

6 Times 721

Chapter 721 Playing With Brenda

A minute or two later, Suzanne walked in from the foyer and took a look at the scene. My, my, my! Isn't this just delicious? I love it!

The first thing Suzanne noticed was the way that Amy and Brenda were dancing. Actually, it was more accurate to say that Amy was dancing while Brenda was mostly just standing there. It wasn't that Brenda didn't want to dance, but she was so stunned and turned on by the entire situation that she was in a daze. Furthermore, she was in a habit of not moving in certain ways when her gigantic tits weren't sequestered in a heavy bra, and those habits were both subconscious and hard to break.

Amy was dancing next to her, touching her and trying to involve her, and thanks to that Brenda finally struck a sexy pose with her hands behind her head and started to wiggle her hips a little. But her efforts still paled in comparison to Amy's naturally sexy gyrations.

Suzanne enjoyed watching the blushing, nervous, horny, and completely humiliated Brenda so much that it took her about a minute before she finally looked to the spot where Brenda (and to a lesser extent Amy) were frequently staring. That's when she saw Alan and his exposed boner, and Susan and Katherine working together to expertly jack him off. She'd had a vague general awareness that the three of them were sitting together on a sofa, due to her peripheral vision, but it was only now that she had paid enough attention to realize that there was a dual handjob underway.

Suzanne actually did a double-take, and then a thrill of pure excitement ran down her spine. Seeing Katherine and Susan work together to stroke Alan's erection wouldn't have caused surprise, at least for the last few days. But Suzanne knew that Brenda had arrived mere minutes before, and she was floored that something this arousing had started this soon.

Good grief! she thought. And I thought the dancing was great! This is almost too much. She chuckled, not really caring if the others heard and realized that she was there. I'm kind of tempted to break it up, for fear that Sweetie's gonna blow a load before the fun and games even begin. But then again, I'm also tempted just to stand here and watch and see what happens next.

Look at poor blushing Brenda! She looks like she's been hit by a truck! My sweet Honey Pie is dancing all around her, touching her everywhere, but it's like Brenda doesn't notice, even when Amy is cupping one of her tits or her pussy mound. A very, VERY soaked pussy mound, I should add! Hee-hee! No, Brenda only has eyes for Sweetie's cock and balls, and the four hands slipping and sliding all over them!

I'll bet that if I let this go on much longer, she's gonna drop to her knees, crawl over to him, and beg permission to pleasure that big slab of cock-meat with her lips and her tongue!

Dammit, I'd love to see that, but later. Later tonight, I'm sure. Frankly, I don't know how Sweetie is hanging on with all that relentless stroking from so many hands at once. I can tell from the way he's gasping for air that it won't be long before there's a cummy explosion, unless I sweep in and rescue him.

She finally decided to speak up in order to give Alan his much-needed strategic break. "So what's all this then?"

That startled everyone. Suzanne's arrival had been expected, but it hadn't been expected that she'd quietly enter the house and walk into the living room without being noticed. In fact, it was Amy's loud music that had provided her cover; she hadn't even tried to be sneaky.

Although Alan was going out of his mind with orgasmic euphoria, he was the one who answered. "We're, uh... We've been waiting for you, and, uh... In the meantime, Brenda is doing a sexy dance. And, uh, Amy too." He sighed and closed his eyes, trying hard not to cum.

Suzanne smirked. "I can see that. And it looks like we need to turn up the thermostat, Sweetie, because you must be cold; you've got three, no, make that four, hands keeping your privates warm. How very considerate."

Katherine smirked too. "You've got it backwards. His hot, hot cock is what's keeping our hands warm." She giggled.

Suzanne smirked. "I'm sure. Either way, let's wrap this up and move to the dining room, shall we? Things are getting pretty heated and we don't want a premature... eruption."

She raised an amused eyebrow as she stared at all the hands on Alan's crotch. Those hands had frozen in place at the shock of Suzanne's voice, but then Katherine and Susan had resumed their sexy stroking.

Seeing no response, Suzanne stared with laser-like focus right at Susan's face.

"Oh, poo!" Susan complained, withering in response to Suzanne's intense stare. She finally withdrew her hands.

After hearing Alan gasp desperately for air, Katherine reluctantly withdrew her hands as well.

Both mother and daughter immediately started licking their fingers clean of his pre-cum, making loud, satisfied smacking noises as they did so.

Alan's boner kept twitching wildly, and he even looked to be humping air with his hips in constant motion. But that was just because of his frantic PC muscle squeezing efforts. Finally, the danger of imminent climax passed and he was able to slump back and recover. Holy shit! That was intense. And to think: the night is still young. I've got another fashion show to look forward to! And Brenda! Fuck! I'm totally going to fuck her tits tonight, if it's the last thing I do!

Brenda just stood there while all the others got up and left the room. She was particularly crushed to see Alan pull his sweatpants back up. Finally, she bent over to pick up what little clothing she had.

Just then Suzanne popped her head around the corner from the dining room and said, "Leave that there. You won't be needing it anymore."

Brenda stood back up. Dear God! What have I gotten myself into?! I knew there was going to be sex and fun here tonight, but I didn't know things would get this wild this soon! Already it's almost more than I can take. And the humiliation! How could I forget about being so humiliated whenever I visit here? It's too emotionally intense. I swear, I'm about to have a heart attack! I should NEVER have told Susan about my plans.

That reminded her of her "playing hard to get" plans. Shit. My scheme is in tatters already. I don't know what exactly happened just now - I feel like I've been run over by a bulldozer! But whatever it was, I was the exact opposite of "hard to get." But I still have a chance. Suzanne's here, and she's a taskmaster. She'll get the fashion show started, and that'll give me an opportunity to turn things around.

Obviously, the idea that I could ever "best" him in any way is ridiculous. But still, it's always good to try to increase my appeal by playing hard to get. No more being helpless. I'm determined not to just be some kind of 'flavor of the month'. I deserve to have a permanent place in his life.

She looked down at her nakedness, trying to psyche herself up. Just look at this physique. I'm special! I feel like I was born and bred to be one of his sex pets; I just have to prove it to him. I'll be assertive and wow him with my voluptuous body! I'll be sucking his cock again in no time, and he's going to fuck my tits too!

Alan watched Suzanne cross the room and sit at the table. He realized with some private amusement that she still walked funny despite the massage and hot bath she must have had since he'd last seen her. Secretly, that made him feel proud of himself.

She sat down immediately at the dining room table, then stayed sitting to hide the evidence that she'd been so thoroughly fucked quite recently. As the others sat too, she announced from her chair, "All right, now that we're all here, we can begin. Sweetie, as you can see, we're having another surprise fashion show for your benefit. Lucky bastard." But she said this with love, not malice.

Susan spoke up. "However, there's one fly in the ointment. The last fashion show went too far and almost spun out of control. So this time, no touching."

"No touching?!" Alan asked incredulously. "But that... Wait. Not even my dick? You mean, Mom, that you're not even going to stroke my... Aaah. I nearly forgot. Good for you for remembering. Now I know the real reason for the no-touching rule."

Susan blushed. The others looked disappointed and confused.

Alan explained, "I told Mom and Kat that they weren't allowed to touch my dick at all for the rest of the day, due to some naughtiness they did this morning."

Amy, surprisingly, spoke up. "Hey! If that's the case, why were they the very ones jacking him off just now, while I just sat there?"

Susan looked away, embarrassed. "I kind of forgot. Sorry."

Amy said, "Don't worry about that. It's cool." She looked beseechingly at Suzanne. "But why should the rest of us continue to suffer for their transgressions?"

Brenda seconded that with a "Yeah!" She was surprised and embarrassed as soon as she said that. She reminded herself that she came here to play hard to get, and had to keep her self-control.

Suzanne attacked the problem more logically. "Susan, don't tell me you expect him to watch the entire fashion show without someone stroking or sucking his cock the whole time? Think how terribly the poor boy will suffer. I for one couldn't bear it."

Going for the jugular, she added theatrically, "Think of all that horrible sperm buildup. Why, his balls will be positively bursting by the end of the evening!"

Susan hadn't thought that through. She replied defensively, "Well, of course I don't mean THAT. It goes without saying that his iron-hard cock needs to be stroked any time he wants it, by anyone he wants. That's what this show is all about after all, to help expel all that nasty but oh-so-delicious sperm - but only after very prolonged stimulation."

She conceded extremely reluctantly, "I guess just this once, someone other than Katherine and me will have to be put in charge of those duties. What I meant was, no touching the women on display, or things will get out of hand for sure. This is supposed to be a rest day for my Tiger, after all."

Alan protested, "But... But the touching is the best part! Don't you like it when I run my hands all over you? Especially when I play with your fabulous breasts?"

"Well, okay," Susan quickly conceded. Her willpower completely crumbled when she imagined her son fondling her voluptuous body in front of the others. "But only touch the fabric of the costumes if you want to see what they're made of. No skin! You're supposed to be taking it easy, and in any case I don't want an orgy to break out. Suzanne has agreed to be a strict enforcer of the rules, since I seem to have a track record of getting a little bit lax. This is a case in point: not even one minute has passed and I'm already easing the restrictions."

