

6 Times 691

Chapter 691 You Are Built For Sex !

Brenda would have been plenty excited merely from licking Alan's cock, but Susan's words had put her into some kind of animalistic frenzy of cock need. To her "Live to serve!" was a rallying cry, like "Remember the Alamo!"

Taking a huge gulp of air, she stretched her mouth wide open and took in all of his cockhead, and then some, in one extended motion.

She knew this was a pivotal moment in her life. She didn't want Alan to merely be some transitional figure in her exploration of her submissive nature, as Suzanne had once suggested. In her mind he already was her de facto master, and she couldn't imagine anyone she wanted to dominate her more than him. So, if all went according to her most hopeful plans and dreams, this would be just the first of countless thousands of times she got down on her knees and submissively sucked his cock in the many years to come.

It was more than a mere physical act; it was a symbol of what her new lifestyle and submissive role was all about.

Even so, she didn't stop to truly ponder the moment, because her need to suck was so great.

She began frantically bobbing up and down on his hot pole like her life depended on it. There was no finesse or practiced technique in her movements, just relentless and very tight bobbing up and down. She'd been craving to do this for weeks now, so it seemed like she was trying to get in a month's worth of sucking done in a matter of minutes.

Even though Alan was simply standing there, it was such an incredible, pleasurable experience that his heart was racing like he was running at full speed. He even felt sweat dripping down his face.

She thought, GOD DAMN! I'm really doing it! Licking him was great, but this is even better! I'm so euphoric that I think I'm going to float away! He's stretching my lips open wide and completely filling my mouth, just like Susan said he would! It takes such an effort just to keep my lips stretched around him, but I wouldn't have it any other way! So HOT, and THICK, and ALIVE! Everything's so great that I think I'm going to pass out!

But I can't! I'm reeling and dizzy, but I can't! I can't even stop sucking or slow down, because this is such a big moment! This could even prove to be bigger than either of my wedding ceremonies, if he ends up becoming my master! Somehow I feel that this cock is going to completely tame me and own me, and to be permanently owned by a real man is WAY more important than a mere marriage! But for that to happen I have to PROVE to him that I'm worthy by using my entire body to arouse him!

Alan's legs trembled due to the intensity of her suction. He'd had to clench his PC muscle rhythmically, pretty much from the moment she started bobbing on him.

He wished that he'd thought to sit down before she really got going, because she had her hands tightly clenching his ass cheeks, as if she were trying to pull him even closer so she could deep throat every last inch.

She'd been fantasizing about doing this to him for weeks, and nothing was going to stop her now, not even a quick repositioning to get more comfortable.

Besides, like Susan, she actually preferred to kneel before him as he stood. Knowing that he towered above her subservient pose thrilled her down to her tingling toes. Everything about this situation was ideal, from her big tits swinging freely to the high heels on her feet. She loved that her very first blowjob for him was an extremely humiliating experience. The fact that she was blowing him outdoors with two of his other lovers watching closely added an extra degree of delightful humiliation.

A few tears actually leaked from her eyes, due to the sheer difficulty of continuing to suck him while breathing through her nose. But she loved that. She couldn't believe how copiously she was salivating all over his shaft, and she loved that too. The smell of him, the taste of his cock, the touch of Susan's hand on her shoulder, the drops of sweat tickling down her forehead, the breeze blowing over her nude body, the sounds of his aroused grunts coming from up above - there was nothing about the experience she didn't love.

As one minute passed into another, Brenda at least calmed down enough to start thinking about what she was doing. She also started varying up her movements and unexpectedly changing her rhythms, but she didn't slow down in the slightest. God, it's so thick! So thick! Thicker than the dildo I was using earlier. Thicker than either of my husbands'. I swear, he even feels thicker than my vibrator that's an exact copy! THIS is a superior cock! Susan is right: a super fat cock like this one DEMANDS to be serviced! I... must... submit!

He clutched the sides of her head, trying to control his lust. "Bren-! Uh! Ah! Fuck! Not so... fast!" He was squeezing his PC muscle with just as much urgency as she was bobbing and sucking.

Somehow, he held on, but it was like a crazy roller coaster ride in pitch darkness. He felt his head spinning, and then it was like the whole world was spinning around him. His legs gave way and he stumbled backwards, inadvertently pulling his cock out of her mouth in the process.

That was what saved him from cumming only a few minutes after she truly got started cocksucking. That would have been embarrassing for him, especially considering how much she'd built him up in her mind. Many other men would have considered themselves lucky to last even that long, given the intensity of her suction and her passion. But his stamina reputation was a double-edge sword, because he felt he had to do a lot better than that. Somehow, he staggered back to a lounge chair and plopped his ass in it.

Brenda immediately crawled forward to hungrily resume her sucking. It was as if she was starving and he was her only meal.

He had to close his eyes because the sight of her crawling with her huge tits swaying underneath was just too much. He held both hands out, gesturing that she had to stop.

Reluctantly, she stopped, although she was already so close that she had her hands on his knees.

Susan clapped her hands and giggled with glee. "Good job, Brenda! No, make that a great job!" Susan was truly emotionally moved by what she had just seen. To her, she was witnessing much more than just a blowjob; it was a validation of her entire newly-chosen lifestyle.

Suzanne was pleased and smiling too. She was particularly pleased how Susan had put her jealousy aside to help Brenda so much. She considered asking her about that, but decided it was better not to remind her of the jealousy issues, particularly in front of Brenda, for fear that would only bring those feelings back to the fore.

Instead, Suzanne went to where Brenda was kneeling. Since Suzanne already had taken her bikini bottoms off, she decided it was high time for Brenda to get completely naked too. So she pulled Brenda's bikini bottoms all the way down her legs and tossed them aside.

Susan saw that and quickly got rid of her own bikini bottoms. Now, everyone was completely naked, not counting Susan's glasses or the high heels the women were wearing.

Once Suzanne had Brenda naked, her hands went back to Brenda's ass. Her fingers started rooting around, exploring from her anus to her sopping wet pussy, and everywhere in between.

Brenda, though, hardly noticed. She was already so aroused that the intimate contact was like merely tossing another branch or two onto a raging bonfire. She remained with her hands on Alan's knees, panting hard and eager to get the sign she could move forward, since he was just sitting there breathing heavily with his eyes closed, obviously trying his best to recover.

She felt triumphant due to the very fact that she'd failed to get him to blow his load. He didn't cum! He didn't cum! That's so incredible! I gave it all I've got, and he STILL held out! That proves to me all over again that he's the natural master type. Neither of my husbands could have lasted through that. No way!

God DAMN! Susan has talked to me at length about the eternal struggle of trying to conquer this great cock, only to get repeatedly conquered by it. Now, I'm part of that never-ending battle! Just think of the countless hours I'll be spending on my knees, trying every trick in the book to get him to cum, choking and gagging and suffering and struggling with all my might! DAMN! I'd be sold on this lifestyle if cocksucking was all there was to it. But that's just a PART of it! Wait until he FUCKS me! Holy SHIT!

Susan had been left behind when Alan staggered back to the lounge chair, but now she too scooted forward until she was kneeling next to Brenda, but on the other side of one of his legs this time. She gently caressed Brenda's face to get her attention.

Once Brenda looked her way, Susan smiled and said, "Feels good, doesn't it?"

Brenda's face lit up like a searchlight. She nodded eagerly. She knew that it went without saying that Susan was referring to the joy of cocksucking and not what Suzanne was currently doing to her ass and pussy.bender

"Remember your doubts from before?"

Brenda nodded again.

"Do they still bother you?"

Brenda shook her head. She almost laughed at how absurd it seemed to have had those doubts, now that she knew what it was really like.

Susan reached under Brenda and resumed playing with her still heaving tits. "No, of course they don't. Nothing matters now except pleasing him. This is so much more than just practicing on a live cock; this is an initiation! Look at your body, your incredible body."

Brenda briefly glanced down at her body. But since she was leaning forward towards Alan, she didn't see much except for her huge globes dangling down, and Susan's fingers pulling on her nipples.

Susan continued, "This is why God gave you your special sexy body. It's why He gave me mine and Suzanne hers. We're very special. We're built for sex. We're built to serve. We're meant to suck superior cock! The best for the best!"

Suzanne found herself getting caught up in the lust while she watched. She had to remind herself, That's not true! At least not for me. I'm not like them. But then why is that talk making me so fucking horny?!

Alan finally recovered enough to open his eyes. He looked around and saw the three most gorgeous naked women he could possibly imagine. He also saw his mother's fingers practically enveloped in Brenda's tit-flesh. While he couldn't quite tell what Suzanne was doing to Brenda behind her, he knew it had to be extremely arousing.

He was forced to close his eyes again. He defiantly thrust his hands into the air and gave them the middle finger with both hands. "Fuck you! Fuck you all!"

Brenda was shocked, and gasped. She looked wide-eyed at Susan. "Oh no! Did we do something wrong?!"

Suzanne chuckled while fingering Brenda's pussy. "Not hardly. Don't worry about it. He's just freaking out because he's so overwhelmed by all the sexy stimulation. Am I right, Sweetie?"

He nodded, but grunted with exasperation too. After a long pause, he complained, "Jeeeesus! Jesus fucking Christ!"

Susan chided him, "Son, please. Don't take the Lord's name in vain."

He had a hard time not laughing at that, given all the "sinful" things they were busy doing. But he didn't want to upset his still very religious mother, so he just nodded.

Suzanne stopped playing with Brenda and scooted forward until she was in the same position as Susan, except she was leaning on his right leg and Susan was leaning on his left. She said tenderly, "Sweetie, I know that sometimes we tend to overwhelm you. Did we go too far? Do you want us to stop? Do you want to talk about it?"

He opened his eyes. But then he immediately shielded them with his hands. "Gah! Good grief! I can't even look at you all. It's like staring into the sun. Too much female perfection! And speaking of the sun, doesn't it bother you that we're outside, where the neighbors could see?"

Brenda had been so completely absorbed in what she was doing that she'd hardly paid any attention to their exposed location. Besides, Susan had previously told her that she'd played around with Alan by the pool and there was no chance of being seen by strangers.

But now that he'd mentioned it, she couldn't help but look all around. Suddenly, she was very worried. However, her fear only inflamed her lust.

She thought, That house over there is the Pestrige house - Suzanne's house! You CAN see in here from some of the rooms over there! But I don't care! That's how much of a slut I am for Alan's cock. I just don't care! Let the whole world see that I love sucking his fat knob!

Alan continued to gripe, "How am I supposed to take a break here? Even now, all I'd have to do is mentally let go a little bit and I'd be squirting like a fountain."

Brenda clapped her hands like a little girl being given a new toy. "Oh! Squirt at me! Please!" So far, she'd been at arm's length, but now she scooted in closer in the hopes that he would soon unleash a cum shower.

He just sighed. "Ugh. You see what I mean? You're too sexy. Too arousing. It's unreasonable. All I wanted to do was take a break. Have a nice swim. Clear my head. And then, this!"

He opened his eyes just long enough to glance at his dick. It was stiff and twitching, and covered with saliva and pre-cum. He knew there was no way it would go flaccid, not until he emptied his balls.

Susan asked with concern, "Do you want us to go? Because we can go."

"No! That's the thing - I don't want you to go! Good God Almighty, the pleasure is simply out of this world! It feels so good that it's ridiculous."

He opened his eyes again. "Look at you. All three of you. The way you look is friggin' absurd! You're, like, HOTTER than the top porn stars. I want more! More, more, more, more, more! I think it's like one of you said a little while ago. You ARE built for sex!"

Brenda's entire body tingled with arousal. It's true! We are built for sex! If he says it, then it's true for sure! And if he thinks I'm that hot, there's a good chance he'll want to keep me!

"But give me a chance to fucking rest first, okay? A real rest! Why don't you three, I dunno, go get a drink or something? Actually, I could definitely use a drink; it's hot out here. And what about suntan lotion? Aunt Suzy, with your fair skin you're gonna burn up."

Suzanne looked down at her voluptuous and very pale naked body. "Oooh. Good point. We were just kind of... eager."

He chuckled. "Yeah. I noticed."

The three sex-bomb mothers got up and retreated back to the kitchen for drinks. Each of them took full advantage of the fact they were wearing high heels to undulate and sway their bare ass cheeks to maximum effect. There was little doubt among them that the effect on Alan was quite dramatic.

Once they walked out of range, Brenda grabbed Susan's hand and eagerly whispered, "Did you hear that? He said we're built for sex! It's true! It's all true! So true! That means we're built to serve and suck him too, just like you said!"

Susan was just as eager. "I know! It's so hot! And look at you." She grazed her hand up Brenda's tummy, and brushed the undersides of Brenda's mountainous tits. "You're just the perfect little big-titted cocksucker all of a sudden. Did you see how close he came to cumming?! He enjoyed it, I'm sure. But how does it feel for you?"

Brenda's face lit up, shining with joy even more than it already was. "Like a dream come true! I love it! Even just WALKING to the house is so thrilling and arousing that I can't stand it! Because HE could be watching us!" She enveloped Susan in a tight bear hug.

Susan laughed. "Whoa, there! You're gonna squeeze me to death!"

Brenda loosened her grip. "Sorry. It's like I'm too happy to control myself! I already knew how much I desired him in general, but I can't believe how much I love his cock specifically! He's just so... UGH! So THICK! I never had one that thick before, and... oh my God... do I love it! It fits my mouth perfectly, like I was made for it."

"You were," Susan affirmed with absolute conviction.

"I know, and that's what gets me! The thing is, it's a constant challenge simply to hold it in my mouth. Just breathing is a never ending battle."

She yawned several times while she talked, in order to stretch her jaw muscles and limber them up. "But I love how hard I have to work, even just to get a good, tight suction going. It's a continual reminder that he's the dominant one and we're his sex pets!"

Susan nodded emphatically. "We're his sex pets, sent by God to serve!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes at that. By this time, the three of them were in the kitchen. She went to the refrigerator and looked inside it. "Okay, you two. Calm down. And Brenda, please wipe your chin."

She was somewhat chagrined, because she knew she was the one who had introduced the "sex pet" term to Alan to excite him about Brenda. Now it was taking on a life of its own for both Brenda and Susan.bender

Brenda let go of Susan, went to a small mirror near the sink, and looked at her face. She squealed in delight at how wet it was, with pre-cum and drool dribbling down her chin. But she had a strong compulsion to obey Suzanne, so she dutifully washed it off.

Suzanne asked the others, "What do you want to drink? Oh, and what should we get him? I forgot to ask."

Susan and Brenda said simultaneously, "Pineapple juice!" Then they both had a good laugh.

Even Suzanne laughed. She knew that pretty much everyone in the Plummer house except Alan was aware how pineapple juice improved the taste of cum. Needless to say, he'd been served a lot of pineapple juice lately.

Brenda wasn't too good at calming down, and she continued talking to Susan right where she left off. "But what I love best is that it's Alan's cock!"

She suddenly took Susan's hands in hers and spoke to her with heartfelt emotion. "For so many days now, I've been with you every step of the way, thanks to our daily phone calls. I've gotten a detailed blow-by-blow account of pretty much everything you or the other gorgeous women you know do to his cock. And then, this last poker party, I was so ready! Ready to SUCK! He played with my tits and my ass, but that was it. I was crushed. Your vibrator gift was the best gift ever, and I got a lot of solace from practicing on it, but still it's not the same as the real thing."

"No, it's not," Susan agreed.

"I've been so very eager to serve, and today I CAN! It's such a rush! Such a release! I was so wound up, so tense, so needy! But now... now! I'm floating on a sea of bliss!"

"Thank you!" She suddenly kissed Susan's lips. Her hands went straight to Susan's ass, pulling her in close. Their nude bodies rubbed together all over.

