

6 Times 611

Chapter 611 Suzanne !!

They sized each other up. Both clearly had sex on the brain and were ready to fuck each other senseless.

Alan was weary after another day's exhausting sexual activity. The party with Brenda was one of the most incredible sexual events to happen to him yet, which was saying a lot, considering everything else that had happened. He was fairly certain that this was the time he would finally get to fuck Aunt Suzy. He didn't know if he was up for it so soon after everything with Brenda, either mentally or physically, but the possibility was so thrilling that he psyched himself up as best he could.

Suzanne was crazy with desire to fuck. The evening with Brenda had felt to her like the greatest, most prolonged foreplay ever. She was so aroused that she felt it had to happen this very evening. But there was one thing that held her back from finally doing it immediately: fear that Susan was listening in. Susan's eavesdropping at Alan's door had become so common that it was almost comical. Suzanne figured that the way she'd taken over from Susan, the odds were excellent that the sexually-frustrated mother would be right outside the door, waiting for her chance to have a very thorough goodnight "kiss."

So first Suzanne had to know if the coast was clear. As she'd just entered the room, she decided to stall for a couple of minutes to see if Susan would come by to spy or not. She walked over to Alan and said, "Hey, Mister Pussy-tamer, can you put me in the mood with a little bit of tongue?"

He was quite surprised, but then realized that didn't mean they wouldn't fuck; she was just asking for foreplay. He sensed this was big, because she rarely let him do much with her pussy. Keeping to his usual "don't say anything stupid to ruin the mood" strategy, he said, "Uh, yeah. Sure."

She sat up on her heels on his bed and let him lick. She was impressed - he did it with gusto, much better than ever before. She could tell he'd had considerably more practice since his last attempt with her.

He lapped at her with his tongue, probing her inner reaches. He now knew just how to work her clit, teasing her little nub almost continuously without ever taking her over the edge.

Suzanne

After a few minutes of letting him do all the work while she just leaned back onto some throw pillows, she said, "You're really getting good at that. Has anyone told you that yet? How did you get so good since our last time?"

He paused for a short rest. "Thanks. I've been learning in school. Isn't that what we go to school for - to learn things?"

Suzanne laughed. "In school? They're doing practical sex ed now? And to think I had to waste my time with less useful stuff like reading and writing."

"That's not what I mean," he complained. "You know I'm getting help at school too, 'cos you check my chart."

"Ah yes. The mysterious extra checkmark or two every day. Your mother and I have speculated many times during our morning exercises over what that really means. So who has it been all this time? I hope you're not risking it there with your sister."

"No. You know me; I try to be at least somewhat prudent. I can't tell you who it is."

"Ooooh! The mystery deepens! Hmmm. Just how far have you gone with this Lady X figure? Has this teacher of yours taught you how to sixty-nine?"

"We haven't done that yet, surprisingly enough. But how did you know she's my teacher?"

Suzanne grinned victoriously as her thoughts raced ahead of her words. "A-ha! A clue! I was using teacher generically, in the sense of one who teaches, but I'm glad I did. Let's see... Which teacher could you possibly be doing it with? That's easy. Ms. Rhymer is one lucky broad."

An alarmed Alan cried out, "Hey! How did you know that?!"

"Duh! Now you've completely given it away, silly boy. You've only had a crush on her for years now. And how many other young female teachers do you have this semester, much less teachers up to your

exacting standards of beauty? That was a no-brainer. It's a lucky thing you don't have more young female teachers because, knowing your way with women, we'd never get you home after school."

She pondered this latest development. So Sweetie's getting it on with Gloria Rhymer! Wow! I suppose all this non-stop sexual success at home has made him bold at school too. He's hardly the same boy he was a month ago, not when it comes to sex. That is very, very significant, because I know he has strong feelings for her. But I'll have to put the issue aside and consider it some more later.

Hiding her concern, she asked casually, "But why are we sitting here talking when we can be doing more fun things?"

He was still bummed at revealing his secret about Glory. "Will you keep that a secret? I mean, normally I'd tell you anything important, but it's super important to her that I don't tell a soul. She could really get in trouble with having an affair with a student."

Suzanne primly replied, but with a smile, "And I could really get in trouble with having an adulterous affair with the teenage son of my best friend. Of course I'll keep it a secret. Sweetie, I want you to think of me as your closest, most trusted friend. I won't even tell your mom if you don't want me to. Though of course she's bound to find out sooner or later. Tell me, does she or anyone else around here know already?"

He reluctantly admitted, "Actually... Amy does."

Suzanne was startled. "Amy?! Really? How did that happen?"

"I don't know. She just kind of assumed, I guess. She knew about my long-time crush on Glory, and just sort of figured something had to happen there. She started talking to me about it and I stupidly confirmed it. Which, by that way, appears to be becoming a trend." He frowned in chagrin.

Suzanne raised an intrigued eyebrow. "Hmmm. Interesting." My Honey Pie is full of surprises. I've gotta give her kudos for that. "Does anyone know besides her?"

"No, and please, let's keep it that way. The more people who know, the greater the danger that that info could slip out to someone who shouldn't know. Mom and Sis will probably find out eventually, but I feel

honor-bound to Glory to keep her secret as long as possible. So that means you need to keep completely mum too. Please don't mention a word of it to anyone, not even Amy."

Suzanne nodded. "Fair enough. I am miffed though. A while back, we had a serious talk and you promised me you'd tell me the names of all your lovers. I certainly don't remember you mentioning Ms. Rhymer!"

He slumped in shame. "I'm sorry. I really am. That was a very tough decision for me. I really, really wanted to tell you, but I felt that, to protect her and her job, I couldn't tell anybody. Including you, even. I mean, it's not the same as Heather or Kim or someone like that. The fact that she's my teacher... I mean..."

She reached out and ran a hand through his hair. "That's okay. I get it. And I can tell you were in a no-win situation there. But please tell me, in all honesty: are there any others I still don't know about?"bender

"No way! That's it! I swear! Hell, I don't even know how things happened with her. If it weren't for the fact that I've had an obvious crush on her for the past two years, plus some kind of weird, unlikely events..."

"Those seem to happen to you a lot these days, don't they?" She chuckled. "But that's okay; you can tell me the story some other time. Out of curiosity though, tell me: are you fucking Ms. Rhymer yet?"

"Unfortunately, not yet. Just like you and Mom, she'll only let me go so far, but won't let me actually fuck her. It's so frustrating!"

"Oh, you poor, poor boy," Suzanne said half-sarcastically. "You're just like so many teenage boys with a large harem of women who spend too much time sucking their cocks and not enough time fucking them. I think I saw a sad TV movie on that very topic the other day."

His dick pricked up at the mention of "large harem of women." He thought, A-ha! She confirms it! I DO have a harem. Maybe she's being a bit flip using that word, but what other word is there? I'll bet that she doesn't see herself as one of my sex... maidens, though. She puts herself in a special category, and rightfully so. I can't imagine bossing her around. He felt very awkward using the term "sex maidens" but he didn't know what else to use since he was unwilling to think of Suzanne as some kind of sex servant.

But he tried to play it cool, so he answered, "Very cute. But it is a real frustration. It's like you get so close but are still so far. It's like... you go with a woman to the beach and she lets you put it in her pussy, but then you have to take it back out again. And that's it. Three days later, still no nookie."

Suzanne laughed. "Who might you be talking about now?" She knew full well that he was referring to her.

"Um, Aunt Suzy, what's with all this talking and foreplay? I was kind of hoping that we could, you know..."

She grinned. "Sweetie, are you suddenly afraid to use the word 'fuck' with me? What's with your bashfulness?"

He blushed a little, which was very unusual for him. Then he spoke sincerely. "I don't know. I'm sorry. I get so confused. What's allowed? How aggressive can I be? Should I be more aggressive? I don't understand what women want. Lately, I'm trying to be more considerate, you know, like listening more, and pleasing others more."

"Sweetie, I really appreciate the effort, and the nice tongue work. But have some balls too! Don't be so accepting of the rules. Don't always wait for me to tell you what you can do. Try pushing your luck more often. Look at the four main women in your life. Could we be any more willing? When I came in this room, you should have been all over me. I should have had to fight you off, if I wasn't ready to fuck you right away."

She decided enough time had passed, and either Susan would be at the door, or not. So she said, "Let's try this again. I'll pretend I'm coming in again, and you act more aggressively."

She walked to Alan's door and put her ear to it. But she couldn't hear any heavy breathing. She didn't know if that was because Susan (or Katherine) wasn't there, or if there was an eavesdropper who just hadn't gotten really aroused yet. So she said, "I'm going to open the door and come back in." She waited a few moments, then opened the door a crack. She heard the sound of high heels scurrying across the carpeted hallway and caught a quick glimpse of Susan ducking into the bathroom right across the hall.

Fuck! Foiled again. Susan will be back before long, I'll bet. Looks like I do have to behave, somewhat.

Suzanne hurried back to Alan's bed, knowing that she could talk to him briefly before Susan returned to the door. "Sweetie, I'm afraid we have company. A certain big-titted mommy is listening in, that horny bit-, uh that horny big sneak. The fact is, I want to fuck you as bad as you want to fuck me, but we can't do it with her there."

Alan was devastated.

Suzanne was nearly as disappointed. She explained further, more quietly now, "I don't care much anymore if she finds out; it's something that she needs to know is going on so she can get used to it happening in her house. But I don't want our first fuck to be interrupted by some angry scene. I just about stole your dick straight from her mouth a few minutes ago, so she'd be particularly pissy about that, not to mention this meeting with the psychologist that's coming up. The thing is, I want our first time to be perfect. That means that you and I are going to go to a private place and do it right, where we can scream to our hearts' content. So no more mention of any of this tonight, okay? She'll be back soon, if she isn't trying to overhear our quiet whispering already."

"Okay," he answered, only halfheartedly trying to keep his voice down. He thought to himself, I'm too fucking understanding sometimes. I should just say, "No, it's not okay," and fuck her like a raging beast. I'm just too agreeable and polite. If I've really got a harem, I need to take charge, and even take charge of Aunt Suzy. I love her, but both she and I would love it even more if I were more assertive. She just said so herself.

Man, what a shame... Wouldn't it be great if we fucked like rabbits with Mom pounding on the door, trying in vain to get us to stop? Dang, that would be seriously hot! But I just can't stand to see Mom get that upset, though.

— — —

Meanwhile, Susan hustled to her bedroom with Brenda's gift in hand. It was a long box, thoroughly covered in wrapping paper.

As soon as she sat on her bed, she ripped the paper off and opened it up. To her great surprise, it was a flesh-colored vibrator. There was a hand-written note included.

Susan picked it up and read it:

Dear Susan,

I hope you're opening this in private when I'm not around, or we'll both probably die of embarrassment. I'm so grateful for all you've done for me. I can tell you were a bit reluctant about me being suddenly thrust into your life lately, but already I feel like we've bonded and become true friends. I hope you feel the same.

I wanted to get you something special to show how much your help has changed my life in wonderful ways. I consulted with Suzanne and told her money was no object. I was thinking something big and expensive, but she told me this is what you'd want most: a vibrator replica of Alan's cock! I won't say how it was done, but thanks to Suzanne's help, I was able to have this made to his EXACT shape and size! It even has his veins in the right places, as I'm sure your tongue will appreciate. Check out the controls at the bottom. There are all sorts of options. It's very high-tech.

I know it's your great desire to be his favorite personal cocksucker. With this, you can practice your technique to perfection much better than on those bananas and cucumbers you've been using. Enjoy!

Sincerely, Brenda

Susan held the vibrator up in front of her face, staring at it with wide-eyed wonder. She'd been wanting a dildo or vibrator for a few weeks now, but she'd been too embarrassed to buy one on her own. So, already, the gift was highly appreciated. But she was over the moon with joy when she read that it was an anatomically-correct model of Alan's penis.

Oh my goodness! What a WONDERFUL gift! I can't think of anything I'd want more. Other than the real thing, of course, but that's not always available.

She held it in her hand, marveling at how every vein and bump matched her sensory memory. Then she took a tentative lick. Of course the vibrator was made of some slightly flexible rubbery substance that didn't taste like skin, but she was so horny from everything else that happened that she could let that slide.

Wasting no time, she engulfed the bulbous knob in her mouth. MMMM! Just like the real thing! Oh my gosh! I'm going to have SO MUCH FUN with this! And it'll help me become a better personal cocksucker, just as she said. I'll be able to increase my stamina and work on my tricky moves, and so much more. This could even help me with learning how to deep throat. Best. Gift. EVER!

She leaned back onto a pillow, closed her eyes, and drifted off into fantasy land. She kept one hand thrusting the vibrator in and out of her mouth while her other hand rubbed her clit.

Chapter 612 First Anal Sex With Suzanne !!

Back in Alan's room, Suzanne thought about the situation. Okay, so we can't fuck. However, what if he fucks me up the ass? If I can get him into it, that'll be another thing to give me an edge over everyone else, because of my superior experience and natural skill. I can out-fuck anyone, in any position. And with Susan listening, it'll help drive her further down the slippery slope and start her thinking about the possibilities of anal delights. I like it!

As she renewed the conversation, there was a twinkle in her eye. "Listen, Sweetie, we can still respect your mother's boundaries AND fuck. We can just use my other hole."

Alan looked at her dumbly. "A blowjob? An aggressive mouth fuck?"

"No, silly. Not that hole. Has anyone taught you about anal sex yet?"

He grimaced. "Anal sex? No, that's one thing I don't want to learn. That's so gross and soooo gay. It's just for gay guys."

Suzanne gave him a withering look. "No it's not. Straight couples do it all the time. Hell, even my husband fucked me in the ass on occasion, back when we were actually in love and had sex from time to time. Just think of it as another sexy hole for your cock to go into. It's just like a pussy, but even better in a way because it's tighter."

He still frowned dubiously. "I don't know. It's too weird. The idea grosses me out."

She sighed. "Alan, I'm disappointed in you. I expect you to be more open about people with other sexual orientations. Okay, look. It's one thing to not want to BE fucked in the ass yourself. That's okay. I wouldn't ask you or want you to do that. But fucking a woman in the ass is totally different. A WOMAN, remember. Not to mention, you've had your finger up women's asses often enough lately to know how it can excite us. And we've even fingered your ass some too."

"Yeah, but that's different," he mumbled petulantly.

She planted her hands on her hips and challenged him, "How? Just close your eyes and imagine you're fucking my cunt, doggy style. The holes are practically right next to each other anyway. It's almost the same. And it feels great! Both for me and for you. Not all women like it, but I do."

He still complained, "Why can't I just fuck your pussy then? That would feel even better. I think about fucking you all the time."

Suzanne leaned into his ear and whispered, "Let's not talk about that. Remember? Your mother was frightened off temporarily, but she's probably back with her ear to your door by now."

Then she said, much louder, assuming Susan could hear, "You're such a kidder. Of course we can't do that. You'll just have to content yourself with fucking my ass. Besides, I want to be your first assfuck."

Her voice dropped again. "Angel was your first fuck and first kiss, Akami was your first titfuck, and Glory was your first carpet munching." Speaking in a loud voice again, she continued, "I want to be your first something, so can't it be this? Please?"

In fact, she'd been the one to give him his first blowjob, but she hoped he didn't recall that at the moment.

When he didn't reply right away, she added, "You may find you like it even more than fucking a pussy. Some guys do."

He griped, "Yeah, those are fuckin' gay guys." He truly had a strong aversion to the idea of anal sex.

"Alan! Stop being so homophobic. Normally you're so mature for your age, but your attitude here really pisses me off. Haven't you noticed I'm a woman, and I'm asking you to fuck me up the ass? Should I go ask one of your friends, like Sean, if you're not willing? I'm sure he'd be more than happy to help me out."

He knew that was an empty threat, but it still drove his competitive instinct. It made him remember how lucky he was to be in the same room as a naked, horny bombshell like Suzanne. Dang! What am I thinking? This is Aunt Suzy we're talking about here. She's the embodiment of pure sex. If she thinks it's great, it must be. Hell, any of my friends would give their right testicle to be in my place, and yet I'm telling her "thanks, but no thanks?" I must be out of my mind. Besides, I've read plenty of erotic stories which have anal sex between a man and a woman in them, and I got off on that. It doesn't have to be a gay thing, right, if it's with a woman?

Suzanne got on all fours on his bed, thrusting her ass up high to tempt him. She wiggled it seductively while saying, "Come and get it."

Alan loved the sight. But he was more interested in her drooling, gaping pussy than what seemed to be the impossibly small, puckered hole just above it.

However, he said, "Okay, okay, I'll give it a try. But seriously... Sean? Yeah, right. Talk about an empty threat. And I'm sorry about the comments, but remember I'm still a teen. A couple of years ago I said 'that's so gay' or 'that's so lame' about every third sentence. I may be being treated like an adult at home, but my voice still cracks sometimes. This is all strange and new for me, you know?"

"Your voice hasn't cracked in weeks, Sweetie. All this sexual activity seems to have worked on your hormones, turning you more into a real, adult man every day. Your voice is actually noticeably deeper than it was last month, and I'm not just saying that. You're a real man now, and real men like you aren't afraid of anal sex with willing, sexy women." By cleverly implying that he wasn't really a man unless he did this, she knew she'd get him - she'd found the technique succeeded with almost all males.

He paused and thought some more. "Okay, I'll try it out... But if I don't like it, then that's it, okay?"

"Sure," she said, wagging her ass seductively in his direction. "But I guarantee you'll like it."

He was still reluctant, so he delayed by toying with her lovely body. He especially enjoyed fondling her ass and running his fingers through the wetness of her inner thighs.

Eventually, a frustrating thought occurred to her: Lube! We need lube! Shoot. I have some K-Y Jelly in my drawer in the underwear cabinet, but that's all the way downstairs.

Suzanne explained the lube problem to Alan. He suggested Vaseline, since he had some of that in his room, but she told him that wasn't appropriate for anal sex. She reluctantly concluded, "I guess I have no choice but to sneak downstairs in my birthday suit. I'll only be gone a minute. Don't give up on me and sneak off with your cocksucky mommy while I'm gone, okay?"

He chuckled. "Don't worry."

When Suzanne opened the door, she was pleased to not find Susan listening. But, knowing Susan's great cock lust, she didn't want to waste any time. She jogged downstairs to the underwear cabinet and back, holding her big boobs all the way so they wouldn't bounce around too much, since Alan wasn't there to appreciate the sight.

Once safely back in his room, she continued right where they'd left off, presenting the tube of K-Y Jelly that she'd retrieved.

