty much whatever he likes to any of us, at any time! For instance, this morning before school, Angel and I sucked his cock together!"

Brenda panted lustily as she vividly imagined that combination. "But that's, that's... that's obscene! You're his mother AND his sister!"

Katherine proudly added, "Yep! And this evening, Amy and I gave him another double blowjob. Our lips and tongues made love to his great cock for hours and hours! Well, it seemed that way, anyways." She giggled.

Susan looked up from the titfuck in surprise to say to the girls, "Did you? I didn't know that. Good show! Two tongues is definitely the way to go when it comes to keeping him happy!"

Brenda was rendered speechless. But she thought, Help me! Somebody, help me! This place is crazy! All these women do all day is service this boy's cock! Oh God! I want to say it's unfair, and wrong, but I can't. It's so... it's so... great! I love it! Oh no! Gonna cum again! Can't, can't take it anymore! My pussy hurts from too much cumming! Sure enough, she soon was lost in still another climax. She'd long lost count of how many she'd had this evening.

"Oh-ho-ho... Yeeaaaahhh..." Alan said as he pushed up into his mother's chest. She squeezed her tits even tighter around his throbbing tool. "Oh, so good, Mom!"

"Oh, honey! Tiger! My darling boy! You're fucking my tits! This feels so right! Titfucking is such a great joy. We need to do this a LOT more often. Your cock belongs here. Why haven't I been doing this more to you lately?!"

Alan stood before her, pistoning in and out between her mammoth mounds.

The others had all repositioned themselves to get a good view and enjoy the sight. Even Suzanne forgot all about the poker game.

Brenda was obviously very fascinated by mother-son incest, and gave her full attention to the titfuck. She still couldn't get over the fact that a mother and son would do such things, and she was in a sex daze, so without thinking she stated the obvious: "Alan! She's your mother! You're fucking your mother's tits! Susan! That's your son! He's your son, for crying out loud! I can't believe what I'm seeing!"

She thought of her son Adrian, and suddenly she pictured her own son's stiff dick pistoning in her own cleavage. That idea was so arousing that she had to force herself to think of other things. She rubbed her clit and moaned louder than ever.

Brenda's periodic comments only spurred Alan's and Susan's passion. Things were going quite well, as Alan stroked and stroked her soft channel, until Susan said, "Son, do you like them? Are these your favorite tits?"

"I love them! Mom, they're the greatest! The best tits in the world! So big and so soft! Yes!"

This comment was not wise. He was lost in the moment and not mindful of his audience. Every other female in the room was offended, especially Suzanne and Brenda.

However, in Brenda's case it actually increased her desire for Alan even more. The fact that a man actually preferred another pair of tits over her own completely staggered her. It meant that she'd have to try that much harder to impress him. She cried out as she frigged herself faster, "Fuck your mommy!"

She thought, Look at that! He's not paying any attention to me. And why should he? All the other women in this room could be in some glamour magazine, or a high-class porno movie, even. And Susan! Not only is she totally gorgeous, maybe even more beautiful than me, but she understands her place!

She knows that her top priority is making the cock that's now sliding between her tits feel really good! Look at her go! Such gusto! Such passion! How can I compete with that, especially when she's also his MOTHER?!

Suzanne thought she'd been really clever to let Susan titfuck Alan, but now her jealousy was rising because Alan had just stated that he preferred Susan's breasts over her own. She couldn't stand to watch him fuck those very same "victorious" breasts. It really frosted her to know that Susan's breasts and her own were virtually identical in, except for the lighter color of her own skin. However Susan apparently did have greater tactile sensitivity.

To get this scene to end, Suzanne remembered the poker game, and announced, "We can't just sit here forever. Knowing Sweetie, we could be here for days before he cums. Can the two of you continue playing your cards while you're doing that?"

"Uh, I think so," Alan panted in reply. He didn't see the point.

But Susan was in no position to play cards. "No! No cards!" She panted even louder. "Holding tits! Must hold my tits up! Uh. Ah. Fucking. Uh. Tiger fucking! My tits! My tits! My best tits! The best!"

Brenda still clutched her massive melons with both hands, squeezing them together. She slid them up and down in very close imitation of what Susan was doing, as if practicing for when Alan would be fucking her own tits in the near future. Alan's cock! His hot cock should be in MY cleavage! Oh, but if he did I would just DIE of too much joy!

Suzanne was unbothered by the others' passion, but she frowned at Susan taunting that her tits were the best. She suggested to Alan, "Can't you hold her tits in place?"

He pointed out, "But then I won't have my hands free to play cards."

Suzanne paused to collect herself, then said, "All right, then we'll play this next hand without Susan."

So the others all drew cards, but the game was barely staggering along. Amy had to snap her fingers right in front of Brenda's face a couple of times before Brenda more or less woke up out of her erotic

fog. Even then, Brenda could barely take her eyes off the ongoing titfuck long enough to look at her cards. Suzanne had to put Alan's cards in his hands, since he wasn't even facing the table.

Not surprisingly, this time Alan did not win; he didn't even get a good look at his cards. Katherine won instead, and Brenda lost again.

Katherine wanted the titfuck to end, since she too was greatly annoyed by Alan's "best tits in the world" comment, and especially since the titfuck was occupying everyone's attention. Though she was jealous of Brenda, she knew that Brenda was the one person who could get Alan to stop his intense titfuck. She said, "Brenda, once you're at least semi-coherent, it's time that Alan manhandles your boobs and sucks your nipples."

Brenda could hardly believe it. She still hadn't recovered from Alan's fondling of her ass, and watching the titfuck had her on the verge of continuing orgasms yet again. But she wanted more; she wanted it all. As she offered her giant tits to the lucky teenage boy, she cried out, "Oh yes! God, yes! Do it, Alan! Do ME!"

The very thought of Alan manhandling her rack excited her so much that she touched her clit and set off another world-shattering orgasm. She screamed without restraint.

Alan disengaged from his mother and turned around to look at Brenda and Katherine. In the thrill of the moment he'd completely forgotten his effort to play hard to get for Brenda. He said joyously, "Thank you, thank you. Thank you, Sis! I totally owe you one! I can't wait to get my hands on those humongous hooters again. Those massive mountains! God, they're the most amazing tits I've ever seen! Brenda, words can't even describe how incredible your rack is. I totally want to do you all the way right now."

They weren't exactly the most poetic words ever spoken, but they put Brenda in seventh heaven just the same. (He could do no wrong, because she got aroused when he complimented her looks, yet was almost equally aroused when he ignored them.) She ran her fingers over her labia, around the big vibrator that was still pulsing in her gushing vagina, bringing herself to an even bigger cum. YES! He finally sees me! And he's gonna touch me! It's time my tits help serve his unstoppable cock!

Unfortunately, this was Alan's second faux pas of the evening. By calling Brenda's breasts the best, he managed to make everyone else upset with him and even more jealous of Brenda.

Katherine, as usual, felt especially jealous and possessive. She frowned intensely, again silently cursing Alan's ban on having sex with her in the house, and on her grounding by Susan that prevented him from banging her elsewhere. She felt that she was slipping more and more behind in the battle for his heart. She was so upset that she held her tongue, for fear of saying something that would make her fall even further behind. Instead, she gave Brenda the evil eye, but Brenda was so out of it and so intent on Alan that she didn't even notice.

However, Susan was even more peeved at Brenda than Katherine. She'd thought that she'd mostly mastered her jealous feelings, and that they had become good friends, thanks mostly to their frequent phone calls, but now her jealousy came rushing back to the fore. Who does this bimbo Brenda with her freak tits think she is, taking my Tiger away from me? He was just saying how great mine are. I want him to think MY tits are the best, not this ridiculously over-stuffed tit-woman!

The fact that Alan had stopped their titfuck to go play with Brenda's tits brought her anger to a new, higher level.

Since Alan was still in her grasp, Susan launched an all-out sex attack to make him forget completely about Brenda. She spun him around roughly, then took his erection deep in her mouth and sucked on it with unusual intensity and passion.

Brenda very nearly passed out in sheer lusty disbelief. She'd already heard dozens of blowjob stories from Susan. If there was one thing she wanted short of direct contact with Alan, it was to see in person Susan sucking off her son. She was genuinely dizzy and on the verge of fainting.

Susan acted quickly to go all out. She grabbed his balls with one hand and stuck a finger up his anus with the other, using her own pussy juices as lubrication. Since she was bent over his lap from sitting next to him, she rubbed her hard nipples into the side of his thighs as best she could. She was absolutely determined to get him to cum before he could play with Brenda, so SHE would be the one to get his load. She knew that he was so worked up already that it wouldn't take much to push him over the edge.

She was right: all of her efforts, plus the thought of groping and kissing Brenda, caused him to lose control of his PC muscle before he could even leave her for Brenda to carry out the dare.

He grunted. "UGH! Gonna cum!" He was still struggling, but realized he was past the point of no return.

Brenda sensed that if he came, she wouldn't get to enjoy his hands on her chest. She wanted to be at least somewhat involved in his orgasm. So she moved with lightning speed, scooting forward and bending over so her huge rack was dangling within his easy reach.

He began spurting cum, but it only had a few inches to travel before hitting the back of Susan's throat. He was normally fairly quiet during sex, but this time his orgasm felt so good that he yelled out loudly and completely incoherently. "Arraauuuuggghhhh!"

At the exact same time he started to shoot, he reached out and clutched Brenda's big tits with both hands. But he was so far gone in his orgasmic high that he held them more as support than anything, and accidentally squeezed them far too roughly.

Once again, luck was on his side. Normally Brenda would have slapped her husband if he'd squeezed her globes that harshly, but in her current condition she absolutely loved being mauled. It made her feel like a piece of meat, which in her current mindset seemed like a dream come true. She screamed even louder than ever before and simply came and came and came. Her entire body trembled and shook in one very prolonged orgasm.