But nearly as suddenly, Brenda pulled back, went to Suzanne, and kissed her instead. That kiss went on much longer, and was hot as hell. Brenda wanted to give her an extra special thank you, because she sensed that none of this would have happened had it not been for Suzanne.

Suzanne had been relatively restrained so far. She knew this was a special time for Brenda, so she'd been content to generally stand back and silently watch. She hadn't even given in to the temptation to masturbate.

But Brenda didn't let Suzanne stay aloof. She knew Suzanne was hot and bothered, and she wanted to give back some of the great pleasure she'd just been given. So she was all over her like an octopus during the kiss. In particular, one hand went straight to Suzanne's pussy and vigorously fingered her.

Susan was standing there watching, and she could see what Brenda was trying to do. So she joined in from Suzanne's backside.

Suzanne squealed in what sounded like distress but actually was delight. "What are you two doing to me?! Help, I'm trapped in a sex-bomb sandwich!"

The other two just laughed and kept right on, focusing on her nipples and clit.

Brenda was nearly delirious with joy. This is exactly where I belong! With other naked, beautiful women, all working together to please our man! There's the sexual pleasure, but it's so much more than that. It's like... a sisterhood. A new family!

Finally, after another minute or so, Suzanne felt the tell-tale shiver and gush of an orgasm. The highly orgasmic Brenda had one of her own at the same time.

Only then did Brenda break away. As the three of them both basked in the emotional afterglow, she said, "And thank you! You're the one who got things started for me, so I'm especially thankful to you."

Suzanne was tickled pink that her plan was working so well, but she just shrugged and pretended like her climax didn't happen. "Hey, that's what friends do for each other. By the way, you said earlier that you were feeling a 'heavy gloom' and a 'sense of foreboding.' Is that gone?"

"Totally! When you came back down to the basement a little while ago and announced that we were going to practice right now on Alan's very real cock, I thought I'd have a nervous breakdown. Not only was there a great pressure to perform well, but I could tell it was a do or die moment in terms of which way my entire future would go. I told myself this was my last chance to back out and live a normal life."

She added, "Now, I've found out that sucking and serving his cock is just as great as I hoped it would be. Better, even! That means there is no going back. But I don't care! This has confirmed that I'm a true sexual submissive and Alan is my natural master."

Susan was getting some glasses from a shelf, but she stopped to listen closely.

Brenda spoke with newfound resolve. "This is who I am. This is what I do. I serve superior, special men like Alan. Hell, not just like him, I mean HIM! It feels so good and so right! He might not be 'mine' exactly, and that's kind of the understatement of the year, but I know that I'm definitely HIS!"

Suzanne cheered, "You go, girl!"

Brenda continued, "I still don't know what the future will bring. So much is still up in the air. I have such passion and desire for him; I sure hope I can continue to serve him exclusively for as long as he wants me. But I know this path is my destiny. I know that in my heart. I don't even have to worry about how I'm going to perform when we go back outside in a few minutes, because I'm loving every last lick, and I'm sure that passion shines through."

Suzanne grinned. "All that from just a couple minutes sucking a cock, huh?"

"YES!" Brenda gripped Suzanne's shoulders. Their massive racks were rubbing together because they were both so stacked that it was hard for them not to be when standing close, but she was so caught up

in the emotion of the moment that she hardly noticed. "Not just sucking any cock, but HIS cock! Maybe half of it is in my mind - okay probably more than half of it is mental - but it's completely different from everything else before. I remember how my husband used to shower me with gifts in order to get a little oral action. I did it, rarely, and I pretty much hated it. But with Alan, I could gobble his knob all day long!"

She asked with genuine puzzlement, "Why is that?"

Suzanne replied, "It's about how you feel for the person. Maybe you even loved your husband at some point, but your feelings for Alan are very different, I'm sure." As she talked, she got some suntan lotion out of a drawer and began applying it to her exceedingly fair skin.

Brenda nodded emphatically.

"Your husband never treated you the way you needed to be treated, for starters. He never fully understood you. But Sweetie, he's understood you and your submissive ways from the very start."

Susan cut in, "Remember how he basically predicted that he'd be your 'lord and master' someday?"

"Boy, do I ever!" Brenda felt goose bumps from the reminder. And today it's starting to happen! I'm falling under his spell, submitting to his sexual power!

Suzanne went on, "He affects you in a deep, primal way that you probably never felt from anyone else. For instance, I'll bet he could get your pussy gushing with just a certain look."

"That's so true!" Brenda agreed, amazed at Suzanne's insight. "In fact, my pussy gets wet from pretty much any look he gives me. And my heart races and I get butterflies in my stomach. I'm feeling all of that, and more, right now!"

Suzanne said dismissively, "Let's not speak any more about it. I have more ideas on the matter, but I think it's better to keep some things mysterious as long as we can. It's more fun that way. The main thing is that you're feeling better. And he's happy and horny, with a fat cock throbbing with arousal. It's win-win."

"I'm feeling SO much better!" Brenda threw her arms around Suzanne and gave her a tight hug.

Susan had been busy preparing glasses of pineapple juice for everyone. But she paused to pat Brenda's bare back, symbolically giving her support.

That wasn't enough for Brenda, so she changed positions to envelop Susan in the hug too. She was nearly in tears as she said, "Thank you both! I feel so much love in this house. Today alone, the way you two helped with the cocksucking lessons, and then how you tried to cheer me up, plus giving me good advice, and letting me be with Alan and his great cock for the first time... It's all so wonderful that I could cry!"

Suzanne detested crying. So before things got any more maudlin, she pulled back and said, "Speaking of cocksucking lessons, I think it's time for you to put some of what we taught you into practice, don't you think? I was watching closely, and you were mostly just bobbing. Nothing special or particularly tricky, despite all the tricks we were teaching you. Did you even get your tongue busy inside your mouth?"

Brenda looked down, abashed. "Not really. I was too excited about the whole thing. Plus, he's just so very thick! I was still adjusting to that."

Suzanne patted her bare shoulder. "Don't worry about it. It's a process. Take it step by step."

Susan enthusiastically cut in, "It's an art form! It really is! It's all about being creative, letting the spirit flow through you and perfecting your skills. Each time I suck him, I feel like I'm trying to create a blowjob masterpiece, that this one is going to be the best one for him yet!"

"Wow!" Brenda was clearly impressed.

Suzanne grinned tolerantly at that. "Hey, we've got plenty of time and a very stiff, young cock waiting for us outside. It's a beautiful day. Once we put enough suntan lotion on, I say we go back out there and practice a lot more until he gives up his creamy load. Not just Brenda, but all of us."

Susan pumped a fist into the air. "Right on!"

Brenda pumped a fist into the air as well. "Oh boy! I can't wait to go back out there. First, I'm gonna suck him until he cums. And then, the titfucking can begin! I want him to fuck my tits for hours! Meanwhile, you-"

Suzanne cut her off. "Um, that's nice that you're so keen. But I think it's better if we wait on the titfucks for another day. He's got a lot of things going on today. A lot. So after he cums, we should just let him be."

What she said was true. But in addition to that, she was thinking of some special cock-stiffening plans for him later in the day, and she didn't want him too worn out.

Brenda was hardly fazed, because she figured a lot more cocksucking still beckoned. "Okay! Let's go!"

Chapter 693 5? Gods Have Mercy !

A few minutes later, Alan and the ladies were all relaxing on lounge chairs after enjoying their drinks. He had had such a long strategic break that his dick felt fully rested. He'd wound up lying all the way back on a lounge chair so Susan, Suzanne, and Brenda could be within easy reach of his crotch.

Brenda lay between his legs while Susan sat on one side of his chair and Suzanne sat on the other. Nobody wore anything aside from the usual glasses and high heels, plus he wore sunglasses because of the bright sun.

Suzanne said, "Okay, now here's what we're going to do. Let's get organized here." She looked to Brenda. "Instead of you just sucking on him willy nilly, I'm going to show you some moves and then I want you to practice them. But don't feel like you have to slavishly imitate me. Instead, do what feels good, and what you think will make him feel good, but also incorporate some of the things that you see I'm doing, okay?"

Brenda nodded, paying close attention.

Suzanne looked up at him with a knowing smirk. "Any objections?" She winked.

He laughed. "Definitely not!" It was all he could do not to rub his hands together with glee. Fuck me, man! Talk about a perfect plan on a perfect day. Once upon a time, I was scared shitless that I couldn't seduce Brenda. Just look at us now! Un-friggin'-believable!

He slouched back in his chair, ready for more erotic nirvana. His dick was already hard, pointing upward at a forty-five degree angle.

Suzanne leaned over, engulfed his cockhead, and began bobbing on it. She was focusing on her tongue work, centered on his sweet spot, while also using irregular rhythms and making unexpected directional changes with her air-tight lip movements. Her head seemed to always be moving in every direction, and her cheeks sunk in or puffed out fairly frequently.

Brenda clutched at her tits and idly pulled on her long nipples while she watched. Wow! So hot! I thought I was doing pretty well there, but I can instantly tell that Suzanne is in an entirely different league. And I can only see what's going on outside her mouth. There must be a party of pleasure going on in there, especially with her freakishly long tongue. I have so much to learn!

Indeed, Suzanne was going all out and putting on a show. She couldn't help try to impress Brenda in particular.

Alan was on cloud nine. He was panting hard and constantly moaning.

Brenda commented to Susan, "Good grief! Look at her go! Did you see the ease with which she swallowed his cock? And that was just for starters. She makes it look so easy."

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Susan proudly replied, "Believe me, it's not any easier for her, it's just a matter of practice. I never get over just how thick my son's cock is, and how it completely fills my mouth. Every time I feel his fat log initially sliding between my lips, I get chills as it hits me all over again just how well endowed he is, and I'm daunted by how much HARD WORK it's gonna take to get him to cum. Every single time! But you learn to really stretch your jaw as wide open as it can get, and mentally prepare yourself to get completely stuffed with throbbing cock-meat all the way back to your tonsils! You'll get the hang of it, with practice, practice, practice."

Brenda said, "Oh, Susan! Between your words and seeing Suzanne's sliding lips, I'm just about ready to pass out! If I could practice that much on his cock... UGH! That would be ANOTHER dream come true! Everything today is like my perfect fantasy happening in real life. Just watching her and thinking about it is making my cunt throb!" She reached for her wet pussy.

But Susan said, "Hold on there, girl. If you play with yourself, how will you be able to pay attention? Is pleasuring his cock important to you?"

Brenda reluctantly withdrew her hand. "Oh! So much!"

"Do you wish to become one of his official personal cocksuckers someday?"

Brenda practically screamed in delight. "OH GOD! I can't even begin to say!"

Despite going out of his head with arousal, Alan took note of that. He still thought it was good to play hard to get to some extent, not realizing how fully committed Brenda already was and that what they said wasn't mainly sex talk. He figured the "personal cocksucker" title was a prize he could dangle out in front of her to keep her striving.

Susan told her, "Then watch and learn! Cocksucking is an art, like I said. Nay, it's a calling! See how she's tilting her head and all the movement there in her left cheek? I can tell she's doing a move we call 'Licking the Ice Cream Cone'. That's a good one."

Brenda watched carefully. An electric jolt shot down her spine as she considered Susan's words. "A calling." So true! What if pleasuring Alan's cock is MY calling? Wow! What a heady thought that is! Shit. I'd better get my act together so I can somehow hope to somehow approach the abilities of these two impressive women!

After about another minute, she noted, "Um, Suzanne? There's a problem. I can't really tell what you're doing, because it's all happening inside your mouth. All I can see is that you're doing wonderful things with your tongue."

Suzanne pulled off his shaft with a satisfying smack. "Hmmm. That's true. But you know what? I'm pretty damn horny now. I'm not in a mood for a lot of explaining; I just want to do it! Why don't we save the lesson part for some other time and just take turns sucking? I'm sure Sweetie won't mind." She looked up at him and winked again.

He pointed his finger at his temple like it was a gun, then pretended to shoot.

Even Susan understood what he meant, and she explained it for Brenda. "He just said 'You just blew my mind.' Which means he likes the idea!"

Suzanne kept a hand around Alan's shaft, but tilted it towards Brenda. "Here. Your turn." She planted one more sloppy, loving kiss on the crown of his glans before pulling back.

"Oh! Goody!" Brenda immediately stretched her mouth open and dove down his shaft until she hit Suzanne's fingers. She started bobbing so deep that she choked and gagged some.

However, that didn't last long, because she wanted to concentrate on his sweet spot. She wanted to show that she had finesse as well as sheer enthusiasm. Even though she wasn't explicitly following Suzanne's moves, she remembered Suzanne's advice in the kitchen to get her tongue involved, and she worked hard to do that.

Alan immediately noticed the improvement from what she was doing prior to the drink break. He had to tense up his ass muscles in response. "Oh, man!"

Brenda felt another orgasmic surge race through her body just from hearing him say that with obvious lusty satisfaction.

Suzanne was tenderly stroking the hair on Brenda's bobbing head while also stroking all the inches of cock that remained outside Brenda's greedy mouth. She grinned at Alan. "You're enjoying all of this, aren't you?"

"Hell, yeah! God, it's just... Wow!"

He thought, Fuck me! Somebody just fuck me! Brenda! If she keeps this up, I'm gonna go cross-eyed. And she's so into it. Just listen to her slurping like she's inhaling an entire smoothie with a single suck. She's really, really into me. I'm gonna fuck her before long!

Dang! And with Aunt Suzy literally lending a helping hand too! It's like they're both my sex pets now! And Mom too! It's INSANE! I can't even think about ANYTHING, or I'm gonna overheat. I'm just gonna turn off my mind and enjoy. He closed his eyes and attempted to slowly count to ten.

Brenda switched styles again. She attempted to engulf a little further down his thick shaft with each pass. Soon, she was triggering her gag reflex, causing her to choke and gag some more. She did it deliberately and repeatedly, as loudly as possible, because those sounds and sensations were like manna from Heaven for her.

Good God, I'm choking on Alan's fat cock! If I have to die, what a wonderfully slutty way to go! I'm gonna keep at it until I deep throat him! My throat will be my second cunt for him!

Susan also loved those choking and gagging sounds. To her, they symbolized complete submission.

But Suzanne didn't like those sounds at all, because from her point of view they sounded like a failed attempt at deep throating. Plus, with Brenda covering that much of Alan's cock, she'd been forced to withdraw her stroking hand for lack of room. She said, "Brenda, ease up, okay? You can't expect to hit a home run your first time at bat. Besides, remember that most of your effort should be to stimulate his frenulum, his sweet spot."

Duly chastened, Brenda switched back to shorter bobs and lots of tongue work, all of it focused on his sweet spot. Deep throating was an ambitious dream that would have to wait for another day.

Suzanne looked at Susan, sitting across from her. "What's up with you? You've been unusually quiet. See how Brenda's fingers are sliding up and down his shaft? That's good, but it's leaving his balls untended. Why don't you take care of his scrotum until it's your turn next?"

Susan clutched her hands to her chest uncertainly. "My turn? Next? I don't know..."

Suzanne spoke over Brenda's increasingly noisy slurping and lip smacking. "You don't know?! Susan, you LIVE for this kind of thing. What's the problem this time?"

"Well, it's just... I fear I'm sliding down the slippery slope some more. I know I sucked Tiger's cock with Amy a few days ago, but that was kind of a heat-of-the-moment thing. And then I did it again with Akami yesterday, but that was kind of... for scientific purposes."

Suzanne shot her a skeptical and amused look. "Scientific. I'm sure."

"It was! But never you mind that. The point is, I've been trying to draw a line in the sand about not allowing two mouths on his cock at once."

"What about when you did it with Angel a few days ago?"

Susan winced. "There is that too."