Alan said, "Oh! Mom gave me a tube of that; it's around here somewhere. Isn't that stuff like Vaseline?"

She wanted to dispel that notion firmly. "NO! This is water-soluble. It's a lot easier to clean up than Vaseline, and much safer for delicate tissues like the rectum. It's much better for anal sex, believe me!"

Feeling a little embarrassed, he apologized. "I'm sorry. I guess I had you run downstairs for nothing. I think that tube's around here somewhere." He started to glance around the room.

She said "Find it later, for next time." She applied copious amounts of K-Y Jelly to his stiff dick and put more inside her hole, then got back on all fours on his bed, positioning herself to receive him.

He knelt behind her and drew his erection in between her legs.

He still felt very uneasy about the prospect of actually engaging in anal sex, so he was looking for some way out. He joked, "These two holes look so similar. I can't tell which is which. Maybe I'll just stick this thing here in this hole." He began to gently poke his erection around the entrance to her pussy.

"Don't you dare!" Suzanne cried out in alarm, pulling her hips away from him. She desperately wanted to thrust her hips in the opposite direction and impale herself on his shaft, but she couldn't forget the ever-present danger of Susan listening in on the other side of the door. Having Susan hear them fuck, and then break in, could ruin months of planning. "Come on! Don't betray my trust or I'm gonna tell on you," she teased him back. "I'm gonna say that you've been a very, very bad boy. A good fucker, but a bad boy."

Dutifully chastened, he positioned his boner at her other hole. "Okay, here goes..."

He tried to slowly put the head in, but it just wouldn't fit. He was honestly afraid of hurting her. "It's not working," he finally said.

"Just be more forceful," she told him confidently. "Stick the head in with all your might and don't worry about how I feel. Just do it!"

So he did. It took what felt like an incredibly long time to him, yet slowly but surely he managed to slide it in. It felt like his cock was being squeezed in a vise, and he wasn't sure what to think about it.

But really it was only the bulbous head of his cock that went in. That had been a big ordeal, and he didn't see the point of continuing, since he was still repulsed by the idea of anal sex. He was afraid that he'd hurt her if he went any further, because the resistance was so great. He sighed. "Sorry. That's all I can do. That hole is just too small."

Suzanne's breathing was labored as she panted for air. "Let me be the judge of that. I've never had any cocks in me back there larger than your long fat one, but I've had dildos go in there bigger than you. Just take your time and don't rush..."

He did some logical deduction. She's said she's had anal sex with her husband, but never had a dick in her ass larger than mine. So my dick must be bigger than Eric's. Heh! That's pretty cool. (Actually, she was exaggerating a bit to encourage him. His was by far the fattest that she'd ever attempted.)

He returned his attention back to the task at hand. "But I just can't do it anymore. I don't want to hurt you."

She thought to herself, That's just like Sweetie. He's too gentle sometimes. He needs to put aside his "Mr. Nice Guy" personality when he's in the bedroom. "Okay, fine. Let me take over. Lie on your back." She rolled on top of him as she talked. "You spread my ass cheeks apart and I'll guide you in."

He did as he was told and let her take control.

As she wriggled her hips while lying on top of him, she used her sphincter muscles to draw his erection in ever so slowly, relaxing and clenching.

It was still a long and difficult struggle. The entire thing seemed unnatural to him. He complained, "Why are we doing this? I don't want to even think about what else you do with that hole."

"Hey, you've been putting your finger in it enough lately. In fact, your index finger has had an up-close tour of all the best female assholes in town. Like this is soooo different. Just be patient. I know it's difficult, but it's worth it, trust me. You're getting there... slowly but surely."

bender

His cockhead was well inside her ass now, then several more inches slid in until his hard-on thickened slightly towards the base. He grunted loudly and repeatedly as he pushed in deeper.

She grabbed her butt cheeks and spread them even wider. She urged him on in her scratchy voice, "Come on! We're almost there! Sweetie, keep it coming!"

He was finally starting to feel good as his thick pole went in all the way. He yelled as he bottomed out, "UUUUGGGHRAAARGH!"

He couldn't believe how tightly the walls of her interior flesh gripped him, nor how strange it felt to be so deep into this private, forbidden hole. The heat he felt envelop his engorged cock was hotter than

any hand, mouth, or pussy he'd yet known, and the squeeze around the base of his erection was so tight that he could still barely comprehend how such a big object could worm its way into such a tiny hole.

Suzanne let out a big sigh and shiver of satisfaction. She hadn't realized how nervous and tense she'd been, and that had been part of the problem. She'd been so looking forward to fucking Alan that it was almost physically painful to still be denied.

Everything that had happened at the poker party had only further whetted her lust. But now it was all okay. She thought, Yeeeeesssssss! Sweetie is IN ME! True, it's not quite as good as real fucking, but it's close! God DAMN! This is the start of such a beautiful future! I'm so happy that I'm gonna cry, but I don't care! And with all our grunting and moaning, Susan must be listening at the door for sure. But I don't care about that either! All that matters is that I'm getting FUCKED!

She cried out, "Uuuuhhh, Sweetie, don't stop! Don't STOP! Now, we come to the good part. Start THRUSTING!"

When Suzanne relaxed, it suddenly became easier for Alan to move his cock. He started to slide his erection in and out of her clenching anus. His groin slowly and repeatedly pushed up against her ass as he continued to thrust in and pull back.

As he began to set a steady pace, he too relaxed, and then everything became easier for both of them. It was such a dramatic difference that it practically seemed like a miracle. His excitement continued to rise as well, thanks to what he was feeling, not to mention the show Suzanne was putting on. Man! This is weird. I'm in Aunt Suzy's ass! Ass fucking! Actually, it's not so weird after all. It's like regular fucking, but a hell of a lot tighter! What's the problem? Dang, this feels GOOD! She's so right again. Why do I ever doubt her?

"Oh yeah, baby!" Suzanne cried as she shuddered under his slow, powerful thrusts. "Move it just like that, Sweetie, just like that!" She started to pant and her reddish brown curls flew about in time to the rocking of her head. Parts of her ivory neck, chest, and breasts grew flush.

"I can't believe I'm doing this after we could barely get it in!" he exclaimed. What he meant was he didn't understand how movement was even possible after it had been such a long battle just to get his dick in her ass in the first place.

His pleasurable feelings were already intense, but then she started to rock back and forth while clenching her own PC muscle, seemingly squeezing his erection tighter and driving him to further ecstasy.

He thought, Fuuuuck! We're really going at it now! Just look at the way her ass is wiggling back and forth, churning all around. Hell, I could cum just from looking at that, but it feels a million times better than it looks! And the fact that I'm FULLY IMPALED in my Auntie! Jeeeesus!

Suzanne was so turned on by the sensations he was giving her, not to mention the realization that Alan was finally fucking her, at least in some way, that her unfilled pussy throbbed and gushed as if it were the hole being pummeled. Her clit practically hummed with excitement.

She still couldn't get over the fact that he had started fucking her. Sweetie is finally doing it! This is a real fuck! In the ass, yes, but now I know how good he can truly be! It's everything I dreamed he could be for me. It's so much more than just being dicked in the ass by a big cock. We're joined! We're merging! We're going to be together forever now, united in body and soul! Take me to the stars, lover!

Her whole body trembled with an all-encompassing orgasm that surprised her with both its intensity and its unexpected arrival. She yelled, "Ahhh, we're doing it! We're finally... YES! Hit me with it, harder, deeper!"

He had just started panting, due to Suzanne's rhythmic squeezings on his stiffness, and increasing the tempo of his upward thrusts, when he finally realized the significance of Suzanne's nipples darkening with blood and heat. Oh yeah! I know what to do with those!

He reached forward, and then twisted and pulled.

"EEEEEEE!" Her pale face turned red as she screamed. She involuntarily squeezed his erection painfully tight. Red splotches danced briefly over her chest and breasts as she jerked and fell forward.

She was so exhausted that it seemed as if she had melted into the bed. His dick popped out when her anus finally unclenched.

Suzanne pressed against his chest, panting into his ear, twitching and moaning. She opened her eyes. "Uhhh, unhh, uhh, Sweetie, you - uhh - don't know what - unhh - you do to me."

Trying to control his breathing, as well as his surging lust, he murmured, "Does assfucking always do that?"

"Not - aah - before. Maybe it's - aah - you. Let's - unnh - find out when I - unnh - can breathe again."

"How about I hold you a bit?"

"Wonder - ah - ful!"

He stroked her back, rubbing her butt cheeks as her breathing gradually slowed.

Her mind raced. Where did that come from? Anal has always taken longer before! And I almost passed out! Was it me or him? Nah, he'd only just started, so it must have been me. What got into me? Besides him, I mean, hee-hee! I was so horny, and so disappointed when I caught Susan listening. The poker party was soooo much fun, and... Brenda? Hmmm. I wanted her too and... Yes, that's at least part of it - what he did to Brenda. The others were jealous, but not Sweetie and I, and, and...

He asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

"Getting better."

"It didn't hurt?"

"Oh, Sweetie, you can't hurt me, you couldn't hurt me. I loved it! I want to do it again!"

He saw tears running down her cheeks, so he gently wiped them away. "Aunt Suzy! Were you... crying?"

She was embarrassed to admit that she'd been crying tears of joy. So she sheepishly explained, "Sometimes anal sex can be so intense that the tears just come out. But don't worry, it's a good thing."

"Are you sure? I can't stand to see you sad."

She nodded. She loved how caring he was; it almost made her want to start crying again.

"What happened? I had only just started."

"Sweetie, I don't know for sure. Suddenly everything just rushed into me - that we were finally fucking - something I had wanted for so long... I just had to take a break. I'll be okay in a minute. Did you know, I'd fantasized about you for years?"

"About me? YOU?! Years? No way! You're, like, Jessica Rabbit perfection! Look at you! Look at this nude body!" He cupped one of her big melons, then traced his finger down to her clit. "That would be like, I dunno, some world-famous supermodel fantasizing about her paper boy." He squeezed her clit and fingered the outside of her wet pussy lips a bit since his hand was there.

Suzanne grinned at him; she loved his genuine modesty. "It started out as an idle fantasy... You were such a gallant boy, and my marriage, well, let's not go there. I often dreamed about the man you might become, and watched over the years as you slowly became that man. And then you started competing in tennis and getting in shape, and all of a sudden you weren't a boy anymore. That's when my fantasies about you stopped being idle ones. Maybe eighteen months ago when you started filling out, I started masturbating thinking about you. And then this happened."

He was floored. "Wow, you? Masturbating about me? If you only knew how many times I masturbated about you! And how many more times I wanted to and didn't 'cos I thought you were family."

She smile at that. "Thank goodness for your medical diagnosis and treatment, or we'd still have to use our own hands to cum. You became possible, and I saw a chance to make my dreams real." Her scratchy voice became husky as she visibly started to fight back the urge to tear up again.

His hug tightened as he whispered, "It's okay. It's okay. I'm touched."

She shook a bit, lifted her head, and pulled up to look down into his eyes. "But you're not a fantasy anymore; you're a real person. You're a man now and somehow, somehow, you have more love in you than I EVER dreamt of. And it's not just that! So much about you is something like magic. Just touching you, and being touched by you, makes me tingle. And it's not only me, because I've seen you have that effect on everyone! Brenda, that seven-zeros wet dream" - "Seven zeros" means a divorce settlement of more than ten million dollars - "lost it just from being in the same room with you!"

He had some trouble shifting gears. "I'm still trying to get over the fact that you masturbated about me."

She laughed. "So many times! If you only knew what a horny nympho I am. I masturbate about LOTS of people, even your mother!"

"Huh? Well, that's one thing we have in common," he joked.

She laughed.

The mention of Susan got them both to wondering whether she was still listening. They'd been so loud that it would have been very surprising if she were not. In fact, they were surprised that she hadn't knocked on the door already, or barged in, just to see exactly what was going on.

He asked, "So you really masturbate while thinking about women, huh?"

"Sure. But only the hot ones! Both you and your mom are hot, and I'm unabashedly bisexual. But you already knew that."

"Her, yes. Hell, I imagine the house flies and garden squirrels masturbate about her when they get a good look. But me? I still can't believe it. I'm just so ordinary."

"Sweetie, you can trust me on this, and it isn't just me. You're something special. Brenda has the hots for you like I couldn't believe! Isn't that proof? You've got it, and I'm horny! So it's about damn time you give me what I really need!"

She said in a much louder voice, "WANNA FUCK?" She hoped and assumed that Susan could hear that through the door.

He got the message, and spoke extra loudly too. "Hell, yes! Let's fuck! I'm gonna fuck you some more, Aunt Suzy!"

"Hallelujah! I want you to stick your big cock in me again!"

They both snickered quietly at their effort to yank Susan's chain. Again they were surprised that she didn't immediately start pounding on the door.

Then Suzanne asked him in a rather quiet voice, "Are you sold on anal sex yet? Do you think it's worth the effort?"

He thought about that seriously. "At first, I wasn't. It's so damn hard just getting in there! So friggin' TIGHT! Is just your ass like that?"

"No. There might be some loose asses out there, but there are also some that are even tighter. Since you've got a growing stable of women to please, here's some advice: assume every ass will be a tight fit. That's especially true given how extra thick your Johnson is."

"Dang!" He shook his head in disbelief, thinking about tighter asses. "But that's not how it is in porn stories. In most of them they just ram it in the ass, just like it's a pussy."

Suzanne shook her head in disagreement. "Then you're reading the wrong stories. Forget what you've read in porn stories; anal sex is serious business. That also means that when it's done RIGHT it can be a more intimate and powerful experience, because it requires cooperation in order to do it right. That's because the very tightness which makes entry difficult can also make the friction of fucking extra pleasurable for both the man AND the woman! But if you just try to 'ram it in,' that can really injure the woman, tearing her back there and maybe having her need to go to the emergency room. That's a seriously unsexy outcome. So there has to be trust between sex partners if you're going to do it right, or at all."

"Whoa! Now I'm getting all scared again."

Suzanne rolled her eyes. She sat up on her knees on the bed and said, "Before we go any further, I think you need to know a bit more about assfucking. Pay attention, because, like I said, this is serious business. I'm ready now, but when it comes to anal sex, never, ever assume that a woman is really ready for it just because you are. Not even for a second round like this. Always be slow about putting it in. You've got an extra big knob on your extra long, thick cock, so be extra careful and gentle, but firm, about getting it in. And make certain about the lube first. ALWAYS use some kind of lube, because unlike pussies, assholes can't self-lubricate. Then, once you have the head in, pause and let the woman get used to your size. You are NOT small!"

He paid close attention. It was all news to him, since he'd always skipped the anal sex scenes when reading erotic stories on the Internet. Only now was he starting to realize how good it might be, if done right.

However, he was also feeling downright disappointed that his mother hadn't tried to interrupt them. He wanted to get her involved somehow. An idea came to him, which he quickly whispered to Suzanne. Then he got up and quietly snuck over to the door.

He said, "Speaking of lube, let me go get some from the bathroom." At the same time he said that, he jerked open his bedroom door, but only partially.

Chapter 613 Classic Ass Fucking.!!

Susan indeed had been listening, and masturbating, at the door. She had been thoroughly enjoying Brenda's vibrator gift, including learning the different settings. But the sexual sounds coming from Alan's room had caused her to put it down and go investigate.

She was so taken by surprise when Alan suddenly opened it that she very nearly fell into the room, since she was leaning on the door with her ear pressed up against the wood.

But Suzanne, playing her part, quickly said to him, "Forget about it. We've got the K-Y Jelly here already, remember?"

"Oh yeah." He mostly closed the door, without ever having looked into the hallway. But he was careful to leave it open more than a few inches, giving his mother an ample opportunity to peek in.

Susan practically had a heart attack over her close call. Oh my! Sweet Jesus and dear Mother Mary! I can't believe how lucky I am that Tiger didn't spot me! The Lord must be watching over me! She clutched at her chest, panting hard. She didn't dare move from her spot, even though she was now in danger of being seen, for fear that any sudden movement would draw his attention to her.

To her tremendous relief, he walked back to Suzanne and then settled himself on top of her voluptuous body.

Once Suzanne snuggled up against him, she quietly whispered, "Was she there?"

"Yep!" he whispered back while running a hand through her curly hair. "I heard her gasp in surprise. I didn't hear her scurry away because I'd surprised her so completely. I'm sure she's still there. I left the door partially open so she could have a nice view of all the naughty stuff we're about to do."

Suzanne smirked with glee. It took all her willpower not to sneak a peek at the door. She quietly hissed, "That's so devilish of you! I love it!"

She continued in her regular voice, "Let's continue your anal sex lessons. One thing I need to point out sooner than later is that not only do you have to be careful in putting it in, but you have to be careful after it's come out."

She pointed at his dick resting on his thigh. "Look at that big ol' pussy pleaser. It might look the same as always, but it's just come out of my ass. You might not see any, but there's bound to be at least trace amounts of fecal matter on it."

He grimaced in disgust. "Eww! Yuck!"

"Yuck is right. You need to get in the habit of cleaning it in times like this, if you want your lovely ladies to continue having fun with it. Luckily, these antibacterial wipes that you have in the drawer here are just what we need." She reached over to his bedstand, opened the drawer, and pulled out some wipes from a dispenser.

He watched in confusion. Even as she started cleaning his semi-flaccid dick with the wipes, he pointed out, "I didn't put those there."

She winked. "Don't worry. Your Aunt Suzy is always thinking ahead. Now, let me get back to explaining about how to introduce your hypothetical woman to anal sex."

They were both speaking loudly and clearly, to make sure that Susan heard every word. "Hypothetical? Why not use Mom's name?"

"Good idea!" Suzanne thought that was such a fantastic idea that she was a bit miffed she hadn't thought of it first. Finished with cleaning his dick, she tossed the antibacterial wipes in a wastebasket and then rewarded him with a long, slow French kiss.

Then she resumed, speaking just as loudly and clearly as Alan. "Okay, so there you are, about to fuck your mother."

"Wait. Paint the scene. What's she wearing? How is she positioned?"

"Well, she's naked, of course. Completely, utterly, bare-assed naked! Which of course symbolizes her total subservience to you. She's your naked, big-titted, fuck-doll mommy!"

Susan had been holding her breath with her eyes closed, half-expecting to be found out at any moment. But upon hearing that, she peeked through the partially open door. She was able to look into Alan's room, but the door wasn't open enough for her to see his bed. That frustrated her to no end, but she was too afraid of getting caught to open the door further.

Instead, she focused on his words. I am naked! I'm completely, utterly naked right now! Oh, Son! I AM your "naked, big-titted, fuck-doll mommy!" This is so scary, but SO HOT!