Susan made a big production out of swallowing all of Alan's cum while the others watched.

Brenda loved the way that Alan had clutched her gigantic orbs, with his fingers digging in deeply, but at the same time she stared at what Susan was doing with undisguised longing. Look at her go! She's just guzzling and guzzling and guzzling! Oh my God! He must be pumping gallons of his seed down her throat! Gallons! What a boy! No, what a MAN! I wish I could be on my knees, serving him with my mouth! Susan, you lucky bitch! And you get to do this every day!

Susan looked up at Brenda as she continued to extract the last of his seed, using tremendous suction. She was pleased to see that now it was Brenda's turn to be flushed with jealousy. Ha! Take that! That's tit for tat, tit freak! Your tits may be bigger, but Tiger comes to MY chest for his favorite titfucks! And nobody sucks his cock with more love and care than I do. Nobody!

Everyone in the room had reached their own orgasmic crescendo when they saw Alan start to cum. Brenda was the one who screamed the loudest and the longest, but Suzanne, Katherine and Amy each furtively (or in some cases not so furtively) fingered themselves to satisfying climaxes. They were all salivating copiously as they imagined themselves in Susan's position.

Susan managed to join them, cumming long and hard, even though she hadn't touched her pussy. In this case it was the joy of her competitive success that set her off.

As a result, everyone needed to rest and recover afterwards.

However, Susan never really stopped her blowjob. As had become her habit, she got busy "cleaning" Alan after his climax ended.

Brenda practically felt like she'd been slain and was ready for the morgue, she was so wiped out from all her orgasms. But when she roused herself enough to look around a few minutes later, she saw Susan still lapping her tongue against Alan's penis while making a seemingly never-ending series of contented "mmmm" noises.

"Hey! What's going on?" she asked. "I can see that Alan's totally flaccid, so why is she still licking?"

Suzanne explained wearily, "Yeah, that's kind of a habit she's gotten herself into. She feels that her work isn't done with his climax. She thinks it's her duty to lick his penis and balls completely clean every time he cums. Personally, I find it a bit over the top. I mean, look: his balls didn't even get wet, but now she's basting them with her saliva. I think he was cleaner before, to be honest. But I guess it's the thought that counts, and it certainly looks like he's enjoying it."

Actually, Susan had explained that to Brenda before, and more than once, but Brenda was too out of it to remember. So she gushed, as if this was a new discovery, "I think it's wonderful!"

Good Lord! Even when he's flaccid, his mother is still totally dominated and controlled by his relentless snake. Look at the love and devotion on her face. She's not just cleaning his cock; she's paying tribute to it! She's thanking it! It's like she's saying, "Thank you, Son, thank you for letting me suck your cock!"

Holy hell! Holy fucking hell! These people... This place... This is what I want! This is what I NEED! I need to be dominated by that tremendous cock!

Eventually, maybe five minutes after Alan had climaxed and it had become clear that his dick wasn't going to recover anytime soon, Susan finally ended her "cleaning." With her son's cum still dribbling

down her chin, she stood up and announced, "Okay kids, that's it. Party's over. It's time for everybody to go home."

Chapter 607 Suzanne & Brenda Have Fun.

Susan's command launched a chorus of complaints, as everyone tried to speak at once. The general gist was one of incredulity, asking why they had to stop. They all had pretty much recovered enough to be looking forward to another round of fun and games.

As she stood with her hands defiantly on her hips and her son's cum all over her lower face, Susan answered, "This game is turning into a full-blown orgy, and we're starting to break boundaries. Alan said he wants to fuck Brenda, and look at Amy. She's STILL putting her fingers in Katherine's pussy, even though the dare specifically prohibited that. In fact, they should have stopped performing that dare AGES ago. I have to put my foot down before this whole thing spins completely out of control!"

She punctuated that by stomping her foot. "Everybody's drunk! We've gone through far too much wine. Besides, it's late, and my two children at least have to go to school tomorrow. Amy has to also. School! You all do remember the concept of school, don't you? Where young people learn what they'll need to know later in life."

She punctuated her words by stomping her foot some more, which caused the ropes of cum around her chin to wobble from side to side and her big tits to bounce enticingly. One particularly precarious strand of cum broke free and dripped down right into her deep cleavage. She continued, "Not only that, but Tiger finally had his orgasm, which is the most important thing around here, medically speaking. We've removed the tremendous pressure of all that sperm building up in his balls, at least for a few hours. So it's all over, and no complaining!"

There was more complaining anyway, and Brenda complained the loudest of all. Although she was physically totally satiated from her many, many orgasms, mentally she was raring for more. Watching Susan titfuck Alan and then suck him to orgasm had hit her so hard that she felt like she'd never be the same person again. Something inside her had been powerfully transformed, although she couldn't define what the change was just yet.

Then, when she saw Susan lovingly clean her son's flaccid penis, her arousal level ratcheted up even higher, to yet another previously-unreached and even undreamed-of peak. She didn't know why that

affected her so powerfully, maybe even more than Susan's previous titfucking and cocksucking action, but it did. Perhaps it emphasized that serving Alan's penis was a never-ending task, or perhaps it was Susan's act of thanking Alan with her tongue for the privilege of getting to suck his cock. Despite her overwhelmed and ragged state, she wanted the night's fun to be never-ending.

But Susan remained firm and refused all objections. She simply stared the others down until they finally conceded. The group broke up slowly, with people beginning to dress to leave.

Susan's real reason for breaking things up was that she was very jealous of Brenda. Simply put, she didn't want Alan to get too intimate with Brenda's monstrously large tits. She was viewing things differently after the great orgasm that she'd had while gobbling up all of Alan's cum. She often had regrets and doubts after her orgasms, but this time her post-orgasmic blues had left her particularly moody.

Most of the women were extremely horny, since their sexual need had been building for hours but only Brenda had gotten much orgasmic relief. (In fact, she'd had enough orgasms for them all, and then some.) So Katherine and Amy ran off to Katherine's room to get their vibrators and practice more "checking for bumps" and "pussy shaving" with each other as quickly as they could.

Suzanne and Susan wanted their own masturbation time but, as the adults of the household, they felt obliged first to escort Brenda to the door. They felt particularly responsible for Brenda since she was in such a bedraggled and exhausted state. They wanted to make sure that she was mentally and physically able to drive home.

Alan also remained behind, hoping to prolong his experience with the three most drop-dead-gorgeous big-titted women he'd ever seen. The fact that they were still completely naked made it impossible for him not to follow them and admire their swaying asses and boobs as they walked through the living room towards the front foyer. Even though his dick was down for the moment, he was still quite aroused mentally.

Suzanne reached down to where Brenda had dropped her clothes and picked them up. She was disgruntled about some things that had happened, most especially how events had again seemed to spin out of her control, and how Alan had twice indirectly insulted her own superb chest. But her pride at Brenda's falling so completely and obviously under Alan's spell led her to ask, with an inner sense of triumph, of her buxom acquaintance, "So, do you still see a problem with us helping Sweetie with his special condition?"

Brenda could scarcely believe how much her attitude had changed over the course of the evening. Before she'd arrived she would have proclaimed vehemently that incest was wrong in general, even though she couldn't deny that it was extremely arousing in this specific case. But now she almost felt like rushing home and ravaging her son Adrian for the rest of the night. Seeing Susan first jack off Alan, then get titfucked by him, and finally sucking him dry had completely eliminated her moral reservations. She said without hesitation, "No. I'm fine with it! Completely fine with it. I would never have believed it though. I've never done anything this incredible. When can we do this again?"

"Next Wednesday, of course," Suzanne answered. She had promised Susan that Brenda would only come to the house occasionally, and she wanted to stick to that. She figured that Brenda was so raring to go that she'd end up coming back before then, but this way, Brenda would be very grateful for any "extra" visit on top of the weekly poker game. At the very least, she figured Brenda should stay away for a few days. Such a delay would only increase Brenda's desire for Alan, and thus her eventual loyalty to him, and it would also give Suzanne time to work on Susan to reduce her obvious jealousy.

Still, Suzanne couldn't avoid being affected by Brenda's beauty. She continued to hold Brenda's clothes just out of reach so she could admire the one-of-a-kind fully-exposed body standing before her just a little longer.

"But that's a week away!" Brenda whined like a little girl. "Can't we do it sooner? This weekend, maybe? Friday night?!"

"No," Suzanne said with a resolute shake of her head. She wanted to put on a show of acting firm at that time, even though she knew she'd probably soften on the issue later. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and we have a lot of fun plans with Sweetie to keep us busy. I for one haven't been getting nearly enough of his cock or his attention as I'd like."

Then, with just a little bit of envy of Brenda's gravity-defying boobs, Suzanne uncharacteristically added the dig, "But don't worry; I'll think of you the next time I suck him off."

Brenda literally put her hands together in front of her chest and begged. "Pleeeeeease? Pretty please? I'll be so good. I really will! I'll do whatever you want. Just let me have a little bit of time with..."

Her voice trailed off as she remembered that Alan was in the room. She glanced at him briefly, then immediately tried to cover her pussy and nipples with her hands. She realized how silly that was, so she just closed her eyes, folded her hands back into a begging gesture, and continued in real supplication, "Just let me have some time with him... And his cock. Please?"

Suzanne goaded her. "And just what do you want to do with his cock?"

Brenda blushed even more furiously. "I, I, I want to put it in my... In my mouth!"

"And just hold it there?"

"No. No, I want to... to suck on it!" Her face was turning redder by the second. "I want to do just what Susan did to it. I want to suck him and lick him and pleasure him until he cums all over my face! And... and my tits!"