"What was your excuse that time?"

"It's just so very thick and tasty!" She licked her lips as she watched Brenda suck. "Okay, I'll admit I've had a few slip-ups lately. But since then, I've been trying to do better. Don't we spoil him enough already? What's happening here right now could easily turn into a three-tongues-on-one-cock situation. It just seems so improper. Where is it going to end? With out-and-out orgies?"

Suzanne was annoyed at Susan's backsliding. She'd thought Susan had already fully embraced double blowjobs, at least. She sensed that Susan's resistance was paper-thin, so she stated firmly, "Frankly, yes. With orgies. That's probably going to happen pretty soon. Why try to fight it?"

Brenda could hear the beginnings of an argument. After all the ways Susan and Suzanne had helped her, she wanted to help them some in return. So even though sucking Alan's cock felt like heaven on earth to her, she pulled her lips off and resorted to merely stroking him for a while.

That freed her mouth so she could talk. "Hey, you two, I have something to say here. Susan, two mouths at once isn't just a good idea, it's medically necessary!"

Susan frowned. She started to say, "I know it takes a lot to get him to cum, but-"

Brenda cut in, "Listen to me. This is important! Have you ever heard of something called the Coolidge Effect?"

Susan shook her head.

Alan also shook his head, despite the fact that no one was looking at him above his crotch.

Even Suzanne shook her head, because that was genuinely new to her.

Brenda was pleasantly surprised. She lapped on Alan's sweet spot intermittently as she explained, "Oh wow, I know something about sex that even the great sex goddess Suzanne doesn't. The Coolidge Effect is a scientific fact, backed by studies on both animals and humans. Basically, when a man has sex with a woman, eventually he gets tired and he can't perform for a while. They call it the refractory period, when his penis is recovering until it can get hard again. But these studies show that if you bring in a new woman, bingo! The refractory period is shortened. Often, it's completely eliminated! In short, a man will cum more often, and with less waiting, with the more women who get involved."

An excited Susan asked, "Is that for real? Like, really real?"

"It is!" Brenda said definitively.

Susan asked, "Then why haven't you heard about it, Suzanne?"

Suzanne shrugged. "Hey, I don't know everything about everything. But it sounds fascinating. Susan, think of the potential for helping with Sweetie's six-times-a-day target!"

In truth, Suzanne was right and Susan's resistance to double blowjobs and the like was paper-thin. This new information was an ideal excuse for her to ditch that resistance for good.

Susan exclaimed, "I know! This changes everything! Goodness gracious! In theory, we could keep Tiger hard for hours and hours non-stop, simply by rotating in different women whenever he goes flaccid!"

"You could!" Brenda happily agreed.

Alan whimpered helplessly when he heard that. I swear, they're gonna kill me with too much joy!

Susan pondered that delightful prospect; her mood was improving already. "It practically scientifically PROVES that Tiger needs a whole harem of beautiful women helping him out! By the way, why is it called the Coolidge Effect?"

Brenda resumed licking all around Alan's cockhead in swirling patterns as she explained. "That's literally a funny story. It's named after a joke about President Calvin Coolidge. Way back when, in the 1920s, he and his wife were being shown around an experimental chicken farm. At one point, Mrs. Coolidge noticed that a particular rooster was mating with great vigor. So she asked a farmer, 'How often does he mate like that?' The farmer replied, 'Dozens of times a day.' She said, 'Tell that to the President.' But the President was listening in, and he asked the farmer, 'Is it with the same hen every time?' The farmer replied, 'No, it's with a different hen each time.' The President said, 'Tell that to Mrs. Coolidge.'"

After the others laughed, Brenda commented, "Apparently, that was either a popular made-up joke or maybe even a joke based on a real incident. But either way, when the researchers discovered the effect in rats, they named it after the joke. Later, researchers found there was a strong effect in people too. So there you are."

Susan sat back, trying to take that in. "Wooooowww... That's amazing. I'm definitely going to have to rethink my opposition to double blowjobs. No, I think I'll have to withdraw my opposition entirely!"

Suzanne smirked. Finally! Now the fun can move up to an even higher level!

Alan similarly thought, Finally! Boy, is today a great day, or what?!

Brenda spoke as she kept on licking, "If you think about it, it makes sense. Doesn't it just seem right to have two tongues on it at once? Two sets of lips? Double the pleasure! Or even three hot, sexy mouths.

Or four! A powerful cock like his needs a lot of tongues. No one woman can completely satisfy him. That's a scientific fact!"

Susan was stunned at the "logic" used there. "My goodness! Why... That's so... so... HOT!"

Sensing the moment was right, Suzanne tapped Brenda's shoulder. "Move over, please. There's a certain big-titted mommy here who needs to slurp and slobber all over her son's cock to celebrate this great news."

Susan stared at Alan's saliva-covered pole. "Oh my God! I do! I do!"

The instant Brenda pulled back and let go, Susan bent over and engulfed it. As soon as her lips started bobbing back and forth over his sweet spot, she let out a loud "MMMM!" of pure satisfaction.

Brenda sat up between Alan's legs because she knew Susan would be a while. Smiling, she wiped the cum and slobber that had drooled down her chin. She didn't mind at all having to wait for her next turn. She loved being treated as "one of the gals."

Suzanne patted Brenda's leg while remaining kneeling against the lounge chair. "Good thinking. Thanks for remembering that. Sometimes, Susan drives me crazy. Here she is, back from visiting a psychologist who told her that getting fucked by her cutie Tiger is A-okay. And she says she's fine with it. But she still has this fear of 'orgies' and even sometimes resists double blowjobs." She rolled her eyes with amusement.

Brenda said, while watching Susan's head bob, "It's understandable. I can relate because I'm in a similar situation where my sexual attitudes are dramatically changing. Everything I thought about sex, and practically everything about my life in general, turns out to be wrong for me, if I want to be myself and be happy. It's taking time for me to adjust to my new lifestyle. I'm still only beginning to understand the implications."

Alan was curious what she meant by that, especially the "implications." mention. While he knew that Brenda was discovering her submissive tendencies, he was still largely in the dark about how strong those tendencies were turning out to be, or all that Susan and Suzanne were doing to help bring her submissive side to the fore.

However, given the way Susan was sucking on his cock, complete with her trademark corkscrew turns and busy tongue work, he was in no position to ask questions or start a discussion. He just lay there with his eyes closed, fully enjoying the experience.

After a couple of minutes, Suzanne tapped on Susan's shoulder, letting her know her turn was over. She knew that if she didn't do that, Susan was liable to go on sucking him until he came. It wasn't that Susan was selfish; it was just that she got so into it that the act became her entire world.

That made it Suzanne's turn again. Since they weren't conducting lessons for Brenda's sake anymore, she decided to give it her all to show Alan - and the others - that she was the best cocksucker around. She knew her long tongue was her greatest asset when it came to oral sex, so she used it to devastating effect. She started out just licking him, so Brenda in particular could appreciate just how long her tongue could reach.

Meanwhile, Susan and Brenda talked while waiting their turns. (They didn't bother including Alan in their conversation because they knew he was in no shape to speak.)

Brenda said, "Boy, this could be the greatest day of my life! And it's not just the cocksucking. I love absolutely everything that's happening in this house. I feel my days of worry are behind me. I mean, look at us."

Susan looked first at Suzanne's head, which had just started bobbing after her impressive tongue display. Then she looked up to Alan's face, with his eyes closed but sporting a very satisfied smile. Then she looked over at Brenda sitting there naked. She asked, "What? What about us?"

Brenda waved her hands in the air, trying to express herself. "It's just... It's... everything! Just look. Three big-titted beauties, wearing nothing but sexy high heels. One dominant boy with a powerful, insatiable, huge cock. And we sit around taking turns sucking on it like we're nothing more than his obedient sex pets! Plus we're outside, but we don't care, because that's where his cock is and that's what he wants. Is that not the greatest thing ever, or what?"

Susan said with a startled expression, "You know what? It is! It really is! I only wish Angel and Amy could be here to see this. Better yet, they could join in!"

Brenda was floored by that. "Good God! Then we'd have FIVE busty babes all taking turns on his cock. FIVE!"

"I know! Oh God! So hot! Too hot! Brenda, please, let's kiss. I'm burning up!"

Alan had been listening to every word. He was regretting it, because it was all too arousing. Dammit, man! I definitely can't open my eyes now or I'd see Mom and Brenda making out. Not to mention, the sight of Aunt Suzy bobbing on me with her freakishly long and talented tongue, slurping all over like her life depends on it, would pretty much push me over the edge all by itself. And if three isn't crazy enough, they talk of five?! God have mercy!

Chapter 694 Cumming On Brenda

Mercifully for him, he could tell the lesbian kiss ended quickly, because he heard Brenda say, "Hey! I've got an idea. Katherine and Amy aren't here, so what if we take some pictures for them? Susan, where's your digital camera? I can go get it."

Susan stood up. "No, you don't know where it is. Besides, your turn is next." She ran off to the house, holding her giant melons to reduce their sway.

The fact that Susan was temporarily absent didn't lessen Alan's urge to cum. Normally, Suzanne would have sensed how close he was and eased up or even stopped for a rest. But she'd been listening too, and she was as worked up as anybody. She particularly loved learning about the Coolidge Effect. She didn't know whether Brenda was telling the full truth (she was); she was just happy that it would help speed up the removal of one of Susan's last barriers. Once those were all gone, her intended Plummer house sexual utopia could become a reality.

As a result, if anything, she started bobbing even faster, and with more suction. She wanted his cum and she wanted it now.

He could feel his resistance slowly crumbling. Flexing his PC muscle non-stop was tiring. He cried out, "Gonna... gonna cum soon!"

Suzanne knew it wouldn't be long. But she remembered Brenda was there, and she didn't want to leave her out in the cold when the cum started flying. After all, this was Brenda's special time. So she pulled her lips off, and shouted, "Join me!" Then she switched to just licking one side of his erection.

Brenda understood the invitation. She laid back down between his legs and got busy licking on the side of his cock that Suzanne had left free.

She was overjoyed. Oh boy! I'm licking Alan's cock with Suzanne, the mighty Suzanne! Such an honor. Such a pleasure! Such a head rush! Chills! Chills all over! But I can't just coast; I have to rise to the occasion. Obviously, he's on the verge of cumming. Let's make this his best orgasm ever!

Somehow, Alan held on. However, he felt like he was hanging off the edge of a skyscraper with only a few fingers holding him up. The pleasure was so great that he didn't want it to end, ever. But he knew that the best he could do if he used all his willpower was make it last just a little bit longer. His goal was to hold out until Susan returned. He contracted his PC muscle so urgently that at times his hips actually lifted off the lounge chair.

A minute or two later, Susan came running back, still gloriously nude but with a camera in hand. She took a look at Brenda and Suzanne happily lapping away together and squealed, "Oh my goodness! Too hot! Too hot!" Then she bent over and started snapping pictures.

By now, he needed to cum so bad that he was whimpering as much as panting and gasping. He knew it was a matter of seconds before he exploded. However, when he heard the clicking of the camera, he valiantly struggled to hold on just a little longer so his mother could get some good pictures.

Finally, he could take it no more. He sat up and shouted, "Cum! Gonna cum! Cumming now!"

Susan cried, "Cum, Son! Cum hard! Cum on Brenda! Give it to her good!" Since she had a digital camera, she didn't have to worry about running out of film. She kept on clicking while zooming in for close-ups.

Suzanne had been so busy licking and licking and licking that she hadn't given any thought on what would happen when he finally came. Who would get his cum? But after hearing Susan's "Cum on Brenda!" comment, she decided that it was only fair for Brenda to receive his creamy load. After all, Alan had cum on her own body many times but never on Brenda. So she abruptly pulled back.

Brenda also sat up, in hopes that he'd shoot his wad on her big tits as well as her face. She was left remaining right in the middle, his only obvious target.

Susan continued to click away non-stop. Since it was a digital camera, there was no limits on how many pictures she could take.

Alan also raised himself so his crotch was level with Brenda's face. Then he started to shoot his load. Normally, he wasn't that vocal during his orgasms, but this was such a great one that he growled and groaned like he was wrestling with a bear. So far, he'd had to keep his eyes closed most of the time for fear of getting overstimulated. But now that he was cumming he figured there was no downside anymore, so he watched intently while his cum rocketed out of his asshole.

Brenda was so feverish with the need to lick his cock that she hadn't noticed the sound of Susan taking pictures or even what Alan or Susan were saying when she yelled. She sensed the end was near by the urgency and increasing volume of Alan's moans, and that's why she'd sat up. But she nonetheless was emotionally overwhelmed when he started to blast his cum right at her face.

She just barely had enough time and sense to close her eyes. Then it fully hit her mentally what was actually hitting her physically. A facial! I'm getting a FACIAL!

She'd heard Susan describe the joys of facials in so many phone conversations that she'd developed a fetish for facials without ever having experienced one in person. She'd never let either of her husbands do that or cum on her chest, complaining that it was too demeaning. But now her attitude had totally changed. She felt it was the perfect symbolic act of a dominant man asserting his power and even his ownership over his submissive women.

So when she felt the cum splattering all over her face, she felt a surge of pleasure that seemed to literally stimulate every last nerve in her body. She opened her mouth wide and screamed like a wild beast. That resulted in some of his cum flying directly into her gaping maw, and that excited her even more.

A massive climax started in her toes and rushed up her body, washing over her like a tidal wave. But it almost didn't matter because she was flying high in the sky already.

She blissfully held her open-mouthed pose, luxuriating in the cum shower. She'd never been so happy or so aroused in her life. Time seemed to slow to a crawl. She felt she could sense every last detail as he painted her chin, her forehead, her cheeks, her nose, and even her closed eyes.

Then, just when it seemed like the euphoric, magical moment was coming to an end, Suzanne came back into the picture. She leaned in until she was literally cheek to cheek with Brenda, because she wanted to enjoy at least some of his cum.

Not only did Brenda not mind, she absolutely adored it. She was thrilled to be bound a little closer together through sharing this sperm blast. It also reinforced her image of Alan as an incredible stud, that he would spread his cum load around like this.

Finally, the last of his ropes were expended, too weak to even make it to Brenda's or Suzanne's face. He collapsed back to the lounge chair like a dead man. He'd loved every second watching his pearly seed blast all over Brenda's and Suzanne's faces. But now that it was over, he had no choice but to close his eyes and mentally shut down for a while. In fact, he very nearly lost consciousness, his body was so overwhelmed and exhausted.

As a result, he wasn't really paying attention when Brenda suddenly sat up. She pulled Suzanne up too, and then she looked at Susan, who was still holding the camera and clicking away. She plastered her cummy cheek against Suzanne's again, and said, "Hey, Suzanne. Say cheeeese!"

Suzanne laughed at that, but she obligingly said "cheese" while Susan snapped yet more photos.

Susan was holding the camera with one hand and frigging her pussy with her other. She moaned, "So hot! So hot! These pictures are great! The girls'll love 'em!"

Satisfied that the moment would be saved for posterity, Brenda turned to face Suzanne. Since their cummy cheeks had just been pressed together, a long strand of cum still hung between their faces. Brenda saw that, and said, "Oh, look! We're joined by his sticky sperm! Susan, please! Take a picture of this too!"

"I'm on it!" More clicking followed, although she never really stopped. She'd taken several hundred photos in the last few minutes.

Then Brenda kissed Suzanne fully on her lips. She normally wasn't this aggressive, but her great lust made her bold. She practically left Suzanne breathless with the fiery desire in her necking. She snowballed some of Alan's cum into Suzanne's mouth, and then back into her own.