Suzanne added, "Except for her glasses and high heels, of course. You want her to wear those. Right?"

Alan replied, "Sure. As long as her spiky heels don't poke me."

Suzanne winked. "She's a good mommy slut, so of course she wears heels for you."

Listening carefully, Susan thought, I do! I do! She was quite delighted to realize that she was wearing high heels at that very moment. She rocked back and forth in them a little bit to savor that fact. Tiger, I'd do anything for you. I love the way that heels firm up my legs and my butt. They make me feel special and extra sexy. Then you look at me and- She had to stop her train of thought because Suzanne resumed talking.

Suzanne said, "As for positioning, she's lying face down on her bed. It's only fitting that you fuck her in her own bed whenever you feel like it, don't you think? She's not safe from your cock there; she's not safe from it anywhere. Anyway, there she is with her hands bound behind her back, with you lying on top of her-

Alan cut in. "Wait. Why are her hands bound? And how are they bound?"

Susan held her breath and opened the door a little bit more. She was dying to hear the answers.

Suzanne explained, "They're bound because she's your sexy mommy slut! It's symbolic. It shows how you own and control her. Sure, sometimes you keep her in handcuffs or ropes, but not this time, because she keeps her wrists crossed behind her back on her own. Like a good, obedient butt slut!"

Susan gasped so loudly in response that both Suzanne and Alan couldn't help but hear it. They each snickered quietly at how loud and obvious the gasp was.

Alan started to look back towards the door, then remembered and stopped himself. However, he'd had enough of a glance to see that the door was open wider than he'd left it and there was now a figure standing in the frame. He was tempted to cackle with glee, because he had no doubt who that was.

Alan gleefully whispered to Suzanne, "You're so evil!"

She whispered back just as gleefully, "No, you're the evil one. This was your idea, remember?" She gazed at his crotch and was pleasantly surprised to see that his dick was fully erect again. "Looks like someone down there likes it."

She began slowly jacking him off as she went on in her normal, scratchy voice, "So there you are, with your bulbous cock knob already just inside your mother's tight ass. Once she says she's ready, then you slowly ease the rest of your girth in gently but manfully. Slowly, slowly! Pause whenever you think it's uncomfortable for her or she tells you to stop. DO NOT RUSH!"

Susan clutched at her ass cheeks, trying to imagine what the thick anal invasion Suzanne was describing would actually feel like. It was so exciting that she was having a hard time breathing. As if that wasn't enough, thanks to her perceived danger, her heart was beating almost dangerously fast.

Suzanne continued, "Play with her during those pauses. Do whatever relaxes or turns her on, whether it is a back, neck or ass-cheek rub, leaning over her and rubbing her ear with your cheek, or GENTLY massaging her pussy and clit. Whatever she likes is good. You want her to relax, so her ass can keep taking more and more of your big cock, until you get it all the way in her. Make sure she takes your cock as deeply as she can, so she can get used to the feeling of fullness, before you even start thinking about pumping her ass."

Susan still didn't have the door open wide enough to see Alan and Suzanne on the bed. But upon hearing the tell-tale sounds of a hand sliding up and down his erection, she opened it much wider to find out for sure what was going on.

She gasped again. Oh my God! Dear Lord, please! Have mercy! Suzanne is such a lucky lady! Just look at her sitting on my son's bed, happy as you please, stroking his huge tree-trunk of a cock! Mmmm! It looks extra thick and yummy. Oh, what I wouldn't give to be in her place right now!

She was so excited by the sight, not to mention Suzanne's words, that she was momentarily heedless of the danger of being seen. In fact, she opened the door even wider. At the same time, she repeatedly clenched her ass cheeks, since her thoughts were consumed by what Suzanne was talking about.

Alan asked Suzanne, "Can I play with her big tits?"

Suzanne chuckled, especially because he started to play with her tits as he said that. "Well, of course! You practically have to, when you have a stacked mommy like her. Maybe reposition her so you can do more than fondle some side boob. But remember your goal is to relax her, not excite her. And you can't say enough that you love her and she's doing good. Tell her how sexy she looks. Hell, point out just how hot it looks to see your cock fucking deep into her ass. Praise is never wrong."

Knowing Susan was hearing every word, he said, "That's easy, telling her I love her. I'd do that anyway, because I really do love her so very much. And sexy? Hell, she's just as sexy as you are, which is as sexy as can be."

Suzanne stuck her tongue out and quietly chided him, "Suck up!" But she loved it. She was rubbing her fingers against his sweet spot, but it occurred to her that Susan probably didn't know that. (Suzanne had her back to the door, so she didn't even have Alan's vague sense of how wide open it was.) She said, "By the way, Sweetie, I just love talking to you while jacking you off. Too bad Susan isn't here right now so she could see the way my tiny white hand slides up and down your big tanned cock. I think it might take two hands just to take care of this baby."

She brought a second hand down and used it to fondle his balls. "Why, yes, yes it does. These balls need a lot of tender loving care too. I wonder what would happen if Susan's two hands joined mine. Can you just imagine four hands on one cock?"

At the door, Susan held her breath again with shock. Oh my God! I CAN! Dear Lord, have mercy! Just look at her, jacking him off with BOTH HANDS! So hot! So hot! But Suzanne, don't stop there! A powerful cock like that needs to be sucked!

Her desire to help with the sucking and stroking was so great that she actually took a step into the room. But then, with a frightened start, she remembered her circumstances. She stepped back and closed the door just enough so she could peek through the opening and still see Suzanne's handjob. She knew it wouldn't have been the end of the world if she were caught, but she also figured that if she was discovered she'd never get to learn the amazing and highly arousing secrets of anal sex that Suzanne was revealing to Alan.

She was salivating and trembling with desire. The pain! The agony! My son's huge cock needs to be sucked so bad! And I would feel a little better if Suzanne started bobbing on him, but I feel like I'm gonna go mad unless I get to do it too, and right away! He's not the only one who needs it - I need to cram that thick motherfucker in my mouth! MMMM!

Suzanne loudly slid her fingers up and down Alan's cum-soaked pole. "Anyway, so there you are, slowly impaling your fat bone deeper and deeper in your helpless mommy's naughty ass! Once you've gone in as deep as is comfortable for her... Which varies a lot, by the way. I'm a big girl, but some small women love it all the way up and some tall ones can't stand more than four inches. I'm sure with Susan you'll be

able to completely spear her, bottoming out, fully possessing her ass with every inch of your throbbing thickness!"

Susan kept on clenching and unclenching her ass cheeks. It wasn't much, but it was the best she could do to simulate the feeling of being "speared" back there.

Suzanne went on, "Once you're in and you've found your depth, start slowly thrusting in and out. And I do mean slow. You can always pick up the pace, but asses are generally so tight and hot that it takes real willpower to slow down once you get a good rhythm going. It's not like you can just pull out for a few seconds."

"But that's what just happened with you," he pointed out. "I did pull out, just a few minutes ago."

"True, but that was a mistake. My bad. It'll be easier to get it back in now, especially with your cock so slippery and hot in my hands, but it still won't be a walk in the park." She looked down at her fingers sliding all over his boner and smiled widely.

"Shoot," he griped. "It sounds tough. And kinda dangerous."

"Don't worry, it'll get easier with practice. Lots and lots of practice!" She grinned impishly. "But all that advice is for the women who like anal sex, such as me. There are a lot of women who don't, and most are actually afraid of it because it hurts so much unless it's done right. Most women do like it in the ass when it's done right, at least as a change of pace. And then there's a small minority of women who absolutely love it. If a woman with a strong drive for anal sex finds the right guy to 'feed her need' for it, things can get pretty... intense... in both directions!"

He asked in disbelief, "Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious!" Suzanne replied loudly. "Depending on who you're with, and how you do things with them, this has the potential to become a deeply meaningful bond for the two of you to share! That's why I keep trying to impress upon you the need to go slow and do it RIGHT so that not only is this something that you'll want to do, but the woman will want it as well."

"Yes, I can see how that's important... in the end."

"'In the end.' Wise ass!"

"So, wait. On top of learning all this other anal stuff, my ass is supposed to be wise too?"

"Ha-ha. Keep joking like that and I just might stop jerking you off."

"I'll take my chances." He winked.

Suzanne rolled her eyes at him, but kept on stroking his boner like they both knew she would. "At any rate, starting out slower than absolutely necessary helps build that tension between desire and action. That leads to what I like to think of as a 'butt lust' feedback loop, where even as you fuck your cock into a woman's ass, that makes her want it even more. It's a little tricky to balance that hunger against frustration because, of course, every woman is different in this regard, but if you do it right, you'll have that woman coming back to you later, begging you for more of your cock up her ass. So when I say things can get... intense... I'm not fooling around here, Sweetie."

Alan listened carefully. He wanted to live up to the high sexual expectations she was putting on him. It was a bit like trying to follow a school lesson while riding a roller-coaster, because her handjob felt so fantastic.

Suzanne went on, "It so happens that I'm not one of those, since vaginal sex is what really rings my bell. But on the spectrum of women's fondness for anal sex, I'm a lot closer to those who love it than those who can take it or leave it."

He chuckled, but he was also puzzled. "Aunt Suzy, how is that really pleasurable for you? I mean, your hole is so small back there. It's got to hurt some. And I think I've read that women don't have very many pleasure receptors in there."

Suzanne let go of his boner and got on all fours in the middle of the bed. Then she thrust her ass nearly into his face so he could get a really good look at her anus. While moving, she was careful not to face the door, not even briefly, because she didn't want to scare Susan off.

Susan's heart was pounding like a hammer as she considered Suzanne's words about anal sex. That sounds scary! What if I'm one of those women who doesn't find it pleasurable? Or what if it doesn't fit?! Tiger's fat ten-incher is no ordinary cock, that's for sure! He could rip me in two, and not in a good way!

Alan stared in wonder at Suzanne's sphincter which was still widely stretched with an obvious hole. He realized that he'd be able to see deep inside if the lighting was right. He wasn't sure if he wanted to though. The whole concept of anal sex still bothered him, particularly when he thought about what else that hole was used for.

Suzanne rolled to her side so she could make eye contact with him. She left his erection alone for the moment, since she figured they'd be fucking again soon and it needed a rest first. "Women who have tried anal sex and don't like it tend to have fewer anal pleasure receptors, so they feel more pain. I have at least enough pleasure receptors so I feel a lot more pleasure. Sure, there's some pain there, but in my opinion it actually makes the whole thing better. A little bit of hurting can be good, like sexy spanking. But believe you me, I feel a TON of pleasure! It helps that I'm very highly sexed and love almost any sexual act. I haven't done this in a while, but just wait until I get back in the swing of things and milk your cock with my butt muscles! I'm a great milker. Not many women can milk with their ass; in fact it's a VERY rare talent."

He thought, Oh man! I can totally believe it. If it's something sexual, Aunt Suzy can do it and do it with the best. Dang! I'm so lucky to be here with her. Pinch me; I must be dreaming!

Suzanne was proud of her anal skills, even though she much preferred vaginal sex. She loved the idea of Alan further breaking Susan's sexual resistance by fucking her anally, since Susan still wouldn't let him fuck her vaginally, but it occurred to her that it would be preferable for that to happen later rather than sooner. That way, she could enjoy his anal attentions exclusively for a while, and also build up Susan's desire to greater heights, which in and of itself would help weaken her resistance.

Suzanne suddenly realized that if Susan started getting fucked in the ass on a regular basis, she might be content with just getting that and end up even more resistant to permitting vaginal sex in her house. Ideally, Suzanne wanted to get Susan all worked up about anal sex but not actually do it until after the vaginal-sex-in-the-house barrier had been broken, just to be sure. That would also make it easier for Alan to have vaginal sex with Susan, because if others were getting it she would want it too.

So Suzanne added, "Just remember to always be careful. As I said, you can really hurt a woman if you don't do it right. So don't try it just yet with a woman who hasn't done it before. You need more experience first. Furthermore, you don't know which women are or aren't into it. You're taking a risk of

having a really bad experience if you break an anal cherry, so you should probably just do it with me for now."

"What about with Mom?" he asked, making his prime interest plain, as well as being mindful that Susan was almost certainly hanging onto every word. With Suzanne's and Susan's bodies so similar in shape and design, he could easily imagine that fucking his mother up the ass would feel just as good. He was eager to try it out with his mother, if she would welcome it. Perhaps that would compensate for her avoiding regular intercourse, assuming she remained firm on that.

Once again, Susan could scarcely breathe, she was so anxious to hear the response. She had one hand on the door to make sure it didn't open any wider, and her other hand on her pussy, because the burning desire she was feeling there demanded attention. She also felt a strange ache deep in her ass, but didn't know what to do about that.

Suzanne had to think about what to say, knowing full well that Susan was listening attentively. "I'm reasonably sure she'll enjoy anal sex, judging from the way she likes it when you play with her ass when you 'get her attention', or stick your finger into her anus like you've been doing recently. That's a positive sign, but not a green light to go ahead with doing more. Anyway, she's going through a lot with this upcoming visit to a psychologist and everything, so you should keep it cool for the time being."

Suzanne continued, "Besides, it takes a lot of preparation and even training before a woman is ready to enjoy that kind of forbidden pleasure. It's not like you can just up and fuck her ass any ol' time you feel like it, even if she's mentally ready."

She felt that was pretty good advice, and almost entirely honest, although she'd exaggerated on how much preparation and training was needed. Although her own selfish desires had played into her advice, she figured that she would have counseled him to wait until after the psychologist visit in any case.

Susan was actually relieved to hear Suzanne say all that. Although this talk of anal sex made her nearly delirious with desire, it was also such a really scary concept for her that she welcomed time to adjust. Phew! Oh my! Tiger is going to fuck my ass! I can't believe it, but it's true; I just know it. But not today. Not today!

Suzanne added, "Let me work with her at the same time I work with you and see if we can make this happen sometime in the next few weeks. Don't you worry; your Aunt Suzy will handle it. Ditto with Angel."

"Dang. You're right," Alan said in response to Suzanne's suggestions.

Susan's heart leapt to her throat because of Suzanne's aside "Ditto with Angel." She thought, Dear Lord! It's bad enough that he's going to bugger Suzanne and me, but Angel too?! My sweet, pure, innocent Angel! That's just not right, that she'd get anally violated like that. But oh dear! What can I do?! Tiger's cock is simply unstoppable!

She clenched her fist with new resolve. The God I believe in is not a cruel or capricious god. Things happen for a reason. Tiger has a powerful sex drive that must be constantly satisfied by us all, as a team effort. That's a fact that's plain as day. This goes to show why I have to give of myself and my body to take his sperm in every hole. Yes, every single hole, even my ass, even my vagina! Maybe if I do that, I'll protect my darling Angel from being anally violated. Or, at least, I hope she won't be violated back there that much...

She bit her lip with worry, since she doubted it was possible to stop her son from having at least some anal sex with her daughter. But at the same time, her pussy throbbed with pleasure as she thought about all the endless hours of her son drilling her, and the countless orgasms she'd experience, as she made her "sacrifice" to "protect" her daughter.

Foiled in his thoughts about having anal sex with his mother sometime soon, his thoughts drifted towards Heather. For some reason, of all the sex partners he'd had, he found the idea of buttfucking Heather's tight, muscular, tanned ass the most tempting. It disturbed him to realize that he'd enjoy doing it even more with her if she didn't completely like it. Shit. I'm turning into an evil anal rapist or something. Why am I so aroused by the idea of putting Heather in her place by fucking her up the ass? I have to get these feelings under control and be nice. Nice Alan. Old Alan.

Suzanne looked at his face and noticed he was staring intently into space. She asked, "Penny for your thoughts?"

He replied, slightly abashed, "Oh, nothing."

She smirked. "Yeah, right. Since you're embarrassed about it, you must be thinking about someone else. Who is she this time?"

"Dang. There's no getting anything past you; it's like you can read my mind. If you must know, I was thinking about taking some of what I've learned from you today and using it on my other lovely ladies. Such as, uh, er... a couple of the cheerleaders I've been having sex with." He considered mentioning Heather by name, but he was too embarrassed to do so in that context.

Suzanne raised an eyebrow. "More unnamed hotties, eh?" She would have pried more to get their names, but she wanted to be careful since Susan was listening in. So she just said, "Look. I've already talked to you about the need to take precautions, such as using a condom. That goes double with anal sex. We're lucky that anal sex can feel so good for both partners, but it's probably more of an anatomical accident than anything. The ass is 'yucky', especially if one doesn't prepare, for instance by taking an enema or voiding one's bowels just beforehand. If you wear a condom, then all that potential yucky material comes off when the condom does. You should make sure you're always carrying condoms with you wherever you go, as well as a small tube of anal lube. Then you'll be ready for any spontaneous adventure that comes your way, including anal."

He asked, "Really?"

"Really."

"But what if someone sees that? I'm already hiding condoms in my wallet, so no problem there. But a tube of anal lube? What if that were to fall out of my pocket in a school hallway or something? I'd never live it down!"

She made a disappointed tsk-tsk noise. "Sweetie, Sweetie, Sweetie. Have you no imagination? You can disguise the tube or transfer it from one thing to something else. Make it look like a tube of Chapstick or something. Put it in your backpack. Don't worry about that part so much. The main thing is that you really take precautions. ESPECIALLY with anal sex! I know it's a pain, but the plus side is that if you do take care, you'll be able to ream the ass of any of your lovers at any time."

Susan's ears perked up on hearing that. Oh no! "Any of his lovers" includes ME! I'll never be safe again from his rampaging cock! I could go to sleep at night, thinking I'm safe in my own room, in my own bed, only to find my son balls-deep in my ass! All lubed up and pounding me steadily!

And why shouldn't he? He's the master of the house. He's the master of his mommy! MMMM! Uh! So hot! There's no escaping his incredible cock! Even the deepest depths of my ass are there just to serve him! UGH! So damn HOT!

She was so turned on that she couldn't hold back from fingering her pussy lips, nearly heedless of the danger of getting caught. And what about his other lovers?! They're all just as vulnerable and helpless! All of our asses, our pussies, our bodies - everything! We all belong to him! UH! To serve his cock, to keep it stiff and throbbing with pleasure! Oh, Dear Lord! Help me! So hot! So hot!

She was making a lot of noise, but Alan was lost in his own thoughts to such an extent that he didn't even notice.

Seeing him stare into space again, Suzanne asked, "What are you thinking about now?"

"It's just... so... daunting. Awe-inspiring, but kind of scary. I mean, am I really the kind of guy to just up and have anal sex like that? With my secret tube of anal lube? That seems weird, like I'm making some kind of strange commitment here."