Suzanne still sounded skeptical. "I see. Is that all?"

"No. God, no! More! So much more! I want him to put it in my... in my..." She was dying of shame and couldn't go on. It wouldn't have been that tough for her to say what she wanted, except that she was all too aware that Alan was standing by, listening.

"In your what?" Suzanne prodded.

Brenda quietly whispered. "In... in my cleavage! Just like Susan did! I want him to, to... fuck my tits!" She felt like she had lost every last shred of dignity. She hated that, but she couldn't fight her own lusty desires.

Suzanne could have prodded her some more about where she wanted Alan's cock, but she took pity on Brenda and changed the topic. "Hmmm. So you say you'll do anything to pleasure his cock. Anything?"

Brenda nodded vigorously, which caused her naked, mammoth tits to shake with the motion, despite her hands partly pressing into them with her begging gesture. "Anything," she confirmed with another soft whisper.

She finally had the willpower to open her eyes. She looked over at Alan so lustfully that he was nearly bowled over. She looked possessed with a desperate need. Knowing that her tits were her best asset, she lowered her hands from her chest and arched her back, making her breasts thrust out even more

than usual. It was hard to imagine that such a curvy woman offering herself like that could be turned down by anyone of either sex, ever.

Suzanne was sold on the idea. She figured Brenda had been teased enough, and it was time for Alan to solidify his hold over the buxom newcomer via some direct sexual action between them. Perhaps not tonight, but in a few days, she could arrange for them to get together. She appealed to Susan with hope in her eyes.

However, Susan shook her head 'No'. She was still scowling, because she remained bothered by how Alan had praised Brenda's breasts more than her own.

Alan remained quiet, again deciding that discretion was the better part of valor. But he was certainly rooting for Brenda to get her way. He was tired, and his penis felt worn out, but he suspected that it would be able to rise to the occasion again if it was doing so for Brenda. The thrill of the new, augmented by the great desire that Brenda was expressing for him, would make all the difference.

So he was disappointed to hear Suzanne say (in deference to her best friend), "I guess not."

Suzanne herself was a bit disappointed at Susan's intransigence. She was aware that it wasn't exactly every day that one had a buxom multimillionaire basically begging to be a sex slave just to get some teenage cock.

"Oh, please!" Brenda dropped to her knees, bringing her hands back together in her begging pose.

Suzanne again looked hopefully to Susan and wiggled her eyebrows.

Susan was moved. She felt a special tingle seeing a beautiful, big-titted woman begging while naked and on her knees. But still, she responded by again shaking her head 'No.'

Brenda looked hopefully to Alan. He had watched all the non-verbal exchanges between Suzanne and his mother. He knew that if he gave in to his immediate desire, he'd probably have lots of fun with Brenda in the short term, but it would cause problems with his mother that he'd rather avoid. He remembered Suzanne's advice from earlier that evening about him needing to be clever and diplomatic

if he wanted to keep his women from turning on each other, and they had a long-term strategy for Brenda that they needed to adhere to. So he too shook his head 'No'.

Suzanne was disappointed, but she realized that Susan's feelings came first. She explained to the still kneeling and begging Brenda, "Susan is going to see a psychologist about some things on Friday. We can discuss this after that happens, but no guarantees. It looks like she's upset about something. Maybe we've taken things too far too fast. Maybe it was some of the things that were said. Anyway, Alan will be gone all weekend on a hiking trip, so none of us will see him then in any case. Given that, next Wednesday really isn't so much of a delay. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he wants to fuck your tits and your face that night. That's something for you to look forward to during the next week."

Brenda bowed her head in disappointment, feeling total humiliation and defeat. I've never begged anyone for anything before. I'm rich, I'm charming, I'm extremely beautiful. I'm the one everyone tries to please! And yet when I beg to be permitted to perform these degrading, debauched sex acts with him, he still tells me NO!

What a man! Good God, I want him even more than ever! I can't wait until next week! I need to be dominated. I need Alan to show me my place. Everyone else is too chicken. No one else will do!

Slowly and sadly, she got back on her feet, picked up her skimpy outfit and overcoat, and prepared to dress and return home.

She looked forlornly at Alan. Her pussy and nipples tingled just from looking at him. He's the man! He's the one with the magic touch. Look how effortlessly he's brought out my buried submissiveness. He's made me realize who I really am, deep down inside. I hardly know him from Adam, but I'm sure that I need him more than I've ever needed anyone before! If I have to wait, I'll just have to wait.

However, Suzanne was too turned on to just let Brenda leave that easily. She figured it was still possible for everyone remaining to have some more sexy fun, if she ably finessed the situation. She said, "Before you go, now that you know our sexual traditions, you have to follow them all. Another tradition we have is that whenever anyone comes or goes in this house, they have to French kiss each other hello or goodbye. It's only polite. I'm afraid, for your sake, that that includes women with women."

Susan was miffed by that, but thought, Damn! I just wish Brenda would leave already, and take her grossly oversized breasts with her. But Suzanne's right, and a rule's a rule. I can't really object to the kissing rule any more than I can object to the fact that Tiger has total say over what I can or can't wear.

One thing Susan had failed to mention to Brenda was the new "kissing tradition," out of her embarrassment over her own enthusiasm for it. So Brenda was taken by completely surprise when Suzanne leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Brenda reflexively tried to pull away, but Suzanne grabbed her by the back of the head and forced her to keep kissing.

Eventually, Brenda opened her mouth to Suzanne's probing tongue, then even put her own tongue in Suzanne's mouth and half-heartedly kissed back. Only then did Suzanne release Brenda's head, relocating her hands to Brenda's butt and pulling the two of them even closer together.

Brenda couldn't do anything with her hands because they were full of all the clothes she'd been about to put back on. This frustrated her immensely. At first, she wanted to use her hands to push Suzanne away. But Suzanne was a very talented kisser, and Brenda's resistance to any sexual advances had been obliterated over the course of the evening. As the kiss went on, Brenda grew increasingly tempted to use her hands to touch and caress. However, she still had a tiny shred of resistance left to something as shocking as woman-on-woman intimacy, and she continued to fight the urge to participate fully.

Suzanne finally released Brenda from their long kiss. She pulled back and said, "I thought you said that you'd be good, and that you'd do anything. If you want me to even consider you being invited back here before next Wednesday, then I expect a better kiss than that."

Brenda was shamefaced and red as a beet. She was certain that everyone there clearly recalled her earlier demand that she not participate in lesbian contact. Even so, she meekly said, "I'll be good... for Alan. I'll do it for him. Let me try again." She glanced at him briefly, which only increased her humiliation, especially since he was in his T-shirt and shorts again and she and Suzanne were totally nude. She quickly turned away and raised her mouth again to meet Suzanne's.

Suzanne moved in closer, tilting her head down for another kiss.

Alan wanted to see a hotter kiss, and he realized that Brenda was constrained by all the clothes in her hands. So, at the last moment, he stepped forward and took them away from her. Then he put them on a distant table so they wouldn't be a bother to anyone.

This time, Brenda did her best to kiss Suzanne back. She tried to imagine that she was kissing Alan, which worked wonders for her enthusiasm. In fact, before long, she was kissing like a woman completely in lust. That wasn't actually far off the mark, because she was still coasting on the aftermath

of her many orgasms earlier that evening. Now that she'd given in to her feelings instead of fighting them, she couldn't do enough to show Alan that she was worthy of him.

Brenda was now completely naked, with her hands free. There was nothing stopping Suzanne from giving in to her desire to grapple and grope Brenda's tits. However, she felt intimidated by the way a very stern-looking Susan was staring at her, she limited herself to just a few gropes of Brenda's bountiful melons, hoping that she could pass that off as incidental contact.

But Susan wasn't as upset as she appeared. She'd been watching and was sexually aroused by what she'd seen, despite her current huffy, jealous attitude. So, as the French kissing went on and on, she couldn't help but boast, "All of us busty ladies, we're nothing but Tiger's sex pets! If he wants us to kiss each other and rub out racks together, and more, then that's just what we've gotta do! We can't be selfish. What matters is what makes his cock stand straight and tall!"

That was exactly what Brenda needed to hear to let herself go fully. She thought, Alan's standing right here, watching us! I love the idea that we're kissing for him! Susan is so right! We're his big-titted sluts, his centerfold sex pets, forced to get all nasty and lesbian for his amusement! Gaawwwd, it makes me want to rub my body all over Suzanne's, clutch her ass cheeks, and generally go wild! For him!

However, while Brenda was fully into the kissing, she didn't do much with her hands. She wanted to, because Suzanne was that tempting and sexy. But although Susan had just said those encouraging words, Brenda didn't know if Susan's jealousy would resurface if she actually acted on them. She figured it was better to play it safe.

The second kiss between Brenda and Suzanne lasted several minutes. Susan and Alan simply stood nearby, watching. They made an odd-looking couple, with Alan looking presentable in his T-shirt and shorts while Susan was still completely naked but for her high heels. She wrapped an arm around his shoulders as they enjoyed watching the other two kiss.

Susan thought, That Brenda. I don't know what to do with her. She's my friend now, so I should be nicer to her, but her tits are just too big! She's too cute and sexy. I suppose she's going to be in our lives from now on, and after what happened tonight, I suppose it's a given that she's been fully tamed by my handsome son. I'll have to put my foot down and be a little mean or she'll try to be here every darn day!

As she watched the kissing continue, she thought, Boy, they're sure taking a long time for just a goodbye kiss. I guess it'll be my turn next. I don't know about kissing her like THAT. I'm sure Tiger will like it, and that's the main thing, but isn't she supposed to not like doing that kind of thing with women? It sure

looks like she's liking it quite a lot. In fact, I believe she's trying to shove her tongue down Suzanne's throat!