Her only slight disappointment was that he hadn't blasted his cum onto her big tits as well. Their racks were rubbing together and she would have loved to have that rubbing lubricated by his spermy seed. However, there had only been so much cum to go around, and her tits hadn't been a good target because of the way she had been lying between his legs.

Susan took a few pictures of the kissing, then put the camera down. She noticed that Brenda and Suzanne were so busy with their cummy lip-lock that Alan's penis had been totally forgotten. True, it was flaccid now, but Susan had a desire to see it cleaned post-orgasm that bordered on need. She especially loved the fact that it was covered with the saliva from the other two buxom hotties.

After a few minutes, Brenda came back to Earth from the kissing and noticed what Susan was doing. "Hey," she complained.

Susan said without pausing in her "cleaning," "Hey, yourself. You snooze, you lose." She giggled.

Suzanne explained, "That's Susan's cleaning tradition. For some reason, she feels it's necessary to clean every last inch of his cock and balls each and every time he cums. Especially his balls, since he enjoys that a lot."

"I know," Brenda said. "Believe me, I know. Susan tells me absolutely everything in great detail. I'm sad I missed my chance."

Suzanne said, "Don't worry, you'll have fun with it next time, I'm sure."

That excited Brenda to no end. "'Next time!' Oh, how I love the sound of that. 'Next time!'"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yeah. And not just one next time. There will be so many times to come. It won't be long before you're one of his personal cocksuckers. I'm sure of it."

Brenda was emotionally overcome when she heard that, especially because Suzanne was the one who had said it. She hugged her tightly while a few tears of joy actually leaked from her eyes. Since their faces were touching, that inadvertently smeared the cum between them even further.

Suzanne looked down at Susan lapping away at Alan's balls. She thought, Mission accomplished! Brenda was feeling anxious and uncertain. So much for that! She's hooked on Sweetie now, for sure. I knew she would be all along, but it's better now than later, so she doesn't have to suffer any longer. Some people may think I'm selfish with my scheming, but what I really love are schemes that make other people happy. This is a classic win-win for all of us.

Brenda had an idea. She picked up the camera and took some pictures of Susan doing her cleaning thing.

Susan really appreciated that. She hammed it up for the camera, including taking pictures with Alan's flaccid cock in her mouth that made it look like she was completely deep throating a stiff erection.

Not much happened after that, because Alan was so wiped out. He tried to stay awake because he didn't want to miss out, but after Susan finished licking his balls he decided not much else was going to happen for a while, so he drifted off to sleep. bender

When he awoke, he found himself alone. He noticed umbrellas had been strategically placed so he wouldn't get too much sun. His bathing suit was gone.

Walking into the house, he discovered Susan working in the kitchen. To his surprise, everything seemed normal again, except for the fact that he was buck naked and Susan was wearing nothing but an erotic apron.

She told him that both Suzanne and Brenda had gone home.

Alan was fine with that. He felt somewhat better physically after napping a little while, but he was still utterly exhausted mentally from the intense sexual experience. He went straight to his room just to vegetate for a while.

Chapter 695 Fucking Suzanne

Alan was able to simply laze around in his room for a whole hour. He was happy to just surf the Internet and answer e-mails from friends for a while. He figured he could do that for most of the rest of the afternoon.

Little did he realize, but he wasn't going to get much more relaxing done, because Suzanne had plans for him.

Suzanne thought as she walked a short stretch of sidewalk from her house to the Plummer house, I can't wipe the smile off my face. What happened with Brenda today was absolutely fantastic. And not just for Brenda and Sweetie; all of us are going to benefit in a big way, thanks to the mention of the Coolidge Effect. What I love is that, at least if what I found on the Internet is right, it's a real thing!

Soon, Susan and I will be sharing Sweetie's cock like nothing could be more natural. We'll be sucking him off together on a daily basis! And not just that. So many fun combinations to look forward to. Orgy city, here we come!

The only thing that would have been better was if he could have held out longer, or gotten erect again. Then we could have passed his cock around some more. I especially would have loved to share it with Susan, or the three of us busty mommies at once. But, to be honest, it would have been inhuman to expect him to last any longer. In fact, it's a miracle he held on as long as he did. He continues to exceed my expectations.

Now that Susan's boundaries are crumbling apart, it's high time I get seriously fucked! YES! I may have gone too far with the sabotage of the scoutmaster's van, but the fact is, what's done is done, and there's no turning back. Everything is in place for me to finally fuck my Sweetie, and come hell or high water, I'm going to do it today!

Not only that, but there's no doubt in my mind that I deserve it. I'm damn proud of myself for engineering the whole faux psychologist thing. I put in a lot of hard work and staved off the potential disaster of Susan causing trouble with a real psychologist. And what happened with Brenda today is another well-deserved victory. I think I deserve a great, big reward. Practically everyone else has fucked him already. He and Amy may do it tonight, and I'll be damned if I let my daughter fuck him before I do!

The only question is how to arrange the secrecy. Even though Susan has reached the point of no return, in large part thanks to Xania's "counseling" at my behest, it still would be better if she doesn't know what I'm doing with my Sweetie, especially if I'm going to try to keep them apart a little bit longer. Well, keep his dick out of her pussy, I mean. There's no choice but to do it somewhere else.

Suzanne went to Alan's room around 2:30 p.m. She was wearing rather conservative clothing, since she expected to leave the house in a few minutes.

She asked Alan as he typed on his computer, "Sweetie, I'm planning on buying a new computer. I don't know much about computers, and you know so much more. Would you like to help me go shop for one this afternoon?"

"Well, I was going to take a nap in a little while." He was so focused on the screen that he only glanced quickly at her to see what she was wearing. Since it wasn't revealing, his attention went back to the screen.

"Another nap?! Come on. Sweetie, according to your mother, you've slept a good sixteen hours since you were in L.A. yesterday afternoon. That's not even counting the half hour or so you dozed outside after Brenda left. I could really use your help."

There was no denying he was feeling pretty good after that much sleep. "I guess you're right. I'm not doing a whole lot anyways. Just let me finish this thing I'm working on."

"Okay. Thanks. By the way, as a completely unrelated aside, how is your penis doing? Is it fully recovered yet?"

"Thanks for asking. It's much better than yesterday. I'd just about reached the end of the line, but today, to be honest, I feel like I'm almost at 100 percent, dick and otherwise. What happened with you and Brenda and Mom earlier was ridiculously awesome, but surprisingly, my dick seems no worse for wear."

Suddenly, the way she emphasized "completely unrelated aside" hit home with him. He turned and made eye contact. "Waaaiit a minute. You're not planning on me and you..."

She grinned wickedly. "Hey, who says we have to limit ourselves to strictly buying a computer? Are you game for something new?" She wasn't too discreet because no one else was within hearing distance.

"You know I always am when it comes to you," he said.

She gave him a loving smile. "I hope you are, 'cos I've got a very special surprise for you today."

That sounded very good to him. He figured, As long as I'm gonna have a little more sexual fun today, what would be better than trying something new with Aunt Suzy? God, she's so hot! What am I doing wasting my time dorking around on the computer when she's in the house? Christ, I could spend all day just looking at her! He quickly readied himself to leave.

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Suzanne drove, and took the two of them clear out of Orange County, towards Los Angeles. She explained that there was a used computer for sale she wanted to check out first.

She glanced over at him with a smirky grin. "Soooo... how does it feel to be the cock of the walk, you studly kid, you?"

"Are you referring to what happened today with you, Brenda, and Mom?"

"Um, hello? Of course! Wasn't that a blast? And I do mean that literally. When you blasted your cum all over Brenda's face and mine, I came so hard I think I almost squirted. Almost. I've never done that yet, but maybe next time." She chuckled.

He slumped in his seat and frowned. "Oh man! Don't even talk about that. Please!"

She glanced at him again, but with concern this time. "Why? What's wrong? You didn't enjoy all that?"

"Are you kidding? It was beyond the beyond. But if you say one more word about it, I'm gonna get a serious boner. It's just too damn arousing to even think about. And my dick could really, really use the rest, especially if we're just driving in the car."

"Okay. Gotcha. Still, you have to admit it was a pretty amazing development. Have you noticed how hot Brenda is for you? And what a stunner she is! Did you take a good look at her body today?"

He growled in frustration, "Believe me, I saw her body, with her face splattered with my cum like some kind of Jackson Pollack painting, no less! Yes, I'm more excited that you can imagine, but please don't talk about that kind of thing right now."

"Sorry. I guess I'm sounding a bit like your mom, but I get excited too, you know. I'm patting myself on the back for bringing Brenda into our lives. But anyway, let's talk about, oh, I dunno. Music. That's safe, right?"

He nodded. "Thanks. And sorry if I'm sounding grouchy, but the only way I can deal with something that intense is to put it out of my mind for a little while."

She nodded too, while keeping an eye on the road. "Music it is then. Although, I just have to say I can't wait to see the pictures Susan took."

"UGH!" He moaned in distress. Already, his penis was threatening to revive. He had to force himself not to visualize the pictures.

"Okay, so which is better, house or techno?"

He whined, "SuzzaaaAAAAaane!" He knew she knew he disliked both types of music, since he was mostly a classic rock kind of guy.

"Sorry. How 'bout this, then. Who's the better songwriter, John Lennon or Paul McCartney?"

"Now, THAT is a good question." He sat up in his seat, eager to expound on his answer.

From that point on, Suzanne kept the conversation on music and other safe topics, being very careful to avoid anything sexual. She wanted him and his penis well rested for what was about to happen.

As they got near her destination, Alan asked, "Aunt Suzy, I've been meaning to bring something up. You've all but promised that we could go all the way, like, days ago. Yet we still haven't. Why is that? I think it's time."

She replied, "The reason we haven't is because of the secrecy problem. Once we start I'm going to want to do it every day, and how could we do that without getting caught? It's not like you and I could sneak off to a hotel whenever we'd want to fuck. Not only that, but we'd have to go to a far-off hotel to make sure no one would recognize us. If we truly wanted to fuck for hours on end, we'd have to go to some anonymous hotel near a busy highway. Some place like, oh, I don't know... this hotel right here!"

Suzanne was really delighted with herself, because she'd managed to drag out her answer to time her last sentence perfectly with their arrival in the parking lot of a Motel 6. She couldn't help but giggle with glee.

It took a few seconds for everything to fully dawn on him. "Hey! THIS is just that kind of hotel! ... HEY!" bender

Suzanne laughed out loud. "You're so cute when you're naïve," she said, bursting with pleasure. "The fact is, I don't have any computer to buy, so we have all afternoon to fuck like bunnies. Are you okay with that?"

"Oh... Wow..." he said as realization slowly dawned on him. "We're finally going to fuck?! You and me?!" His erection was suddenly painful, threatening to rip a hole in his shorts.

"Yes. Even with the secrecy problem, I just can't hold back anymore. You just sit here while I check in. Sorry to ruin your plans for a sexually mellow weekend, ha-ha!" Suzanne crowed. She kissed him on the cheek and then rushed off to check in to the hotel.

Within minutes, Alan and Suzanne were running hand in hand to their allotted hotel room. They wasted no time on foreplay. Alan didn't need to put on a condom since Suzanne had had her tubes tied. She'd had two children and didn't want any more. Even though they both knew that already, she panted excitedly, "I want you to do me bareback! Fill me with your sweet cum!"

"I will! I will!" he replied even more excitedly.

Alan closed the door as Suzanne whipped off her skirt. She didn't have the patience to unbutton her blouse, but just ripped it open. As usual when she was around her "Sweetie," she was unhindered by underwear.

He still had his T-shirt on, but he didn't care. He came up behind her and pushed her face down onto the bed - he wanted to fuck her doggy style, for starters, so he could get deep penetration. He positioned his cockhead just a little bit into Suzanne's pussy lips. His heart was pounding wildly as he said, "Before we do this, Aunt Suzy, I just want you to know how much I love you."

"Oh, Sweetie! I love you too. So much! Now show me your love by making love. Fuck me!" She spread her legs as wide as she could and urgently yelled, "Hurry up and push it in!" Her heart was wildly pounding too.

Alan loved the sight of Suzanne with her legs spread, topped by her ivory white bubble butt. He took a mental picture to remember this pivotal moment forever. This is it! Those other chances didn't really count, but there's nothing stopping us now! ... It's so unbelievable that it's about to really happen. My heart's pounding so hard, I think I'm gonna pass out! I need to calm down so I can do a good job and at least try to live up to my overblown reputation.

He slowly rode his erection down into Suzanne. Inch by inch it went in until he was in as deep as he could go. "I'm in! I'm in! FUCK!"

She laughed. "I know! Believe me, I know! Oh, Sweetie! It's like a dream come true!"

"You're telling me?! Good God! This feels... Jesus H. Christ! What the fuck was that?!"

Since he was impaled all the way in but not moving yet, she took advantage of the moment to wow him with one of her special pussy squeezing moves. She considered herself sexually talented in all ways, but the two things that she felt stood out the most were what she could do with her extra-long tongue and what she could do with her pussy.

She squeezed him again.

"Holy crap! How do you do that?! Don't make me cum already, please!"

She snickered with glee, happy to be pleasantly surprising him.

He grasped her ass tightly. "Please don't! I really, really want to be good for you, but you're gonna make me cum in, like, three seconds!"

She was touched that he was trying so hard for her, and she relented. She said teasingly, "Well, if you can't take that little squeeze of mine, start thrusting already!"

He got the message. He pulled back until his cockhead was nearly out, and then pushed all the way back in. "Yes!" he cried. "I'm fucking you, Aunt Suzy! For real! It feels soooo good!" He wiped his brow because he was sweating already, more from excitement than actual exertion.

"Do it!" she yelled. "Give it to me! Don't mess around - give me a fast fuck!"

He pumped in and out, over and over. "Oh Jesus! Jesus! Aunt Suzy!"

"Sweetie!"

"Aunt Suzy!"

"Sweetie!" It was corny, but they were desperately crying each other's names with as much passion as they could possibly muster.

The two went at it like dogs in heat, thrusting and grinding. Even though the hotel room was air-conditioned and quite cool, within minutes they were sweating like they'd run a marathon. Before long, they took off the last of their clothes because they were so uncomfortably hot.

"I've wanted this for so long!" he panted as he continued drilling her.

She cried out, "You're fucking telling me?! I've been dying! Dying to do this for ever! Now that you've started, you've got to give it to me every day!"

The pace built up relentlessly. Alan was so excited that he couldn't manage his usual PC muscle control and pausing techniques for long. He just wanted to fill Suzanne's vagina to the brim with his cum. He yelled back, "I will! I'll give it to you! It's coming right now! I can't hold it - I'm gonna cum now! Get ready!"

He felt the head of his penis expand with intense pleasure somewhere deep inside Suzanne. They both yelled at the top of their lungs. The explosion of his semen coated the walls of her vagina until he felt completely drained not only of all his cum but also all of his life force.

The fuck was over in less than five minutes, but it had been a really great five minutes that both of them would remember for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 696 Fucking Suzanne Ctd.

As soon as they were done, Suzanne said, "That was great! You fucked me good, and gave me a lovely climax. It was just what I've been craving for ages. But we're just getting warmed up, right? We have hours and hours before Susan expects us back home. Today you're gonna do me in every conceivable position, okay?"

He rested on top of her, panting hard. "I'll try. The spirit is willing. I'm not so sure about how many times the flesh can handle it."

"I hate to say this Sweetie, but today is the day your penis is going to fall off from too much fucking, so enjoy it while you've still got one."

"Hey, this is supposed to be my recovery weekend," he said with a combination of frustration and anticipation.

"Okay then, I'll take it easy on you and we won't fuck quite so much as I'd planned - tomorrow. But today I'm gonna drain your balls dry! That first time was good, but that was just the appetizer. Now, we're really going to get into it. I'm going to show you how an experienced woman makes love."