Suzanne responded, "Sweetie, you need to be more aggressive. Earlier you were bitching, 'Why are you making me do this? This is so gay. Nah nah nah nah nah.' That's a big turn-off. Remember what I said: surrender fully to the moment. You know I loved it, but what did you think? Be honest. Is anal sex just okay for you?"

He immediately enthused, "Anal sex is awesome! I loved it too, but it just didn't last long enough!"

"And I bet it wasn't just the pleasure in your cock that you loved. You liked the dominance and control, too, didn't you? Using the power of your cock to turn me into a quivering mass of jelly?"

"Well, yeah," he admitted sheepishly.

"Don't 'Well, yeah,' me! You really liked that part, didn't you? And how I looked afterwards, with my cheeks flushed and tears of joy flowing down my face?"

He replied, "Not just that, but that it was you! God, I love you so much! Bringing you tears of joy practically makes me cry too!"

Susan was still listening carefully and peeking around the door when she felt she could. She was upset that Suzanne had stopped jacking Alan off ever since she'd repositioned herself to show off her ass. Suzanne, what are you thinking?! Just look at his big stick lying against his thigh, so thick and stiff and yummy. How can you resist all that spermy goodness? I know he needs his strategic breaks and all, but don't you think you've waited long enough already? Darn it, I wish I could just barge in and slide it right into my mouth! Then, with my lips creating a tight seal, I'd-

Again she had to stop, because the conversation restarted and she didn't want to miss a word.

Suzanne's heart pounded like a lovestruck teenager. But she was shy about declarations of love, particularly when Susan was listening, so she merely asked, "So, you liked the role reversal?"

"That too!" Alan wanted to make himself completely clear. "It's not just 'cos you're Aunt Suzy, all-around Supermom and Superwoman. That's kind of a nice bonus, but the main thing is that I'm fucking you, Aunt Suzy, the woman I love!"

Suzanne absolutely loved hearing that. But mindful of the eavesdropping Susan, she protested, "You mean one of the women you love." But despite her words, her subconscious got the message and her pussy began to pulse with a new intensity.

"Yeah, of course. But I love you so very, very, very much. I don't know how I could love you any more than I do. How can I get you to believe that?"

"Try this!" Shifting positions again, she wiggled her ass and lowered herself until she was again squatting on her hands and knees. "This is the classic assfucking position. Enough talking! Fuck my ass! Do me now! I want you in me! Ream me out!"

Alan was starting to get behind her when she said, "Quick! I need to lead by example. I've left some condoms in your top drawer too, right next to the wipes. Put one on. FAST!"

He did as directed. It didn't help his concentration that she had her ass raised high in the air, wiggling it impatiently. Oh Jesus! More anal sex with Aunt Suzy! Too cool! Dang! Just look at that ass!

He breathed a sigh of relief once the condom was on, but then she looked back at him and said, "And the lube! Cover everything with lots of lube. Hurry!"

"I am hurrying! Dammit, I'm hurrying!" Finally, all the preparations were done. He got behind her, with his knees up on the bed and his feet sticking out over the edge.

She urged him to stand on the bed instead, but he thought that was a bit too precarious.

They both shuffled into position. She left enough room between her head and the headboard so that she probably wouldn't bounce against it during his vigorous thrusting.

She dropped her face and shoulders to the bed while lifting her ass high in the air. "C'mon big boy, fuck your Aunt Suzy's ass!"

He glanced quickly at the door, but still didn't see any sign of the listener that they both assumed was there. (He would have seen her if he'd taken a longer look. He was deceived by the fact that the door had been opened wide when he'd glanced earlier, whereas now it was open just enough for someone to peek through.) He decided not to worry about her and just focus on fucking the ass raised before him. He rubbed his cockhead along Suzanne's oozing slit.

She joked, "Ooooh, yeah, a little more lube! But don't ever put it in there after it's dirty. Just remember, stick it in the **WRONG** hole this time!"

They both giggled, and then got down to business.

Alan proved himself a very good student of all her recent advice. He was much more determined and excited this time. He steadied himself with one hand on her ass, aimed his very erect cock, and pressed firmly until the head had passed her anal sphincter.

Susan could still see everything. Good LORD! Holy Mother of God, his cock, his great big cock, it just went into her ass! I'm seeing it with my own eyes, but I still don't believe it! She was stunned, but not so stunned that she couldn't keep masturbating.

He paused because he was getting a lot of resistance. He tried an improvisational relaxation technique: he tickled Suzanne as he said, "Tickle, tickle!"

"You BASTARD!" she yelled while trying to leap forward.

Alan leaned on her to follow, which accidentally caused her to move forward so much that her head did bang into the headboard. It wasn't a hard hit though. He straightened up and gently rubbed her head, kissing the parts of her head he could reach while impaled until he made her smile. Then he resumed his slow, methodical pushing.

She shook with laughter as she belatedly thought about his "tickle, tickle" trick. She looked back over her shoulder. "I'll get you for that! We'll just see who tickles who!"

Alan gave her a big grin. Feeling devilish, he said, "Let's see. I do believe that would be me, tickling you." He leaned over her and began tickling her underarms.

She shrieked, but in delight as well as dismay. "BASTARD!" She laughed hard. "Stop that right now or I'll sneak into your bed in the middle of the night and tickle you to death!"

"Sounds like fun, actually." He stopped tickling her though, then pulled them both back to a better fucking position.

She was all smiles. "Just keep on fucking my ass, you cheeky boy."

He thrust in a bit further. "I'm all the way in!"

"No you're not. I can take more, and I want more! Sweetie! Fuck me deeper!"

He thrust a few more times, going deeper with each stroke.

Susan clenched her ass cheeks repeatedly as she imagined that Alan was impaling her ass, and that it really hurt. Oh, Suzanne, hang in there! I'm praying for you. Dear Lord, please, don't let Tiger cause any permanent damage in there with that great big cock! Have mercy on Suzanne; she's a good woman!

In fact, Suzanne was feeling so much pleasure that whatever minor pain existed was inconsequential. "Oooh! That's good! Don't stop!" The redheaded bombshell put her head and shoulders down again, squeezing on Alan's out-strokes while relaxing and rotating her ass onto him corkscrew-like on the in-strokes. "Now, give it to me good!"

He picked up speed.

She lifted her head and shoulders, braced, began thrusting back, and again turned her head to look over her shoulder. She teased him, "How is it now, Sweetie? Still too gay for you?" She squeezed hard as she said that while rotating her ass continuously.

"Oh yeah! It's great!" shouted Alan, as he finally let go of the last of his qualms and immersed himself totally, in both the experience and her ass. "The things you're doing with your inner muscles! Wow!"

Sweat started to roll down his forehead as he grunted and repeatedly thrust his bone deep into her butt. He looked down to where they were joined and was amazed at how much it looked like he was fucking her other hole. From this perspective his eyes could barely tell the difference, though his dick felt like it was fucking the most muscular pussy on Earth.

Susan literally couldn't believe her own eyes as she peered around the edge of the door. The sight was both so disturbing and yet so arousing that she felt woozy and delirious. She even momentarily forgot to frig herself, instead just staring slack-jawed in amazement. Good God! Look at her hips gyrate! That has to feel soooooo good! I don't care if it's in the ass! If I could have Tiger's fat cock in me churning like that, I'd be in Heaven! Oh God! It might even... I dare say... maybe it would even be better than cocksucking!

He yelled, "This is so great! It's just like fucking a really tight cunt. Shit! This rocks! Why do I ever doubt your advice?"

"I often wonder that myself," she kidded back as she bucked happily beneath him. "Haven't I told you I'm your guardian angel?" A surge of arousal welled up within her, causing her to shout, "Fuck me good! Fill my ass! Fill my ass! Come on!"

Suddenly she remembered that Susan was almost certainly still at the door. She needed to be careful about what she said and how enthusiastic she was, because she wanted to get Susan excited about anal sex, but not so excited that she'd insist on doing it right away. She spoke more quietly, instead of shouting. "Like that, baby. My Sweetie. My baby. Mmmm. Good!"

"It's not hurting you too much?" he asked between labored breaths.

"Are you kidding me?! God no! I haven't felt this good, this filled, in a long time! My Sweetie is finally fucking me. I'm so happy I could cry. Fuck it! Fuck it! Keep on going! Fuck the EVER LOVING SHIT OUT OF ME!" Her resolve to be quiet and careful about what Susan heard hadn't lasted very long in the face of her euphoria and extreme arousal.

"Yee-haah!" Alan yelled. "I'm riding your ass! Your rocking ass. Just like a bucking bronco, except this is a fucking bronco! I'm totally FUCKING YOU! YES! I'M FUCKING AUNT SUZY AT LAST!"

Susan resumed masturbating. She was still stunned, but her pussy was so on fire that she had no choice. He's fucking Suzanne! He IS! In her ASS! Her tight ass, his huge cock! How it is possible?! Praise the Lord, it's a miracle!

They began to moan louder, which gradually turned into incoherent shouting. They had just too much joy to remain quiet. After a while, they got so carried away that they forgot all about noise control.

In Susan's great excitement, she'd accidentally bumped the door, causing it to swing wide open. But she didn't care much about that. She knew that Alan and Suzanne were so caught up in their fucking that they probably wouldn't notice anything. Even if they did look her way, she was so horny that her overriding need was to have a full view of what they were doing.

She'd been holding back from cumming for fear that when her orgasm hit, it would be so powerful that she'd scream in uncontrollable ecstasy. Even as occupied with each other as the other two were, there was no way for that to happen without her getting caught. Thus she continued to fight the urge to cum until eventually she was so hot and aroused that she practically burst spontaneously into flame.

It was all too much for her. She could feel her very sanity almost slipping away. She fell to her knees and redoubled her assault on her own privates.

SO HOT! TOO HOT! Look at my son! Look at him go! He's FUCKING Suzanne! Actual fucking! My God! That long fat cock pounding in and out of that tiny hole! That's gonna be ME! He's gonna do that to ME! And SOON! He may not be allowed to fuck my other hole, but good God Almighty he's gonna make up for it by fucking the shit out of me in THAT hole! Oh God! Burning up! Lord, I wanna scream so loud, but I can't! I can't! I need to cum, and I'm gonna cum any second now, but I still can't do that either! 'Cos then I'll scream my head off and then they'll hear me!

But how can I NOT cum? I'm so proud of him! He's taming Suzanne right before my eyes! Just like he'll tame me and turn me into his personal butt slut! Anal sex is so wrong, but so what? Tiger's gonna take my ass anyway, and I'll just have to learn to LOVE IT!bender

Susan had to stop playing with her clit because she was so close to a great climax that she knew she'd be unable to stop herself from screaming her head off once her orgasm started. But it didn't matter much, because she was flying so high just from watching, listening, and playing with her super-sensitive nipples.

Susan's attempts to stay quiet were only partially successful. While she did somehow manage to not cry out in orgasmic ecstasy, she was huffing and puffing loudly as she remained on her knees. But Suzanne and Alan were so preoccupied that it would have taken a herd of elephants charging into the room to get them to look up and around. Perhaps they would have paid more attention if they had been worried about being spied upon, but since they'd assumed that Susan was there, and wanted her to hear and learn from their actions, they automatically dismissed from consciousness any sounds she made.

Alan couldn't believe the strength of Suzanne's anal squeezings. He'd have been delirious anyway, just from the sensations of hot tightness and the delightful rotation of her ass, or even from the mere fact that he was finally fucking her at all, but those things together, coupled with the sudden muscular clenchings of her anus as he would rock back and partially pull out, finally overwhelmed him.

Suzanne sensed he was near release, so she encouraged him in brief gasps. "Fill it! Fill my ass! Uh! With your cum! Uh! Uh! Cum inside me! Fill me up!"

"I'm going to shoot! I'm going to cum in your ass!" he cried out. His hips rocked solidly against her ass cheeks as his dick drove deeply into her stretched hole, the same path that had taken him long minutes to penetrate the first time.

Their bodies slapped and slammed into each other so loudly that Alan briefly wondered whether his mother was hearing those sounds as well (since he was uncertain where she was).

Suzanne had more or less been in control up to that point, but the intensity of their fuck took her over the edge. She shouted, "FUCK ME! Sweee-tieee! Fuck! FUCK ME NOW! UGH! AH AH AH, FUUUUUCCCCCK!"

Suddenly, Alan erupted deep inside her, filling the condom. Both their bodies shook and trembled in mutual orgasm.

Suddenly she flopped forward. It was as if her bones had suddenly turned to Jell-O, she was so unable to prop herself up any longer.

Alan didn't want to pop out again. Somehow, he moved through the paralysis of his orgasm to grab Suzanne firmly around the waist with one arm while leaning forward to seize a breast with the other hand, hauling her back to a full horizontal position.

But their weight and their mutually awkward position on the bed caused the top sheet to slip under his foot, leading him to partially lose his balance. His knee on that side went down, putting them both at risk of slamming her into the headboard again.

Alan pulled his knee back in place to keep his balance, while moving his other hand around her waist and up to her other breast to hold on, attempting to lift and pull her backward by both breasts, pulling both their torsos vertical and then slightly backwards in an attempt to keep her away from the headboard.

Suzanne had very nearly passed out. She was momentarily disoriented as she felt him lifting her upright. He's strong! My Sweetie is really strong! It's like I'm weightless and he's lifting me to heaven! She screamed, "YES, TAKE ME LIKE YOU OWN ME!"

She regretted saying that almost as soon as the words had been uttered, because of how demeaning it sounded. But part of her seemed to have other ideas, liking the comment very much. Her hips began a mad pumping, trying to rub her very erect clit against something, while her abdominal muscles did an impromptu belly dance and the rest of her body twitched all over.

Susan was thrilled by that comment when she heard it. "Take me like you own me?!" YEEESSSS! Suzanne, you GO, girl! He IS gonna take you like that because he DOES own you! He owns us all! Nearly delirious with her own need, she couldn't help but finger her clit, even though she was fairly certain that would result in her screaming loudly when her swelling wave of orgasm finally crested and swept through her.

That comment spurred Alan on as well, inspiring him to take Suzanne even higher into erotic ecstasy. He dropped one hand to her crotch, using it to keep her ass pressed against him while deliberately rubbing her clit.

"EEEEEEEAIIIIIEEEEE!"

Alan thought of Brenda as a real screamer. However, Suzanne was six inches taller, in better shape, and had a much larger, healthier pair of lungs and bigger vocal cords. Her mouth was also very close to Alan's ear. She normally didn't scream that much, largely because she prided herself on not completely losing control, but this time she let go without any restraint. Her extremely piercing screams startled Alan so much that he unintentionally let her go. Fortunately she sagged down and then folded over rather than flopping straight forward into the headboard yet again.

This whole sequence happened so quickly that Alan's cock was still erupting deep inside her. As she folded over, she forcibly pushed him out. He reached for his dick, planning to carefully remove the condom. But as he brought his hand to the area, he decided to stroke her pussy and clit in passing. That surprise contact caused her to shudder even more forcefully. She continued to shiver and twitch even after her orgasm finally subsided.

Although he'd spurted all his cum, he still felt that there was more to do. His goal was to get her to cum, and cum, and cum some more until she practically went insane from continuing orgasms. He knew he couldn't do anything helpful with his dick. Not only was it liable to go flaccid in a matter of moments, but he needed to remove the condom and dispose of it without touching the outside (since it had just been up her unprepared ass). He did his best, dropping it in a nearby wastebasket, but he wasn't sure whether it was safe for him to touch her afterward. So instead he rubbed the back of his finger against her dripping pussy lips.

That got Suzanne's eyes to pop open, but they were glazed and unfocused. She was drooling onto the bed from both ends.

He continued rubbing the back of his finger against her labia. He wasn't killing her with endless orgasms, but he was having a positive effect. She shuddered and twitched a bit as she climaxed again. She tried to roll over, panted, and finally whispered, "Alan... Please!" She didn't even know what she meant by that.

Susan had finally reached the point of no return. Seeing Alan pull his thick cock out of Suzanne's ass and then play with her pussy was too much to take. She knew she'd be cumming soon, even if she didn't touch her privates again. She was desperate not to get caught so deep inside her son's room, so she scrambled back into the hallway, closed the door, and stumbled across the hall to the bathroom. Once she was inside with the door closed, she finally allowed herself to let go. The resulting screams shook the house.

Alan heard his door close and then Susan's screaming a few seconds later. It was like music to his ears. Wow! Mom is having some kind of great climax! So awesome! She must have been watching the whole time! It's like a two-for-one. I got to fuck Aunt Suzy's ass directly, and Mom's ass kinda indirectly at the same time, 'cos she got into it so much. Dang! Soon I'll be fucking everyone around here in the ass!

Drained of energy, he sat back on his haunches to admire his handiwork. Look at Aunt Suzy. She looks like a gooey, juicy mess. I made her that way. Me! Normally she's so proud and regal - even noble. At times she even seems untouchable, with her perfect beauty. But that's just a front. This is how she's meant to be: slithering and squishing around in my cum as it oozes out of her holes. Yeah. Wow! I think I just took her like I owned her, just like she begged me to do. Heh! Ass-fucking totally rocks!

Suzanne's eyes never left him as she gradually refocused. She remained folded over on her knees and forearms.

A weird expression crossed her face as she started to unfold and roll over, pausing several times to twitch and shiver. She was panting the whole time, as if she'd just run a race. Her eyes never left his face. She propped herself up on one arm and reached out to embrace him with the other.

Alan got the idea and slid in for a hug.

She twisted so they were lying on their sides, touching head to toe along their whole bodies, with her free hand behind his head. She pulled him in for a kiss, and away they went, necking madly.

Alan felt Suzanne's legs and arms seeming to twist all around him, holding him tight and somehow simultaneously stroking him, and her torso wiggling madly as she tried to get her entire body into contact with his, murmuring and mewling madly, devouring his mouth and tongue with hers, then rubbing cheeks. She was crying as well.

He tried to focus his eyes on hers. Her eyelids were half closed but her eyes seemed unfocused again while almost glowing.

Alan cautiously stroked Suzanne's back, tried to make his lips and mouth more yielding and murmur, "It's all right, it's all right."

This was not the Aunt Suzy he knew. He figured she was crying tears of joy, but even so, it kind of freaked him out. She simply never cried about anything, ever. Then her self-control started to kick in, causing her crying spell to taper off not long after it started.

Her wriggling and stroking gradually slowed too. She stopped trying to devour him and her mewling became almost intelligible.

He thought that it sounded like she was trying to say, "I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you." His heart soared.