It had been a good ten minutes since Alan's last climax, more than enough time for him to recover in the face of such great visual stimulation. When his dick revived, he just unzipped his shorts and exposed his erection. With Susan standing there, he knew that he didn't have to say or do anything more.

Sure enough, Susan heard the now-familiar sound of his zipper opening (which had become one of her favorite sounds), so she reached a hand around him and started to jack him off, acting almost automatically without much thought. Her only reaction was to turn and smile warmly in gratitude at being given the opportunity to touch and stroke his hot meat again.

With Alan's heads close to Susan's, he whispered to her, "Mom, I can tell you're feeling jealous about Brenda. Don't be, okay? Sure, she's very buxom and beautiful, but there's nobody on Earth I find more beautiful and arousing than you. Nobody! Okay, well, admittedly it's pretty much a tie between you and Aunt Suzy, and Sis and Aims are right up there too. But all four of you get me going more than Brenda does, to be honest. Yeah, size matters, but that's just one thing out of many."

She nodded.

However, he saw she was still looking moody as she stared at Brenda while idly pumping up and down on his boner, so he asked, "What if some really big-dicked guy who had lots of cum came along? Would you drop me for him?"

Susan whispered her reply as she kissed and licked the back of his neck, while her hand continued to pump his shaft almost on autopilot, "Never! Never in a million years!"

"Even if his dick is bigger and he shoots more cum, since you're implying that's all that matters, right?"

Susan came around to his side so she could make eye contact with him while still having a good view of Brenda and Suzanne. That move also put her in a better position to stroke his boner. "I get it. I understand your point, and it's a good one, in a way. But I still can't help but feel jealous, mostly because of what you said earlier about how much you love her huge rack. And look at how Suzanne is playing with them right now. They're irresistible! Since you made me one of your personal cocksuckers, my breasts have become an important part of my self-image. They give me such confidence! I never

have to worry if I'll be attractive to you, or if I can arouse you. I don't want that to change just because you've got somebody with bigger ones."

Despite all of Susan's stroking, not to mention the extremely inspiring woman-on-woman kissing taking place right in front of him, Alan's dick was so worn out that she was having a hard time with it. It was stiff enough to stand up straight, but it wasn't as rock hard as usual. She scooted around a bit more until she was directly in front of him. Then she took his hands and brought them to her hefty melons. She moved them all around her breasts, in case he hadn't gotten the hint.

Sure enough, in a matter of seconds, his dick engorged fully as he began playing with her fantastic rack. She giggled. "See? See what I mean? These are my secret weapons. They always get you hard so I can get another yummy, spermy snack. I don't want them to seem just so-so, in comparison to Ms. Big Boobs there." She nodded darkly towards their guest.

He replied quietly as he tugged on her erect nipples, "Do you think I'll EVER get bored with these? Please! I love you so much. You have nothing to fear. I can't even begin to explain how much I appreciate you having Aunt Suzy teach you how to sashay, just to please me. I love you more than words can say. Try to be a little more compassionate towards Brenda, okay? I have a feeling she's having some kind of breakthrough understanding about herself and what she really needs."

"I'll try," Susan said sincerely. But she still wasn't ready to let Brenda suck or titfuck Alan, so she hoped that Brenda would go home before something like that happened.

Brenda had been so carried away by kissing Suzanne that she lost all track of time. Still, she'd been about to finally end the necking when she happened to catch sight of Susan stroking Alan's boner. She couldn't hear what they were saying since they were whispering, but just the sight was enough to supercharge her lusty desire. She channeled that passion into her kiss with Suzanne because that happened to be the only outlet available.

Suzanne also had been ready for the necking to end. But she could immediately sense Brenda going into some kind of ravenously horny mode, so she couldn't resist taking advantage.

Susan witnessed the energetic transformation. Oh dear! What are they up to? Look at the way Brenda is humping Suzanne's leg with her pussy all of a sudden. That looks VERY improper to me! And seeing their big racks grind and rub together like that... I would heartily disapprove except that I'm just too darn horny myself, what with this big fat cock in my hand and all. Mmmm! Stiff son-cock! Still, I don't like the

way that Suzanne is sinking her fingers deep into Brenda's tit-flesh. Those breasts are just too big, if you ask me!

Not only was Brenda's reluctance gone, she pretty much lost any remaining control even to woman-on-woman intimacy as her lust fully took over. She got into sliding her huge tits against Suzanne's so much that it practically seemed like she was humping her. Since she was a fair deal shorter, she found while doing this that her face came very close to Suzanne's cleavage. As a result, at one point she stopped her all over body rubbing and tried to lick the sweat directly from Suzanne's deep tit valley. Sadly for her, her tongue couldn't quite reach.

Susan was greatly inspired by all that tit rubbing, possibly even more than Alan was, thanks to her newfound appreciation of big breasts. Her fingers relentlessly rubbed right on his sweet spot, since she knew that was her most orgasm-inducing move. She tilted her head to his, and whispered, "Tiger, just look at all that TIT! They can barely even kiss because their lips have trouble meeting with so darn much TIT in the way! Look at how Brenda is slipping and sliding up and down your Aunt Suzy just like my fingers are slipping and sliding all over your cock! Mmmm..."

He was puzzled at what had happened to her jealousy of Brenda, and especially of Brenda's breasts. But Susan had suddenly become so horny that her jealousy of the other women only increased her lust even more.

She continued breathlessly, "Does that turn you on? Because it sure as heck turns ME on! Look at how their hot, wet pussies grind together too!" She leaned in even closer, and licked his ear as she whispered right into it. "Son, those pussies belong to you! I predict that soon you'll be 'porking' them just as often as you please! But mostly, look at all that TIT! Gaawwwd, it's so HOT, how STACKED all your women are!"

Alan wanted to yell, "Mom, shut up!" because she was making him far too horny. He was grateful that she stopped talking after that, and just went back to quietly moaning and "mmmm"-ing while going through all the boner-stroking tricks and techniques that she knew.

The French kissing lasted so long that Suzanne eventually felt obliged to end it. She pulled back and said to Brenda, "Much better. Much. It was almost as if you meant it. Now, you have to kiss Susan."

Susan didn't expect that. She waved the suggestion off with her free hand. "No, really, you don't have to if you don't want to," she said to Brenda. "I'm very happily occupied over here." She didn't want to kiss

someone who she still was feeling conflicted about, and she certainly didn't want to stop stroking Alan's cock now that she'd gotten it hot and hard.

Suzanne was stern with Susan, though. "What about the rules? You said we have to follow the rules. You can't just exclude yourself whenever you please."

Alan tried to help, whispered in his mother's ear, "Mom, you promised you'd try to be understanding with her. Do it for me? Please?"

"Oh, poo! ... Okay, I guess," Susan said doubtfully. She forced a smile, then said with more resolve as she looked at her son, "I'll try."

Brenda's body had aroused Susan in the past; for instance, she'd talked to Suzanne about Brenda's rack when the two of them first kissed each other. But this evening those same tits had put her into a jealous rage. So she was torn. She roused herself enough to say, "Brenda, kiss me," but it came out sounding halfhearted.

Brenda was now ready to do anything she was told, since kissing Suzanne so intensely had her extremely turned on all over again. She also hoped that she'd be able to get some of Alan's cum from Susan's face.

However, Susan had no intention of stopping her handjob. That forced Brenda to walk across the room to Susan and Alan. Then she leaned into Susan and did her best to kiss her.

Susan tried to retain her reluctance about Brenda, but with Alan's cock in her hand she was too horny to do anything but kiss with gusto.

During her entire kissing session with Suzanne, Brenda had kept her hands on Suzanne's backside. Even when she got frantically horny near the end, she'd wound up just fondling Suzanne's ass cheeks. It was true that her tits had slid all over Suzanne's, but she hadn't touched them with her hands even once.

Now that she was kissing Susan and the kiss was going well, she decided to do to Susan what she'd wanted to do with Suzanne, so she grasped Susan's naked tits with both hands. She was curious to feel boobs nearly as large as her own. However, she'd never fondled another woman similarly, and so was very tentative in her touch.

Brenda had to do virtually all the embracing because Susan never took her hand away from stroking Alan's shaft. Besides, Susan still had some resistance to Brenda due to her jealousy. Susan thought, Oh dear! Brenda is getting VERY frisky with me. I can't really complain about the way that her breasts are rubbing into mine, because we're both so stacked that it would be impossible to kiss like this without touching there. But does she have to grope me too, and even pull on my nipples? Does she have any idea what that does to me?!

I would complain, but I'm sure that Tiger is watching and loving it, and that's the main thing for us all. I can practically feel his excitement by the way his cock is throbbing in my hand! Mmmm! So wet! My hand is getting positively drenched from all his pre-cum!

Her hand started sliding faster and faster up and down his shaft. Look, Son! Look at your big-titted mommy kiss this boob-freak woman! Do you see our big tits mash together? Does that make you want to cum? Cum for me! Squirt your sperm! You know you wanna do it!

Brenda furtively tried to touch Alan's dick in mid-kiss, but Susan slapped her hand away. She also hoped to taste some of Alan's cum on Susan's face, so she kissed and licked around Susan's mouth as well as French kissing her. But Alan had mostly cum directly down Susan's throat, leaving nothing but the faintest trace of his cum on his mother's skin. Still, the fact that there was anything there at all made Brenda nearly delirious with desire.

At first Susan put some oomph into her kissing, but due to her conflicted feelings for Brenda she tended to focus more of her energy on fondling her son's boner in a variety of ways. Brenda was taking direction from Susan, so since Susan hadn't gone wild with the kissing, Brenda didn't either. As a result, their kiss didn't have nearly the same fire as Brenda's kiss with Suzanne, and so they ended it much sooner.