Suzanne stood up. "Brenda, I'm leaving you in charge of entertaining Alan while the rest of us change clothes. You're dressed for the occasion." She smirked, since Brenda wasn't wearing anything at all, aside from her high heels. Suzanne and the others walked away.

Alan felt a bit awkward sitting there alone with Brenda, whom he certainly lusted after but still didn't know very well. He decided to strike a take charge pose, since he'd gathered that worked well with her, from the little he'd seen. "Stand up right next to me, Brenda. I want to inspect the goods."

"The goods'?" she spluttered, indignantly. "I'm a human being you know, a real live woman! I'm not some kind of toy to play with!" But even as she said this, she stood and moved right next to him.

He acted completely undeterred by her complaint. "Is that so? You're a feisty little nude sexpot, aren't you?" He brought a hand up towards her pussy while his other hand groped at whatever was in reach.

She just stood there, trembling with lust, as he ran his fingers up through her rivulets of cum straight to their source. "Sexpot?" More like sex pet! YOUR sex pet!

But despite the fact that she was surging with lust, she still felt nervous and shy. Not knowing what to do with her hands, she put them on top of her head. But then she decided that was too suggestive, so she pinned them behind her back instead. In fact, that didn't change the effect very much. She was feeling so submissive that it just seemed the natural thing to do.

Encouraged by her deferential pose, red face, and compliant attitude, he ran his index finger along her pussy lips and up to her clit. He touched it repeatedly as he said, "I think you ARE a toy to play with. My toy!"

She could feel her heartbeat pulsing in her pussy. She was a hair's breadth from a great orgasm. Oh please! "My toy?!" How fucking HOT is that?! Have mercy, please! I AM his toy! His sex toy! He IS my natural lord and master! But I can't just give in. I have to at least be 'uppity,' or he'll find me boring. But the urge to serve - and suck - is too strong!

She steeled her willpower and tried to get back to her "hard to get" stance. "What do you think you're doing?!" She complained as two of his fingers found their way inside her slit. "That's against Susan's rules!" However, she made no moves to prevent him from doing what he was doing to her.

"Are you going to complain? The rules are for the fashion show, and that hasn't started yet. Besides, I can stop at any time, if you like." His fingers began a pumping motion inside her slit.

Brenda tried to maintain a stern, uncaring attitude, but found her resolve melting almost immediately when he started to touch her. There was no hiding how incredibly wet she already was.

She was determined to give as good as she got and then some, so she grabbed at his erection through his loose jump-suit and said, "Two can play that game!"

She quickly found herself essentially holding his entire erection and balls in her hands, with only a thin layer of cloth in between. Gaaawwwd! So much cock to stro!ke! Superior, master cock!

She was a little bit taken aback by these latest development, as her hands seemed to be operating on their own, but again issued a bold challenge. As she started to stroke his erection through the fabric, she said, "Yesterday, I was too overwhelmed by everything. I nearly lost my mind, I was so overwhelmed and overjoyed while sucking your cock. But this time I'm gonna show you! So you'd better take care, buster. If I'm the one put in charge of tending to this baby, you'd better watch out!"

"Show me?" he asked. "Are you going to show me your tit-mountains? Because I can already see them. And feel them." He reached up and pulled on her erect nipples, stretching her tits forward.

She moaned like a bitch in heat. Oh, fuck! Too hot!

"Or will you show me your ass? I think I've got that pretty well covered too." His hands dropped behind her and firmly grabbed the globes of her ass cheeks. Then he brought one hand back to her front side so he could maul her tits and ass at the same time.

Brenda had to stifle a gasp. God, what is it about this kid?! Most other guys are intimidated by me, and the ones who aren't are arrogant jerks with clumsy hands. But Alan! He's just grabbing me like he owns me and it's an established fact! His touch, it's driving me crazy! It's like I'm a slave at a slave auction, and he's sizing up the merchandise. I'm nothing but a piece of meat! Why do I love it so?!

More lusty shivers ran through her as she pumped up and down his shaft. He's my natural master, that's why! I need him like I need air to breathe. I need him to RULE ME! If he doesn't accept that fact soon, and start using me sexually, I'm simply going to die!

But then she remembered her own hard-to-get approach, and tried to fight back. "Be careful what you ask for. I'll show you," she responded confidently, though it was mostly false confidence by this point. She pulled his drawstring loose and pushed his sweatpants down.

She wound up with both hands wrapped directly around Alan's fully exposed engorged cock. Oh God, YES! We meet again! She actually had a small orgasm just from the thrill of being able to touch and hold it.

He could tell that she had been momentarily distracted by a climax, even though she successfully managed not to cry out. While she was still recovering, he taunted her, "Are you just going to hold it or do you know what to do with one of those?"

She began to jack him off in earnest. Shit! I can't blow it. I'm all alone here - just me and his magnificent snake. This could be my biggest, best chance tonight, if I want to wind up with a face full of cum later!

Even though she was still reeling from her orgasmic high, she tried her best to employ some skilled moves on his pole while subtly jiggling her tits. Ha! My secret weapon. Even Susan and Suzanne can't compete with me in the chest department.

"Let's see," he said, as he brought a hand back to her slit and slid two fingers into it. "The others have been gone for about a minute, and I'm fingerfucking your cunt while you're double-pumping my dick. It seems to me that I was pretty spot-on with my 'sex toy' comment. You're nothing but a big-titted sex toy."

"Shut your mouth. I am not!" She was getting increasingly flustered and aroused.

"You are too. You don't have any control at all. You're a sex toy slut."

"Am not!" Her hands continued to fly up and down his erection while his fingers drove deeper and deeper into her gash. She could feel yet another orgasm coming on already.

"Well then, why are you jacking me off?"

I AM very much a sex toy - HIS sex toy! His sex PET! And it feels sooooo good! But mindful of her "play hard to get" plan, she wouldn't admit that out loud. She said lamely, "Um, I'm just... It's to help you with your, uh, medical problem."

"Thanks, but if that's all you're doing, I'm good. You can let go now." He gently but firmly took her hands away while leaving his erection completely exposed. However, his hands went back to vigorously fondling her curves.

She was rendered speechless. She couldn't believe he could have that level of self-control to turn down a handjob and probably more. She thought he was taunting her, but in fact he was worried that he was getting too close to cumming.

She wanted to prove that she had self-control too, so she kept her hands away from his throbbing hot cock. She closed her eyes and tried not to get too excited while he continued exploring seemingly every inch of her body.

However, the plan didn't go too well for her. She opened her eyes only a couple of moments later. She could sense that she was already losing the battle of wills as his erection swayed and bobbed temptingly in front of her. Oh Jesus, sweet Jesus! I need that cock! In my mouth! In my cleavage! In my CUNT! Oh my god, I need to feel his cock boring its way balls deep into my needy ASS! Master, if you're trying to prove your control over me, it's working!

But what made the situation ten times worse for her resolve was the fact that she was extremely close to cumming again and he knew it.

She was finding it hard to think; she was in a la la land of pure arousal. Her entire body was squirming, evidence that she was about to explode. She only had a dim remembrance that she was trying to get the best of him. She prayed for the others to hurry up before she climaxed all over his probing fingers.

She gritted her teeth, and thought, I have to be strong! Remember my "position of strength" plan! I can't allow myself to think about his tower of cock, jutting out, calling to my lips and tongue! And I can't cum, even though I need to so damn bad! If I cum, that'll just prove that I'm nothing but his big-titted sex toy, just like he said. Which is exactly what I am, of course, but I can't let him know that yet. One of his busty playthings! He has so many! Oh God, I'm gonna cum just from thinking about it!

Meanwhile, the other women were still putting on their outfits. Because of the rule change prohibiting skin-on-skin contact, there was a flurry of last-minute changes to the planned outfits as well. The women all tried to wear items that technically covered their privates so Alan would be allowed to grope at them, but at the same time they tried to expose enough skin to entice him. See-through items like the one Brenda had arrived in were suddenly very popular, which they all noticed but didn't feel a need to mention to each other.

Alan could see that Brenda was like putty in his hands, and he decided to press his advantage some more. He avoided pumping her pussy or touching her clit for the moment, because he knew that would push her over the edge. Instead, he reached up and started playing with her huge tits.

Since he was leaning back comfortably on the sofa, she was forced to bend over to better accommodate him. The mere fact that she was doing that made her feel as much arousal as if she was getting royally fucked.

As he sank his fingers possessively deep into her tit-flesh, he said, "What was I saying? Oh yes. How you're a big-titted sex toy. But you're right, you're not just any big-titted sex toy, you're MY big-titted sex toy, aren't you?"

"NO! No, I'm not!" Brenda practically screamed with desperation. But in her mind, she thought, Who is this boy?! He's playing me like a fiddle! He knows the truth! It's like he can see inside my soul! How does he know my forbidden fantasies? And his hands! His hands! They're so powerful! In control!