She grabbed him by both shoulders and said more insistently, "Alan, Sweetie, before we continue, understand one thing. A lot of women are fucking you these days, but nobody can fuck as well as I can. Be honest and tell me when we're done that I'm not the best fuck you ever had."

Alan looked her over as if seeing her for the first time. Scanning her from head to toe, he said, "Aunt Suzy, I don't care how many times I look at you; I'm still amazed at how incredible you look. It's like I'm making love to Paulina Porizkova or Anna Nicole Smith or something. You're so sexy that I can barely stand it! I know you're a great lover; I just hope I can hold up my end. Let's do it."

Suzanne smiled, full of satisfaction and confidence in herself. "Sweetie, I'm all for that and I know you'll do as great as you always do. But let's--"

Alan interrupted her. "Hold on. That's only the outside. On the inside, you're even better! I feel so privileged to have you in my life, where I can see your inner beauty every day."

As he sat there looking deep into her brilliant green eyes, he realized with a start, "Hey! Is that a tear? Are you crying?"

Suzanne wiped her face and indeed cleared off several tears that she didn't even know were there. She replied unconvincingly, "No, that's just sweat." But even as she said this, more tears continued to flow.

His heart had finally calmed down, but now it resumed beating fast as he was overcome with worry. "You are! You're crying! Did I upset you? Tell me how I can make it better!"

Seeing the concerned look on his face made her want to cry even more. "Sweetie, you're so sweet. I guess you got me. I am crying. But these are tears of joy. You have no idea how happy I am. I can't even begin to tell you what a journey it's been to reach this point."

She added to herself, Ain't that the truth! If he only knew how I got this started with his six-times-a-day diagnosis, or even the car sabotage yesterday, I don't know what he'd think of me. But I just love him so much! My husband means nothing to me anymore. Alan is my life, my love, my happiness! This is the moment I've dreamt about for over a year, ever since his body got mature enough for me to allow myself those kinds of thoughts. All the rest, the blowjobs and titfucks and whatnot, those are great, but they can't cause two souls to merge like great fucking can. Sweetie, I want to merge with you!

Alan reached out and wiped away her new tears. He was very touched, but said, "Aunt Suzy, don't cry. I'm not good at this 'tears of joy' thing. I don't like to see anyone cry. Let me kiss your tears away."

She loved that, and basked in his loving attentions for a couple of minutes. Eventually she was inspired to say, "Sweetie, I love you so much! I honestly think I love you more than I even ever loved my husband. The thrill I felt as we rushed in here and started fucking, it was even better than my honeymoon!"

He replied as he kissed her wet cheeks, "That's great to hear, but it also kind of weirds me out. You know, here I am with my hands running all over your incredible nude body, and then you remind me that you are a married woman."

She flashed a naughty grin, and reached down to his penis. "Yes, I can see that it upsets you so much that you're getting hard again. You nasty boy!" She giggled with delight. But then she mentally switched gears, stopped crying, and said, "The problem is, you make me so happy kissing my tears away that I keep crying more tears of joy. I'm not good at this corny stuff. Let me start with something to show you what I'm capable of. Put your cock right at the entrance of my slit."

He quickly did so, resting on top of her face to face this time.

She further commanded, "Now, don't move. Don't touch anything. Leave it up to me."

So Alan waited to see what would happen. To his surprise, her pussy lips slowly but surely started to grab the knobby head of his penis. It was almost imperceptible, but her vaginal muscles were pulling his erection in.

When his cockhead had been gobbled all up, he exclaimed in admiration, "Holy cow! Dang, Aunt Suzy, I didn't know that was possible! This is like the tractor beam scene in Star Wars. Can you take the whole thing?"

She replied in a mock chiding voice, "Sweetie, didn't I tell you never to doubt me? I may not be able to draw the entire Millennium Falcon into my hole, but I can and will fuck you by only moving my vaginal muscles. What I did to you earlier was nothing. Watch."

She performed a curious hip wiggle until his dick was drawn in all the way to its base. Then her vaginal muscles began rippling in the most delightful ways. With hardly any movement by either of them, and certainly no big in-and-out thrusts, he was getting thoroughly fucked. His shaft was getting milked in every sense of the word.

They came to a break just before he would have climaxed. She said triumphantly, "Now, do you think your mother can do that? I think not. Fuck your mom and all your other busty vixens as much as you want, but when you want the most amazing fuck you can possibly imagine, come to me."

"Holy cow! I will! I didn't even know vaginas could DO that!"

"They can. Men aren't the only ones with PC muscles. But it takes a lot of skill and practice, just like how you've been strengthening your PC muscle."

She was so excited that she wanted to resume again after waiting less than a minute, but he suggested, "Let's make this last or we'll be done in here before we even start to get comfortable."

"Okay, slowpoke, play with my boobs some more then. By the way, did you know this technically isn't the first time we've fucked?" She squeezed his erection with her pussy walls as if trying to get his attention, like tapping his shoulder.

"What do you mean? Do you count the butt fucking we did? I don't think that really counts. Or do you mean the time at the beach?"

"No. Do you remember the Halloween party and Elle? That was me." She squeezed his dick even harder, just for fun.

"Elle? No shit! Wow. Damn, I can barely remember that."

"Don't worry. It wasn't that great. Even I was pretty drunk and sloppy, and you were worse. This is our first time, as far as I'm concerned." Her vaginal muscles rippled up and down his boner, creating yet more amazing sensations he'd never felt before.

He was having a hard time thinking, so this revelation was only slowly sinking in. "Wow. So you were Elle. I remember thinking she looked a lot like you. No wonder."bender

"No wonder." Suzanne laughed. "Let's make up for lost time!"

"I'm so in agreement with that idea, especially since you don't seem to know the meaning of 'taking a break.'"

He said that because Suzanne started to bounce up and down on him before he finished speaking. She was so eager and full of life that she felt ten years younger.

She was all smiles as she calculated, "Let's see... I should have started fucking you about a month ago, so that's about 30 fucks. We're working on number two, so you've got about 28 eight more to go before we can leave this room."

"Aunt Suzy!" Alan cried in amused dismay. "You know that's impossible." He joked, "You know I get tired after about the twentieth time."

She chuckled at that. "Don't I wish?! But that's how you're gonna be by the time I'm through with you. Your powers of endurance are already better than any other man I've ever known carnally, and I've known close to a hundred. Let me just bounce up and down a little bit, and see just how long you can hold out."

The two of them had just shifted positions. They were sitting up, with Alan nuzzling Suzanne's back and his erection still fully sheathed in her. He continued to fondle her nipples. He let Suzanne rise and fall on his erection even as her vaginal muscles continued to repeatedly clasp his cock like a vise. It was a most impressive performance on her part.

Things got heated very quickly. She would nearly rise completely off of his hard-on but then slam herself down hard to the base of his tool. Then she'd squeeze it strongly in unexpected ways for a few moments before rising again. She repeated this over and over. She threw her arms up in the air and yelled, "Ride 'em cowboy!"

Alan did his best to hold out, but couldn't last long, by his usual recent standards, in the face of such enthusiasm and talent. He protested breathlessly, "Too much! Gonna... CUM!"

Right as he was about to blow, Suzanne pulled off of him all the way. "Not so fast, lover boy," she chided him. "Let's cool off and save your precious climaxes. I want to see if we can set a record on how much fun we can have with just one of your orgasms. Meanwhile, as a woman I'm not so limited in my number of orgasms. So when you're ready, lick me. Lick me anywhere. Your touch is so special to me; just about anything you do will set me off."

So Alan pleased Suzanne's pussy until his impending climax receded. (It took a while, as his new activities didn't exactly cool him down.) He worked hard on her clit especially, and had Suzanne freely creaming so much that eventually she begged off so she could recover from a long multiple orgasm.

With his nose nearly brushing against her pussy lips, he said, "I love this. I have to admit that I don't enjoy giving cunnilingus as much as getting a blowjob, but everything with you is pretty damn great. I especially love your smell."

"Don't say that!" she complained in dismay, although she was delighted too. "You're embarrassing me."

"But why? You smell great. You smell like sex, but more than that, you smell like my Aunt Suzy." He inhaled deeply, and let out a happy sigh.

"Okay, you motherfucker," she said with mock-anger. "Or, more accurately, you aunt-fucker. Just for that, I'm gonna have to crush your cock with my cunt some more. So get in position and take your punishment!"

However, before he got into a fucking position, he simply hugged her from behind. He said, "I love this. Even without the fucking, I just love being with you. You're such fun! I can't stop smiling or laughing, until my face almost hurts."

She replied with even more mock-anger. "Shut up! Stop being so fucking wonderful, or you're gonna make me cry more tears of joy!"

They went back to more fucking right after that, mostly because Suzanne felt herself getting "mushy" again, and she had a hard time dealing with those kinds of emotions. She absolutely hated crying, even if it was for joy.

Alan was amazed at the things Suzanne's pussy could do as her vaginal muscles clenched and relaxed around his cock in a variety of ways. He'd assumed that there were only a limited number of things such muscles could do, either squeezing or not squeezing like an on/off switch, but he was wrong. He was so amazed that he asked only half-jokingly, "Suzanne, can that thing do party tricks with Coke bottles and stuff?"

To his surprise, she answered as she gasped for air, "There's some things like that I can show you, but I'm not going to because it wouldn't be dignified. But here's a trick you'll like. Stop holding back with your PC muscle and just let go and see what happens."

"I thought you said you wanted to see how long we could last on just-"

"Trust me."

"Okay," he said in warning. "But know that I'm gonna cum, like, eight seconds later, 'cos your pussy is that hot!" With great relief he got that feeling welling up in his balls of an imminent climax, and readied himself to spend his seed deep inside her.

But she grasped his cock at the base with one hand, and then used her other hand to press down on another spot between his penis and anus. She continued to push down on both places.

To his surprise, the ecstatic feeling of climax washed over him, but no cum actually came out. "Holy fuck! What the hell was that?!" He paused his fucking for a while because the sensation was still overwhelming and left him dazed.

"Men don't actually have to ejaculate when they climax, you know," she said calmly as she lay down on the bed next to him.

He wrapped an arm around her as they lay side by side. "They don't? How is that possible? And why didn't you show me that before?"

"Don't ask me the how's, I just know what works. And a clever woman always holds back some of her cards. For instance, I know another way to get you to climax without ejaculating that involves your prostate gland. I'll teach you that later. I've got many other tricks that I learned from over a decade of cheating on my husband. Not to mention my time with Xania in college. You should have seen what we did together."

"I can only imagine." His eyes went wide as he imagined two absurdly long tongues wrapping themselves around the same long, hard penis.

Suzanne said in a contemplative mood, "Now that I think about it, sex has been the closest thing I've had to a full-time job for quite a long time, and I'm always good at any job I do. But you're not going to learn all my tricks today. For instance, one of these days I'm going to have to teach you all about a book called the Kama Sutra. But today I'm just going to show you enough to fuck you within an inch of your life."

"Whoa, Aunt Suzy. That's almost scary. Your vagina needs to be classified as a potential murder weapon. But I'm not going to get fucked to death without a fight. I won't take this lying down!"

They both laughed because Suzanne had just rolled over and was lying on top of him.

He added, "I've got to go on the counterattack. I can always tickle you, you know." He playfully tickled her underarms, and when she clenched her arms to her sides, he kept on tickling her sides.

She laughed with glee. She thought, Yes, this is it! This is my dream coming true! I have a good man who really loves me! I swear, my heart wants to burst, just like in one of those cheesy Harlequin romance novels.

He gave up on the tickling, mostly because she was lovingly staring into his eyes from just inches away. He said, "I may not know all the tricks you do, but I know that if I fuck you long and hard and deep enough, you're going to turn to putty in my hands."

"Oh, am I?" she replied with delight while she licked his face. "We'll just have to see about that. Let's see who cries for mercy first!"

Soon they were back to some good old fashioned fucking, with Suzanne lying on top. They just kept fucking and fucking as if the human body could fuck forever. Their earlier fucking was like a single bite of an appetizer compared to the five course meal of this one. When Alan added his thrusting to Suzanne's hip grinding and pushing, it was like they had the combined power of a jackhammer drilling a hole right through Suzanne.

They repeatedly goaded each other to cry "mercy," but neither would give in. While they were competitive, it never became too intense or mean-spirited. Eventually, Alan suggested a truce: they would work up to another peak, and they would both cry mercy at the same time while he finally unloaded into her.

That's exactly what they did. The two of them exuberantly shouted the word "mercy" over and over and over again. Even Alan's climax seemed to go on forever, and Suzanne shuddered in utter ecstasy below him the whole time as she had one of the best multiple orgasms of her life.

The two of them were so wiped out after that they both slept for a while.

But after only a few minutes, Suzanne awoke and shook Alan awake, since she knew their time was limited and she was determined to make the most of it. She asked him with justifiable pride in her voice, "So how do those silly little teenagers compare to this old grandma?"

"'Old grandma'? Maybe you will be an old grandma after I fuck your daughter some and pop a baby into her."

She playfully smacked him. She was genuinely irritated by the mention of Amy, but she tried not to let it show. She didn't want to get into any argument that could ruin this perfect day.

He continued, "I thought I knew what fucking was, but this is so much better! Please, could I ask you a favor? Teach Sis, Aims, and Mom all your tricks. Especially that 'climax without ejaculation' one. I can't even explain what you're doing or how you're doing it, but we're so in synch, and it's all thanks to your skill. Damn!"

Suzanne giggled. She grabbed his erection and momentarily stopped him from fucking. "So, wait. Let me get this straight. Even as you're fucking one woman, you actually ask her to help the competition. That takes some cheek!"

"Maybe. I'm feeling very cheeky. Or maybe it's you who's very cheeky." He grasped both of her buttocks and kneaded them vigorously.

She giggled with delight. She felt a sense of oneness and closeness when their bodies were joined like that.

He proclaimed boldly, "I'm going to fuck your sexy ass, whether you like it or not. Then I'm going to fuck your daughter. Tonight, even. And you're going to fucking like it. In fact, I'm going to tie you up and make you watch. And then you're going to clean off her juices from my dick after I'm done with her."

He dove down and invaded her ass crack with his tongue. He aimed straight for her anus and didn't hesitate to lick there. He alternated between that spot and her pussy. It was one fun thing he could do while his penis remained flaccid.

She was both alarmed and aroused by his comment, not to mention his tongue work. "Sweetie!" she said with complete surprise. "You're not really going to do all that you just said, are you?" She hated to think about being in sexual competition with her own daughter.

He replied as he kept on licking, "I don't know. YOU don't know. I could do it. You're not going to resist me if I do, are you?" In actual fact, he was just speaking stream-of-consciousness thoughts and didn't necessarily mean any of it.

"What's gotten into you?"

"You have, you sexy mother! You're the perfect Venus. Incredible... Technique... Fuck!" His tongue dives into her holes grew too intense to keep talking.

She thought, It's a good thing I dodged having to answer that question about resisting, because if I answered honestly, I'd have to say no! No, I'm not going to resist him, even if he ties me up and makes me watch. In fact, ESPECIALLY if he does that. That sounds hot! God, I'd even clean my daughter's pussy juices right off of his cock, that's how much I love him. Actually, resisting would be even better, and lead to MORE sexy fun! Now I know how Susan feels, the joy of giving in and letting go. It's so wrong, but so right!

Suzanne was so caught up in the heat of the moment that she was eager to agree to almost anything that involved further sex with Alan. She subconsciously willfully ignored thinking about Amy in his idea and more just reveled in the naughtiness of the concept. If she wasn't so aroused she would have felt very differently about his idea.