As Brenda recovered from the kiss, she stared at Susan's still-stroking hand and decided, Kissing a woman isn't so bad once you get used to it. I think I could grow to enjoy this, assuming that these two are going to make me do it a lot in the future. I think that's a safe assumption. I must admit that I love the fact that I'm helping make Alan's cock so stiff and aroused, at least indirectly, by helping to keep Susan horny. If only I could be the one holding it right now! Only I wouldn't just hold it; I'd drop to my knees, envelop its hot thickness in my cleavage, and lick the tip of it for good measure!

She also concluded, subconsciously, that fondling breasts felt pretty good. They were soft, pliable, and surprisingly fun to play with. Rubbing racks together was fun too, especially when their erect nipples

"jousted" with each other. She started to understand why men had always been so keen on touching and playing with hers.bender

Brenda again moved toward the door, preparing to go, even though she was flustered, horny, and completely naked. The fact that she wasn't thinking straight due to her raging lust could be seen in the fact that her clothes were resting on a table on the other side of the room.

Chapter 608 He Would Absolutely DESTROY Me!

So far, Alan had been rather quiet and poker-faced towards Brenda. But now he said to her, "Wait a minute. What about my goodbye kiss? You still owe me one. Plus, don't forget the dare we never got to do."

Brenda's eyes lit up like a happy puppy. However, she knew that Susan would insist on approving the idea, so she looked anxiously at her, only to see Susan suddenly glaring and frowning.

Suzanne intervened, "Alan's got a point there." Then she added with a grin, staring at Brenda's rack, "Two points, actually."

Before there could be any argument, Alan grabbed Brenda, pulled her towards him, and kissed her. He made sure she came to him so his mother could continue jacking him off as he was kissing. He figured that as long as Susan wasn't denied his cock, she wouldn't complain too much.

He was right about that. Susan vented her jealous feelings through extra-vigorous fondling of her son's raging erection. Luckily for him, he was still some way from having to climax.

Brenda kissed him back with a hungry passion. It was one thing to kiss another woman - she had really mixed feelings about that - but kissing Alan was another matter altogether. She put her all into it, as if he were the most important person in her world.

Alan wasn't content to limit himself to just a kiss, and began to seriously explore her twin globes. Although he'd clutched at them briefly during his previous orgasm, he'd been so distracted that he discounted that experience. This was really his first time to explore and enjoy them all evening.

Although he had prior experience with other impressive chests, none could compare to this. He thought to himself, Jesus! Two hands isn't enough for even one tit! I have to have more of this! He leaned down and sucked on one of her jutting nipples.

Susan did not like that one bit. She demanded, "Okay, the kiss is over. Your mouths aren't touching. That's the end."

Alan knew he had to tread a fine line with his mother. She liked to be bossed around by him, but if he went too far she could get irate or offended. He said, "Mom, you said you'd try a kiss with Brenda, didn't you?"

Susan grumbled, "I did. But at least kiss her, if it's supposed to be a kiss."

Alan took that advice to heart. He took Brenda in his arms and kissed her with even more passion than before. He very nearly met her ardent desire. The two took off on a flight of wild, lusty tongue-dueling that caused their arousal levels to soar still higher than before.

At the same time, he ran his hands all over her while she did the same to him. Not surprisingly, he focused primarily on her tremendous rack. He noticed from her erotic moans that she enjoyed when he treated her breasts roughly, so he dug his fingers in deep and kneaded them thoroughly.

Susan saw all of that and she was not pleased. She brought a second hand to Alan's crotch and used it to fondle his balls. Son, I know Brenda is a beautiful new busty toy to play with, but don't forget your mommy! Your big-titted mommy is going to make you feel so good that you'll have an orgasm to end all orgasms! Then you won't even notice HER! These balls, these wonderful balls I'm holding, they're so full of sperm! I'm coaxing that sperm out and up, up your long shaft! And once I've got you close, I'll drop to my knees so I can take it in my mouth and on my face! I don't even care that Suzanne is watching. This is my duty and my pleasure! Cum for me, Son! Cum! Cum! CUM!

Somehow, despite the kissing and fondling with Brenda, plus Susan's relentless cock-stroking, Alan was still holding back from climaxing. He'd been looking forward all evening to the chance to fondle Brenda's boobs without limitation, so he wanted to make the most of the opportunity.

Brenda was a bit frustrated that he was still wearing his shirt and shorts, and that his mother continued to monopolize his boner with her steady stroking. Even though Brenda wanted his hot hard-on in her hands, she avoided his crotch because Susan had slapped her hand away when she had reached for it during his earlier kiss. She didn't want to piss off Susan any further.

As their kiss grew longer and hotter, Brenda thought, Holy hell! Un-fuckin'-believable! This guy is incredible; he's one hell of a kisser! Maybe I'm a bit biased, due to everything that's happened tonight, but who cares? It's great! I could do this all night! And his HANDS! His hands! Oh yes! Run your hands everywhere, Alan! Everywhere! Treat me like a slut! Treat me like a whore! YOUR whore!

No, that's not the word. What did Katherine say? Oh yes: "mindless, big-titted fuck doll." Alan, I'm your fuck doll! YES! Go to town on my tits! Just like that! TAKE my breasts and OWN them! Squeeze them harder! More! More! Dominate them, squeeze them, control them - control ME! Oh YES!

To no one's great surprise, Brenda came again. It didn't take very much to get her to climax. It helped that she had a vibrator still buzzing away in her pussy, but that had been going on so long that she'd forgotten it was there. She felt so horny from everything else that she surely would have climaxed without it.

He was aroused and amused by the way she screamed into his mouth. He barely gave her any respite, just enough to make sure she didn't pass out from lack of oxygen.

Brenda continued to swap spit with Alan even after her orgasm. But she did have a bit of a post-orgasmic let-down, so she tried to regroup and gather her resolve. I can't just totally lose my mind here. I know it's Alan, and he's kissing me, and he's twisting and turning my nipples, and that's just too exciting to believe! But I can handle it. I've gotta keep it together. The fact that his mother is jacking him off while this is happening is literally blowing my mind, but I can savor that delicious fact later. Right now, I've gotta be a good kisser, so he'll want me back again soon. I've gotta-bender

OH SHIT! NO! Shit, now he's going after my ass?! How can I resist?! I'm naked, horny, and helpless, and he's gripping my ass like he owns it! Oh God, I need his cock so bad, but I can feel Susan's hands stroking all over it! All I can touch are her damn sliding hands! This is so much more than a kiss; this is total domination!

Brenda suddenly squealed like a stuck pig. One of Alan's hands had been exploring her ass crack, which was unusually deep. On a whim, he reached for her anus, since that had been so effective with her

earlier in the evening. He didn't attempt penetration, but just fingered her anal ring. Even so, she was so sensitive there that it triggered yet another tremendous orgasm.

Susan had been doing her best to be patient, although she tugged his shorts all the way off him while she waited. But when she saw Brenda's loud climax, she said calmly yet pointedly, while rubbing his sweet spot, "Come on, Tiger. Any way you look at it, you've had a very nice goodbye kiss. It's time for it be over, right now!"

"Very well," he conceded.

Brenda disengaged and somehow managed to remain standing. She looked around, wondering what had happened to her clothes. But she was in a lusty daze and could barely concentrate on the task at hand.

She turned around, still searching, when Alan had a change of heart. Wait a second! Brenda is simply too sexy to resist! He reached up from behind and renewed his manual assault on her chest while he kissed her on the back and around the neck. He had to do it while she was still close, because Susan's hand remained attached to his cock like it was permanently glued in place.

He thought, I don't care what Mom says or how jealous she gets; I just can't get enough of these fucking squeezable watermelons! Just one more minute of play time!

Brenda groaned and bucked her hips. All sense and reason fled her brain and she totally gave in to his control over her body. FUUUUCCCK! So this is what it's like to be TAMED!

She climaxed loudly yet again.

"Alan?" yelled Susan. "Alan! Listen to me! You stop that this minute! You hear me?" By this point she was really pissed, especially from Brenda's overly-loud, frequent orgasms, but that didn't stop her from continuing to pump her fingers intently up and down Alan's thick rod. She hadn't stopped doing that for even one second ever since she'd gotten started.

In fact, the situation only got her even more aroused. Tiger doesn't listen to a word I say. He doesn't respect me as a mother. He treats me as nothing more than one of his many fuck toys, using me to make

his kissing session with Brenda that much more stimulating. And that's so... hot! Gaawwwd, it's so hot! I could start to prove him wrong by letting go of his thick man-meat, or simply by not stroking him for a while, but he knows I won't! How can I? It's pulsing with spermy goodness! Oh, Tiger! Tiger, cum for Mommy! Please! Mommy needs it!

Alan finally let go of Brenda. He figured he was pushing his luck enjoying one last grope, especially after Susan's angry outburst. He felt very close to cumming, and he decided he needed to disengage before he shot his load while fondling Brenda's tits. That would not make Susan happy, even if she was likely to be the one to take his cum on her face or down her throat.

Susan stepped in between them, just as Brenda took a few steps away. Alan's horny mother stood up close to him so she could slide his erection up and down her thighs. She even briefly slid it over against one of her wet inner thighs in an attempt to make sure he stayed distracted and disengaged from Brenda. Her hand holding it and guiding it continued to squeeze and stroke it as well. She had become a most excellent cock pleaser.

He looked back at his mother's annoyed face and said to her, "It's okay, Mom. I'm all done kissing her."

Brenda kept her distance from Alan, but looked at him longingly. She moaned again and squeezed her hands over her own giant breasts, trying to replicate what he'd just been doing to them. She spoke to him in her head. Any time! Any time you want these, they're yours! You started something and now you've got to finish it! Take me! Take me! Take all of me!