"I'll tell you what, Brenda. 'Cos I'm a nice guy, I'll let you cum if you just admit what you really are." He let go of her completely.

"NoooOOOOoooo!" she whined. She brought her hands down to play with herself and get her much needed relief.

But he grabbed her hands by the wrists before she could reach her clit. He growled, "Hey! Did I give you permission to touch yourself there?"

She replied hotly, "Hey! You don't own me!"

He crooned suggestively, "Maybe not yet, but I will. Do you want me to spank you?"

Her resolve crumbled, because that sounded so arousing to her. "But I will!" "BUT I WILL!" Oh, fuck! I have to cum now! So bad!

She gave up trying to touch her pussy without his permission, and whined, "NOOO! Please! Let me touch it!"bender

"You're not a very good big-titted slut, Brenda. I want you to assume the position. Spread your legs wide." He waited until she did that.

Her face was practically cherry red as she assumed the position.

"Good. Chest thrust out, and hands laced together behind your back. Then I'll decide what to do with you."

Whimpering with need, she followed the rest of his instructions. Although her heart was pounding, her pulse seemed strongest in her cunt. God dammit! This is the worst! So much for playing hard to get. What a joke that was. He's got me acting just like one of his sex toys. No, I AM one of his sex toys! And that makes me so damn horny that I can't stand it! Look at me! This is total humiliation!

To be a toy, a pet, a possession... for a mere boy! The shame! Living to serve his cock, like Susan! WITH Susan! I'm a fully grown woman, but he's acting like he owns me! Which is probably going to happen. He just said as much! Oh, fuck! So hot!

"Cool beans!" That sounded like Amy, and it was.

Brenda's head whipped around to find where the new voice was coming from. To her horror, she saw Katherine and Amy standing and watching from across the room. She didn't know how long they'd been there, and didn't want to know.

"What'cha doin'?" Amy asked Alan casually.

He replied just as casually. "Oh, just playing with my latest sex toy. Problem is, she won't admit that's what she is. Brenda, I want you to spread your legs a little wider, thrust your chest out some more, and tell me, 'I'm Alan's latest big-titted, sex toy slut.' Not only will I let you cum, but I'll even let you play with my cock some more."

Brenda struck the pose he wanted, even though it made her look ridiculous in front of the others. She was writhing and wiggling about, dying to cum. She would have screamed her agreement to any and all of his demands but for the presence of the two teen girls.

Then he said, "Okay, nice. Now, put one foot on the coffee table and strike a sexy pose."

"Why?"

Suzanne had advised that he still needed to act dominant with her, and with his lust rising and his "Bad Alan" side coming to the fore, he found that easy and fun to do. He firmly proclaimed, "There is no why, except because I want it. Do it!"

Brenda hastily struck the new position. Her entire body was trembling with lust, especially due to his commanding demeanor.

However, she still hadn't said the line he wanted her to say. He pressed, "Well, I'm waiting. Don't you have something to say?"

Blushing practically from head to toe, she whispered, "Um, I'm uh... I'm... I can't say it!"

Walking closer, Katherine goaded her, "Oh come on already! You know you want it. Just admit it. Say it!"

Brenda felt completely defeated and humiliated as she began to speak the words. "Um, I'm Alan's latest big-tit-"

Katherine interrupted with an "Oh shit!" She paused. "Listen! Can you hear that? Clomping down the stairs! Mom and Suzanne are coming. Quick, Brenda, lower your hands and sit down. We don't wanna be caught breaking the rules already or Mom's gonna freak!"

"B-but..." Brenda stammered.

Actually, it wouldn't have been a big deal had Susan and Suzanne come in right then and seen what was happening. If anything, Susan probably would have been beside herself with lust watching Alan handle Brenda so assertively. But Katherine was feeling devilish and more than a little envious of Brenda, so she was yanking Brenda's chain.

Alan was feeling a little devilish too. The timing of the others coming down was such that it just seemed like the thing to do and delay Brenda's climax still further. He was a bit disappointed she didn't finish saying her pledge, but he knew he had her right where he wanted her in any case.

Brenda frantically sat down and tried to make herself presentable, but she was still practically out of her mind with the need to climax. She tried to show calm as Susan and Suzanne walked into view, but she was still panting heavily, and of course there was no hiding the fact that she was the only one naked.

Katherine quietly hissed to her, "Quick, get back to your penis-tending duties, or Mom is gonna get mad!"

Unthinkingly, Brenda resumed stroking Alan's cock. But she was so out of it that she did little more than spasmodically jerk it from time to time. She couldn't stop thinking about how she'd said "You don't own me," and he'd replied, "Maybe not yet, but I will." She wondered if he really meant it or if it was just sex talk. She felt like she'd fallen far down the rabbit hole as she contemplated being well and truly owned by another person.

Suzanne cocked an eyebrow at Brenda's heaving chest, but otherwise no one paid any special attention to her flushed, excited state. Everyone was too busy getting ready for the "show" to begin, and that level of obvious arousal had become par for the course.

Alan and the girls carried the dining room table into the living room; the heavy wooden table was sturdy enough for someone to stand on, so that would be the "stage." Someone put on a CD of KC and the Sunshine Band's greatest hits, and the song "That's the Way (I like It)" began.

Brenda was crushed to suddenly be left alone like that, especially since she'd just resumed her handjob when Alan had to get up to help with the heavy lifting. But the lack of contact while he helped with the table also allowed her to slowly regain her senses.

Within a minute or two, she remembered her goal of besting or at least equaling Alan sexually, and she renewed her vows to be strong. I don't know what got into me there, but I'm not gonna let it happen again, that's for sure! And to think that he almost got me to say that pledge. That was too close! Sure, I long to be one of his sex toys, but I can't let him know that! People are attracted to those who are mysterious and a challenge. I still need to play hard to get, at least as much as I can. I can't let myself get all hopelessly horny like that, or he'll think that I'm easy.

Brenda was so far gone into lust that she didn't realize how ironic her words were. Her effort to play hard to get was failing utterly.

Finally, everything seemed ready for the show. Amy ran off because she was the first to go on stage and wanted to make a big appearance.

Suzanne announced, "Before we start, we have to resolve who gets to stroke the famous Plummer family penis. I have a novel suggestion to up the stakes. If Alan finds an outfit particularly appealing, the person who wore it gets to stroke him. If he REALLY likes the outfit, that person gets to blow him. But only until the next winner comes along."

She was wearing a see-through nightgown. It was tempting, but nothing that could be counted as one of the official costumes.

"What if Katherine or Susan win?" Brenda asked. Alan had just returned to his seat next to her, but she was leaving his erection alone since the penis-tending responsibilities were still being sorted out. Besides, she needed the break to get her body to calm down somewhat.

Suzanne replied, "Since Alan made the punishment, he can choose to break it. If he wants to be a real hardass, he could just never pick them."

Susan practically clapped her hands with glee, while Katherine smiled from ear to ear. That gave them hope.

Brenda asked, "And who gets to hold and stroke him now, until the first winner?"

Suzanne replied, "Because Katherine and Susan are being punished, Amy's getting ready, and Brenda's already had some fun with him, I suppose it falls to me." She grinned an impish grin. "Sound good, Sweetie?"

"Sounds very good," he agreed.

Chapter 722 Amy And Kath

With a whistle from her mother, Amy was given the signal that it was time to be the first act. The lights were dimmed and then brought back to full brightness with Amy already on the stage in the middle of the living room.

Suzanne sat next to Alan, happily stroking up and down his erection with fingers coated with K-Y Jelly.

Brenda grabbed the other prized spot on the sofa next to Alan. Although she was no longer on the edge of a great climax, she was still close, and she longed to be the one to replace Suzanne next. She thought to herself, If I'm going to get the best of this cocky boy, I've got to make him cum! I've got to have him eating out of MY hands, instead of the other way around.

But in fact, she didn't care much about her resolve anymore and mostly just wanted to hold and stroke his dick. She was much more interested in watching and learning from Suzanne's ever-changing fondling methods than whatever was happening on the "stage."

Amy wore a neck-hugging black latex dominatrix outfit. This particular outfit left her ass and pussy bare, but her tits (barely) covered. She wore black boots that went up to mid-thigh, and black gloves that went halfway up her upper arm.

Like the other women that evening, Amy got up on the dining-room-table "stage" to perform. Masturbating, fondling, and contorting one's body into dramatic positions was highly encouraged. Amy did all that, timing her movements to the disco music playing on the stereo.

Alan was impressed by her performance. Amy is really learning how to flaunt herself. She's a quick learner. Her face looks so much more sultry and experienced than it ever did before. Is that just because I fucked her last night? Or is it because she's being more honest now and not pretending to be so clueless?

Picking up from where the last fashion show left off, talking was highly encouraged too. Amy gave a running dialogue of just how she was feeling, as all the women would do when it was their turn on the stage.