After they kissed some more, she opened her eyes and looked around the room in confusion. She spoke quietly, near his ear. "I wonder... What happened to your mom?" She couldn't help but notice that the door was closed.

He asked, "You didn't hear?"

"Hear? Hear what?"

"Right after we both came, kind of as we were finishing, I heard the door close. Then I heard her screaming from across the hall. Really, really loud screaming. You didn't hear any of that?"

Suzanne answered slightly abashed, "Um, no. I was kind of... distracted at the time. I wonder why?" She winked.

He really liked that, so he answered with a long, loving kiss.

Chapter 614 I'm Going To Turn Into A Wraith Within A Week!

They were still kissing in a lazy, relaxed way a couple of minutes later when there was a loud pounding on the door. "Alan? Tiger? It's your mother!" Susan's voice was lilting and friendly, not accusing, but there was a detectable desperate edge.

"What is it?" Alan asked.

"Can you open up?"

Alan looked at Suzanne. She'd been zoned out in a very happy, erotic la-la land, but, like him, she was trying to focus and figure out what Susan wanted. However, neither of them knew or could guess why Susan wanted to disturb them at this moment, after all their action was over.

He cautiously disengaged, got up, and opened the door. He didn't bother with clothes or covering up, even though his flaccid penis was covered with cum.

Susan burst into the room. She'd recovered and cleaned herself up since her big climax, and she'd put on some clothes. But the emphasis was on some, because all she wore was the T-shirt which had a hole cut out to expose her boobs, plus her high heels and glasses. Clearly, she wasn't trying to cover up in any way, but instead she was presenting an even more tempting sight than if she'd been totally naked. And while she'd cleaned up in some ways (for instance washing her face and combing her hair), she hadn't in others. Critically, she'd left her crotch soaked in her own pussy juices, since she figured that sight and smell would help arouse her son too.

She spun around and her eyes settled on him where he was standing behind the open door. She smiled widely, then glanced at Suzanne and frowned briefly. "Ah. Good," was all she said as she looked back at Alan expectantly.

"What is it, Mom?"

"Well, uh, I was just passing by your door..." That was a stupid lie, and everyone knew it. She shyly put her hands behind her back, causing her tits to thrust forward, looked down to avoid eye contact, and continued, "I happened to hear something earlier about Suzanne helping you with another orgasm."

He interrupted, "Wow! I love your outfit! Not only what you're wearing, but what you're not wearing." He was clearly referring to the fact that her pussy was completely exposed.

She'd already been blushing, but her face turned even redder. She stammered, "Um, well, thanks, I guess. Anyway, I, uh, I heard certain sounds which led me to believe that you've just had climax number seven today."

He smirked. "Oh, really? What sounds? You weren't eavesdropping, were you?"

"Um, well... maybe a little..." Her face turned redder still. "Anyway, I think we're all in agreement that you need another climax tonight to reach eight, what with your scouting trip and all. Suzanne, I hate to say this, but shouldn't it be my turn?"

Suzanne just stared with dismay at the interruption.

Susan had at first sounded authoritative, but with that last sentence her voice was practically begging.

Alan looked more closely at his mother and saw how her chest was heaving. He knew that she was wearing the "hole-y" T-shirt to "bring out the big guns" and fully capture his attention. But it was working in spades just the same. With her hands still behind her back, his mother's chest looked even bigger than Suzanne's.

He eventually took a closer look at her swampy pussy. This was definitely a special visual treat for him, since her pussy was still a taboo "no-go" zone for him. He saw fresh rivulets of cum dripping down her thighs and realized that although she'd obviously screamed herself through a big climax less than five minutes earlier, she was far from sexually satiated.

He thought, Holy moly! I think she wants to get something started with me right now! She must really be worked up. Not to mention that she can't be thinking very much, if she believes I have anything left to give after what just happened with Aunt Suzy!

Indeed, that was exactly what Susan was thinking. His stamina impressed her so much that she'd come to believe he could will himself to get erect at almost any time or place.

Suzanne recognized the challenge. She raggedly rose to her feet and put her hands behind her back. Then she thrust her bare chest out too, to even things up with her newly-arrived competition.

Susan, however, hadn't yet seen Suzanne's countering challenge, since she was still too embarrassed to open her eyes.

Suzanne was finally forced to speak up to get Susan to notice. "Nice look! You definitely look slutty. You look like the kind of slutty, naughty, big-titted mommy who lives to suck son-cock. Check it out. You're inspiring me too."

Susan had to open her eyes to see what Suzanne meant. She was pretty displeased to note Suzanne's similar pose, but she was undaunted. She recalled the phrase Alan had told her that had become a kind of personal mantra for her: "Thrust your chest out and proudly poke your big tits high in the air, because you have nothing to be ashamed of." That's right! I have a GREAT body! Tiger loves playing with it. I AM a slutty, naughty big-titted mommy who lives to suck son-cock, and I don't care who knows! I'll bet he's wiped out after fucking Suzanne's ass so good and so long, and what better way for him to relax and recover than with a nice long blowjob from his favorite busty mommy? Pick me, Son!

At the same time, Suzanne thought, God knows I love Susan to death, but she can be a real cock hog. I know she's all worked up, and frankly, that's mostly my fault, and somewhat Sweetie's fault. But he loves me and we're having a great time cuddling. I love these tender moments at least as much as the out-of-control horny ones. Susan just has to learn to wait her turn!

Suzanne walked closer to Susan until their nipples were practically brushing against each other. She hoped that by getting in Susan's personal space and staring her down, Susan's subservient side would cause her to buckle.

But Susan wasn't buckling. Her lust was in charge. In fact, she just stared back at Suzanne with greater resolve.

Suzanne finally spoke. "Susan, you promised him to me for the entire night, don't you recall?"

What Suzanne didn't realize was how much her lewd pose made her and Susan look like Alan's sex toys in his eyes. With both of them in the same sexy, subservient position, nearly nipple to nipple, his thoughts naturally returned to Suzanne's "large harem of women" comment. Man! This is too cool! Add to that the crazy way Brenda was falling for me tonight. What a great night!

Susan said, "Did I really promise that? If I did, I must have been high or something. Frankly, I'm concerned that his cock is not being properly tended. For instance, look at his crotch! It's all messy! It's my duty to make sure he's properly cleaned!"

Suzanne couldn't help but grin at that silly argument. "And what happens if it isn't cleaned?"

Susan replied, flustered, "Then, well... then it'll be all messy!"

Suzanne's amused grin grew wider. She said sarcastically. "Oh my! That would be just terrible! And I'm sure your concern for cleanliness has nothing to do with your desire to get your tongue lapping on his cock and balls, does it?"

Susan bit her lip while staring longingly at Alan's flaccid penis; she knew it was pointless to deny it.

Suzanne stepped forward a bit, causing her erect nipples to push into Susan's equally aroused ones. She pointed out, "You really, really don't want to do that. Believe me. His cock just came out of my ass. Even if it doesn't look dirty, it's covered with bacteria from back there. It needs to be washed off before anyone does anything to it, or even touches it."

"Oh, poo!" Susan pouted.

"That's exactly the problem: poo." Suzanne was amused at her clever reference to the other meaning of one of Susan's favorite terms of dismay.

Susan suddenly rushed out of the room. Suzanne feared that she'd offended her friend in some way, but it was just Susan working at double speed to take care of the sanitation issue. She rushed across the hall to the bathroom, grabbed a towel, wet it in the sink, and then rushed back to where she'd just been standing.

Alan saw the towel and said, "Thanks, Mom. Toss it to me." He caught the towel and used it to wipe his still flaccid penis.

Suzanne said sarcastically, "Without any soap? You think water is enough to clean the crap off his dick?"

So Susan responded by going back in the bathroom, wetting a washcloth, visibly lathering it with soap and bringing it to Alan.

Alan took the washcloth and used it to hurriedly clean himself.

Suzanne said, "No. Clean it thoroughly, including in all the folds and the loose skin around the head of your penis. And don't touch it again with that dirty towel, since that got contaminated when you used it before without soap." Then she and Susan simply stood and stared until he had was done.

Suzanne's purpose was in part to instill in both Alan and Susan concern for the sanitary issues involved with anal sex. She knew that if she didn't the Plummer house would soon be rife with bacterial infections of everyone's genital areas.

Susan bit her lip with longing once Alan finished his thorough cleansing. Seeing his freshly-washed penis increased her desire to lavish it with her oral attentions.

Suzanne said, "Now, Susan, you did say I could look after his penis this evening. Remember your concerns on the subject, and that you wanted to take it easy until you've seen the psychologist?"

"Screw my concerns!" Susan nearly shouted, giving up any pretense of restraint. She stepped forward, causing her tits to press firmly against Suzanne's. "Please! I need it so much that I can't stand it! It's been torture waiting out there! Torture! Listening to you two go at it... Ever since you took his cock away earlier this evening, I've been dying of need!"

She turned away from her friend, breaking the tit contact. She grabbed Alan by the shoulders. "Please, Tiger! Let me give you a special goodnight kiss." She blushed and closed her eyes. Then she whispered to him, "It's pulsing."bender

"Huh?"

She nodded with her head for him to look down.

He looked again at her fully exposed pussy. Sure enough, he could actually see her pussy twitching and throbbing, as if it had a life of its own. He inhaled deeply. He loved the smell of wet pussy that filled the room, especially since he wasn't sure just whose pussy was contributing more to the smell.

He turned a bit and looked over at Suzanne. He noticed that her chest was thrust out even more than it had been a minute earlier, as was Susan's. It seemed that there was still a chest-display competition going on as the two of them vied for his attention.

He thought, This is just total madness. To have these two women - women who definitely do NOT belong as suburban housewives, women who should be friggin' centerfold movie stars - to be contorting their bodies and begging for my attention... It totally blows my mind! It's hard to believe, but despite cumming too much already today, my dick just won't stay down in the face of all this!

He didn't realize that it was the pheromones in their vaginal secretions that were driving him on.

He said to Suzanne, "I'm sorry, but I really should help Mom out here. Can't we have mercy on her? She's obviously been working herself into a lather while listening to us. We kind of caused this, with the way we were so loud and all." He didn't want to overtly point out that they'd deliberately opened the door just to drive Susan out of her mind with need; he figured the oblique reminder would cause Suzanne to recall that fact.

Suzanne was chagrined, but also surprisingly relieved. He's right. It's not fair, because we did trick her and work her up so much. This is part of the process. My overall plan is not just to have Sweetie for myself, but to share him with the ones I love the most. Sharing means sharing - now. I love Susan like a sister, so I need to put her needs ahead of mine sometimes. Besides, I'm pretty damn sexually satiated

right now. Sure, it would be great to cuddle for hours, but she needs him a lot more than me at the moment.

She said to him, "You're right. I'll get going. And it's good of you to remember that it's your job to keep all of us well fucked, so please give your mom your attentions. But next time, I expect to be probed, licked, groped, fondled, kissed, fucked, and generally all-around pleased in a very thorough manner. Is that clear?"

She had assumed the attitude of a stern mother ordering her child to clean his room, but she managed to grin at the same time, showing that she was (mostly) just being playful.

"Yes, Aunt Suzy." He answered in a voice pretending to be a reluctant young teenager. Then he smiled a weary smile, showing that he was being playful as well.

"Good. Now I think I need to start a little goodnight kiss tradition of my own."

Suzanne and Alan necked for a minute or two while Susan looked on with the urgency of someone afraid that they'll pee in a public place. She actually clutched her crotch and bounced on her high heels, just as if she couldn't hold her urine in much longer.

Even though Suzanne was naked, Alan's hands were too tired to wander extensively, despite the fact that his weary dick had come back to life. He enjoyed the kiss, but he also used it to get some moments to rest and recover. Whoa, man. Crazy. To think of all the stuff that happened tonight with Brenda and everything. I thought we'd just go to bed after the party ended, but the sexual fun keeps going on! I think Mom ended the fun downstairs too soon, so we're all still too wired.

But this great kiss I'm enjoying, as nice as it is, is like the calm before the storm. I just know that as soon as Aunt Suzy's gone, Mom is gonna go nuts over my dick and nuts! I need to find more energy somehow, just to keep up. I sure don't want to disappoint her.

Even the necking wasn't much of a respite, because Suzanne had felt his dick engorging against her skin, so soon she was jacking him off yet again.

When the kissing ended, he half-seriously told Suzanne, "I think you're draining the life force out of me. Killing me one orgasm at a time. At this rate I'm going to look forty by the time I'm twenty."

He looked at his mother, still bouncing with anticipation, and then down at Suzanne's sliding fingers. "And between the two of you, I'm going to turn into a wraith within a week."

Suzanne was going to talk some more, but when she saw Susan bouncing from foot to foot with an endearing urgency, she decided to cut things short. While still stroking his cock, she whispered directly in his ear, "Now, Sweetie, remember what I was saying earlier about how your mom and I are going to hand you off to each other all day long? Look. I'm generous and not at all jealous. See how I'm handing you off again. So don't worry. Just leave everything to your Aunt Suzy. She's going to help you make all your dreams come true. She's your guardian angel, and she'll make sure that every day of your life is like heaven on Earth."

Suzanne hoped that little speech would help inspire Alan to rely on her instead of trying to direct events himself. She gave his boner one last extra-hard squeeze. Then she waved a friendly goodbye at both the others and walked out of the room, flagrantly wiggling her ass as she went. To finish, she closed the door behind her.

Chapter 615 I Know You Love Me As A Mother, But I Want You To Love Me In A Very Unmotherly Way Too.

"Finally! We're alone!" Susan immediately launched herself at Alan, smothering him with kisses. Her hands went straight to his erection and she jacked him off like her life depended on it.

Shivers ran through her entire body, because as she stroked his hard-on, she thought, This is the cock! This is the cock that's going to fuck my ASS! Dear Lord, it's too big! I can barely get my fingers all the way around it! And yet, I'm sure that it's just a matter of time before it'll be pounding deep inside my naughty back hole and I'll have to take it ALL deep inside my ass! Tiger's going to be fucking me! I could say it's a sin, it's incest, it's wrong, but it doesn't matter. He's relentless, and I'm helpless! And at least it won't be vaginal sex, which really would be wrong.

She was already French kissing him, but those thoughts were such a powerful aphrodisiac that she actually bent his body backward in her ardor.

He was glad that he'd gotten good at breathing through his nose while kissing, because she wasn't giving him a single moment to catch his breath. On top of that, her fingers were doing astounding things to his boner by relentlessly focusing on his sweet spot.

When she finally slowed her initial assault, she threw her head back and yelped, "Yes!" Then, in a begging tone, she said, "Tiger, please. Touch it!"

There was no doubt about what she meant. Alan placed his hand on her unhooded clit and pulled at it. He was going to stick a finger in her pussy, but there wasn't even time. She just needed to cum, and she did so at once.

"OH!" she cried, and fell to the floor in an overwhelming orgasm - although it wasn't as big as the one she'd had in the bathroom a while earlier.

Alan looked down at her beautiful naked body with amusement. He thought, Mom is so horny it's amazing. I love it! She even let me touch her pussy. Awesome! She's so easy to please. Aunt Suzy seems to be getting more and more insistent and horny herself, but her horniness is still a close second to Mom's overwhelming urges. She must have had that pent up for so many years, it's like she's in danger of dying of horniness before she even sees the psychologist.

He helped his mother to the edge of his bed. The two of them sat there together while she recovered her breath. She reached out and lovingly held hands with her son. She was content to ignore his newly stiff dick for the moment, because she knew she'd be having lots of fun with it soon enough. Finally, she said, "That was so good. Thanks so much; I really needed that."

"I hardly did anything," he pointed out. "You'd gotten yourself all excited."

"I know. You don't know how frustrating it is to hear Suzanne yell 'Fuck me!' at the top of her lungs. It was all I could do not to break down the door, drag her off the bed, and throw myself underneath you. I'm trying to be good, trying to restrain myself, but sometimes it's so tough."

She gazed off into space contemplatively. She thought mostly about the fact that Alan had just fucked Suzanne up the butt. Her mind was a jumble of emotions, from excited anticipation that she would be next, to fear of how painful it might be, to jealousy that she wasn't his first for that hole.

Somewhere within the din of competing feelings, an assurance welled within her. My son is going to fuck me up the butt. Sooner or later. Clearly, he enjoyed it; the whole house could hear that. Which means there's gonna be a lot of assfucking in our future. I guess I'm gonna be Tiger's little buttfuck slave, whether I want to be or not!

That's how he's going to greet me from now on. He'll drop his backpack as he comes through the door after school and yell, "Mommy, I'm home! Are you ready to bend over and take it up your butt?" Of course I'll already be bent over and lubed up, because that's what good mommies do. Good mommies get FUCKED up the ASS every day!bender

I'll be bent over the kitchen counter while I answer, "Yes, dear. Of course Mommy has her ass cheeks spread wide for you. How was your day?" Or maybe I'll be bent over the sofa in the living room. Or maybe by the front door. I don't think I could wait for him to make it all the way back to the kitchen. Or maybe I could greet him on the front lawn! Imagine him fucking me in the ass on the front lawn! As the postman walks by, I'd say while Tiger's plowing into me and shoving my face deeper into the fresh green grass, "Good afternoon, Mr. Henderson. Did you know my son owns my ASS?"

Susan's breathing grew ragged as she slipped deeper and deeper into her private fantasy about anal sex with her son.

But then it occurred to her that she had him right beside her to play with, and that was much better than any fantasy. She looked back into his eyes, retrieved the last scraps of their conversation, and said, "I try not to be jealous."

Pausing again, she finally added, "I like it when you're spreading your potent seed all over your high school; it shows what a real man you are. And Brenda tonight was amazing - you TAMED her almost without touching her! Even before you kissed her at the end, she was totally defeated by your sexual prowess! All of us could tell."

Susan found herself so excited by her own words that she suddenly knelt down next to the bed and buried her face in her son's crotch. His dick had gone flaccid again from exhaustion, since it had been unattended for the past minute or two, but that didn't slow her down at all. Even if it stayed limp, she was happy just to "clean" it.

She started licking his balls. As she did so, she continued to gush, "I'm so, so, so very proud of you! Brenda is becoming enslaved to your manly cock right before our eyes. It's exciting to watch! She's

gorgeous and so rich she can have anything she wants, and yet she totally lost it just by being in the same room with you!"

His dick was engorging yet again, this time in record time. "Mom, let's not use words like 'enslaved,' okay?"

"If you insist," she assented reluctantly. She had to use all of her willpower to go along with that.

He pointed out, "I got the distinct impression that you were feeling jealous of her earlier, to say the least."