Needless to say, Alan couldn't reply since he had no idea what she was thinking. Frustrated, yet also profoundly sexually satisfied, Brenda finally noticed her clothes on a table across the room. As she pulled her skimpy top back up over her extremely extended nipples, she stared at Susan and Alan. Look at them! Look at the love, the lust, the shared joy! That's how he must have looked with me, except that I wasn't lucky enough to pump his thick snake at all, much less the fevered way she's going at it.

How is it he hasn't climaxed yet?! Seriously! Everyone knows teenage boys have no control. They so much as glance at a Victoria's Secret catalog and they're rushing off to the bathroom to get off. But not Alan! No! I don't mean to brag, but Susan, Suzanne, and I, we're not just beautiful, we're extraordinary! And yet he gets endlessly stroked by his own mother and he just stands there smiling like it's no big deal.

Could he impress me any more?! I don't think so! He's driving me crazy! I wonder how long he'd last in my mouth! Or my tight pussy?! Oh dear Lord! He would absolutely DESTROY me! He'd fuck me to death,

I'm sure! That's how I want to die. Just look at Susan's sliding fingers! Slipping and sliding, slipping and sliding... I can't take it!

Brenda took her time dressing, because she couldn't get enough of watching mother and son get it on with each other. She finally put on her overcoat, which meant she was ready to leave.

The four of them slowly moved towards the front door.

Suzanne figured she'd go home momentarily, and since they all stood near the underwear cabinet, she put on her clothes too (she dressed quite formally, as she'd told her husband that she was going to an investment club meeting).

As they reached the door, Alan managed to break free from his mother's lusty grip.

He approached Brenda closely, which made Susan tense up. She would have said or done something, except that Brenda was already wearing her overcoat, so she wasn't quite so worried about additional hanky-panky.

Alan was mindful of not pushing his luck. He merely leaned over and whispered in Brenda's ear. "Don't worry about my mother. She's just a little jealous of your tits right now. She'll get over it, especially if you make her happy next time. I saw the way you were fondling her boobs. I expect you to do more of that. Kiss her and be nice to her, and she'll come around."

Brenda nodded with understanding. Worried about the vibe from Susan, she was careful not to touch him anymore.

As soon as Alan stood back from his busty guest, Susan hugged him tightly and possessively. Her jealousy was making her extra clingy. Seconds later, her fingers were stroking his boner again.

Susan was cold and wanted to dress, but she also didn't want to stop jacking off her son even for a moment. Alan could sense she was chilled, so he picked out a top for her from those in the underwear cabinet and slipped it over her head. She remained naked from the waist down.

Brenda blew kisses at everyone and said, "God, that was weird, but I had the most wonderful time. Alan, I can't wait until we..." - she looked over at Susan and toned down her words, blushing like a schoolgirl with a crush - "... uh, until we get to know each other a lot better." Still, although the words were relatively tame, she tried to pack in as much sexual innuendo as possible with her sultry tone.

Her eyes lingered at the sight of Susan's hands relentlessly sliding up and down Alan's dick. Once again, she thought of doing that to her own son, Adrian. Too bad Aidy is such a wallflower. What if I had a son like Alan? A relentless, insatiable lord and master, living in my own house! He'd make me a slave to his cock, 24-7! A sex slave! She shuddered at the thought as a lusty thrill ran down her spine.

She could have stood there forever, transfixed, but a deliberate cough from Suzanne snapped her out of it. She said, "My God, I don't think I'm ever going to forget the sight before my eyes right now. I certainly will be thinking about it alone in bed tonight!" She gazed even more longingly at Susan's stroking hand.

It took another cough from Suzanne to snap Brenda out of her reverie again.

Brenda opened the front door, and said, "Thanks so much everyone for inviting me. I hope we can play again next week."

She turned to Susan. "Oh, and don't forget to open your gift. Like I said, I'm SURE you're going to love it."

Susan had forgotten all about the gift Brenda had brought, due to so much happening since. But that reminder got her curious again. She nodded.

Brenda looked over each person. "See ya soon!" Then she finally left and closed the door behind her.

Everyone had forgotten the vibrator still in Brenda. She was so frazzled that she'd even unthinkingly put her dress on over it. It wasn't until she nearly got in an accident on the way home that she fully realized that it was still humming away deep in her vagina. She slowed her driving to be more careful, but she didn't take it out. It was one last physical link to the good times she'd had at the Plummer house.

Back home, she walked by Adrian's bedroom on the way to her own. She was relieved to see that her son was asleep so she could continue to play with herself. She thought, A fantasy is one thing and reality

is another. I can't even begin to explain how exciting it is to see Susan and Alan together, but I couldn't actually do anything sexual with my own son. Besides, Aidy isn't the right kind of guy. He's cute and cuddly and oh-so-lovable. I love to hug him and kiss him and generally love him all up. But only in a motherly way, of course.

Whereas... Alan! Oh, Alan! He's the one who makes my heart throb and my mouth water. He's the only one who fully understands me and my submissive needs. I've tried and tried to restrain myself, but resistance is useless. I need to face facts. He's going to fuck me soon, I just know it! I have a body that can't be resisted, even by him, and a libido to match. I'd make the perfect sex toy for him to add to his collection. I'll simply have to be patient.

As she kept on walking down the long halls of her mansion, she recoiled a little at her own phrasing, especially in calling herself a mere "sex toy" to be added to a collection. But those words aroused her more than they disturbed her. She knew she would feel bad about it tomorrow, but right now she was still far too aroused to think straight.

As soon as she got to her room, she couldn't take her clothes off and get in bed fast enough. She vigorously worked on her tits and set the vibrator to high, so she could have one last shattering climax.

As she worked herself up to a peak, she had one hand mauling her left breast while the other diddled her clit. Oh, Alan! Alan! Alan, Alan, Alan! Make me yours! Treat me like you treat your mother! Pound me! Fuck me! Drill me! Pound me deep! Take me, totally! I wanna be... wanna be... one of your women! UGH! One of your personal cocksuckers! Your sex pets! Yes! Make me serve you without limits! Yes! Endless submission to Alan, my love!

She came extremely hard. Her final orgasm of the night left her totally wiped out.

When she recovered sufficiently, she removed her vibrator and fell instantly asleep. It had been the greatest evening of her life.

Chapter 609 Kath X Amy

I know i promised to publish yesterday, but i had an emergency work which i could not postpone thus delay. So much apologies.

here we go.

Drunk Dargon Special 🍷 [16 / 20]

"Sheesh! That Brenda is too much." Katherine was lying on Amy in the middle of Katherine's bed. They were both still naked after spending a long time shaving each other's pussies and "checking for bumps." Their dildos had gotten a lot of use as well.

"Yeah." Amy was feeling sleepy after her big orgasm a few minutes earlier. Her eyes were closed and she was in no mood to move or talk much.

Katherine was feeling sleepy as well, since she too was floating after a nice orgasm, but she was in a thoughtful mood. She was also very comfy, using Amy's 36Es as pillows. "She's kind of a freak. I swear, her boobs are bigger than my head! And not only that: she's curvy and cute all over. And did you see the way she just came and came and came? She's super orgasmic or something. On top of all that, she also has a really nice ass."

"Yeah, she's pretty hot," Amy agreed happily.

Katherine opened her eyes. "Amy! You're saying that like it's a good thing. It's not!"

Amy kept her eyes closed, but asked, "It's not? Why not? Oh, and don't forget her nipples. She has, like, really long, puffy nipples. They're kinda extra sexy."

Katherine exhaled with exasperation at the nipples comment, and then exclaimed with urgency, "She's a threat! Can't you see that? She's just too ample and too endowed everywhere. And yeah, you're right, her nipples are damn annoying too. On top of that, she seems to be quite submissive. She's way too into Brother, if you ask me. It's bad enough competing with your mom and my mom and their huge racks and

super sexy bodies, but throw Brenda in there too and we may never get another chance to play with his cock!"

Amy still wasn't concerned enough to open her eyes. "Nah. Mom - er, my mom that is, talked to me about it earlier, when she told me I could come to the party. She said that Brenda's only gonna come to these poker parties once a week, and no more. If that's all there is, then that's cool. Remember, Alan needs lots of varied stimulation for his medical condition. Mom keeps reminding me about that, and your mom does too, so it must be really important. Besides, I think Brenda's a hoot! She made the party a total blast with the way she was cumming all over the place!" She giggled happily.

Katherine groaned in frustration. "That's how it starts: a card game here, a dinner visit there. Turn around and the next thing you know, she'll practically be living with us! Did you see the way she was looking at him tonight? She's totally into him. Heck, she may even be in love with him!"

Amy opened her eyes, looking at Katherine, then shrugged. "Yeah, well, what can you do? Christine may be in love with him too. Kim is totally into him. Heck, even Janice and Joy are all into him now. But I'm cool with sharing. He's turned into, like, this super studly guy. It's kinda weird, but that's how it is. If I try to get all exclusive-y with him, I'm just gonna make myself frustrated."

"That's true," Katherine conceded. "And I'm cool with sharing too. But within limits!" She rolled off Amy, sat up on the bed next to her, then leaned against the wall. It was a bit difficult trying to hold this kind of conversation while lying naked on top of her friend.

Amy sat up also and leaned against the headboard. Seemingly not hearing the "within limits" comment, she smiled and said, "Sharing Alan's cock with you earlier today was way fun! Don't you think? I totally love sharing the licking. Even if you did get a little cock-hoggy." She dropped her head and looked at Katherine in a bashful way, as if she was afraid that she might have been too hurtful with that last comment.

"Awww." Katherine scooted over to her friend and wrapped an arm around her. As she pulled Amy in for a big hug and a kiss on the cheek, she said, "That's my bad. Totally my bad. I get jealous sometimes." She looked at her friend beseechingly. "Forgive me?"