Amy's vocals were much more sultry and serious than the "gosh" and "wow" dialogue she normally spoke in. She sat up on her knees and ran her hands all over her body. "Beau, I feel soooo horny. You made me into a woman last night. A real woman. You popped my cherry. Now I want to thank you. I want to make you feel good. So good."

She brought her hands down and focused on her open, shaved pussy. "I want you to fuck me again. Fuck me hard! Stuff your fat thing right up my tight hole and make me scream. Beau, I just love to scream your name, especially when your thingy is pounding deep inside me. My boyfriend! My beau! Let Mom and me suck you off together. Or, better yet, fuck your official girlfriend first and then fuck my mom! Then fuck us both together! You can be in the middle of a super yummy Pestrige sandwich! I know you'd like that."

Amy winked at Suzanne knowingly.

Suzanne's mouth dropped open in surprise. She wasn't used to seeing Amy like this, but she didn't say or do anything. She thought as she pumped on Alan's prick, I have to have that talk with Amy soon. I need to straighten her out on some things. I have my limits, even when it comes to pleasing my Sweetie. I am NOT going to writhe around all over my own daughter while the two of us suck and fuck him at the same time. No way. That is such a slippery slope to real incest, especially with my cutie Honey Pie looking so fuckable and me feeling so horny for women lately. Too dangerous! I can't even believe I just called her fuckable!

Amy turned around and bent over, presenting her ass high in the air. "Fuck me up the ass, boyfriend! You think my cunt is tight? Try my ass. It's even tighter! I don't even know if you can fit your fat monster cock in there. But I'm ready. It's quivering, just waiting to be poked by you."

There was a collective gasp of shock and surprise from everyone in the room except Alan. And he was so stunned he momentarily forgot how to breathe.

She wiggled her butt at him enticingly. "You think my mother's hands on your thingy feel good right now? That's nothing compared to how good you'll feel when you give it to me up my back door! You're a sex machine, Beau. I know it. I want it. I've got to have it. You're the only one I ever want, so give it to me. Up the ass!" Using both hands, she temptingly teased her buttocks apart. "In here. I want your cock right in here!"

Suddenly she turned back around and pulled the black latex top off her breasts. "Or fuck my tits. Do you want them? I give them to you. I give my whole body to you. My body is yours now."

Those words got Brenda's full attention. Brenda imagined that she was the one saying them instead of Amy. Yes, Master! I belong to you, body and soul!

Amy contorted her body in sexy poses, showing off the athletic flexibility that made her a talented cheerleader. "Do anything you want to me, anytime. Anywhere. Fuck me in class! Fuck me right in the middle of school, up the ass. I'll take every inch and beg for your creamy cum to completely fill me up! I'll dress like this to school tomorrow, and so will Kat. Everyone needs to know that all our holes are open for you, any time! Then you can fuck us both in front of the whole school."

She sat down and spread her legs as widely as humanly possible, showing off her needy, swollen pussy lips. "And don't stop there! Fuck the whole cheerleader team, one after another, right in front of everybody! Everyone in school needs to know that you control the whole cheerleading squad with your excellent fucking. Everyone has to know what a great fucker you are! Fuck the team one by one in front of a school assembly!"

Each woman imagined that Amy was offering her body exclusively to her. Each of them, including Suzanne, imagined having sex with Amy, though Suzanne was unwilling to admit what was making her so aroused. Brenda and Susan had big issues with lesbianism in theory, but in the heat of the moment those reservations were forgotten. Amy was carrying the day and blowing everyone away with her raw sexuality.

Amy, still on her knees, suddenly leaned far back, arching her back until her head touched the table behind her. "Or you can fuck my mouth. Sit on my face and fuck my mouth just like it's another pussy. Do it here, do it in school, do it anywhere! Do it in me. Do it on me. Do it all over me! Let me deep throat you. Make the back of my throat a second cunt..."

Amy had no intention of stopping once she got started. Nor did any of the other women during their turns. Amy was working herself up into a lather, along with her audience.

So Suzanne took on the additional responsibility of keeping time and limiting each woman to five minutes on stage. Actually, sometimes it turned out to be less than five minutes, because sometimes whoever the "cock tender" was would call time out if Alan got too close to a climax. But that would rarely happen because the five minutes spent changing would usually leave him alone long enough to calm down so he could get excited all over again.

When time was finally called on Amy, she got down off the stage and went a few feet forward until she rubbed right up against Alan's lower legs.

Now was his time to "inspect the uniform." Since her uniform covered part of her tits, it was "legal" for him to touch her there, and he spent most of his attention on her twin peaks. But from the very beginning, the no-touching rule was very loosely enforced, and he did cup her pussy and ass a little bit when Susan wasn't paying close attention.

All the while, Suzanne continued to stroke and stroke his turgid erection.bender

Alan said with genuine awe, "Wow, Amy, you really surprised me. I could hardly even recognize your voice. It's so low and sensual."

She was back in her usual voice now. "Cool! I've been practicing that voice, like they do on TV. I want to sound more husky and sensual like Mom does, not all high and squeaky. And the past couple hours I've been thinking of what I would say. I just hope I have something else to say in the next rounds, 'cos I kind of said all the super sexy stuff I could think of already. It's scary! But it's fun."

"Don't worry, you did great. And I'm sure you'll do even better as the evening goes on. Amy, you did so good, I think you win the full blowjob award."

"Goody!" She got on her knees before him in a flash and threw off the rest of her costume.

Susan stared at Suzanne's sliding, cummy fingers and the long pole they were curled around. She looked up at Alan's strained and panting face. "I don't know, Son. You're probably almost ready to blow after that performance."

In truth, he was near the cusp of orgasm already, but he was trying hard to hide it. He was willing to run that risk in order to feel even greater pleasure. "No, I'm still good, Mom. Don't worry. And you have to admit Aims deserves a special reward for increasing her fuckability so much. Hasn't she transformed from Miss Innocent to a total sexpot?"

Susan nodded while glancing again at Alan's cock. "Well, okay, that's a good point. But let's keep it to a minute before the break. Very good job, Amy. You do deserve a big, thick, cocky reward for that."

Amy tried to hold Alan's erection with both hands. However, most of the skin she was touching was her mother's, because Suzanne had yet to let go.

Amy bent down and waited patiently for a few moments for her mother to finally release Alan's cock. "Actually, it's not half as tough as I thought to say sexy stuff, 'cos it's all so true. I really, really want Alan to fuck me so bad. All I have to do is speak my mind." She began to lick the tip of his boner. "Gosh, it's so good! I really like the cherry flavor left by the KY Jelly." Then she swallowed his cockhead and attacked it like she absolutely had to get him off before her one allotted minute ended.

Alan thought to himself, I've always considered Aims passive. Always ready to go with the flow, but not an initiator. But now I'm learning she has very strong desires. There's a lot more to her than I've ever figured.

Brenda already found herself rueing that she was sitting next to Alan. She felt so close, yet still so far. It didn't help that Amy kept looking right at her as she slid Alan's shaft in and out of her mouth.

Good God! Brenda thought. It's too hot in here. It's like a thousand degrees! How can anyone stand it? Too sexy! God, that cock in her mouth! She must be slobbering all over it, burning her tongue against its intense heat! Look, I can see it poke right through her cheek! Somebody help me!

There's no shame in this family - none! Amy is nude and kneeling, sucking on that fat snake as if her life depends on it! Apparently she doesn't care who's watching; all that matters is serving that cock to the best of her ability. When she said, "I give my whole body to you. My body is yours now," I can believe

she meant it. My god! She's not just sucking with her mouth; she's using her entire body, down to her churning ass and even her wiggling toes!

Dammit, I'm burning up! This is THE LIFE! Non-stop humiliation and arousal for us ladies, while Alan rules over us like the lord and master that he is! I can't wait until it's MY turn! If I do a good job, that could be ME choking and gagging and slurping on all that cocky perfection!

Technically, someone was supposed to call time after one minute of Amy's cocksucking, but everyone was so keen on watching Amy's bobbing head that that idea was forgotten.

Susan had become the undisputed "queen" of sucking Alan's cock. She knew when he was on the brink of cumming as well or better than anybody. So when she called time after a few minutes, Amy pulled her lips off.

Amy looked up and gave Alan her 1000-watt smile. She kissed the tip of his cockhead and whispered, "I love you."

He smiled and whispered back, "I love you too." He ran his hand tenderly through her hair as she snuggled up against his legs.

Suzanne announced, "Okay, Angel. You're up next."

Amy remained kneeling between Alan's legs because she was comfy there. She'd won the position of penis tender for the time being. But she still had to switch from sucking to stroking so that his boner wouldn't get too overheated. (Besides, those were the rules.)

Katherine had picked an outfit that projected her boobs up and forward, since she was always worried that her boobs were too small compared to all the others. She held her arms underneath her rack to push them out even further. The outfit also showed her ass to nice effect. The skirt was a wiry, transparent thing that stood stiffly away from her body, concealing next to nothing.