Even as it was, she almost immediately began to get second thoughts. Jesus Christ. I'm beginning to sound like Angel and Susan. I WILL NOT submit to him. It's just that I love sex in all its form. I LIVE for sex. It's God's greatest gift to humanity. And I live for love, God's other and equally great gift. It just doesn't get any better than fucking the man I love!

I have no problem with him tying me up and playing sexy games with me as long I can tie him up too. I've finally found my sexual equal, especially since the aggressive Alan has shown up. Let's see if we can outdo ourselves with our next round!

Chapter 697 Aunt Suzy, I Love You

Suzanne had been lying face down in the bed with her eyes closed while she let Alan lick her ass. She abruptly opened her eyes wide as if a light bulb went off over her head. "Hey! Let's do it with you sitting on me! Impale me with your fuck pole!" She turned over, and pulled him up so they could sit up in the bed next to each other.

"What, you think it's that easy?" he asked with amazement, as he tried to fend off her hands grabbing at his flaccid penis from every direction. "It's not like I can just get hard that fast." Yet even as he said that, he started to get hard again.

With Suzanne's alabaster skin, green eyes, and dark red hair filling his vision, he couldn't help but get hard. He gave up his half-hearted effort to block her from stroking him, so she began jacking him off back to full size. But apparently that wasn't enough for her, even though it was having rapid success, because she bent over and started licking his cockhead too.

Crap! he thought. She could seriously raise the dead. Forget the way her super long tongue is practically wrapping all the way around my dick, or what her pumping hands are doing. Even putting aside how much I love this woman for a minute, just look at the beauty in her eyes, or her gorgeous full and curly

reddish hair. I'm never going to fuck another woman this beautiful. Never. Not Sis, not Heather... Susan popped into his head. Okay, Mom is her equal. But aside from that...

"I knew you could do it," Suzanne said in delight as she sat back and let go of his erection. She pointed at his rising penis and clapped her hands like a little girl joyous at seeing an impressive trick. "Come on! Split me in two!" She sat down on his dick. It went in all the way even as it was still getting hard.

He suggested mischievously, "Remember what I was saying about you teaching your tricks to the others? I have a suggestion. Let's bet. We can fuck for it."

"Okay."

"If you cum first, you have to tell them, but if I cum first, then I'll have to spank it out of you."

"Hey! That's not fair!" she protested with a very pouty and sexy voice. "You win either way. Plus, you know I'll be cumming in less than five minutes with the way you skewer me with that thing of yours!"

"Them's the breaks," he chortled. But no one was unhappy as they resumed fucking in earnest.

She thought to herself, I'll let him win this one, since I'm obliged to tell them what I know sooner or later. I just won't be in any big rush about it, and I'll save my best tricks for last. She chuckled, Not like I have any choice in the matter, the way he rigged the bet!

Their pace slowed down even more than their second time, and Alan lasted longer still. Suzanne had given him so many handjobs, titfucks, and blowjobs in recent weeks that they didn't want to waste any of his limited seed on that. Even assfucking seemed a waste now that they could fuck in the most pleasurable way for them. He simply fucked her pussy as they tried every position imaginable.

In the rare moments they were both coherent and calm enough to carry on a conversation, he liked to tease her, saying things like, "Nice position. I can't wait to show Sis this one," or "You fuck so good. Too bad I'm going to teach all your tricks to your daughter."

But these comments weren't meant to be mean-spirited, even if there was some truth in them. The fact that Alan had so many sex partners could not be denied, and it aroused them both.

She gamely came back with her own playful jibes, mostly taunting him with how quickly she'd make him cum. She also liked to tease him about fucking Susan, which made him blush every time but also drove him to greater sexual arousal.

Suzanne and Alan fucked and fucked and fucked. It seemed to Alan that his cock never left Suzanne's pussy, which was pretty much true.

He also had several more climaxes without ejaculations. But she warned him that the technique wasn't foolproof, and eventually he came.

Suzanne meanwhile had more orgasms in that time period than she ever thought possible. So much cum dripped out of her pussy, both his fluid and hers, that she didn't understand where it was all coming from. She didn't like to compare him to her past lovers too often, but she noted to herself that no previous lover had filled her pussy up with cum so thoroughly.

He did everything he knew to keep her happy and cumming. He kissed her everywhere, licked her tits, probed her asshole, pulled on her clit, and much more. About the only thing he didn't do very much was lick her pussy, because his dick so rarely left it.

After a while, he ran low on energy, but Suzanne proved to have more endurance. She got on top and rode him, doing all the work, until he thought he'd die from pleasure. Her vaginal muscles seemed to never get tired, and she showed truly impressive gymnastic skills in getting into just about any position the Kama Sutra could conjure.

Her contortions were one more thing that left him thoroughly impressed and even blown away. He just tried his best to follow her instructions and go along for the wild ride.

At one point, while he crouched on top of Suzanne's ass, driving his cock straight down into her, he commented, "Now I understand where Amy gets her cheerleader flexibility. I can't wait until I get to have a fuck session with you two sexual acrobats at the same time."

Suzanne was peeved at that. "Could you stop mentioning Amy already? Okay, so you're fucking mother and daughter. Whoop de do. Do you want some kind of medal? You're going to be waiting a long time for that combo to happen 'cos it ain't gonna happen."

He highly doubted that, the way barriers were coming down, but he diplomatically replied, "Sorry. I'll try not to mention her again at times like this. It's just that I get so excited by both of you. I love you and I love your wonderful daughter."

Suzanne grew more contemplative. "She is wonderful, isn't she? Sweetie, I don't begrudge you for fucking us both. After all, you need a big-titted beauty to slip your cock-bat into at school and other social occasions. I know the two of you are good for each other. Just don't try to get us into a threesome, okay? I find that idea... disturbing."

"Okay. Forget I mentioned it." But he thought to himself, I'll drop it for now. It's bound to happen sooner or later, though. Aunt Suzy's in denial. But what's really amazing is that we're having this casual conversation while I rest up between torrid fucks! She's beneath me with her feet kicking in the air and my dick holding in the depths of her steamy hole, and she's telling me how she understands that I fuck her big-titted daughter too, whenever I want. That's what I call living the life of Riley!

They changed positions again. Then they changed again. He never knew there were so many possible ways to have sex.

In a restful moment, he looked at Suzanne and was amazed all over again. She is soooo beautiful. Perfect body. Huge tits. Perfect face. Flawless pale white skin. The real-life Jessica Rabbit. But that's not all. She's smart. Kind. Great personality. And she fucks so well! So fucking well! Is there any chink in her armor? I still can't believe I'm with this woman! What the hell is she doing with me? Why is she even in this town or this county? She should be in Hollywood or on a big yacht somewhere. She should be wherever all the perfect people go.

He felt so overwhelmed with feeling that he just had to say something. As they lay in each others' arms, with his hard cock still in her vagina but resting, he blurted out, "Aunt Suzy, I love you."

She replied blissfully, "I love you too."

But he insisted, "No, you don't understand. I really, really love you. I've told you I love you before, lots of times, but the way I feel right now make those feelings before look small. I can't put it into words. You mean so much to me. It's almost like you're a second Susan."

Suzanne understood how deeply Alan loved his mother Susan. Even before the sexual attraction between them started, he loved his mother with an intensity very few children ever feel. So Suzanne wasn't offended by the comparison, but was deeply touched, and took it as the highest compliment.

She thought, To think how guilty I was feeling about sabotaging that scoutmaster's van to force him to stay home. That was soooo worth it! Not only was that the best fuck of my life, even if Sweetie isn't at his energy peak, but we've bonded so deeply. He says he really, really loves me!

She kissed him like it was the last kiss she would ever experience. Their thrusting resumed as they continued to hold a kiss for many minutes. Alan's expression of love drove Suzanne to even higher levels of enthusiasm and energy. But eventually their burst of energy ran out and they ended up with him resting his erection inside her again.

She was lost in thoughts about love when he interrupted her. "Aunt Suzy? You're crying again."

She hadn't realized it, so she felt her cheeks with her fingers and was surprised to find them quite wet. She muttered, "I am?" in a quivery voice, then broke down all together. She fell into his arms and cried and bawled like she hadn't cried in years.

He held her tight and caressed her back and shoulders tenderly until she was cried out. (Amazingly, his dick was still fully impaled in her vagina, and it stayed hard inside her.) Then, with the flood of tears now a trickle, he asked, "Was that all tears of joy again? You seemed happy but distraught too."

She wiped her face and tried to be presentable, but the tears kept coming as she spoke. "You're right. I'm happy and sad. Sad, because it hit me that no man has ever truly loved me. Guys have always been drawn to me because of my voluptuous body and my obviously sexual nature. Any love I've been given is more of an afterthought to lust than anything. Even by my husband... Well, let's not get into that now. He loved me, once, but never as deeply as you love me now. I've used sex as a substitute for love, I think. But I love both and want both. So this realization of how hollow everything has been for me makes me so profoundly sad."

She continued, "But on the other hand, there's you. You loved me deeply before you even knew what sex was. I can tell that until recently my body and sexy ways meant nothing to you. You even made a point of averting your eyes when you had chances to sneak peeks."

"God, what a stupid dork I was!" he joked.

Suzanne playfully hit him, and gave his dick another one of her intense pussy squeezes. "But you still loved me for what I had on the inside. And now we have both! It's almost too amazing for me to believe. I've never been so happy! You're the only one for me, and probably the only man I could ever trust to truly love me." She broke down and began to cry profusely once more.

He just gently caressed her and kissed her face while she had a good cry. He felt almost embarrassed that his dick was still hard inside her, but he felt it would be rude to pull out now.

When Alan finally had a chance to speak, he said seriously, "You're right. As a growing teenage boy I noticed your body these last couple years, but you were off limits. You were my 'Aunt Suzy' and married and everything. I consciously avoided even thinking those thoughts about you, as much as I could. But now it's all changed. We can have everything. Love AND making love."

They kissed, and kept kissing. She'd been mostly forgetting about his erection deep inside her, but she gave it a few more loving squeezes.

Up until now, the fucking had been great, and unbelievably prolonged. But it had lacked a deep emotional intensity, due to Suzanne always mentally remaining somewhat in reserve so she could remain in control of herself and of the situation.

But Alan's declaration of love changed that. Suzanne was overcome with affection, like some actress being swept off her feet in an old-time movie. She wasn't good with this kind of open discussion of emotions since she was always scheming and dealing in layers of motives. So she let out her profound outpouring of emotion by putting everything she had into their seemingly endless kiss, and started squeezing his boner more frequently.

He gave as good as he received, kissing and fondling her to drive her to the heights of passion.

When the kiss ended, she was determined to fuck him even more intently and passionately than before.bender

Alan had had some amazing fucks in recent weeks, but Suzanne outdid them all. He had recently been called a "sex machine" and even a "fuck god," but it was Suzanne in her frenzy of love and lust that afternoon who really deserved such high praises. She became a virtual fucking machine. Every move she made seem to further arouse him somehow. She especially worked hard to churn her hips in delightful ways.

Alan, after all, was supposed to have a recovery weekend. He was still tired; he considered it a wonder that his penis was able to function at all, given how active it had been lately.

So Suzanne took over. She'd already spent much of the afternoon riding on top of Alan, and now she stayed there. She continued thrusting him in and out of herself long after he gave up all exertion except the ability to stay erect. Her arms and legs roamed all over him like a many-tentacled octopus. Her hips undulated one way, and her vaginal muscles gripped him in another way.

He'd never known a penis could feel such pleasure.

They fucked until it seemed the two of them would simply drown in a lake of cum. They were slick, wet, sticky, and sweaty everywhere. But it felt great. Alan lost all track of time and was rendered nearly as senseless as he'd rendered Glory during their first fuck.

Suzanne kept a close watch on the state of his penis to prevent him from cumming again. When it came time to pause, she fell onto him and drowned his face in kisses even as she tried to recover her ragged breathing.

His fourth climax with her turned out to be something of an emotional disappointment instead of a great peak, because both of them knew it meant the afternoon's fun was over. They both tried to extend every last second as he deposited his seed inside her, but there was no way to stop him from bringing the fucking to the end, despite all of Suzanne's tricks.

Chapter 698 He Won't Bne Recovering Anytime Soon

They just lay there for a while. Alan had nearly drifted off. When he opened his eyes he saw Suzanne's green eyes mere inches from him. It struck him that she looked at him in the way he thought newlyweds might look at each other in bed on their honeymoon. He returned the look and found himself lost in the beauty of her eyes (even though they were still a bit red from crying). All the corny poetry about eyes being shimmering pools of moonlight and the like now struck him as very real and true.

But all good things have to come to an end. Alan broke the silence by saying, "Aunt Suzy, I love you. I just have to say it again. You're right. Just about everyone else I'm with seems like a kid compared to you. As amazing as I realize you are, I nonetheless underestimate you. You have such a great capacity for love. And unfortunately you channel that into some serious fucking."bender

"Unfortunately?" Suzanne was hurt.

She closed her eyes and turned away, but he held her chin and turned her face back.

Then, stroking her cheek, he said gently, "It's only unfortunate because you're going to kill me before I turn twenty. I was right: not only should your pussy be classified as a murder weapon, your entire body is one big murder weapon. You're too beautiful to be believed. Death by fucking is going to be the way I go before too long."

She laughed and looked at him straight in the eyes, no longer offended. "You're probably right. I've been holding off on fucking you despite some close calls like the Elle deception or our time standing in the ocean on that nude beach trip, because I knew that once I got started I couldn't stop. Now that we're fucking for real, I just absolutely have to do it every single day... Because I want to be one with my lovey-dovey little Sweetie baby Alan."

She nuzzled his face with her nose as she said this last sentence, then they kissed again.

The kiss was so searing that Alan was nearly inspired to go for a fifth climax. Unfortunately, his penis wouldn't cooperate with his desires.

When their lips parted, he said only half-jokingly, "You see? That's the problem. With kisses like that, how can I function? All I'll be able to do now is think about fucking you. You're turning me into a hopeless case. It feels like we fucked all afternoon."

She smiled a wry smile and pulled a watch from out of her clothes lying near the bed. "We have. Did you know it's past six o'clock already?"

He looked out the window blinds and noticed with great surprise that it was almost dark. "No way! We've been fucking for, like, three hours! That's just not possible. I mean, an overwhelming majority of that was total, full on, scream at the top of my lungs, right at the edge of total euphoria, intense, deep fucking. Delirious, incoherent babble, can't-remember-my-name fucking. No friggin' way!"

"Yes way, Sweetie. You know how to make a woman happy. I can already tell you I'll never forget this day. And to think that we can do better tomorrow, because you were pretty tired coming in here. Just wait until your penis and your body has had another very long, very restful night. You'll be the one on top of me while I'm crying 'Ride 'em, cowboy.'"

He frowned.

She asked, "What is it, Sweetie?"

"Well, I don't know if I'll ever get a chance to recover, because something always comes up. I certainly won't recover tonight to be in good shape for that tomorrow. You see, well, I'm not sure if you want to hear this..."

"What is it?"

"Well, I know you get upset when I mention sex and Amy, but the truth is I've already promised Amy that we'd fuck tonight. I've never fucked her before, and it just wouldn't be fair to her to wait another day."

Suzanne sat back, a little miffed. "My, my. Innocent Amy. My sweet honey pie. She's finally going to lose her virginity properly." Then, with a start, she realized, "And you're going to fuck me and her for the first time on the same day! Mother and daughter, back to back! You are such a sexy devil!"

"I thought you were upset by that kind of thing."

"Well, I am, but mostly by thoughts of her and me together. As long as you keep us apart and don't make me watch, I'm okay with it. In fact, I have to admit that I'm more than a little impressed. How many guys ever get the chance to fuck a mother and daughter? And soon you'll be doing TWO mother-daughter pairs."