"M'kay!" Amy not only lit up with a thousand-watt smile, she gave Katherine a very heartfelt return kiss, this one on the lips.

The two started to get into feeling each other up while necking, but Katherine eventually broke the lip-lock and said, "I love having fun with you, but let's talk for a little while first, okay? I feel like you and I are just kind of drifting along. We lack strategy."

"Strategy? Who needs strategy? I'm totally happy. My big plan was to get to be Alan's official girlfriend, so now that that's happened I'm cool. Cool beans in the blue jeans!"

Katherine thought, Geez, I wish Amy wasn't such an airhead. She's just too easy-going and easy to please. But then a thought hit her and she looked at Amy quizzically. "Plan? You had some kind of plan for that?"

Amy had a "deer in the headlights" look, but it passed quickly. "Er, no, I mean... just... I was psyched to have that happen, if you know what I mean. But why worry? Why worry about any of this scheme-y stuff? My mom has got it covered. She's always got some scheme-y plan or another in the works, and good things happen with each one. I don't quite know what her big scheme is this time, but it seems to lead to more and more super fun, so I say: go Mom! If we try to get all scheme-y, we could just get in the way of her scheme-y-ness, if you know what I mean."

Katherine thought about that. "I agree that your mom's got a knack for making things work out. And she clearly has a good thing going on. She hasn't really spelled it out to me, but she doesn't have to. Obviously she wants us to all end up fucking each other. You, me, my mom, her, and Brother."

Amy exclaimed, "I know! Isn't it cool? That's my... like, what I want to see too. We'll be one big, happy, fucky family!" She giggled.

Katherine giggled at that too. "Yeah we will. And we're most of the way there. And I'm totally cool with letting your mom do her magical scheming on that. She really does have a magic touch. And I guess if she thinks Brenda isn't a threat and won't be more than an occasional guest, I can deal with that." She sighed. She trusted Suzanne's judgment, but she also worried about Brenda. Now that Brenda knew about their incest, as well as the way things had gone down that night, it didn't seem likely she'd just remain on the fringes.

Amy said, "I don't want to butt in and stuff, but you're like my best friend. Can I be totally honest with you?"

Katherine squeezed Amy and kissed her on the nose. "Of course! I'd love it. We've been friends all our lives, but I want us to be even better friends than ever. Please be totally honest with me."

"Cool! I want that too. Bestest friends forever! Anyhoo, I think you're far too worried about the boobie thing. Yeah, sure, Brenda has boobies the size of small watermelons, but so what? Let Alan have a little fun with her and her super boobs. He doesn't love her like us, and he never will, 'cos she's a stranger. You and me, we know every last little thing about him, even down to which episodes of Gilligan's Island he's seen, 'cos we've watched most of 'em together."

"God, that's such a stupid show," Katherine complained.

"I know. But remember how much the three of us laughed? Brenda can't compete against that kind of long history. She's a total stranger, and when is he gonna have time to get to know her better? He's too busy. When you get right down to it, he's gonna want to be with the ones that he loves, and who love him back. That's us! You, me, and our moms!"

Katherine hugged Amy even tighter. "Thanks! That makes me feel soooo much better. I get all jealous. I have to admit I've been going through some particularly heavy jealousy surges today. But you're right. Your mom must have a plan. It's obviously a great plan which benefits us all. Alan loves US, not some physically-improbable super-boob woman whose last name he probably doesn't even know. Thanks again."

They kissed and caressed for a minute or two, basking in their love for each other.

But then Katherine said, "Even though that's all true, there was something I wanted to say about Aunt Suzy's scheming, and I still want to say it. She can only scheme about stuff she knows about. Her scheming lately is all about creating a new 'fucky' family here at home, which is great. But what about our school? She barely knows what goes on there, and important things are happening. Brother is surging!"

"Surging?" Amy asked.

"Yeah. He's like a surging wave, a great big powerful wave. Remember that just a month ago he was a total virgin and didn't have a clue with girls. But every day at home he's having soooo much success with all of us that I think he figures he can do no wrong. So his confidence is surging, and girls love cocky

guys. And because of the whole panties-painting thing, he's steadily working his way through the entire cheerleading squad. He's boning them all, even Heather!"

Amy giggled. "Yeah! Isn't it cool? Except for the Heather part."

"Well, it is cool," Katherine agreed, "except for the Heather part, of course. Although even that is impressive in its own way. I'm really proud of him. When I think about what a total sex stud my brother has become, it makes me really hot and bothered. But at the same time, we have to be careful."

"Careful?"bender

"Yes! Come on - think about it, Amy. Your mom has things well in hand at home, I have to admit. Mostly, that's about getting my mom to give up her prudish ways and totally devote herself to Brother's cock. That's great; we all benefit from that - as long as she isn't too much of a cock hog, as you put it. But there's no strategy for school. What's Brother doing there? WHO is he doing? What's his plan? Does he have one? What's happening with him and Heather? Or him and Christine? Or him and Ms. Rhymer?"

"Ms. Rhymer?" Amy already knew that Alan was having sex with Glory, but she didn't let on.

"Yeah. You know, he's been crushing on her for at least two years. With the way he's surging sexually, there's no telling who he'll end up doing. Maybe even his history teacher! We've got stiff competition at school as well as here at home. I don't want to end up an also-ran, last on his list. There's only so much of him to go around. Even if he wants to do more, there's a physical limit to what any guy can do in a single day."

Amy smiled and said, "You are SO not an also-ran. You're too insecure. He totally loves you! You should see the look in his eyes when he looks at you. Can't you see it? It's total love! I wish he loved me half as much. I've got this big uphill fight just to get him to notice me half the time."

Katherine said, "No, I'm the one with the big uphill fight just to get him to notice me! You're his official girlfriend now. You've totally got it made!"

"No! You're his sister! You're the one who's got it made. This official girlfriend thing is great, but he could change his mind about that tomorrow. You'll never not be his sister!"

"That's true," Katherine admitted thoughtfully. Being reminded of that fact did make her feel a lot better.

Amy said dismissively, "You worry too much. Everything's going great. With the way things are happening here at home, you and I benefit big time. I can't tell you how super-duper psyched I am about how things are going here! And at school Alan's mainly all about the cheerleaders, and we benefit from that too. Like what's happening with Kim. Wouldn't it be cool if eventually he openly bones the entire squad? Like, totally open, no secrets from the other girls. Then we could totally have Alan-centered orgies right at school, under the guise of cheerleader practice! How cool would THAT be?"

"But Amy, that's never going to happen. Not with Heather there. She's like a snake! She'll ruin everything. Actually, it probably could work with you, if Brother could keep Heather in check somehow, but what about me? Remember the incest factor? To have Heather know that and hold it over our heads? No thanks!"

Amy frowned. "Oh yeah. That would be bad."

"Very bad!" Katherine huffed.

However, Amy's smile returned, and after a moment she said, "M'kay, so we can't always get everything we want, but I'm not worried. Things are going super great. Mother and Alan are both way smart, and they're gonna make sure everything works out. Before long, he'll be openly fucking both of us here at home, and maybe even at school too. Well, except for the 'openly' part. Oh, and I guess the incest thing is a problem."

"You think?" Katherine asked sarcastically.

Amy seemed oblivious to the sarcasm, and continued, "But at least we've got the thing with Kim at her house. I hope you will invite me to that next time. I'm totally loving all the sharing. I get psyched when he makes another conquest! It's like we're all a team, a growing team, bound together by him. It's all cool. Don't worry or stress. And don't be jealous!"

Now Katherine frowned. "Amy, you're far too trusting. Especially when there's someone like Heather in the picture. We can't just cross our fingers and hope everything'll work out."

Amy said, "M'kay, then. Take Heather. What are we supposed to do with her? She pushes you and me and the rest of the cheerleader squad around way easy. I'll admit she scares me! I totally don't know how to deal with girls like her. I just want everyone to be nice, and she's mean. But Alan seems to have some kind of special hold on her. So maybe we just need to let him work it out. If you get involved, it could draw attention to the whole incest-y thing."

Katherine sighed. "That's true, I guess. I just wish I could be more proactive. I mean, I want Brother to fuck lots of beautiful women. I'm proud to be his fuck toy, and a good fuck toy doesn't get jealous and doesn't try to be exclusive. But there's danger out there! Heather. Christine. Ms. Rhymer. Brenda. All these amazingly beautiful women he knows. They just might steal his heart! And there's too many of them. What if he starts getting involved with Christine, and decides to make HER his official girlfriend?"

Amy looked aghast. "He wouldn't do that, would he? He promised me!"

"No, he probably wouldn't," Katherine conceded. "He's good with his promises. But I wish you and I could control things like your mom does. Like, if he gets in trouble with someone, pull the strings behind the scenes and make it all better. Then he'd be so proud of us."

Amy said, "But my mom's great at all that. Heck, even with school stuff, if we tell her what the trouble is, she probably can fix it."

Katherine nodded. "Yeah. I guess. And I am going to talk to her soon about Heather, so hopefully she can fix that and get Brother to stay away from her."

"See? That'll work. Everything's cool," Amy said.

Katherine sighed. "I know. But... I just worry."

"Well, don't!" Amy said brightly, trying to cheer her up. "You know what? I feel all bumpy. I think we should check each other for bumps again, with our tongues! Just to be sure!" She giggled.

Katherine grinned. "Aims, whatever am I going to do with you?"

Amy joked, "I don't know, but I hope it involves a lot more bump checking."

They kissed some more, and then Katherine positioned herself above Amy as they moved into position for a sixty-nine.

Chapter 610 Is Something Gonna Happen?