She put on a very spirited performance. In a way, it was a bit like an exercise video, because she stretched and preened in every direction. She put her natural dancing skills to good use. Her banter

was similar to Amy's except that she tended to get even more carried away with her "fuck toy" fantasies and role-playing.

After Alan had heard Amy beg to be fucked for five minutes and then Katherine beg the same for five more minutes, he was ready to fuck anything that moved. The fact that Amy jacked him off all during Katherine's display brought his sexual heat even closer to a boil. But he held back from cumming because he wanted the evening to go on for as long as possible.

He noted in passing that his earlier penis soreness troubles seemed to have been banished. And there was no way he could fail to get hard and stay hard with so many sexy women all around him doing their best to tease and tempt him. He was truly riding high on what seemed to be an endless wave of erotic euphoria.

Susan was up next. The only difference between her and the two previous performances was that her talk focused entirely on cocksucking instead of fucking. She also focused much of her dialogue at their new guest. She didn't like Brenda's strangely defiant attitude earlier, and she was trying to "cure" her of that. So she said things like, "Brenda. Oh Brenda! If you only knew how good it feels to have that fat log of man meat sliding between your lips!"

But Susan was preaching to the converted, especially since Brenda finally did know what that felt like. Brenda's big problem was just trying to keep a semblance of sanity going. She'd never wanted anything as much in her life as she wanted Alan's cock right now, especially since she was sitting right next to him. It was all she could do to keep her hands off him, let alone not drop her head to his lap and start bobbing. She kept licking her lips and swallowing the saliva that built up in her mouth.

Mindful of Brenda's presence, Susan also was keen on proclaiming her devotion to her son and describing her joy and dedication to serving his cock. But again, that was like throwing more catnip to a cat in heat.

Brenda squirmed in her seat like someone who really had to pee, but in her case it was a need to cum. She furtively fingered her clit, hoping no one else would notice. Just look at Susan preening and posing for her son up there. I envy her so much. She's got it made. She's found her place in life, and that's between her son's legs, bobbing on his cock!

She looked over at Amy and chuckled to herself. Well, when someone else hasn't beaten her to it. That's where I belong too. There's room for all of us. Every night could be like this! Clearly he needs a lot of sex

pets. I wish I could proclaim my true feelings to the world, and especially to him, but I'm terrified of scaring him away. "Master!" That word means so much to me!

Neither Susan nor Katherine won the right to stroke Alan's boner, since he felt he needed at least a token enforcement of their earlier ban.

So Amy kept going with her handjob, though she took a break at the end of each performance so he could cool off. Kneeling between his legs, she couldn't really see the "stage" aside from occasional glances, but that was okay with her because her focus was on giving him an expert handjob. With her face just inches from the tip of his cock, she was breathing on it quite a lot. At times, she even impermissibly licked and kissed his sweet spot. She kept a close watch on his face and body for signs that he was getting close to climax. She was careful not to overstimulate him.

Then it was Suzanne's turn. She got everyone's hearts pounding harder even before she got to the "stage" by the way she sashayed while moving into position to get started.

Brenda whimpered helplessly as she watched Suzanne move her sexy ass. In her opinion, Suzanne radiated power and confidence, as well as sizzling sensuality. Suddenly she found herself lusting for Suzanne nearly as much as she lusted for Alan. She was in a very impressionable state due to her great arousal, and she didn't even remember that she was opposed to lesbian loving.

Susan was frustrated that she hadn't put her newly learned sashaying skills to use, and vowed to make up for that the next time her turn came around.

For the previous fashion show, Katherine and Amy had successfully pleaded with Suzanne not to sashay, since they both felt that they couldn't compete if she did that. But they didn't say anything this time, possibly because Suzanne had started teaching them how to do it too.

Once Suzanne reached the "stage" she didn't have to say or do anything special; the mere fact that she was her usual Suzanne self seemed to raise the heat in the room a couple of notches. She could make reading names from a phone book seem like irresistible foreplay. In fact, she was so sexy on stage that she actually felt the need to temper down her performance so Alan wouldn't cum too soon.

She easily won the penis tender prize. However, she chose to sit next to Alan instead of between his legs as Amy had done, so she could have a good view of the stage while she stroked him.

Then Brenda went up. She'd taken extra long getting ready just to get her act together somewhat. She was so drunk on lust that she felt like it was an effort just to walk. She was very nervous, knowing that a successful performance could put her hands or mouth on the erection she'd been sitting next to and practically salivating over. Because she was a relative stranger to the group, she felt too shy to articulate her thoughts. She didn't know where she stood with them. So she was mostly quiet and just let her extraordinary body do all the talking. She danced to "I just Want to Make Love to You" by Foghat.

It was a sexy dance to an erotically themed song. But that wasn't enough by the Plummer house's high standards. Alan passed her over for the "penis tender" position.

She was incredulous and annoyed. She was so used to men falling all over themselves from the size of her boobs alone that she had trouble adjusting when her boobs weren't all that extraordinary compared to the likes of Susan's and Suzanne's.

She resolved, I've gotta do better next time, if I want to be the one bobbing on his thick snake, or at least stroke it. Dammit, I was denied even that! I can't just coast on the size of my breasts. I have to keep a closer eye on what the other women are doing so I can learn from their moves and their sexy banter, instead of spending most of my time watching their fingers slipping and sliding all over his erection.

I must admit that my plan to play hard to get isn't exactly working out. I'll have to win his attention by showing just how sexy I can be. I'm confident that I'm worthy of being one of his very favorite fuck pets; I just have to prove it to him!

And then the second round began, with Amy returning to the "stage." Everyone got increasingly horny. Lots of alcohol helped drive all the women into even higher levels of arousal as the evening went on. It seemed that lust hung in the air so thickly that one could cut it with a knife.

Alan abstained from drinking though. He figured nothing could make him feel better than he already was, with a selection of just about the five most beautiful females he'd ever seen to pleasure him whenever he wanted.

Amy, Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne went on stage one after another, each one about as arousing as could be. All of them were fantastic. Alan was particularly wowed by the way Susan sashayed around the room before and during her turn.

But again he denied Katherine and Susan any reward because of their ban, though his resolve was most definitely weakening. Thus Amy and Suzanne won the cock-tending duties after their performances.

Then came Brenda's second turn. She was determined to take Alan's hard-on from Suzanne and Amy. She'd decided the key to success was to talk sexily, and she knew one thing that turned Alan on just as much as it turned her on: mother-son incest.

So, first she sashayed her way to the stage. She clearly didn't have the expert ability at that which Susan had recently developed, or which Suzanne had had for years, but it was still very titillating. Besides, the previous time she'd started in a daze. This time she had a "take no prisoners" attitude from the very start.

Then she began telling in exquisite detail all the things she wanted to do with her own son, Adrian. She figured that Alan would make the easy leap to imagining of her and Adrian as Susan and himself. That worked, and in fact, it had the accidental side effect of making Susan horny beyond all comprehension.

Brenda said things like, "And to think, I used to think that incest was all wrong. Now I know that mommy love is the very best kind. I'm going to have to go home tonight and show Adrian all the things I want to do with you. Tonight I'm going to have my son push his hard cock into my defenseless, needy vagina for the very first time! The only thing is, Adrian isn't a sex stud like you are, Alan. I'm just going to have to fuck him and pretend that I'm your mommy instead. I need to fuck a real man! Fuck me! Fuck Mommy!"

Suzanne found Brenda's incestuous talk quite interesting. Hrm. Curious. I wonder if that's all just talk, or if she really means it. I think she really does mean it! That could be very useful indeed. Already, she's coming to the house too often for my taste. She and Susan are bonding so much that she's gonna be practically living here before long, and that'll cut into my time with my Sweetie even more. I hadn't counted on the extent of her submissiveness or her sheer enthusiasm; that kind of throws a wrench in the works.

But what if she were to have sex with Adrian too? From what she's said, he's a totally harmless submissive, so there's no threat there. That would split her sexual energies and attentions, maybe by half. Hrm... But there could be all kinds of complications. I'll have to think it through...

Actually, Brenda didn't mean much with her Adrian talk. Although she loved the idea of mother-son incest in the abstract, she hadn't actually been looking at her actual son in a sexual way. Instead, she

was channeling her feelings for what she'd seen between Susan and Alan. Nothing aroused her more than those two, except for having Alan for herself.

Susan had already been writhing around on the sofa, seemingly in the throes of an epileptic seizure. Brenda's final words were so exciting for her that she screamed and climaxed on the spot. She wasn't even touching her labia or clit at the time, although she was stimulating her breasts by tugging on her nipples.

The others chuckled at Susan's efforts afterwards to act casual. She didn't want Alan to know just how much she had come to long to have her pussy pummeled by his massive rod, but she wasn't fooling anyone. As a consequence of Brenda's talk, she felt even closer to Brenda than ever before.

Chapter 723 Real Incest ?