"That's true," she admitted as she licked her way up to his already engorged cockhead. "I have mixed feelings about her. On the one hand, it bothers me that she's so busty and sexy. Too busty to be real!"

She had a vision of Brenda standing in an ornately decorated bedroom in her vast mansion, pulling a gown down to bare her tremendous rack to Alan's eyes. In her mind, she could hear Brenda say, "Alan, Master, you own me now, so these belong to you. In fact, my entire body is yours! For your pleasure! Ravage me! Take me! Make me yours, forever!"

This vision nearly made Susan's blood boil with jealousy. But at the same time, it aroused her greatly. But then, as had happened so often to Susan of late, her lust overpowered her concerns.

She continued, in a husky voice, "But on the other hand, it's totally HOT to see you tame a super busty, super sexy woman like her! I especially like how she hardly knows you, but already can't do without you. That proves that you can tame ANYone, and not just the people who already know and love you."

She added, "Besides, I really enjoy talking to her on the phone. We're becoming fast friends. And she gave me the BEST gift tonight! So thoughtful. It's worth more to me than if it was made out of solid gold. Heck, I have to admit that I really like her. I just hope she doesn't come here too much and monopolize your time."

"That's not going to happen," he said assuredly. "By the way, what's this mysterious gift I keep hearing about?"

Susan thought about the vibrator, modeled exactly on his cock. She decided, just as Suzanne did, that it was better if he didn't know about it, for fear of giving him a big head. "Never you mind about that. It's a private thing. But trust me, she went way up in my book after tonight! Partly because of the gift, but mostly because of how she behaved with you."

He said, "I don't mind not knowing what it is, but it sounds like something special. You should do something special for her in return, especially after you got a bit moody with her during the party."

Susan grimaced. "Yeah, I did. I feel bad about it, but believe me, I'm going to get her a special gift too. But on the plus side, even that problem makes me hot. Son, you have a mother with unusually large breasts who gets jealous over another woman with even LARGER breasts!"

The horny mother started to run a hand over her bare boobs as her arousal returned, while her other hand held his still stiffening dick in place for her licking. "You've become such a stud! Even Suzanne can't control herself around you anymore! I heard her scream, 'Take me like you own me!' and then you obviously DID! I went wild just listening through the door. And then the way she walked out of here pretending otherwise-"

He interrupted, "Remember Conehead at Thanksgiving?"

Susan smiled fondly as she recalled their old pet cat, so she started to lap at his sweet spot as if she were a cat. She asked, "You mean how she knocked half the stuff on the table to the floor while she was trying to grab a turkey leg when we weren't looking. And then acted so innocent when she was caught in the act?"

He nodded.

"Yes, but what on earth would make you think of that right now?"

He said, "Well, afterwards, just before you knocked, Aunt Suzy was rubbing herself all over me and mewling like Conehead after overdosing on catnip."

Her fingers began to slide faster and faster up and down his shaft as it finally engorged completely. "Oh, Tiger, that shows that you fully tamed her too! Wow! That gets me so HOT! None of us big-titted babes can resist you!"

She briefly brought a hand to one of her hefty globes as she thought about big tits in general. "Two in one night even, first Brenda and then Suzanne, both rich, totally STACKED, twice your age and, and ... I wonder, did Suzanne say anything about Brenda?"

"Yep. She was really turned on by Brenda's reaction to me."

"I am too! Knowing that she wants you so desperately makes me really proud and horny!"

He just chuckled at that, thinking, Is life great, or what?

Then, with a smile and renewed energy, she looked down at the white T-shirt that was leaving her big tits exposed. She raised herself some from her kneeling position, pulled her arms back, puffed out her chest a bit, and said, "Look. I wore your favorite shirt."

Of course Alan had noted that as soon as he'd seen her. Those big breasts, wobbling freely as seen through the shirt's heart-shaped hole, always grabbed and held his attention. But she hadn't worn it in a few days, and he felt like he was discovering it all over again. He reached down and patted her head and stroked her hair. "Thanks, Mom. You're so good to me." Then he squeezed her melons from below, using both hands to feel their size and weight.

That made Susan smile from ear to ear, and she kept on smiling widely even when he moved his hands away. She continued as she went back to jacking him off, "I have to confess, I was listening to you and Suzanne in here pretty much the whole time."

That was no surprise to him, but he was touched by her honesty. Still, he tried to act surprised. "Really?"

She resumed her cock licking as she explained, "It's true. The only exception was when Suzanne opened the door and almost caught me. I stayed away for a while after that, because I figured she was on to me. But my curiosity eventually got the best of me even so."

She grinned impishly as she admitted, with great understatement, "I even kind of got all tingly. Then I rushed back to my room and quickly put this shirt on. I so much want you to love me." As she said this, she again arched her back, causing her ample chest to arch out toward him, as if begging for his attention. She did this as if his love for her depended directly on her tit size.

Alan stroked her cheek as he imagined a suave charmer might do. It was about the only part of her that he could easily reach, since she was still on her knees lapping on his now fully erect cock. "Mom, what are you talking about? Why would you even think for a SECOND that I don't already love you as much as humanly possible?"

"Well, I know you love me as a mother, but I want you to love me in a very unmotherly way too."

Alan's already erect dick twitched in excitement at that prospect. He asked himself, Is this headed where I THINK it's headed? I sure hope so!

When she saw that twitch, she grew even more serious about licking and stroking his thickness. She would have started sucking it except that she needed to keep talking. "I know you do, and I know you love what my mouth can do..." She emphasized that by slurping all around his crown and then his sweet spot. "But I want you to desire me even more. Son, I'm sorry, but I was having the most naughty thoughts while waiting out there for my goodnight kiss. Mmmm!"

She paused to lick her way down and around his balls and then back up to the tip. "I don't know what came over me, but you know how you and Angel like to give each other all kinds of sexy 'Big Brother' and 'Little Sister' names?"

"Yeah?" He loved how his entire body was buzzing with arousal, thanks to her oral attentions.

"I started thinking up some names of my own for Little Alan here." She increased the passion of her licking and stroking, and focused more attention on fondling his balls too. "I came up with a few good ones, but then I came up with 'cattle prod.' And that just about did it for me. Tiger! Imagine! I'm your sex cow. And you have such a big, thick, lovely cattle prod. MMMM!"

She pinned his boner against her cheek and rubbed it against her skin, moving it all over her face while her fingers continued to stroke it.

Her breathing grew heavier. "I was thinking: you know how a cowboy delivers an electric cattle prod shock to a cow to keep it in line? You can do that to me! Take your cock and poke me with it! Show me who's boss! Tame your wild, sex-hungry mommy with your big cock! Your great big cattle prod!"

Chapter 616 I'm Going To Fuck Your Tits Like It's Your Cunt!

Susan abruptly let go of his erection and stood up. "We forgot something. I fully intend to suck you off until you splatter a big creamy load all over me, or straight down my throat. God knows I need it! And I love it on me or in me equally. But before I do that, you have to 'get my attention!' And you know how to do that!"

She pulled her T-shirt over her head, tossed it away, and then bent over to touch her toes, leaving her breasts swinging wildly in response. "Tiger! My ass! Please! Can you control it with your cock?"

Still bent over, she hobbled forward until she got within a short distance of his computer table. She reached forward and grabbed the table with her outstretched hands, keeping her butt at a ninety-degree angle, pointed directly at her son.

Alan eagerly rushed over to her. He was going to ask, "What do you mean by 'control it?'" but then Suzanne's advice on assertiveness came to mind. I shouldn't always be waiting for direction or permission. I should just do what I want, and let the chips fall where they may.

So he put both of his hands on Susan's ass and scooted forward until his erection touched her right butt cheek.

Her whole body twitched in response, as if hit with an electric shock. Dear God! Please don't fuck me! Don't fuck me! That would be a grave sin, and besides, I'm not ready for it. But I can't stop thinking about anal sex. Please, do something to my ass!

He realized that the way she responded to the touch of his boner might actually be similar to a cow's response to an electric cattle prod. That idea really turned him on. He poked her again, and again her whole body twitched. He realized that her response wasn't just an act; she was actually that excited.

Poking her in the ass again, he complained, "Hey, you lazy heifer, when I poke you on the right, what does that mean?" He was surprised to hear himself refer to her as a cow, but it was too exciting to pass up. He decided this wasn't really much different than the other role-plays he loved so much.

Susan got the message. She took a step to the left while dutifully keeping her hands stretched forward, gripping the table. YES! This is what I'm talking about! He's treating me like his sex cow. What a GOOD son!

He took a step to the side so he'd be right behind her again, then poked her on the other ass cheek with his throbbing cock.

This time she cried out in delight. Then, shuddering with lust, she stepped to the right.

"There. You're getting the idea," he said encouragingly. He poked her again on the right, which caused her to step to the left. "Not bad for such an obviously mute cow," he added, hoping to inspire her to say something sexy.

"Oh, sorry," was all she said at first. Then she started to moo in a reasonably good imitation of a cow. "Moo! Moooo! Mooooooooooo!" The only problem was that she was both giggling and panting at the same time even as she tried to moo.

He poked her a few more times. It was great fun. The only problem with the game was that her pussy was temptingly visible between her ass cheeks. It would have been very easy to simply "poke" her there until he was balls deep inside her. He was even finding her asshole tempting now, after what he'd done with Suzanne. But he'd made a promise not to fuck her, and he didn't want to be the one to break his promises to her. He was determined to wait until she was morally and religiously okay with it, which at her current rate of change didn't seem to be too far away. Still, the temptation to fuck her was driving him crazy. He contemplated sticking his cock between her thighs for a dry hump, which she might permit.

To test the idea, he brought his hand between her legs and touched her pussy from below.

That concerned her greatly, because she was still worried he'd go too far and fuck her, either in her pussy or in her ass. Even so, she wasn't done playing around - not by a long shot.

So she spun around and sat down on the floor, thus protecting both her nether holes. Her boobs were now at about the same height as his cock. "That's great, Tiger, but since I'm a cow, the place you really have to pay attention to is my udders." She blushed and corrected, "Um, I mean, my teats."

She contemplated that, and changed her mind again. "Ah, what the heck. Why can't I call them my udders? Tiger, control your sex cow with your hot cattle prod! Slap it into mommy's udders! Slap her milky jugs around with your hard fuck stick!"

He took her literally. He placed his erection to the right side of her tits and used a hand to hold it and help swing it into the tit, just like a baseball batter swinging at a ball. His cock was so small compared to her formidable tits that the swing didn't make that much of an impact, but it still caused a delightful jiggling reaction, like sharply setting down a bowl of Jell-O.

It also triggered a very delightful vocal response from Susan, who shrieked quite loudly, much like Brenda had earlier in the evening. She cried out, "More! More! Tame Mommy's big busty tits with your potent prod! Shock your naughty Mommy with your electric cum stick!"

He laughed. Geez! Mom is REALLY getting into this! Well, I'll be happy to give her more! He caused his cock to go "thwack" against her tits from the right side, the left side, the top and the bottom. Sometimes he used his hands to guide it, which gave the strokes more force.

She had one of her hands in her crotch, masturbating wildly as he did this. She was using her other hand in a supposed attempt to fend off his cock, but for some inexplicable reason her hand was always in the wrong place to block his attack. It was obvious that she wanted him to keep doing it; she even screamed with delight each time his boner bounced against her bodacious boobs.

Inwardly she kept telling herself, I'm a COW! Tiger knows it and he likes it! He's taking full control of his mommy! This cow is gonna live on son-cum. It'll make her udders grow bigger and bigger so he can almost fuck them like a second cunt! Soon, he's gonna fuck me in my ASS too! Good mommies live to be fucked in almost every hole by their sons!

He could have gone on slapping her tits like that for a long time, but he felt the cum welling up from his balls. He paused, not wanting to lose this load too soon. Suddenly feeling surprisingly exhausted, he disengaged completely and sat down on the edge of the bed.

She quickly diddled herself to another orgasm, then sat down next to him. She was a bit overcome by the experience. She said, "Shucks. Tiger needs a little rest, huh? Well, that's okay. Mommy understands. She understands and obeys because her son is so full of cum. Let's not end this goodnight kiss too soon."

He laughed as he considered the crazy logic of her statement, "She understands and obeys because her son is so full of cum." Then he pointed out to her, "There hasn't been too much kissing in this goodnight kiss yet."

She answered, "Don't worry; there will be. You and I haven't been having proper goodnight kisses these last few days. That's one reason why you have to punish my tits and ass with your cattle prod, because I've failed to properly service you. Though, you know what Angel was saying earlier, about how Amy and her tits are actually yours?"

He had a hard time remembering that, since so many arousing things had been said more recently. "Yeah?"

"That obviously goes double for me. Gaaawwwwd, I just love the idea of you owning my tits!"

He interrupted her, because he saw an opening to solve a problem. "Mom, if I own Amy's tits, Sis's tits, and your tits, then doesn't it stand to reason that I also own Brenda's tits?"

Susan frowned at their mention. "I suppose." Her jealousy and lust battled with each other, and her lust won. With more enthusiasm, she continued, "Maybe not just yet, technically, but it's a given that you WILL own them soon. She's like putty in your hands. A woman like that is helpless in the face of a strong man with a well-hung bull cock." Her eyes shimmered with arousal as she warmed to the idea. "Soon, you'll have a huge living tit collection, owning and fucking all the very best tits in town!"

He was hoping for a response like that. "And you're pretty helpless too, aren't you?"bender

"Oh, yes! Completely! That's my problem. I keep giving in when mommies have to be tough. Even big-titted mommies have to put their feet down sometimes."

"But you say you've failed me. For instance, you denied me titfucks for too long just because you were afraid of getting too aroused. Well, here's a chance to redeem yourself. I want you to put aside any jealousy towards Brenda and ease her in so I can fuck her soon."

Susan was momentarily struck speechless. On one hand, she loved being ordered around like this, but on the other hand helping Brenda get fucked was the last thing she wanted to do.

He prodded her, rather nonsensically, "Do I own your tits or not?" To help make up her mind, he started fondling and hefting up her boobs.

"You do! You do! Okay, I'll do it. To be honest, I've been doing my best to bring her along already, at Suzanne's direction. But tonight I kind of had a jealousy attack. Obviously I need to do more to help drain your balls of all that wicked sperm."

"And?"

"And... it's my duty to help you fully tame Brenda, so you can fuck her to your heart's content, since you can't fuck me. Oh God, just saying that, it sounds so hot!"

He began pulling on her nipples to further distract her. "That's better. Sex cows don't say no, do they?"

Susan groaned in erotic delight. "Tiger, please! Not the nipples! I can't take any more! This morning, I had so many problems running through my mind. But you know what happened? You touched my tits. That's when Mommy turns into a horny sex cow. Now you know why Mommy has to see a psychologist, because she gets far too easily aroused. I never knew complete pleasure until you fucked my tits this evening, right in front of everybody. I could almost imagine the pints of milk inside them sloshing around. I want you to fuck me right now. Fuck your Mommy's udders!"

Alan had the wind sucked out of him when he heard her say, "I want you to fuck me right now," though he was immediately disappointed by her clarification in the next sentence. He still hadn't paused very long for his dick to fully rest and recover, but he was too turned on by those words to wait anymore.

He threw himself onto his mother. He pushed her down into his bed as he crawled up her until he straddled himself over her chest. With great vigor he shouted, "Mom, I'm going to fuck your chest like it's your cunt! How do you like that?"

She swooned with delight. That was exactly what she was already thinking, that her tits could be like a second cunt. "Oh Tiger! I love it! Fuck Mommy's tit-cunt!" She pressed her tits together to give him an even more cavernous tunnel to plow through.

Her huge globes were wet with sweat and his cock drooled with pre-cum, but he had to pause in his ardor to spit in her cleavage for more lubrication. Then, from the very first stroke, he slammed into her chest with brute force. He made long but quick strokes.

She grasped her tits ever tighter, creating a tighter and tighter "cunt" for him.

She yelled ecstatically, "That's it! Fuck Mommy! Moo! Moo! Sex cow mommy! Milk me! Fuck my udders! Fuck me! FUCK YOUR MOMMY!"

Unfortunately, the titfuck didn't last long, because hearing her cry "FUCK YOUR MOMMY!" so completely wantonly and desperately caused him to lose all control. He yelled, "I'm losing it!"

She immediately let go of her boobs, grabbed his cock, and stuffed it in her mouth.

His semen flew onto the back of her throat with great force and covered it thoroughly with a white coating. But to his surprise, she pulled him out halfway through. Using a hand as a guide, she directed his spray all over her face, as if a bucket of white paint was being thrown at it.

Her one frequent dilemma when he climaxed was where to put the cum, because she wanted it everywhere. In this case, she was glad to get both a good amount in her mouth and a good amount on her skin. She fantasized about getting marked by his cum in the same way a cow is marked by a brand.

They both collapsed on the bed again due to their complete exhaustion.

He rolled off her to lie next to her. He was so overwhelmed that he immediately fell asleep.

Chapter 617 To Find A Balance!

Alan woke up a few minutes later.

When Susan saw that his eyes were open, she lowered her ample tits onto his face. She playfully and gently slapped him around in the face with them, but then pulled away. "I'm sorry, Son. I'm still randy. I could keep going for hours! But you must be dead tired. I'll leave you alone."

"Mom, you know I love it, but do you realize how exhausted I am? I mean, the whole Brenda thing, the assfuck with Aunt Suzy, then another great titfuck with my favorite sex cow - and that's just the last couple of hours! What a day. Phew!"

She lovingly swept his hair out of his face, then continued to gently stroke his hair. "I know. This is the problem. I could keep going and going. I swear, I could cum one hundred times a day, until my pussy was so sore that I couldn't move. But I know the male has certain natural limits, and even you can't completely escape them. That's one reason I have to see the doctor, because I'm turning into a nymphomaniac! I have to at least tone my sex drive down to a level you can handle. It's just too much fun! It's all so arousing and exciting! For instance, I'll never forget this night, the night you first properly dominated Mommy's tits in front of everyone."

He thought, Jesus! She has to shut up soon or I'm gonna get horny all over again!

She continued reassuringly, "Don't worry. This kind of fun won't end with the psychologist visit. Suzanne has assured me that this Xania woman is understanding about our kind of arrangement. But I have to calm down, and resolve some other issues. And not just with you." Her eyes unfocused and she gazed off, as she momentarily thought of her recent lesbian urges.

Then she snapped to, and smiled lovingly at him. "Son, you're the best, most loving son any mother ever had. Thanks for putting up with my sex cow fantasy. I know it's strange, but I just love it." She bent over and kissed him on the forehead, then the nose, and then a prolonged kiss on the mouth.