Suzanne turned to Susan, whose hands continued to piston up and down Alan's erection. Brenda had just left, but they both still stood in the foyer right by the front door. "So how about it, Susan? Maybe we should have another poker game or some other get-together with Brenda even before next Wednesday. What do you think? You have to admit that was lots of fun."

Suzanne was surprised to hear herself say that, since her intended strategy had been to take things very slowly with Brenda. But she'd enjoyed the entire evening so much that she figured waiting another week to take things to the next level with Brenda was too long.

"NO. End of discussion." Susan would have stomped off to make her point clear, but once she had her hands on her son's erection there was no way she was going to willingly let go before he shot a big load in her mouth.

Suzanne finished putting on her street clothes in anticipation of the short walk home, but then added an overcoat for good measure. She playfully wagged her finger at Susan and said, "I think somebody's jealous!" She used the voice kids use when they say things like, "I saw Jenny kissing Johnny!"

"Jealous? I don't know what you're talking about," Susan said disingenuously.

Alan was nearly lost in the throes of the handjob's pleasures, since Susan had been working his boner for quite a while. He groaned and put his hand on his mother's hand, indicating she needed to pause for a bit. He'd been using his PC muscle training to its fullest extent to delay his cumming, and was fairly amazed at all the stimulation he'd managed to endure this evening.

Suzanne put her hand on the door, ready to leave, but then a thought occurred to her. She asked Alan, "How many times have you cum today, Sweetie?"

Alan counted in his head, somewhat able to think again now that his mother was merely holding his dick. Let's see... Mom and Sis together in the morning, Glory at school, a wicked Heather fuck, Glory again. No, wait, I didn't cum that time. Amy and Sis together with the whole crazy milk thing. You after that with a Sis assist, then Mom again during the poker game. Six times. Is that all? Strange. I thought for sure it was at least eight.

He said, "Six times. And now Mom is working on her third time helping me, as you can see. We're close. So close!"

Suzanne was genuinely surprised. "Only six times? It seems like we've all been stimulating your cock pretty much non-stop. And you're aiming for eight each day this week, to get your average up before your scouting trip, right?"

He nodded.

Turning to Susan, she asked, "Didn't you say earlier that I was in charge of Sweetie's dick for the rest of the evening? What happened to that?" Doffing her coat, she quipped, "I think I need to take over here."

"NooooOOoooo!" whined Susan, still gripping her son's boner firmly. "I thought you were going home. Won't your husband be worried?"

"You know how it is; he probably wouldn't care, or even notice, if I didn't come home until morning. Now, take your hands off before you make my Sweetie cum. Didn't you just say you're not the jealous type? So you won't mind if I take him back to his room. You did make that promise earlier, remember?"

"But..." Susan's mind spun into high gear as she fretfully tried to think of some reason not to relinquish what was now a near death-grip on her son's erect cock. But she didn't have a devious mind like Suzanne's and couldn't think of a single rational excuse.

She visibly deflated in defeat, but at the same time picked up speed in her stroking, hoping to get her son to blow his load before she had to release him. Stalling for time, she asked, "Are you sure about that? You're just joking. Right?"

Suzanne chided, "Who said I had his cock for the rest of the evening?"

"Some best friend you are," Susan grumbled. Then she literally handed Alan over to Suzanne, putting his erection in her best friend's hands after giving it a few final double-fisted strokes in her last attempt to make him cum.

Suzanne began to piston her hand in the exact same rhythm that Susan had just used, so that they barely missed a beat during their transfer. But Suzanne was aware of the way that Alan was straining not to cum, so she quickly slowed her pace to just a feather-light fingering up and down the underside of his shaft.

Susan stood there, watching enviously, as Suzanne stood on the other side of Alan silently stroking away.

Suzanne found it difficult not to crow about her victory. It took a great deal of willpower for her not to say anything or even look in Susan's direction, because she didn't trust herself at that moment.

She decided it would be better to leave Susan so she could fully enjoy herself with Alan without increasing Susan's jealousy issues. She forced herself to be nice, at least for the moment. She held out her free arm towards Susan like she expected a hug, then said to her best friend with a sweet smile of her full, red lips, "Goodnight kiss."

Susan gave Suzanne a hug and a goodnight French kiss. A tinge of sadness came through, but all-in-all the intimate contact restored much of their usual good feelings about each other.

Suzanne was pleased to see that Susan's 'no-kiss ban' of that morning hadn't lasted even a single day. The two women French kissed for several minutes while Suzanne continued slowly wanking Alan. Since she was fully (and quite formally) dressed and Susan was partially dressed, and since they were both focused more on what Suzanne was doing to Alan than on each other, they didn't grope each other nearly as much as they otherwise would have.

Suzanne thought as the kiss went on, Now, THIS is why I scheme so much. Sweetie's cock in my hand and Susan's lips on mine. Now if I could be fondling Angel or maybe even Brenda with my other hand, life would be complete! People who don't take risks are such chumps.

The kiss finally came to an end. Susan remained in a loose embrace with Suzanne, mostly so she could continue to gaze longingly at her friend's hands stroking up and down her son's thickness.

bender

Susan thought, How ironic! The shoe is on the other foot, and I'm in the exact same position Brenda was in a few minutes ago, on the outside looking in. Those hands should be MY hands!

Okay, maybe I AM getting a bit greedy. I've been stroking him so long that my hand is really pretty tired. Maybe sharing is the answer? I've never shared Tiger's cock with Suzanne before, but after what happened with Angel and me this morning, and then apparently with Angel and Amy later, sharing seems to be the order of the day! I wonder if Suzanne would be receptive if we started sharing now, like this very minute? She reached towards Alan's groin.

This time, Suzanne gently but firmly blocked her hand, stopping it before Susan could reach Alan's slicked-up erection. Suzanne's own jealous feelings and her desire to rub in her victory came back with a vengeance. She throttled those feelings with an effort because she wanted to go upstairs and play with Alan rather than fight with Susan. She said with a trace of annoyance, "Goodnight, Susan. See you tomorrow."

However, Alan chimed in at that moment, spoiling Suzanne's plans for a quick exit. "Yeah, goodnight, Mom. Don't I get my goodnight kiss too?"

Susan had been holding off, hoping to give him that in his bed, so it could turn into much more. Then she realized that there was no reason why she couldn't kiss him immediately and then also "kiss" him again later. That forced Suzanne to wait more minutes before she could be alone with Alan.

Alan actually felt strange about kissing his mother when she wasn't topless, but he refrained from asking her to take something off because he could tell that Suzanne was getting antsy. As a result, their kiss was rather hurried and tame, at least by the standards he'd become accustomed to at home. His boner was also briefly unattended during the kiss, for a change, because any more stimulation would have set

him off. He was still teetering right on the edge of cumming, so he made sure to keep his mother's grabby hands at a distance. He at least got to play with her tits through her clothing, even though doing so was tempting fate in his goal not to cum too soon.

Suzanne said to Susan, "Friend, I love how we're passing his cock back and forth. Imagine a future when you and I can take turns holding and playing with it all day long. We can have it in our mouths, in our hands, in between our tits, in our butts, and who knows where else." She looked at Alan and winked with that last suggestion. "But you don't really have to imagine that future, because that day is already here."

Susan's eyes went wide with excitement in response to that. She tried to reply, but the words got caught in her throat. There was a part of her that felt she should protest and reaffirm boundaries, but she honestly didn't want to. Instead, she ran off to her bedroom to masturbate over Suzanne's vision.

As Susan rushed away, Suzanne shouted at her, "Hey! Don't forget to open Brenda's gift! Trust me, you'll want to open it RIGHT AWAY! Remember, I helped her get it, so I know it's something you NEED."

Susan was dying to play with herself and cum, but she was dying of curiosity about the gift, especially after that added hype. She stopped at a hallway nook where she'd left it and took it with her.

One nice effect of the evening's non-stop sexual activity was that Susan was too preoccupied to think much about Ron and his newly revealed homosexuality. At least in that respect, Suzanne's plan had worked to perfection.

Alan asked Suzanne, "So what's this gift about?"

"Never you mind. Just Brenda being a good guest." She figured it was something he didn't need to know, especially since his ego didn't need any extra boosting.

Suzanne's current problem was that it had gotten very late and she needed to talk to her husband. (She'd exaggerated her claim that he wouldn't care if she didn't show up until morning.) Once Susan left the room, Suzanne lingered a few moments more until she was sure that Susan had really gone, then said to Alan, "Sweetie, since I'm all dressed up, I'm going to show my face briefly back at home so my hubby doesn't worry about me. By the way, how does that make you feel, to commit adultery with me while my husband waits right next door?"

Alan was taken aback by the question. It was a topic Suzanne had almost always avoided with him. He himself tried not to think about it because he considered himself a good person and breaking up someone's marriage didn't fit in with that image. Deep down, he got a thrill out of cuckolding Eric Pestridge (not to mention his own stepfather Ron), but he couldn't admit that to himself. Yet at the same time it greatly bothered him. He knew Brenda was married too, but he understood that she was in the very last stages of a divorce, so he figured he couldn't be blamed for causing problems there.

Suzanne could see that her question had caused a pained look on his face, so she said, "Never mind. Scratch that. Keep in mind that he and I don't love each other anymore, and we haven't for years, so it doesn't matter. Wait for me in your room. You're right on the verge now and need a longer strategic break anyway. I'm gonna be as fast as I can, though. Heck, I'm not even gonna shower before going home, like I usually do. Just don't let your mom come in and steal you away from me."

She joked, "Set up a blockade and pile furniture up against the door if you have to." It wasn't entirely a joke though.

Suzanne was back in less than five minutes. She went straight to Alan's room, naked except for her stockings, where she found him waiting expectantly, also naked. "Brenda and that poker game got me all worked up. Didn't it for you too?" she asked.

"Hell yeah," he answered enthusiastically.