He couldn't help but grin in triumph. "I know. It's kind of cool, but kind of not. I mean, how can I keep up with Amy tonight? What'll I have left after the fucking of a lifetime that you just gave me? How will I be able to get myself up for a worthy performance, or even a single cum? Also, I hate to be blunt, but she's never had sex before. You're like a battle-hardened crack fuck veteran, and I mean that in only a good way. I wonder if I might not be as enthusiastic with Amy as I would have been if I'd fucked her before you."

She playfully ran a finger around his belly button. "Hmmm. I see what you mean. But I'm sure you'll rise to the occasion in more ways than one. You always do. Look at it a different way. Treat her like a student instead of a teacher. And you're such a gentleman. I'm sure she'll come away very happy."

"Perhaps, but this is why I wasn't just kidding about sharing your skills. You need to share, especially with Amy and Sis, so things can be a little more balanced out. Sis in particular is feeling neglected. If she knew all the things you could do, she would burn with envy." He grinned as he added, "Plus, you have to. I made you cum in five minutes, so I won the bet."

Suzanne replied, chagrined, "Hrm. What's your next bet? If you correctly guess my favorite musician then you get a fuck sandwich with Katherine on the top and me on the bottom, but if you guess incorrectly then it's a fuck sandwich with me on the top and Katherine on the bottom?"

He was all smiles. "Hmmm. Not a bad idea. I'm afraid you're on the bottom, though, 'cos I already know your favorite musician is Mozart."

"Drat." But as Suzanne lay there, she seriously considered the idea of sharing her skills, and not just a few tricks. He's right. I've proved myself here today. Sweetie said that all the others are like kids compared to me. Hearing that was such a hard-won, sweet victory. I just have to secure my spot here on top of the pecking order, and then all will be perfect.

Now that I'm up here, I can lend a hand and raise my Honey Pie and Angel higher too. The better they are at sex, the more that benefits me, as the situation evolves into one big, constant Plummer family

orgy. I just have to make sure to stay one step ahead and not give everything away. At the very least, it'll take them years of Kegel exercises before they have the pussy control I do.

Susan, on the other hand... Of course I have to teach her all I know, eventually, but I'm not going to be in such a big hurry about it. After all, he did say the girls take top priority. I'm still deathly afraid that he's going to forget all about me when he starts to fuck his "mommy." If she somehow magically gained all my years of sexual experience overnight, I'd be in big trouble.

After all this thought, she answered smiling, "Of course, Sweetie, you're so right. Since you beat me in our little contest and made me cum first, I'll have to teach them. But it'll take a while. That climax without ejaculation thing especially is more of an art than anything. It requires a special touch."

That's true enough, she thought. I don't want any more lies with my lover, my man. "But in any case, let's get our act together here. Susan will be expecting you for dinner."

Once they dressed and got in the car, Suzanne called her husband Eric on her cell phone and told him she'd be late and they should get some take-out food without her.

Alan similarly called up Susan and told her the computer shopping was taking longer than expected.

Now that they were done, Suzanne's energy level finally crashed. As wiped out as Alan was, he was forced to drive the car back because Suzanne was in no shape to get behind the wheel. She could barely walk.

But she could still tease. She gleefully pointed out that after being gone so many hours, they of course didn't have any computer or other purchases to show for it. "I guess we'll just have to go shopping again tomorrow then, to make sure we get that computer."

"Do you mean we'll actually buy a computer, or come back here?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes. "And I thought you were a smart kid. Screw computers! I know as much about them as you do. I'll buy one on Monday while you're at school so I don't miss out on any opportunities involving your penis. This sharing of you is a real drag. To think, you're going to fuck my daughter tonight

and I'm hoping that you'll have something left for me tomorrow. But I love you and what you do to me so much that I don't care that much." She stared out the window unhappily.

He replied, trying to change the topic with something more cheery, "I'm so happy to have finally fucked you that I can't even express it in words. And like you, now that we've started I don't ever wanna stop." He reached out and held her hand briefly while driving with just his other one.

She came out of her funk and smiled lovingly at him. She patted and stroked his hand with her other one, and then let it go so he could drive with both.

He asked, "But how are we going to keep fucking and not get caught after our 'shopping' tomorrow? We can't suddenly be shopping every day of the week."

"True," she conceded. "I want to fuck every single day, but that may not be realistic in the short term. We may have to do without some days, until everything is out in the open."

He nodded and pointed out, "Sis and I don't get to do it very often either, which is a drag. Wouldn't it be great to have no secrets? Keep working on Mom's resistance."

"Okay. Sounds like you could use more rest, so a day off here and there won't kill me. But you still owe me 26 more times to make up for lost time, and the count goes up one more every day. As for your mother, believe me, I'm trying!"

She considered proving how much she was working on Susan by telling him about how the psychologist session with Xania was faked, but she just didn't have the energy for it. She knew he'd have to learn the truth about that sooner or later, though. It was dangerous to keep too many secrets, and that one wasn't a very important one for him to know.

She began to drift off as he drove the car down the highway, but then she opened her eyes and came alert with a sudden start. "Sweetie? Can you promise me one thing?"

"What's that?"

"You know what you were saying earlier about tying me up while you fuck my daughter tonight. You were just fantasizing, right? You're not going to actually do that."

He looked over at her and considered. He'd already forgotten about it and hadn't been planning on it, but on the other hand the idea did have a strong appeal. "Of course I won't. Don't worry. Not unless you want to."

"Well, I don't. You know my feelings on that so I won't belabor the point. And please. Treat her gently tonight. I'm counting on you to be the loving gentleman Alan with her and not this new aggressive Alan. She's so innocent and impressionable."

"Don't worry. You can count on me."

Reassured, Suzanne smiled and drifted off to sleep.

That left Alan alone with his thoughts as he struggled to stay awake long enough to make the drive home. Just think. As soon as I get home, I'm going to have a late supper, and then it's on to a date with Amy. More fucking to follow! With the bountiful and loving Amy, no less. Then I've promised Sis we can fuck again as soon as Saturday is over and our grounding punishment is done. I wouldn't be surprised if she attacks me the instant the clock strikes midnight. Then Aunt Suzy wants another session just like this one tomorrow, which in and of itself will totally destroy my dick and energy. And Mom clearly wants her ass fucked so bad that I would be a bad son if I were to neglect that any longer. At least I think she does. Sometimes I have a hard time understanding my "new" mom.

And then there's Glory! If she knows I've stayed home all weekend and didn't call her, she's going to be pissed. And she will learn the hiking trip was canceled soon, and I don't want to lie to her about it anyways. If I'm a good guy, I should go to the beach with her tomorrow or something.

And that's just for starters. There are always surprises, like the surprise Akami visit. For all I know, Heather could crawl into my window at three in the morning and demand that I stop neglecting her and fuck her there and then. I'm literally drowning in beautiful, naked female bodies. It's really not fair for me to have so many beauties if I can't put in the time and emotion they deserve. I have to focus on just the ones who mean the most to me.

How can I manage it all? Aunt Suzy alone is more than just about any guy can handle. She's a human dynamo, a sex tornado.

He looked over at Suzanne. He was driving down a straight stretch of highway, so he was able to take a good long look at her sleeping form. Christ, man! Look at her. She's like a friggin' supermodel, and I just spent all afternoon repeatedly pumping my cum into her. Life doesn't get any better than that! Hell, just looking at her, even though she's all dressed up, I'm almost inspired to get hard yet AGAIN!

He returned his focus to the road. I've got to figure out some kind of system to deal with all of these women without literally getting fucked to death! I'm loving it too much to stop or even slow down, that's for sure. I mean, fucking Aunt Suzy turned into a totally transcendent bonding experience there at the end. Nothing else matters, compared to doing something like that.

The ironic thing is, this is the weekend I'm supposed to be resting!

Chapter 699 Kath And Amy

About an hour after Suzanne and Alan left to go "computer shopping," Amy came over to the Plummer house. She learned from Susan that Alan was gone, so she went looking for Katherine, so she could hang out with her best friend.

She found Katherine suntanning on the sun deck on the second floor. Katherine was lying on a lounge chair completely naked except for dark sunglasses.

As soon as Amy walked out onto the sun deck and saw that, she cheered. "Yeay! Nudity!"

Katherine had her eyes closed, but she opened them and turned her head to find Amy. She grinned, because Amy was already in the process of taking off her clothes, as expected. She said in a friendly tone, "Hey, Aims, what's up?"

"Oh, not much. It's a bummer Alan's gone all afternoon, from what I hear. Susan was just telling me. But I figured, hey, that sounds like great 'checking for bumps' time, if you know what I mean." She winked and smiled knowingly.

"I do."

Amy was already buck naked, and in the process of pulling another lounge chair next to Katherine's. She had to dust it off as well, because it hadn't been used in a while. As she did that, she asked, "By the way, what are you doing up here instead of down there?" She pointed towards the backyard pool area that the sun deck overlooked. She didn't have to add that the sun deck was very rarely used, since the pool area had several advantages over it, including the pool itself.

Katherine shrugged as she watched Amy settle into her lounge chair. "Oh, I don't know. It's a nice view from here, and it's closer to my room. But I guess the main reason is that I wanted more privacy."

Amy sat up with a start. "Oh? Am I bothering you? I'd better go then!"

Katherine reached out and held Amy's hand. "Don't even think of it! For you I'll definitely make an exception. It's one thing to feel like Mom is staring at me from the kitchen half the time. It's quite another to hang out with my BFF!" She smiled widely.

Amy beamed, since she understood "BFF" stood for "best friends forever." Their lounge chairs were close enough that she was able to lean over and briefly peck Katherine on the lips. Then she settled back in her chair.

The two of them chatted about inconsequential things for a while. Sensing that Katherine was feeling lazy, Amy picked up Katherine's suntan lotion and applied it all over her body. (Unlike Katherine, and due to the fairness of her skin, Amy was more interested in avoiding a sunburn than getting a suntan.)

After a while, when conversation seemingly petered out, Amy spoke up. "Uh, Kat? Can I ask you a kinda personal question?"

"Sure."

"What's it like?" After a long pause, she shyly added, "You know... getting fucked by Alan?"

Katherine turned to look into Amy's eyes. "Why are you asking me that? I've told you in great detail already, multiple times, as recently as yesterday! In fact, we even talked about it well before he got his diagnosis, months and months ago. Do you remember that?"

"Of course! How could I forget?" In truth, Katherine and Amy hadn't exactly talked about what it felt like to be fucked by Alan back then, but they did discuss how he would be the "perfect boyfriend" if he wasn't already considered family for both of them. Eventually, they even mutually confessed to each other about having some "impure thoughts" about him. But, back then, both of them were unwilling to fully confess their true feelings about him to the other, so they had each acted as if they were bothered by such things.

Katherine asked, "Then what do you want me to say?"

Amy squirmed unhappily. "I don't know. I just... well, it's kinda on my mind a lot. I mean, like a super duper way lot! 'Cos now that I'm his official girlfriend and everything, and since we're not technically related, there's absolutely nothing stopping him from fucking me. I want it, he wants it, so it's totally gonna happen! And SOON! Right?"

"Right. But we've been over that too in the last day or two. What is it you want me to tell you?"

"I don't know. Just... reassurance, I guess. I mean... to be honest... well, I'm kind of scared. Am I going to be up to snuff, for one thing. That's the main thing, actually. You say it's totally easy, and that the body knows exactly what to do, but what if I freeze up or something? I'm kinda sorta feeling a lot of pressure, especially with this 'Official Girlfriend' title. I've gotta live up to that."

Katherine reached out and held Amy's hand. "You'll do great, I'm sure. Heck, I guarantee it. If anything, there will be more pressure on him than you. After all, guys often ejaculate prematurely. Whereas if you cum early, that's like an extra bonus, 'cos that makes it easier for you to come again!"

Amy smiled at that, but only wanly. "I know, but still. It's the competition thing that worries me the most. Being 'just okay' isn't good enough. He's fucked you a bunch, and you and him have, like, a super special connection. And if he hasn't fucked my mom yet, he will soon, and I don't have to tell you what a ridiculously super sultry sex goddess she is! In fact, I totally bet dollars to donuts that they're fucking right now!"

Katherine sat up in surprise. "Really?! What makes you think that?"

Amy rolled her eyes. "Susan said he's off helping Mom shop for computers. Give me a break. For one thing, she hasn't said word one to me about needing a new computer. For another, she knows as much or more about computers than he does. But the kicker is, if you were her and you got the chance to spend the whole afternoon with him alone and out of the house, what would you do - go shopping or have sexy fun?"

Katherine sat up even higher and stiffer as her alarm grew. "That's a no-brainer. Sexy fun, obviously."

Amy nodded grimly. "So I've gotta compete with my own sex-vixen mother! And not only that, but what about all the others? The only one I can say he's fucked for 100 percent sure is Kim. But there's a whole bunch of maybes, women he's involved with where it's just a matter of time." She counted them on her fingers. "Heather, Akami, Janice, Joy, Brenda, Glor- uh!" She tried to stop herself, but too late.

Katherine practically leapt out of her lounge chair in surprise. "Wait! What?! Did you start to say 'Glory?!'"

Amy had a look that suggested she was totally busted. "Um, no! I was starting to say... uh... 'glowing.'"

"Glowing?! Why the heck would you say glowing?!"

Amy was trying to get out of her fix, but she couldn't think of any plausible word or name that started with a "glo-" sound. And she didn't have any plausible reason to say "glowing" either. She sighed in defeat. "M'kay. You got me. I did say 'Glory.' But that's just, like, totally wild speculation, since he's been crushing on her forever. I have no way of knowing for sure."

Katherine leaned into Amy's personal space with an intense stare. "Aims, don't lie to me! We ARE BFFs, right? We're closer than even close sisters, aren't we? I think you know more than you're letting on. I want you to tell me the truth!"

Amy withered under Katherine's stare. She turned her head in defeat. "M'kay. It's true. I do know more. I was talking to him about her a while back, and it kind of slipped out that they're involved."

Katherine stood up and slapped a fist on her open hand. "I knew it! I knew it!" She started to pace around the sun deck with both fists clenched. "Dammit!" After some more pacing, she growled, "As if the competition isn't tough enough already!"

Amy sat all the way up in her chair. "What do you mean 'I knew it?' You haven't said anything like that to me at all. Not even as speculation."

Katherine sighed. "Okay, maybe it's more like 'I should have known.' To be honest, I knew about his feelings for her, but I just wasn't able to believe that he could actually get it on with a teacher. Not even him! That could be a serious scandal! She could lose her job, easy!"

"I know! That's why it has to be a secret. You can't tell anyone."

Katherine's fists were still clenched as she returned to her lounge chair and plopped her bare ass down on it with a heavy sigh. "My emotions are all jumbled up. For one thing, that IS a lot more competition. Between her looks and his crush and the teacher taboo, this is a major development. This isn't another Joy or Janice type situation, that's for sure! But then again, I AM his fuck-toy sister and one of his personal cocksuckers, and I'm not supposed to get jealous when he's with one of his other conquests."

Amy said, "That's easy to say..."

Katherine finished off, "But damn hard to do! DAMN! I'm totally burning with jealousy right now! I'll bet my skin is turning green. Aims, do I look green?"

Amy giggled. "No. Definitely not. You're still Kat-colored."

Katherine stared off into space. "Damn! I feel green with envy though, that's for sure! And I'm pissed that you knew and I didn't."

Amy said, "Don't feel bad. It's super way double duper secret. It wasn't like he told me and didn't tell you. To be honest, I kinda got him to disclose it unintentionally, in a sorta sneaky way. And I don't think our moms know either."

Katherine sighed again. "Well, that makes me feel a little better, anyway. What else about this do you know?"