As she pulled away, she giggled and said, "Oh yeah. That's the kiss part of our goodnight kiss."

He grinned at that. "Mom, you're the one who's the best. I don't deserve you. There's no way I deserve any of this attention."bender

"Now, Tiger, let's not get all modest and shy again. I want the aggressive Alan who threw me to the bed and fucked my tits like the lord of this house that you naturally are. Don't say that respectful stuff. Don't even think it. My son deserves nothing less than the finest harem of big-titted nymphos Southern California can offer. I only hope that, as your mother, I'll always remain number one in your heart, and that you'll give me at least one filling of tasty sperm every day."

He wasn't happy about her using extreme language like talking about a harem, but he decided he could use it to his advantage. "Mom, you know I can't love you any more than I already do. But remember what you promised about Brenda just now. No more jealousy with her. You promised to do your best to help her find a place servicing my dick. You just said, 'My son deserves nothing less than the finest harem of big-titted nymphos Southern California can offer.' Shouldn't that include her?"

"I suppose so." Then she added more confidently, "Yes, yes it does."

"I see this as a test of just how good a sex cow mommy you can be. And who knows, maybe she'll want to be a sex cow, too. Before long I might even have a whole herd of sex cows. Then I'll have to get a stable."

"Good God! Don't say that! So hot!" Susan had a flash vision of herself inside a horse stall in a stable, on all fours. Brenda was in the adjacent stall on one side while Suzanne was in the stall on the other. All three of them had milking machines attached to their nipples, constantly sucking up milk as fast as they could lactate it.

She had to take some deep breaths to steady herself and calm down from that disturbing yet exciting daydream.

She was still bent over him like the prototypical mother tucking in a child, except for the fact that she remained naked and had his cum caked all over her face. Her hefty tits scraped against his chest as she hovered over him, so she momentarily shook them and moaned with delight. "Son, you're so creatively naughty. You make me so happy. Not to mention juicy!" She rubbed her wet thighs together.

He said, contemplatively, "We've sure come a long way since August, haven't we?"

She was silent, also contemplating, and finally answered, "We sure have." She slowly rocked his face with her chest for a while, thinking about the prudish woman she used to be. She thought about it like remembering a movie she once saw, and an old black and white movie at that. It was like that life had happened to someone else.

Then he asked, "Mom, if you like drinking my cum so much, why did you pull it from your mouth and aim a bunch of it at your face instead?"

The contemplation didn't slow her down one iota. She eagerly answered, "Because you have to brand me, Son. If you won't let me have a tattoo, you have to repeatedly brand me with your sperm. Plus, I can savor it better that way. I get to drink some now and then gobble up a little more later. My late night snack is already waiting on my face."

He thought, Dang! How is it possible for any male to have a flaccid dick around her for any period of time, thanks to comments like that? Her tone of voice makes her words that much more arousing because she's so clearly honest and heartfelt. She's not just saying something to be sexy; she really is counting on eating a late night cum snack right off of her face. MY cum! He actually had to double-check to make sure his penis was still flaccid.

She paused, and then like a little child impulsively asking a parent for a present, she nearly begged, "Can I at least have a temporary tattoo?"

"Mom, I said before, I don't want you to disfigure your perfect skin in any way, so that would certainly include tattoos. But if you did, what would it be?"

She heaved a fond sigh as she closed her eyes and fantasized. "I'm thinking a big 'A' right on my ass cheek. Just like a cow. 'A' for Alan, of course. I think I've told you that before, but that's not all. All the females in your herd would have big A's on their butts, showing everyone that they're your exclusive property."

He was disturbed by that, yet aroused. He knew there was no way in hell he could possibly grow erect again any time soon, though, because his penis wasn't showing any life in the face of such great temptations.

She went on, "I have this vision of all your classmates hanging out at the local beach. The girls would all be wearing the skimpiest bikinis, showing off the fullness of their lovely asses. So the boys checking out the girls would see an 'A' on the butt cheeks of the dozen or two most gorgeous girls out of the thousands on the busy beach. 'Oh look,' the boys would say to each other. 'That one is an 'Alan girl' as well. Damn. That Plummer kid took all the best ones and didn't leave any for us.'"

She continued breathlessly, "Then Suzanne, Amy, Angel, and I would go to the beach too, with you arm in arm between all of us. Everyone would gasp. The guys would all say, 'Look! He's even trained his mother and sister to be his sex pets.' But they'd accept that as the natural thing, since it's so obvious you're such a good and loving son, and you richly deserve such love and pleasure. Plus, you just naturally give off the aura of an alpha male. When you steal their best women away from them, they have to accept that as just and right."

"Wait a minute," he protested. "I do not. I'm no alpha male."

"Tiger, is this my fantasy or not? As I was saying, then we'd sit down on the sand and everyone would stop and admire the beauty of your closest, most favorite family cocksuckers. But no one would bother us, because they'd know from our brands that we belong to you. Some of your other 'Alan girls' would come up though, and beg to suck your cock, or even beg to be fucked. Like that bitchy but quite stunning Heather girl. She'd want it real bad and throw her microscopic bikini off to tempt you. She'd assume the position: naked, on her heels, arms behind her back, chest thrust out. Everyone on the beach would stare in disbelief. But you'd say, 'Thanks, but no thanks. I have my mommy here with me today. There's nothing I'd rather do than have Mommy suck me off. She's the best cocksucker in town, and in fact she's going to suck it right now! Heather, if you want some of this at school, watch and learn how it's done.'"

He found his flaccid penis was already twitching with signs of life. He made a mental note never to ask Susan about her fantasies right after a powerful climax. He actually hoped his penis could stay down, since the rest of his body was completely wiped out.

She continued, "Suzanne and the others would gasp with amazement at how many hours I could suck and titfuck your cock right there on the beach. The others, including the dozen or two 'Alan girls' from your school with big 'A' brands on them, would gather all around and stare excitedly. A hot Asian reporter from the local TV news would be there to film this spectacle, but she too would be unable to resist. With the camera rolling, she'd shuck off her clothes and crawl across the sand, begging to honor with a few licks the most perfect cock she'd ever seen!"

"Mom, you're getting carried away."

"Hush! I'm having fun with this. I'd let her suck and lick you a little, but just a little! Just enough to let her know what she's missing! Hee-hee!"

"Mom, that's mean."

"Sorry. Okay, I'd let her take the balls and lick them, but only if her crew films the whole thing. Hands would fly into tiny bikinis, and each girl would cream her juices all over the place, but that's all they'd be able to do. They would look on in jealousy, because you would only want to be with me. Even Suzanne could only bite her lip in frustration while you fuck my lactating tits, oozing with the fresh milk you'd lick straight off of my swollen nipples..."

Susan suddenly found herself so lost in her fantasy that she nearly forgot Alan was right there with her. While she gazed off into space, she had an arm under her boobs to clutch them together, and her other hand simulated his boner as it slid in and out of her cleavage and she reveled in the new feeling of her son titfucking her.

She returned to reality as she realized her fantasy was beginning to sound too possessive, and turned to Alan to check his reaction to that. She was surprised to see him laughing quietly.

Blushing now, she asked defensively, "What's so funny?"

"Oh nothing. I just find it amusing that that's YOUR fantasy and not mine. I could hardly come up with a better one for myself. Except all these dozens of women in the 'herd' is too much. I have no need for anyone new now. I keep turning down girls asking me out on dates. Another one just asked me yesterday, but I don't give that kind of thing any serious thought. I can't handle all the women I'm with as it is. Brenda has to be the last new one. I just can't take any more."

He mused with amazement that just weeks ago he'd never kissed a girl and couldn't even get up the courage to ask a girl out.

Susan replied, "Okay, Tiger. That's fine for now, even though you deserve more. But can you see why I need help? My mind is so messed up! I mean, I know getting a tattoo is wrong, because it clearly states in the Bible, in Leviticus: 'Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you.' Yet I allow myself to have this kind of fantasy!"

He said, "Mom, relax. It's just a fantasy."

"I know, but still. All I can think about is sucking your cock!" Then she added with a more somber voice, "For starters."

He leaned up and kissed her on the cheek. He pondered how her fantasy paradoxically involved both sharing him with dozens of others and also possessively keeping him all for her own. But he decided to think about that later. "Let's hope you're never totally cured of that cocksucking urge. Now, I really need to get some sleep."

She cooed, "You know I'll never be 'cured.' I'm not going to the psychologist to be cured, I'm going to find balance."

Chapter 618 Loving Mom And Jealous Kath.!

Susan was about to leave, but Alan noticed her unconsciously fingering her ring finger. That caused him to look at the finger and notice the lack of a ring. He said, "Hey! Mom, what happened to your wedding ring?"

There was a long pause before she answered that, and her face turned sad. "Suzanne took it away from me tonight, just before Brenda got here. The meanie. She simply snatched it away!"

"Really? Whatever for? That seems so unlike her. Should I have a talk with her?"

"No, no, no. It's for the best. She was doing me a favor, actually. I've been meaning to for a while now, but I'm so stuck in my ways I couldn't get myself to do it."

She considered telling Alan about Ron's cheating, and maybe even his homosexuality, but she decided against it. She didn't want to ruin the mood, and she knew Alan had had a very, very eventful day already. So instead she vaguely stated, "My marriage to him is dead, and it's been dead for a long time now. I just didn't realize it until recently. More importantly, I belong to you now, Son!" She cuddled up closely to him.

They French kissed a little bit. Despite Alan's exhaustion, hearing his mother say "I belong to you now, Son" gave him an extra burst of energy.

As they kissed and cuddled, Susan thought some more about the newly revealed fact that Ron was gay. Suzanne definitely threw me for a loop there. But she's right that I must not have ever loved him, because not only did I not cry, but I've hardly thought about it all evening. In a way, it actually makes me feel better. Not only can I be a "virgin mommy," with my body for the exclusive personal use by my son, but I feel better about what happened in the past.

Thinking about being a "virgin mommy" made her so horny that she kissed with a sudden fervor, and that broke her train of thought for a minute or so.

But then she calmed down some, and continued her musings. I always felt like I was somehow inadequate. Why didn't Ron love me more? Why didn't he want to spend more time with me and the kids? Why was he always working overseas, and not even calling home very often? It was like there was this big gaping hole in my life, and in my marriage, and I didn't understand. Now I know it's not my fault! I did my best, I really did. In fact, I should get mad at Ron. So many wasted years! But he was a good father overall, and without him I wouldn't have my two darling loves, Tiger and Angel. So I can't get too mad.

The big question though is, should I tell them this latest news? Should I even tell Tiger right now? I know they know about Ron's cheating. That's good enough to justify the removal of my ring and the impending divorce. Do they need to know more? Ron will still want to have a role in their lives of some kind, and it's good if they can look up to him at least somewhat. It's not the homosexuality that will bother them, I think, it's all the deception. I mean, I can understand that he was pushed into the marriage by his parents, just like I was pushed into it by mine. I really can't blame him; it's just an unfortunate situation all around, mostly because both our sets of parents will barely even admit homosexuality exists! I'll bet he still wouldn't want to come out of the closet because his parents still wouldn't understand.

She sighed. She'd stopped kissing Alan by this time, and just cuddled and fondled him a little bit.

So what should I tell my children? Perhaps it's best to let Ron make the decision. I'll have to talk to Suzanne about it; she always gives great advice. But there's no reason I should rush and say anything to Tiger right now.

Out of the blue, she whispered, "Tiger, hold me!"

Alan was confused, because they already were cuddled together so close that they couldn't get any more intimate. But he guessed correctly that she was pondering serious issues, and he gave her several reassuring squeezes and then even more loving kisses.

She smiled at his loving efforts. Mmmm! Suzanne's right yet again, because all in all, if I had to do it all over again, I'd do it exactly the same just so I could have my two children exactly as they are. And Tiger - my lover, my man! Maybe it was all meant to be, just so I could wind up here, naked in my son's bed, lying in his arms. Mmmm! Is there any better place for a big-titted mommy to be? I don't think so! Hee-hee! Such a strong and yet soft and cuddly son. If only he wasn't so tired and had a nice stiffy. All these worries about my marriage could flee from my mind if I have a nice fat son-knob to suck on for a little while. Mmmm.

But I really should give him a break. He performed so impressively all day long, and the sooner we all get to sleep the sooner tomorrow morning will come. I can hardly wait to see what he'll make Angel and me do! But I'm sure he'll show both of us with his big fat cock just what's what and who's the man of the house around here. Hee-hee!

She licked her lips in hungry anticipation.

Then she said, "Good night, my cutie Tiger. I love you so much!"

His eyes had closed, but he opened them and said, "Love you too. Are you okay? Anything you want to talk about?"

"No, I'm good. It's just that thinking about giving up my ring made me think about other things, and that kind of put me in a nostalgic mood. You get your rest, okay? I think you're gonna need it." She grinned and winked.

He shook his head with amusement. "You're probably right."

She kissed him back, picked up her T-shirt from the floor, and left the room.

After she left, he moaned out loud, "Ugh. If there's a higher power, please give me more strength so I can fully enjoy these best days of my life." He noted that he hadn't gotten hard again - his body was completely destroyed. Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep instantly.

Just as Alan and Suzanne had been spied on by Susan earlier, now Katherine spied on Alan and Susan. Amy had returned to her house shortly after her conversation (and ensuing sixty-nine) with Katherine, so she'd missed hearing Alan and Suzanne having their anal sex climax, and everything after that.

Katherine certainly hadn't though. She tried to ignore all the screams coming from Alan's room and just go to sleep, but her resolve slowly wore down. She couldn't spy on Alan with Suzanne, since Susan had beaten her to it. But by the time, Susan had yelled "FUCK YOUR MOMMY!" Katherine already had her ear up against his door and was listening closely while frigging herself.

Katherine also wanted to start her own goodnight kiss tradition with Alan, but one thing after another seemed to stop her every night. This night she had been foiled again. She didn't just want a goodnight peck on the cheek; she wanted a vigorous all-over groping and necking, hopefully ending with a blowjob, or more.

She seriously considered waking him up once Susan left. But knowing everything he had been through, she took mercy on his weakened state and dejectedly returned to her room. At least now it was quiet enough for her to get to sleep.

Suzanne tried hard to believe that she was now back on top of things with Alan, and back in control in general. She credited this to her new, and at least temporarily exclusive, advantage of offering Alan anal sex, and partly to Xania's influence as the faux psychologist. But she was wrong on both counts.

As much as Alan had enjoyed the anal sex with Suzanne, he'd actually enjoyed the "goodnight kiss" with his mother afterwards even more. It wasn't necessarily any more sexually pleasurable, but it was more emotionally intense. Susan tended to let herself go in such situations; she completely surrendered to lust, loving him with all her heart and soul. The strength of her passion filled the room like a thick fog. He couldn't get enough of it.bender

Suzanne, while having the better sexual technique, still held back mentally as much as she could, even though that was turning into something of a losing battle. Ironically, she wasn't following her advice to Alan, to surrender fully to the moment. This restraint manifested itself in many ways. She tried to always guard her speech and actions to make sure they matched her dignity and pride.

For instance, Suzanne might have told Alan a story similar to Susan's branding beach fantasy if it was in the context of a made-up role-play. But she would never have admitted to honestly having such thoughts (and in fact she usually censored her fantasies to prevent herself from having politically-incorrect thoughts such as those).

Yet more and more, she did have similar thoughts, though they were buried deep down. While she didn't care about branding, per se, she had strange ideas that she couldn't comprehend. They often appeared in her dreams: Things she wanted to do with Amy. Things she wanted Alan to do to her. Demeaning things she wanted to do to Brenda. Perhaps most disturbingly, she felt increasing resentment and jealousy toward Susan.

She tried to bury these feelings even further down, especially the negative emotions towards her best friend. But living in denial dulled her usual cleverness. Behind her mask, she wasn't fully alert to her feelings, or the feelings of others.

In particular, Suzanne avoided thinking about her over-reaction to anal sex with Alan. She had been lonely for almost ten years, and only her close friendship with Susan, plus her connection with her kids and Susan's kids, saved her from complete isolation from the emotional intimacy she craved. Suzanne's constant affairs were her coping mechanism, but those affairs, and her stunning looks, made her a threat to other females and further increased her isolation, especially from other women her age.

Suzanne's affairs had ceased to be a sufficient distraction just as Alan reached his full growth. She'd told the truth in saying he had become the focus of her fantasies - that was in fact much truer than she admitted to herself. Her six-times-a-day scheme was devised to realize those fantasies.

And then Alan started to make them come true in ways that Suzanne never, ever expected, such as him getting sexually involved with ALL the high school's cheerleaders, and others too. He'd soared far, far above Suzanne's expectations in sheer sexual desirability, and that turned her on to a phenomenal degree. But when he said he loved her - her subconscious caught it even if her conscious mind didn't - together with the series of happy accidents that had brought them to where they all were, she was robbed of her self-control. Her desperate need for deep affection resurfaced, causing her to writhe like a love-sick girl rubbing herself against her first man. She even cried tears of joy, if only briefly.

She was losing control of the situation, letting her lusty and loving feelings take precedence over her strategic plans. But Suzanne's pride and dignity wouldn't let her admit any of this to herself, at least not yet.

Chapter 619 You Want Bouncy? I'll Show You Bouncy!

Susan was supposed to take it easy until the psychologist's appointment Friday afternoon. When she woke up, she had a mental and physical hangover from the strip poker game the night before, as well as a new attack of guilt.bender

While she went through her morning rituals, she thought, I'm so hopeless! I don't know why Tiger insists I'm not his slut, because I have no self control whatsoever. I need to show him that I can be a responsible parent. I said all kinds of crazy things last night. Worse, I meant them! All about wanting him to own and control me. Where is the balance? Sucking cock is all well and good, not to mention oh so very yummy, but I can't allow it to completely take over my entire life!

She had a towel over her hair from having just come out of the shower, and she was wearing her glasses, but other than that she was naked. She examined herself closely. Look at me. Is this what I want to do with myself for the rest of my life, basically as a career? Being one of my son's personal cocksuckers? Not even the main one, but merely one of them. Is that really all I want to do?!

She looked down at her great breasts. I suppose it's true that I have the body for it. Not only am I curvy in exactly the way he loves, but I've discovered that I'm extremely sexually excitable. However, just because I have the body for it, and the mentality for it, and I totally love doing it, doesn't mean I have to let it totally dominate my life!

While brushing her teeth, she noticed in the mirror she wasn't wearing her wedding ring. At first she felt panicky, thinking that she'd lost it somehow, but then she remembered how Suzanne had taken it from her yesterday. That caused her to remember the painful revelation that Ron was homosexual.