It was a testament to Alan's self-control that he managed not to cum at the same time Susan did, but he knew he couldn't last much longer. He called Brenda over and said, "Great job! Come here and take my cum."

YES! Brenda couldn't resist pumping a triumphant fist in the air. Not only do I win the job of penis tender, but I'm gonna get a load of his cum too! Are you kidding me?!

But rather than a handjob or even a blowjob, it seemed only appropriate to have a titfuck, since this was Brenda with her 34J breasts. So he said, "Kneel before me."

Brenda practically passed out just from hearing that. "Kneel before me?!" Did he really just say that?! Oh sweet Jesus!

Her hands trembled as she rapidly removed the rest of her latest outfit. She was glad that she was still wearing her high heels. Thanks to her many phone calls with Susan, she'd come to believe that there was something almost magical about cocksucking him in nothing but heels.

Her body was buzzing with desire as she knelt in front of him. Pinch me; I'm dreaming! Susan and I have talked about this very pose so much, and now it's really happening to me!

She looked to Susan and gave her a pleading, hopeful look, as if asking for permission to continue.

Susan gave her a thumbs up.

She scooted closer and felt his legs clench in on either side of her. That caused another electric jolt of arousal down to her toes. He's so strong! So confident! So demanding! He sounds like some kind of lord or king about to knight one of his subjects. And he's going to anoint me, but he'll be anointing me with his SPERM!

Without saying another word, he slipped his erection into her deep valley.

Brenda stared adoringly into his eyes. Master! Master! Someday, I'm going to call him that out loud. I swear it! He's using my tits without even asking. It makes me feel slutty and used... and I love it!

MMMM! I used to think my tits were too big, but now I can see their size is just right. They need to be this big to fully envelop every inch of my lord and master! If all goes like I hope and pray it will, I'm gonna spend countless hours in this very position for years to come, taking proper care of his huge fuck stick!

She started sliding her gigantic globes around his dick, raising one while lowering the other and then vice versa. All the while, she made sure to keep a tight "tit-tunnel" going, so it might feel as good for him as a real vaginal fucking.

His erection was pulsing and straining so hard, and everything was so extremely arousing, that he lost it in about a minute.

Brenda couldn't believe her luck: his cock was actually trapped in her cleavage. But what blew her away, in more ways than one, was when he shot his cum on her face. Again, she was flabbergasted that he just went ahead and did it without warning or asking. All he did was grunt loudly. She didn't know why, but somehow being treated like that caused her to have a great orgasm of her own, the orgasm that she'd been building up to all evening.

Even as Alan's semen continued to spurt onto her nose and cheeks, she found herself wailing and jiggling and heaving with pure lust. All of her talk about incestuous sex took her to an even higher level. She was nearly delirious.

No one was immune to the surge of arousal, especially since all the other women were inspired to finger themselves. Everyone in the room seemed to climax nearly at the same time, resulting in one extremely loud scream-fest. It was almost like a chain reaction.

But just when Alan ran out of cum and Brenda thought it was over, Susan panted, "Clean... clean him up!"

Brenda felt foolish for not remembering Susan's cleaning tradition, since it was something Susan always talked about. Brenda adored the idea so much that she'd had daydreams about nothing more than lavishly cleaning up Alan's cummy crotch, even when he was fully flaccid. She immediately engulfed his entire cockhead. She was delighted beyond measure that he was still erect, and she bobbed on him with a fierce determination to keep him that way.

She was successful for about a minute or so. But, unfortunately, Alan's body had its limits, and his dick finally started to deflate.

Brenda was somewhat discouraged by this, but she knew just what to do (thanks again to her talks with Susan). She switched over to extensively licking his penis and balls, with an emphasis on his balls.

She moved to a more comfortable position between his legs. She was content to lick him as long as the others would let her. This is crazy! It's such a struggle to get him to even look my way. And then he uses my tits and face like some kind of cum dump. Why do I let him? Why do I find it so exciting to merely clean him up?! Especially with my face splattered with his virile seed! UGH! HRRNG!

True, I've had some wild fantasies about being spanked and used, but this is real life! I can't even look at him anymore; it's like he's radiating power and control. I feel weak in the knees simply from being near him, much less being allowed to lick his balls like this. Even now, I should be feeling some kind of post-orgasmic letdown. But I still want to crawl right up his body, kiss him, and say, "Thank you, kind sir. Thank you for choosing my big tits and face to blast your cum on."

What's wrong with me?! This isn't right. HE'S supposed to be the one to stammer and flutter when he's near me! I know I'm not thinking rationally. I know I've built him up to be even more of a super stud than he really is. In some ways, he's still just a kid. But, dammit, serving him feels so GOOD! I want to be one of his sex pets, and I don't care about the consequences!

She sucked one of his balls into her mouth and did her best to give it a thorough tongue bath. Aaaaah... If I keep this up long enough, he's gonna get erect again. Then maybe they'll let me keep on sucking him until he paints my face with another fruity load!

Alan slouched back on the sofa and joked, "That's what I call a moving performance. Not a dry seat in the house. But I'm going to need a longer rest before Alan Junior here can enjoy the rest of the show. Let's take a ten minute break. Mom, can you get some snacks and more drinks?"

"Sure thing, Son."

So the group took a much-needed snack break.

Susan got up and motioned for Brenda to stand up too. "Come on. You've been sucking on his balls for quite a while now."

Brenda still had one of his balls in her mouth, but she obediently, if reluctantly, pulled her lips away. She gave his penis a kiss, imitating the way Amy had kissed it earlier, but that soon turned into a series of kisses and licks.

Susan chuckled and took Brenda's hand. "I know the feeling. It's intoxicating and addictive, isn't it?"

Brenda finally disengaged and stood up. She nodded gleefully while licking some of the cum from her chin.

Susan gave her a big hug. Not surprisingly, Susan was topless and Brenda was nude, so there was a sizable amount of tit flesh rubbing together. "Brenda! Goodness gracious, I absolutely LOVED your second performance there! What you said about the importance of mommy fucking - genius! Pure genius!"

"Um, thanks." Brenda felt like she was being crushed to death by Susan's firm hug, but she was glad nonetheless for the support. "I'm just speaking my mind."

"Right on, sister! Speak the truth! It was just... SO TRUE!" She squeezed Brenda even tighter with her great enthusiasm, deliberately rubbing their massive racks together a lot more. She was careful not to touch Brenda's face though, so as to not mess up her cummy look.bender

Alan looked up. His jaw dropped when he saw all the tit mashing and sliding. He had to quickly look away. Fuuuuck! Too arousing! So much friggin' BOOB! I can't forget that women as slim and stacked as she is are one in a million. And yet, all of these incredible ladies are MINE! Brenda's already mine by now, for sure. Oh, fuck me. I can't even think like this or my dick is going to get erect again before I can even fully catch my breath!

Susan whispered in Brenda's ear, "So you had a minute or two of titfucking heaven. Can you imagine doing that for half an hour or more, freely sucking, licking, stroking, and titfucking to your heart's content?"

Brenda whispered back, "Oh, STOP it! I'm too horny already. You're going to make me pass out! I don't know how you can stand it. That much cocky fun? Every day?! Sometimes multiple times a day! Just thinking about it makes it hard for me to breathe!"

Susan smirked. "Here, let me help you." She brought both hands up to Brenda's giant globes and freely fondled them while continuing the tit-rubbing, nipple to nipple.

Brenda was so erotically overcome that she kissed Susan passionately on the lips.

Susan could taste the flavor of Alan's cum in Brenda's kiss. That inspired her to kiss back very passionately and thoroughly.

Despite the fact that they had been whispering, Alan had heard everything, because he was sitting just a few feet away. That blew his mind all over again.

After the hug and kiss, Brenda started to walk towards the front foyer, because that was on the way to the nearest bathroom.

Susan asked her, "Where are you going?"

"To clean my face off, of course."

Susan had a good chuckle at that. "No, I don't think so."

Brenda stopped and turned around. "What? You're kidding. Sure, I loved the act of being squirted on, but this stuff turns sticky and gross pretty quickly."

Susan said with some irritation, "That 'stuff' is none other than Tiger's precious sperm! You should consider it an HONOR that he's marked your face and tits with some of it. Wear it with pride! Or are you not serious about sexually serving him?"

Brenda replied hesitantly, "I am... Of course! It's just..."

"What?" Susan barked impatiently. "Are you still trying to hold on to your foolish notions about playing hard to get or some kind of crap like that?"

Actually, Brenda had pretty much given up on that, since it had been a complete flop. But at that moment she felt much more emboldened because Alan was in the other room. She tried to put up a brave front with Susan. "Yes, I am, and it's not a foolish notion."

She stiffened with pride and said boastfully, "I know I've got 'it.' No man can resist my charms. I like Alan being in charge, but I still should be the one to determine the nature of-"

Susan cut in. "You will determine nothing! Yes, you've got 'it.' But I've got 'it,' the girls have 'it,' and Suzanne has buckets of 'it.' Your big tits and all-around sexy body is your foot in the door. That may be how you got Tiger's cum on your face in the first place, but that's as far as it goes. Look at the rest of us, and remember that he's got other gorgeous women he's fucking as well. He can take you or leave you. You talk about having some special, sexual 'it' but he's got more 'it' than the rest of us combined!"