Amy held her hands up defensively. "That's it! Really! Aside from his one slip where he confessed they were involved, he hasn't said a word about it. And it's not like it's a long-term thing; I'm sure it's something that only happened recently, since his sexual confidence has been surging."

Katherine growled, and then stared off into space.

After a long pause, Amy asked "What are you thinking?"

"I'm imagining the two of them together. Have you noticed he hasn't been around for lunch lately, like, at all? I had assumed that he'd been spending that time with this or that cheerleader. But I'll bet he's been spending most of his lunches with HER! And that's the other thing. I'm burning with jealousy right now, but I'm also burning with lust! And the two burns merge together and create a raging inferno!"

Amy asked, "How so?"

Katherine exclaimed passionately, "Because it just proves all over again what a TOTAL STUD he is! My GOD! Is no woman safe from his rampaging dick?! I think not! He even fucks his sexy teachers! Isn't that hot? I think that's hot! Can you just imagine, the very same classroom where he sits and listens to her lecture, just like all the other students, once they're gone she's naked and bobbing on his cock like her life depends on it!"

"You don't know that for sure."

"No, but come on. You totally know it's true! And doesn't that make you horny?"

"Well... to be honest..." Amy broke into a big grin. "Yeah!"

"Big time! I say we do something about it!"

Amy seductively suggested, "I still have bumps that need checking, if you know what I mean."

"I do! Say no more!"bender

The two of them quickly rushed off to Katherine's room to have some sexy fun of their own. They picked up their clothes as they left, but they didn't bother putting them back on.

Chapter 700 Brenda Blowing Alan

Suzanne tried to hurry home with Alan after their afternoon fucking session, but thanks to rush-hour traffic they didn't arrive until about 7:30 p.m. It was a long ride back from their hotel, but that turned out to be a good thing as it gave both of them a chance to recover. Between the ride and the showers they took before leaving the hotel, their freshly-fucked looks had faded and they appeared almost normal. But inside they were bereft of energy.

They talked about nothing in particular for a while, since they were both emotionally and physically tired. But at one point, Suzanne broke the silence by saying, "Soooo... Susan told me that she broke the news about Ron being gay to you and the girls."

He moaned unhappily. "Oh, man! Do you really have to bring that up?"

"Yes, I do. Life is complicated, and we have to deal with the bad as well as the good. I was going to bring it up earlier, but I didn't want to ruin the mood of our 'computer shopping.' But tell me, now that you've had some time to consider it, what do you think about it?"

"To be honest, I'm trying not to think about it at all. Actually, I'm surprised at how easily I've been able to put it out of my mind. Mom told us about it right before my practice date with Christine, and I thought that would make me distracted and moody for the rest of the evening. But it turns out I pretty much forgot about it. And I haven't thought about it much since. I feel kind of guilty, like I should be more worked up about it."

She asked, "Why do you think that is?"

"I dunno. It's hard to get worked up about anything involving Ron. In fact, I mostly think about how this must hurt Mom. That's the main angle that hits me in the gut."

She said, "That's too bad."

He turned Suzanne's way and asked, "Aunt Suzy, you're kind of all-knowing. Why do you think he did that? Mom is such a generous, kind-hearted person. He wasted twenty years of her life with a fake marriage! I can't forgive him for that!"

Suzanne replied thoughtfully, "That really was a rotten thing to do, but I still think he's basically a good man. I think he found himself in way over his head. He probably was forced into the marriage by his family. Remember, things were different back then, especially in small-town Nebraska. I know that he loved you and Angel growing up, just as much as any father loves his kids. But then something happened about seven years ago that changed things. I can't tell you what, but I have a good idea."

Alan replied, "I can guess that well enough. That's when he found his lover in Thailand, right? So his loyalties shifted."

Actually, that wasn't what Suzanne was thinking at all. She strongly suspected that Ron had pulled away from the rest of the Plummer family around the time Alan hit puberty because he started to feel some sexual attraction to his son, and was so horrified by that that he decided the best way to make sure he never let those feelings grow was to stay far away as much as possible.

It was just a theory, but she had seen occasional looks of anguish from Ron towards Alan during his rare visits home that told her she was right. However, Suzanne felt she couldn't possibly share that with Alan or it would ruin what was left of his relationship with Ron. Besides, it was only a hunch, without solid proof.

So she smiled enigmatically and said, "That may or may not be. Who knows?"

"A-ha!" Alan jumped to conclusions and took that for proof, just as she had hoped he'd do. Then he asked, "By the way, last night, when the four of us were talking about all this, we speculated that having this news coming out now is no coincidence. You timed this very carefully, didn't you?"

"I did. I knew there was something very wrong about Susan's marriage nearly from the beginning. But I also knew that your mom was so religious that she wouldn't agree to a divorce for anything. She would have shouldered the blame herself, even though she was blameless, which would have left her generally miserable. Her delusion that she had a normal marriage allowed you and Angel to be raised in a loving, successful way. I made sure to step in and fill the gaps caused by Ron's absence. In fact, he and I even had kind of an unspoken agreement about that."

"Huh?! What do you mean?"

"When he got his first assignment to spend all year overseas, he basically came to me and pleaded with me to step up in my role as 'auntie' to both you and your sister. Of course I said yes. He felt very bad about leaving, but felt it was something he had to do. It's complicated. Don't judge him until you know all the facts. There are some things I can't tell you now but you'll learn eventually."

She continued, "Anyway, the other factor is that I've sensed for a long time that your mom is highly submissive. She's great when she's taking directions from someone else, but she'd fall apart if she were on her own. That's why I timed things as I did. Now she has you. YOU have to step up, big time. I know you're not keen on the word 'master,' but whatever you call it, she belongs to you now. Like it or not, she's YOUR responsibility from here on out. You've got to grow up fast. This isn't just sexual fun and games anymore. You really ARE 'the man of the house' in many ways. You and me, we're the ones who have to provide the leadership for this bunch."

Alan slumped in his seat and stared out into traffic. "Whoa. That's a pretty heavy load to place on an eighteen-year-old."

"I know, but that's life. A lot of guys your age are married with kids already. Anyway, it's not exactly all suffering for you." She gave him a sexy leer, and then winked.

He grinned back at that.

"Besides, I'm hardly 'all-knowing' like you say, but I do know a lot, and I'll always be there to help you in one way or another. You can count on me."

"Thanks! That makes me feel better. A lot better."

Suzanne stopped speaking for a while so he could ponder all that.

But he wasn't in a pondering mood. After just a few minutes of silence, he resumed talking, but about far less important matters. It was all too much for him to take at the moment. He would need to sleep on it and think about it later.

Then Suzanne said, "You know, as long as we've got a sufficient time to talk like this, it would be nice if you could give me another general update of your sexual adventures. I can't be your secret guardian angel if I don't know what's going on."

He smiled, and said sincerely, "I'd like that. I've been looking forward to getting some feedback from you on some things."

"Such as?"

"Well, Brenda, for one. Given what happened today, does that mean our overall strategic plan with her is complete? Can we mark that down as a big win?"

"Yes, we can mark that down as a big win for everyone involved, including Brenda. She's never been so happy, I'm sure. But, that said, our plan with her is not complete. Like I've told you, we're playing a very long game with her. Consider today the end of one chapter and the start of another. Now that she's sucked your cock and clearly loved it, expect a lot more of that. Fuck her face! Fuck her huge tits! Spread her legs and fuck her wet and needy cunt! Bend her over and fuck your cock all the way up her sex-slave ass until you're balls-deep inside her and she's convulsing in orgasmic overload all around you like she should. In short, treat her like the sex pet she so clearly wants to be!"

He actually shivered all over from the jolt of pleasure that exciting prospect induced. "So... wait. What about playing aloof and hard to get?"

"Oh, definitely keep doing that. But you don't have to be so diligent about it anymore. She's clearly past the point of no return and in love with serving your cock, so have fun with her! Still, be sparing with your praise, and deliberately ignore her from time to time. That's not to be mean; that's what she expects from you. Also, it's good to continue setting hard-to-achieve goals for her. For instance, I made clear to her today that she's not one of your official personal cocksuckers yet, just because she blew you once.

That title and status means a great deal to her, more than you know. It shouldn't come easy, or she won't value it very much."

He said, "I'm not just saying this, but I noticed that already and I'd come to the same conclusion, that that would be a good carrot to hold out for her."

"Good for you! I'll make a sneaky schemer out of you yet." She chuckled. "Other things, like fucking, also should be held out as future rewards."

He sighed heavily. "Ugh! Why is it that fucking is always delayed? With you, with Mom, with Brenda... I mean, sure, I totally love blowjobs, but more actual fucking would be great."

Suzanne grinned slyly. "I couldn't agree more! But don't worry; things are finally starting to change. You just got to fuck me, didn't you?"

He brightened. "Thank God for that!"

She reached out and patted him briefly. "There's going to be a LOT more of that from now on, especially with me. But with Brenda, it's not yet time. The main thing is to continue to act domineering with her. You have to continue to live up to her high expectations. She thinks you basically walk on water. Let's make sure she keeps thinking that, especially with your sex skills and stamina and so forth."

He sighed again. "Man, that sucks. You know, I'm not really a dominant, alpha-male type guy. It doesn't come easily or naturally for me to be all cocky and confident around her."

"I suppose so. But aren't the rewards more than worth it?"

"Oh, definitely! But what IS the end game here? For instance, will I ever be able to totally let my hair down with her?"

"Hmmm... probably not. But over time you'll get to know her better and better, and she'll know you better and better, and you'll be able to be more yourself. But even so, you need to keep that dominant attitude going at all times. Think of it like being a boss to an employee. You could become a really close

friend to that person, but as long as you're the boss, there are certain ways you need to behave, certain things you can and can't do, even when you're hanging out outside of work. That's pretty much the same with Brenda. Just like you could have a boss status for years or even decades, you need to maintain dominant status with her for... well, I don't know how long exactly - the future is unwritten - but maybe years or even decades too!"

"Really!" He stared at Suzanne in wide wonder. "I find that hard to believe. In fact, I still find everything about Brenda hard to believe. I continue to feel that she's way, way out of my league. It's not like with you, where we have a special connection based on our years together, basically all of my life. I feel like we're kind of bamboozling her, and if she saw the real me she'd lose all interest."

"That's not true. You're exactly what she wants. You're her dream man. Yes, you've gotta exaggerate certain traits some, but doesn't everyone do that to some degree? Especially in the early phases of a relationship, it's natural to try to look your best."

"True. But she shouldn't even know me. She should be on a massive yacht off the coast of some Caribbean island, hanging out with the likes of Tom Hanks and Bill Gates and Richard Branson. She's a multi-millionaire! You told me not that long ago that people are always striving for more, for something just out of reach, and that's why I have to play hard-to-get with her. But she could do soooo much better than me. Aren't women attracted to money and power? It makes sense, because they want a man who can be a good provider for their children."

Suzanne mulled over her thoughts before she answered, "There's some truth to that. But a little bit of pop psychology knowledge is a dangerous thing. She's had power and money up the wazoo; she was born wealthy. Look at what happened with her and her soon to be ex-husband, for instance. That didn't make her happy. She's actually burned out on that and liable to run in the opposite direction. Straight into your arms, actually. Well, okay... more like into your crotch, if we want to get literal about it." She grinned at that.

She continued, "Besides, there are things we women look for in the man we want to father our children. But then there's also just pure lust, the things we look for in the man we want to fuck us silly! It's complicated. Sometimes, a woman just wants a wild one-night stand. You offer her that kind of excitement, but not just for one night. With you, it can go on for years and years to come."

He asked, "But is that possible?! How can that kind of sexual intensity be maintained that long? Especially with my focus and energy being split among so many women. Besides, now that she's experienced her sexual awakening with me, what's going to stop her from going to look for a man who

gives her exactly what she wants sexually, PLUS he owns a massive yacht, runs his own company, and took part in the Olympics? There have to be at least a few guys out there like that."

"Maybe so. To be honest, Sweetie, we're sailing into uncharted waters. I don't know what'll happen. I don't even have a specific end game in mind for Brenda, just a general direction. But you have some very big advantages. For instance, you see your other women as a negative for her, but I believe it's actually a very big positive. She's not JUST falling for you, or your cock; she's falling for a whole group lifestyle. Frankly, I don't think she can ever go back to just a one-woman, one-man relationship anymore, not after getting a taste of how we live. So that rules out all but a minuscule fraction of one percent of all possible men for her. We have a VERY unique thing here. Not even men with their own yachts and companies have an entire harem of women. A mistress or two, maybe, but that's very different."

He winced. "Please don't use the 'H' word."

"Whatever. You know what I mean. The main thing is that she's so very submissive that as long as you maintain your dominant stance, you hardly have to lift a finger to arouse her. She does it to herself by talking to Susan about your exploits, being forced to share you with others, thinking and dreaming about you when you're not around... I could go on. My point is, she's going to be hot to trot, with a VERY wet pussy, before you even open your mouth. Then she'll open HER mouth and create a tight lip-lock around your erection, and start to suck! End of story. She's happy, you're happy, it's all good."

He shook his head in wonder. "Man, that's so friggin' weird. I hear what you're saying, but I still can't really believe it. I mean, Brenda? Sucking my dick? It shouldn't happen. And yet it is. I chalk it up to your scheming brilliance. That's the only thing that can explain it."

Suzanne was tickled pink at that compliment, but tried not to show it. "By the way, speaking of Brenda sucking your cock, how was she?"

He recalled how she'd looked, kneeling naked below him next to the pool, and shuddered as a jolt of excitement coursed through him. He replied with renewed eagerness, "Oh man! Don't get me started, or I'm going to get all horny. Technically speaking, she wasn't that good. Way below average, actually, if you compare her to the likes of you or Glory. But she made up for that with so much damn enthusiasm!"

He went on, "I actually saw tears leaking from her eyes at one point, which I think was due to her struggle and determination. How could that not arouse me? It kind of reminds me of Mom a while back. Nowadays, Mom has cocksucking passion AND a lot of skill. She's getting better by the day, and it makes

me wonder just how awesome she can still get. But in the beginning she didn't know what she was doing and it was all passion. Even that was pretty damn great in its own way."

Suzanne was slightly miffed by that answer, because it made her wonder, Hmmm, it sounds like Susan could be getting better than me! I can't let that happen. And if he's right about Brenda, and I'm sure he is, then she'll follow the same progression. In a few weeks, she'll have both the passion AND the skill. Also, I noticed again his praise for Glory. I've got to step up my game if I want to keep my reputation as the most talented cocksucker around. At least I have deep throating and some other special tricks going for me.

In a sense, I've kind of created a monster with Brenda. With her in the mix, there's bound to be lots more competition for Sweetie's limited time, energy, and cum. I doubt we'll be able to limit her to seeing him just a couple of times a week, as I'd promised Susan and even myself. But, all in all, I don't have any regrets. She's such a dish! I can tell she's succumbing to her lesbian desires. I'll probably end up having as much sex with her as he will. And that's not counting the great orgies we'll all enjoy together! Her submissiveness can be a bit much, but it feels like she belongs with us.

He thought back to how Brenda looked when she'd been sucking him off earlier. "Besides, it's not just what she's doing with her mouth and hands. The fact that she looks like she does is a massive plus! Knowing that I have a perfect-ten centerfold-worthy babe bobbing on my dick is a constant thrill, no matter what. And of course I can look at her naked body as much as I want, and even fondle it to my heart's desire. So basically, she already gets an A grade simply from showing up!" He laughed.

Alan and Suzanne continued to talk about Brenda for a while. Then he gave her an update on how things were going with some of the other women in his life. However, he left out some of his more complex situations, in particular his relationship with Heather. It wasn't that he was trying to keep a secret; he just didn't want to deal with that unpleasant subject quite yet.