Drat! How terrible a mother am I? It certainly isn't my fault that Ron turned out to be gay, but that's not the reason Suzanne took my ring away. She knows that I totally belong to Tiger now, and the ring has become an embarrassing anachronism. I'm so shameless! Why, even as I brush my teeth right now, I get all giddy thinking about making my mouth fresh and minty so Tiger can enjoy it that much more when he pokes his big cock inside it! I can't wait to stretch my lips around his thickness and feel my tongue dance over his sweet spot. Mmmm!

That's not normal! I've lost all perspective. I know my body belongs to him now, and I'm fine with that. Heck, I'm much more than fine with it. It makes me totally hot! But I can't let my lust take over my entire

life. I need a timeout for a day or two. Then I can go into the psychologist appointment tomorrow with a clear head. So that means no cocksucking for me today. None! Period! And I mean it!

As a result, she didn't wear anything especially revealing for Thursday morning's breakfast. She successfully discouraged Katherine from doing so as well. But still, by now even "normal" female clothes in the Plummer household would be far beyond the pale in any ordinary household.

When Alan came downstairs, Susan stopped him from "getting her attention" before he'd even gotten near her. She said, "Tiger, I've decided that once you touch me I go crazy and lose all control, so it's better that you just don't touch me at all this morning."

Alan had been feeling as if he was suffering from a kind of "sex hangover." He was still reeling from the events of the previous night, especially the poker party with Brenda and his experience fucking Suzanne's ass. But even so, he'd come to assume that sexual fun before school was nearly a given, so he was very disappointed. "What? Not at all?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Are you saying I can't caress your bare ass cheeks?"

She dropped her head sadly. "No."

"A kiss or two, maybe?"

She shook her head no.

"Can I yank down your top, grab your luscious breasts in my hands, and squeeze them freely?"

"Unfortunately, no." She thought to herself, Be strong!

He whined, "But I was so looking forward to that."

"Me too, Son, me too." She clutched at her chest, as if she was afraid her boobs would betray her and flee to Alan's hands. "You have no idea how much. But I have to keep myself in check until this psychologist appointment tomorrow. Then, mercifully, you have your Boy Scout trip for the weekend, so I'm hoping by the end of that I can get in a state of mind where I can control my urges a little better."

Alan wasn't so keen on having her control her urges better, but he let her be, for now. He could tell all these changes had been tough on her and she needed some space. But at the same time, he had a sneaking suspicion things would heat up before he had to leave for school - everyone was just too keyed up, especially after what had happened at the poker party the night before. For instance, he couldn't help but notice that Susan was wearing a sexy pair of red high heels, which was not exactly typical for suburban mothers at breakfast time.

He wore nothing but a dark blue robe to breakfast. He thought it had gotten a bit silly just how often he had to take his shorts off in the course of a day, and he had visions of relaxing in robes more often than not from now on. He fancied himself a new Hugh Hefner of sorts.

Katherine gave him a very long and passionate kiss once she came downstairs. She was all too eager to make up for the lack of kisses and touches that Susan normally gave him each morning. By the time they were done, Alan made sure Katherine wound up topless.

But when it was Susan's turn, she wouldn't let Katherine kiss her at all. Despite all the other kissing Susan had done, apparently her boundaries (as defined that morning, at least) considered that improper.

Alan felt cavalier. He thought, I'll take care of that reluctance soon enough. During the kiss with his sister he let his robe open up widely, and when the kiss ended and Katherine sat at the dining table he stepped back and made sure it opened up even wider. He was careful to make sure his rock-hard dick was easily visible.

Susan grew greatly concerned when she saw his stiff erection. Suzanne's daily indoctrination had her convinced that a bout of "blue balls" was only slightly less painful than torture.

So, as she pattered around the kitchen preparing chickpea pancakes for breakfast, she said, "Angel, as you can see, I'm taking a bit of a break from helping Tiger with his problem today. Could you lend him a hand... or even a mouth? After all, he still has all that terrible spermy build up - just look at how hard and stiff he is! It would break my heart if he had to touch himself to make it better. Besides, I want to make it up to you for the way I've been hogging Alan Junior lately. So what do you say?"

Katherine laughed. "Boy, that's a tough one. Hmmm." She giggled. "Tell you what, Mom. I'll do it if you'll help with the visual stimulation part."

"I couldn't," Susan protested, although anyone looking at her could tell she relished the prospect. She was growing fidgety with the need to take her clothes off and strike sexy poses for her son.

"Mother, don't make me tell you twice," Katherine chided. She turned around a phrase that Susan often used on her and Alan when they were younger.

Susan bowed her head in defeat. She loved being ordered around by her children. Still with her head down and blushing profusely, she sashayed to the middle of the dining room and stood in front of where he was now sitting with her arms pinned behind her back.

She was proud of her new sashaying skills, and got an extra thrill moving in that sexy manner in front of her son. She was a bit disappointed when she ran out of room and had to stop and ask, "Tiger, since you have total power over what clothes I wear, what should I cook in?"

"I think one of your erotic aprons should do the trick," Alan said, even as his sister's fingers wrapped around his erection and started stroking. He added, "And I want you to change into it right here in front of me. And hopefully you can show me some more of your awesome sashaying along the way."

"Oh, poo!" Susan protested. "You meanie!" But she was secretly delighted, since that was about as much fun as she could have without touching. Actually, her delight wasn't very secret since she couldn't stop smiling.

He added, "Oh and before you do, please put on some bouncy music."

She thought happily, You want bouncy? I'll show you bouncy! My big tits are gonna bounce a couple inches from your face!

Susan had grown up without rock and roll music in her life, so she sashayed her way over to the stereo and put on a Harry Belafonte CD. The song "Zombie Jamboree" came on, and it had a good beat to dance to. She kicked off her red high heels so she could really let go.

So Alan was pleased with a nice long handjob while Susan performed a very sexy striptease right in front of him. Katherine was cuddled up to him and kissed him a lot as well, while he generally played with her nipples. He thought, Man, life is good! Things are supposedly restrained today, but I'm still having the time of my life!

Chapter 620 A Powerful Cock Like Tiger's Probably Needs Two Tongues At Once!

Susan could have changed outfits in a minute or so, but she made the most of the situation. She danced until she was totally naked, and then kept on dancing. She was forced to stop to check on the state of the pancakes cooking in the kitchen, but she "forgot" to put her apron on. So after she flipped the pancakes over, she came back and danced a couple more minutes until she had to go back to the kitchen again.

Alan thought while he watched, Mom is getting seriously good at this striptease stuff! I can tell she's putting Suzanne's sashaying lessons to good use with her dancing moves too. Honestly, she could be a professional dancer. Not that I would ever, ever want to see that though, 'cos she's all mine! Heh-heh! I love how she somehow maintains a virginal kind of innocence. It's clear that she's totally loving it, yet at the same time her shame and humiliation is obvious too. She knows that it's wrong, but it's just too pleasurable for her to resist.

Does that make me a bad person, not to stop her from dancing? Nah. She loves it so much. I know that if I did ask her to stop she'd be seriously bummed.

And Sis! She's doing a great job. I love how Mom lets Sis and me fondle each other. Although I suppose I'd better hold off on playing with Sis's pussy until Mom isn't looking. That's one thing she's still really strict about.

Eventually, cooking took up more of Susan's attention and she was forced to stay in the kitchen for a while and put her white erotic apron on. Her apron didn't cover her boobs or her backside at all, but it did cover enough in the front to function as a real apron for once. She also put her high heels back on, signaling the dancing was definitely over (but also signaling the sexy teasing was not).

Katherine and Alan sat at the kitchen counter so they could both better appreciate Susan running around the kitchen. Alan kept his robe wide open while Katherine sat there still topless. As they had

done before, they sat up close to the counter edge, both to get a great view of Susan puttering around in the kitchen and so Alan could play with Katherine's pussy without their mother noticing.

Susan had taken to keeping many important cooking ingredients and implements in the lowest drawers possible. Even the lowest rack in the refrigerator now kept all the most frequently used foods. In her mind she liked to think of the new arrangement as her "porn kitchen."

Thanks to this new setup, Susan seemed to spend most of her time bent over with her legs spread wide and straight as boards. Harry Belafonte's calypso music was still playing in the background, allowing her to wiggle her ass around when bent over, and wiggle and groove to the music in general.

She simply couldn't stop smiling. She was delighted at how things were going. She was keeping to her vow not to touch Alan or do anything "improper," and yet she was also having a hell of a fun time. While she wasn't able to fully sashay most of the time, her sashay lessons had taught her much about moving in a sexual manner, and so those lessons informed how she moved around the kitchen.

As if Susan wasn't arousing enough already, she and Katherine tried to keep an erotic banter going while Alan just sat there and listened (and also enjoying getting jacked off). Katherine ended up doing most of the talking, describing the girls in school she thought were most "Alan-worthy." Susan didn't know most of the girls mentioned, but she still made helpful suggestions about all the sexual things Alan could do to them.

Inevitably, much of the discussion centered around Glory, Christine, and Heather. Susan knew that Alan had serious crushes on the first two, and as the head cheerleader and a busty blonde to boot, Heather was arguably the most desirable girl in school. Even Susan knew that. She also knew that he was having sex with her, so she had great fun with some suggestive teasing about it.

As Susan flipped pancakes with her bare backside to her children, she asked, "Tiger, how are things going with Ms. Rhymer? We know you've had a serious crush on her for at least two years now. That's been your main excuse why you didn't ask any girls out. Now that you're a well-hung super stud, I think it's time you add her to your stable."

He pondered how to respond to that. He didn't like lying to his loved ones. However, Glory trusted him to keep their relationship a secret, and if too many people found out, she could lose her job. He figured he had no choice but to keep the secret. It was true he had accidentally spilled the beans to both Amy and Suzanne, but those really had been unintentional.

So he pretended disbelief. "First of all, Mom, I don't have a 'stable.' If I did, that would make you and Sis cows or horses or something."

Susan thought back to the cow fantasy she'd shared with him just the night before. Beaming, she turned to him and bent over, letting her giant tits dangle like udders. "Moo! Moooo! Mooooo!"

Not to be outdone, Katherine did her best to neigh like a horse.

Alan rolled his eyes and pretended to be chagrined, but he secretly loved their antics. "Sheesh. Stop it already or they'll arrest me for bestiality or something. Anyway, I think Glory, er, I mean Ms. Rhymer, is great. I really do. But no dice. I don't want to embarrass myself. She's got a serious boyfriend. His name's Garth. They've been going out for like a year."

Susan had no reason to think he was lying. "Garth? What kind of name is Garth? Sounds like a wussy name if you ask me. Here's what you should do: confess to your sexy teacher about your six-times-a-day medical situation. Tell her that you're desperate for help during lunch. One thing will naturally lead to another, and before you know it, she'll be naked and on her knees, worshiping at the altar of Alan Junior every day at lunch!" She giggled gaily as she poured more pancake batter into the pan, and then started slicing vegetables.

As Katherine stroked his boner, she thought, Hmmm... Curious. Very curious indeed. Where IS he at lunch when he's not painting panties? I hardly ever see him around anymore. Probably, he's having sexy fun with one cheerleader or another. But still, I do know that he spends a lot of time talking to Ms. Rhymer after class. Hmmm... However, she kept her thoughts to herself for now.

Alan was getting a bit hot under the collar because her suggestions were getting a bit too accurate to what was really happening. He lied, "Mom, you and Sis, and Aunt Suzy and Amy, help me out because we're all sorta family and we love each other so much. But out in the real world, I'm still basically a normal guy. True, girls are more interested in me now that I'm bursting with confidence-"

Katherine cut in with a quip. "That's not all you're bursting with." She bent over to take his thickness in her mouth.

But Susan saw the bending motion in the corner of her eye and turned quickly, sending her big melons bouncing above her near-useless apron. "Angel, freeze! You're not supposed to do that. You know the terms of your punishment."

Katherine licked her way around Alan's crown a couple of times.

But then Susan walked around the counter and stood right next to her. She said in a nagging tone, "Angel..."

Katherine reluctantly pulled back up and resumed just stroking him.

Standing so close to Alan's hard-on, Susan sighed happily yet longingly. "Just look at it, cradled in your lovely hands. It's beautiful!"

"It sure is," Katherine gladly agreed, as her fingers danced up and down his erect pole. "Look at the little dab of pre-cum starting to dribble out. Isn't that cute? Soon, my hands are going to be sloshing around in that stuff, and then I'll really be slip slidin' away!"

Then a thought hit her, and she griped, "But hey, am I STILL being punished?"

"Yes, you are," Susan said, proudly sashaying back to the kitchen. She sounded exactly like a typical soccer mom being firm but fair with her children, except that she looked more like a porn star in the middle of a porn scene. She was elevating her ample globes for no other reason than she knew that her son was watching them since they'd started their latest round of bouncing.

Katherine complained. "That sucks. That punishment is so last week. Besides, yesterday I was promised a full cum load from him, and I only got half of one, at best. You and Suzanne monopolize him all the time. I heard the two of you going at it in his bedroom practically all night. Do you know what torture that was for me, hearing all those sexy sounds? I couldn't get to sleep!"

Susan thought back to the night before, and felt very guilty. "I'm sorry. That must have been terrible, hearing all the sexy screaming while you were tossing and turning. I'll tell you what. You can get your missing half load from yesterday today."

"Well, I suppose that's something," Katherine grumbled grudgingly. "Can I lick him a little then?"

"Oh, I suppose."

Katherine immediately bent back over and started licking her brother's shaft while still using her hands to stroke him.

Susan let out a long, satisfied sigh. Aaaaah! I know I'm far too lenient. But his cock does need a great deal of tending. Somehow, I feel so much better, just seeing that Angel is taking good care of it. Although... a powerful cock like Tiger's probably needs two tongues at once to really be maximally stimulated...

No, that's wrong. I can't allow that to happen. If I don't set firm boundaries, we'll end up in a non-stop orgy free-for-all. Still, I can see a certain appeal... Boy, I'd just love to hear his moans of total delight when Angel and I take turns bobbing on his cock! Er, I mean "if," not "when." Actually, I don't even mean "if," because it's not going to happen, and I mean it!

Alan was glad that the conversation had veered away from Glory, because he hated to lie to his loved ones.

Susan brought the conversation back around to the girls in school, but now the focus was mostly on Christine and Heather. Susan was of the opinion that Alan could and should fuck any girl or woman he wanted, so she brushed aside any talk of obstacles. The fact that he was fucking Heather reinforced this belief. She declared that it was time for him to add Christine to his "stable" as well.

Katherine wasn't too happy about that. She tried to be gently discouraging when it came to Christine and Heather. She was jealous and worried about Christine and her impressive looks and talents, while she thought Heather was simply bad news. She wanted her brother to stop fucking the latter, and the sooner the better, but she didn't harp on it because she didn't want to be seen as a party-pooper. At one point, she asked as she licked, "Mom, how come you're eager to see him fuck anything that moves at school, yet you were so obviously jealous about Brenda last night?"

Susan was directly facing her kids now, because she was slicing fruit on the cutting board on the other side of the counter. Even this she did sexily, since the cutting motion kept her big, bare melons

constantly moving. She loved that she couldn't see Katherine's face at all, and had to talk to a mass of dark brown hair occasionally rising over the counter edge instead.

She replied, "Was I? Oh dear. I'm sorry about that. I suppose that's because I see those school girls as harmless 'pieces of fluff' for Tiger to enjoy. Besides, I can't help him in school, and neither can you. I know that girls like Heather can help him some of the time at school, but not all of the time. We can't have him suffer seven long hours a day of painful blue balls!"

She looked so concerned about this that Alan was tempted to reveal to her that blue balls weren't nearly as bad as she thought they were, but he kept his mouth shut.

However, Katherine sat up and pointed out, "I'm all for Brother dipping his fuck stick in a variety of sweet honey pots, but there are dangers, you know. For instance, the danger of sexual disease, or even pregnancy. If he's gonna knock anyone up, he should start right here at home first!"

She looked at him significantly, but he just sat there with a blank face. In fact, he was flying high with pleasure, thanks to the way she continued to jack him off, but he wasn't visibly showing it at the moment.

Undeterred, Katherine continued, "Plus, some girls you just have to watch out regardless. For instance, Christine is so smart that she'll sniff out the incest if so much as one look or word is out of place. And Heather is just plain evil!" Having made her point, she ducked back down below the counter edge for more cock licking.

Susan said to Alan as she cut apples and oranges, "Listen to your sister. And I do hope you always wear a condom with girls like that." She gave him a stern look.

He looked down bashfully. He pointed out, "I'm trying. Not only have I been wearing condoms with Heather, but I even had her get tested for sexual diseases."

Katherine groaned. She swirled her tongue around his sweet spot as she complained, "Grrr! With her, you need to test her, like, every other day. And when are you going to stop having sex with her already? You promised that it was just going to be a 'passing phase' kind of thing."

He said defensively, "Yeah, well, that's true. It's just the phase is lasting a bit longer than I expected." That wasn't really true. He had no idea what was going on with Heather. He wanted to talk to Suzanne about it, to see if he should break things off with her, and if so how. But he didn't want to go into all that with his jealous sister.

Susan said, "Now, Angel, be patient. We are Tiger's personal cocksuckers, and his fuck toys."

Katherine cut in, "Hey, Mom. It's kind of precarious for me, leaning over from my stool to Brother's in order to give him a good licking. Since you've given me permission to lick and suck him, can I please take off the rest of my clothes and get on my knees, so I can do a proper job?"

Susan wavered. "I don't know. For one thing, I don't recall saying anything about sucking, just licking. I feel like I give you an inch and you take a mile."

Katherine leapt on that word play opportunity. "Mom, I'll gladly take that inch, and several more, until I'm deep throating him a mile down my throat. Yum!" She giggled, and even Susan had to grin. "But seriously, you just said we're his personal cocksuckers and fuck toys. What's more important than striving to do our best in serving his cock at all times? There's something special about being naked and on your knees with your lips wrapped around his fat shaft, don't you think?"

"Well, that's definitely true," Susan conceded. She started to salivate and felt an extra strong tingle in her pussy as she imagined herself in that position. "Very well, if you must. I can't believe what a softy I am."

"Yeay!" Katherine immediately stripped. Knowing that breakfast was almost ready, she said, "Brother, sit at the breakfast table. I'll see you there in a sec!" She ran away towards the living room.

Alan asked after her, "Where you are going?"

Katherine shouted back, "Mom's not the only one who can wear high heels, you know!"