Brenda was a bit overwhelmed by Susan's passionate speech. She just stared wide-eyed, nodding.

Susan continued, "Don't coast on your looks. What matters is your attitude. Do you really have what it takes to properly serve his cock? With all the passion you can muster, for hours on end if need be?"

Brenda's pride and determination returned. "I do! We've talked about this a lot on the phone, almost every day. You know I do!"

Susan was strangely defiant. "You talk a good talk. But is it all talk?"

Frustrated at Susan's attitude, Brenda turned and headed towards the bathroom again.

Susan growled, "Where do you think you're going?"

"I have to pee."

"But you're not going to wipe off your face or chest. Are you?"

Brenda dropped her head in defeat. "No. I suppose not." In theory she loved the idea of having her face painted, but in practice she found the feeling of cum dripping down her face rather icky.

Susan abruptly changed her demeanor. She wrapped an arm around Brenda's back and spoke closely to her face, like a friendly confidante. "Consider it an honor to be painted with his sperm. I really mean it. It's like a sign of his love and attention. Sure it's kind of gross, if you look at it that way. But when you come back from the bathroom, see how us other women look at your spattered and sticky face. You'll see nothing but envious looks. We all want to be in your shoes, with OUR faces that messy."

"Really?"

"Really." Susan kissed Brenda's nose fondly. It was one of the few spots on her face free of cum.

Brenda smiled.

Elsewhere in the room, Suzanne immediately grabbed Amy. "Honey Pie, can we talk alone for a minute?"

Amy naturally replied, "M'kay."

The two of them went to the back patio and closed the sliding door behind them. The fact that they were both dressed scandalously in half-naked outfits while standing outside barely even registered with either of them.

Standing next to the pool, Suzanne looked into her daughter's face intently and struggled for something to say. Finally she started with, "Honey Pie, you realize that you and I are being put into some pretty sexual situations together lately."

"Yep! Isn't it great?"

"Well, yeah, of course. But I'm specifically speaking of you and me together, not one of us with Sweetie. It's just a matter of time until you and I are going to be put into some kind of compromising situation. For instance, he might ask the two of us to blow him at the same time. Or maybe he'll even want to fuck us together."

"Oooh! Good idea! Why don't we ask him if he wants to do that tomorrow?"

"Aaaaamy! You're not getting it! My point is we should NOT do that. You're my daughter. My REAL daughter. Since both of us are obviously into women as well as men, I'm afraid that if we get together, we'll end up doing... things... with each other. Sexual things."

Amy blinked several times in apparent confusion. "And that would be bad?"

"YES! Very bad! Incest! Remember that he and Angel are adopted. We're the only ones in this group who potentially have to deal with real incest. I want you to promise me that you'll agree not to get into any potentially incestuous situation with me."

"Like what could be so bad?"

"News travels fast in our little group. I'm sure you've heard how Angel and Susan shared a blowjob earlier today, and not for the first time."

Amy wiggled her eyebrows enthusiastically. "That's awesome! Double blowjobs ROCK!"

"But Honey Pie. It's not so great. Well, it is for them, or you and Angel, or really almost any combination. Of course Sweetie loves that. But... you and I, naked together, our tongues nearly touching... That's bad. Trust me on this. Promise me you'll make sure that kind of thing won't happen."

Amy's answer was unusually serious. "Mom, I can't promise that. That would ruin all the fun. I mean, don't you want there to be a big group orgy? How can we do that if you're all uptight about this? Anyway, there's plenty of incest going on here. You keep encouraging Susan to fuck Alan, and we know it's just a matter of time until that happens. I know he's adopted, but you can't tell me you'd be suggesting otherwise if they were related genetically. So how can that be bad?"

"Honey Pie, I'm shocked. You always agree to whatever I ask of you. What's gotten into you?"

"My O.B.'s thingy last night, for one thing." Amy giggled. "Come on, Mom; I'm an adult now. It's not like you and I can have babies by having sex with each other. I love you and want to love you in a physical way too. Are you saying you're not attracted to me? I'm hurt." She pouted.

Suzanne was very flustered. "No. That's not it. Of course I'm attracted to you. I'm so proud of what a beautiful, wonderful woman you've become. But sometimes we can't act on our feelings."

Her eyes started to tear up as she thought about her love for Amy and how quickly her daughter had grown up. She mourned the loss of the little girl she once knew. But she wasn't the crying type, and she fought off the feeling before it gained hold.

Amy spoke confidently. "You know, Mom. I'm not a little girl. I may not be all super-scheme-y like you, but I can still see things. I can see how you're trying to find a place by Alan's side. And so you're having some uncomfortable competition with Susan. You don't mean to hurt her, but you also don't want to lose him to her."

Suzanne just blinked. She was surprised. She knew Amy extremely well, and she objectively knew what her daughter was capable of, but nonetheless her overall image of her was slow to change. She quietly said, "Yes?"

Amy started chewing on a celery stick that came from a snack bowl in the living room. "The way I see it, Alan and Susan have the incest thing, which is really powerful. Look what happened when Brenda started going off about it a couple of minutes ago. Instant super climax for everybody! We're not family with him, like Kat and Aunt Susan, not REALLY anyways, even though we're almost like family. But you and I, we're family with each other. We could use that to our advantage to even things up a bit. Like, have him fuck a mother and daughter at the same time. It would totally turn him on. Totally! You need every advantage." She kept chewing on the celery.

Suzanne smiled. "Amy! You sneaky... Pestrige." She chuckled. "You're just like me, aren't you? You're having the same issues with Angel as I'm having with Susan, aren't you? Trying to one up her? I thought you were completely accepting of everything."

"I am, and you know I love her like a sister. But that doesn't mean I don't want to get more attention sometimes. As long as Alan keeps me in the inner group, I'm cool. I had to be clever to get where I am. But I kind of feel on the edge of the group, still."

Suzanne stroked Amy's hair adoringly. "Don't worry, Honey Pie. You're definitely in the inner group. Don't forget you're his official girlfriend now. I'll try to look out for you, too, okay? You're right that we should work together. But I can't be with you physically in any kind of amorous way. Can you understand that? And accept it?"

Amy pondered. "Hmmm. I'll try. But I really think you should change your mind. We'll both miss out on such fun stuff! Not to mention, we'll fall behind the Plummer mother-daughter team too. For instance, they're getting all busy with these double blowjobs. What's so bad about us doing that too? It's all about pleasuring his thingy. You and I barely even have to touch. I mean, wouldn't that be awesome, taking turns bobbing on his thickness? Can you think about that too?"

Suzanne agreed. "Okay, I will. I suppose I could consider taking part in something like a double blowjob with you, if it's done in the right way, without any tongue touching. But you need to think about what I want too. Incest with an adopted family member or step-relative is one thing, but real incest is something else."

Amy replied, "M'kay. But shouldn't everyone be able to love everyone else? Isn't that the best? Don't we all love each other? Doesn't it feel right if we all love each other unconditionally?"

Suzanne didn't answer those questions; she just waved Amy away so she could think. My daughter is so frustratingly incorrigible. But her ideas about love are so endearing, too. I don't really want to change that. And she can be sneaky. She made some good points. I need every edge I can get, and trying to stop her and me from doing anything physical will always be an uphill fight. But it's just not right!

Chapter 724 Susan Cheerleading And Brenda Dominatrix Outfit

The fashion show resumed when the snack break ended.

Alan had had such a prolonged, teasing-free break that his penis had become flaccid. Since Brenda had been the last one to win the job of penis tender, she was given permission to suck him back to full size.

Brenda felt like she'd won a national lottery twice in one night. First, she got to give him a brief titfuck, and now she was being allowed to suck him off for the second time in her life. Sucking Alan's cock while kneeling between his legs and wearing only high heels had become practically the ultimate sex act in her mind, after hearing Susan repeatedly praise it with genuine passion. So she didn't hesitate to choose that position.

Alan's penis quickly re-engorged in her mouth. She covered his shaft with both hands, hoping the others wouldn't notice and declare that her time was up. She'd learned from her first blowjob with him the day before, so she was determined to do much better this time. From the very start, her busy tongue lavished attention on his sweet spot while her tightly sealed lips slid back and forth over his cockhead.

She was highly cognizant of the fact that four other women were watching. Their critical observation greatly embarrassed her, but that humiliation fired her lust. She knew each of the four were talented cocksuckers, which spurred her to try to match whatever high standards they had set.

The others all realized that Brenda got off on a certain level of sexual humiliation, so they started talking to themselves in a way designed to push her buttons.

Suzanne began the process by saying, "Wow! Look at Brenda go! She's going at it like she was born to be a big-titted cocksucking slut."

Susan said, "Indeed. I've been training her every day, on the phone and in person, having her suck on a dildo. I hope she uses the advice I gave her."

Brenda replied mentally, I am, I am! His cock is so damn thick that it's a struggle just to breathe through my nose, but I'm hanging in there, thanks to you preparing me. In fact, I'm even using one of your favorite corkscrew moves as we speak!

Katherine was trying not to let her jealousy get the best of her, which wasn't easy. She griped, "If you ask me, Brother's cock has gotta be fully erect by now. Shouldn't we resume the fashion show?"

Amy said, "Yeah. I'm sure Alan is having fun, but I totally want to get back to the fashion-y stuff."

Suzanne said, "Fair enough. Why don't we resume the fashion show right away? Sweetie, how are you doing? Are you fully erect yet?"

He grunted lustily. Then he replied, "Um, ah... it's getting there."

That got a good laugh from all the others, since it was obvious that he was fully erect and loving it, despite Brenda's hands continuing to try to conceal that fact.

Suzanne said good-naturedly, "Okay. Hang in there, and try not to paint her tonsils. The show must go on. If you ever do manage to get 'fully erect'" - she made mocking air quotes - "give out a strangled cry or raise a hand or something."

He chuckled. "Okay."

Brenda was thrilled that she'd be able to keep going. She gave up attempting to cover his boner with her hands, and instead began stroking his shaft while also fondling his balls. That gave her a great deal of satisfaction. Aaaaah! Now, THIS is how it's properly done. As Susan always tells me, a big-titted slut needs to use her tongue, lips, and both hands at once. Aaaaah! Naked, kneeling, slobbering my saliva all over

his hot snake, lips and jaw stretched nearly to the breaking point, my nipples tingling, my cunt throbbing and leaking copiously, my cheeks burning with shame - does it get any better than this? I think not!

Brenda kept on bobbing for well over twenty minutes. Alan wouldn't have lasted nearly so long, except that she was required to stop whenever the "stage" was empty, between one woman's performance and the next. Also, she tried to switch to a slower and more relaxed style befitting a prolonged situation like this. However, her excitement was such that it wasn't much different than going all out.

At one point, Susan left the room to get a digital camera. It was tough leaving the action to do that, but she figured Brenda in particular would greatly appreciate the photos later, especially based on her reaction to their last batch of photos of Brenda and Suzanne pleasuring Alan's cock together. She mostly took pictures of Brenda's cocksucking, but she and others occasionally used the camera to photograph particularly sexy outfits in the fashion show.

Naturally, Brenda was very embarrassed when Susan started clicking away, getting close-ups of her sliding lips. But as usual, her humiliation only increased her arousal even more. Besides, she knew she was going to love the pictures. She could hardly wait to see how she looked from another perspective. It inspired her to step up her cocksucking efforts while also playing to the camera, making sexy faces to try to convey the full extent of her lusty passion.

Alan was in a bit of a fix. He was enjoying what Brenda was doing so much that he didn't want her to stop. Primarily that was because she was doing much, much better than the first time she'd blown him just the day before. She wasn't nearly as nervous this time, so she could put all of Susan's training into practice. Secondly, he just loved the fact that Brenda was the one blowing him. It was the thrill of the new, as well as the thrill of an apparently successful conquest.

His main problem was that he was heedful of Suzanne's advice that he needed to continue to impress her with his dominant manner and sexual stamina. It wouldn't do for him to cum too soon, especially after he climaxed a mere minute or so after her titfuck started. That led him to do all he could to delay his orgasm, frantically squeezing his PC muscle non-stop.

Brenda didn't have the sucking stamina of his other lovers, though she was determined to change that as soon as possible. Thus, eventually she switched back to more titfucking, while at least licking him from the top.

She was disappointed that she had to "resort" to doing that, but Alan was secretly delighted. The earlier titfuck went by so quickly that he didn't have much of a chance to savor the experience. But now he could savor to his heart's content.

At one point, while the others were distracted, he ran his hand through Brenda's short hair and said, "Good girl. You ARE my sex pet now, aren't you?"

She immediately crammed nearly all of his cockhead into her mouth, which was difficult to do given her on-going titfuck. But she wanted her mouth full so she wouldn't have to answer that question.

He whispered some more, "I'll bet you thought I forgot about the pledge I was going to have you say earlier, didn't you? But I didn't forget. 'I'm Alan's latest big-titted, sex toy slut.' Let's hear you say it. But only if you mean it."

Brenda thought, Fuck me! I had thought he'd forgotten. What should I say?! Lord knows how much I want him to be my master, but I have to at least TRY to play hard to get to SOME degree. If I say that, I'll give away everything!

He simply stared down at her while she slurped on his cockhead and titfucked the rest of his shaft.

His dominating stare melted her resistance clean away. She looked around to make sure nobody else was paying attention, at least. Then she looked up into his eyes adoringly and whispered, "I'm Alan's latest big-titted, sex toy slut!"

He felt a surge of "Bad Alan" coming on, due to such heady sexual success. He merely nodded and said, "You are."

That was too much for Brenda. She came hard, even though she wasn't touching her clit or slit at the time. It was a quiet cum though, except for the increasingly passionate but muffled moans coming from her sliding lips.

Eventually, Brenda had to stop when Katherine won the penis-tender title. (Susan's and Katherine's no-touching ban had finally been forgotten.) Actually, all of the outfits and performances were wonderful and there was nothing particularly extraordinary about Katherine's that time, but he seized upon the

opportunity as a valid excuse to end Brenda's efforts just when he was about to blow. After her forced her to say that pledge, she seemed to go into cocksucking ioverdrive, and it was more than he could handle for long.

Brenda was extremely impressed by his stamina. With her eyes closed and her total focus on learning what techniques worked best on him, she had no idea how close she'd gotten to making him cum. She also didn't realize the importance of all his well-timed, frequent breaks. She was left with the impression that he could last just as long as he wanted, even when she was doing her best.

She sat up on the sofa next to him. It had been very physically taxing on her mouth and hands, so she needed to just close her eyes and recover for a while. She wasn't entirely upset that she'd been replaced, because she didn't know how long she could keep going. He mind wanted to go on and on, but her body had been crying uncle.

Luckily for Alan, Katherine understood the need to impress Brenda with Alan's stamina. Despite her issues with Brenda, she figured protecting their family incest secret came first, so she was sticking to Suzanne's overall plan. She sensed that Alan was about as close to cumming as he could get without actually going over the edge. So at first she merely held his shaft, letting him have an undeclared strategic break. She knew that Brenda was resting with her eyes closed and not paying attention.

That was a real life-saver for Alan. He needed a mental break from all the intense arousal just as much as his penis needed a break from the stimulation.

But Brenda didn't have much time to recover, because at the next break between fashion performances, Susan sat next to her and wrapped her arms around her bare back. Then she whispered in Brenda's ear, "So, how was it?"

Brenda's eyes opened wide to express her wonder. She whispered back, "Oh my God! I thought my first time yesterday was great, and it was, but this was a whole different level!"

Susan needled her playfully, "Yesterday was hardly your first time. You've been married twice, for starters. Remember how you doubted blowjobs could even be enjoyable?"

"Good Lord! I was SO wrong! I've never been so glad to be wrong. But in a way I wasn't wrong, because what I did before, that WASN'T cocksucking. Not like... this. I don't know what it was back then, but it

wasn't the epic struggle, the all-out intense effort, the, the... I don't know what to call it, but what I just did was so INTENSE!"

Susan giggled knowingly. "How many times did you cum?"

Brenda was coy. "What makes you think I came?"

"Come on. This is me you're talking to. Besides, I heard all your non-stop loud, sexy moans. There were times you pretty much screamed, even as you kept right on sucking with a nice, tight lip-lock. Good job with that, by the way."

"Thanks! I figured even though I was cumming, I shouldn't stop. The pleasure of his cock comes first!"

"Right you are! So how many times did you actually cum?"

Brenda frowned thoughtfully. "Huh. You know, I have no idea. I had a few particularly big spikes of pleasure, but it basically felt like one endless orgasm for me. From time to time I'd play with my clit a little bit; I guess that's when I was screaming and cumming most obviously. But I don't know. It was just one endless high. Even when he was taking his breaks between performances, that's when I'd play with myself a lot more, so there were no breaks for me."

She suddenly spoke with great exasperation. "You know what's really frustrating?"

"What's that?"

"That I only have two hands! I need three, at least! One for his shaft, one for his balls, and one to play with myself. Actually, two more would be good, so I could play with myself all over."

Susan laughed. "Sorry. I know just how you feel, but having three or four hands isn't an option."

Brenda let out a blissful sigh. She turned from looking at Susan's face on one side to watching Katherine's hand sliding up and down Alan's erection on her other side. (Katherine had just resumed

jacking him off for real, now that she sensed Brenda was more alert.) Still whispering, even though she knew Alan had to be able to hear, she said to Susan, "Just look at that. So damn hot! Does that damn thing EVER go down?"

Susan smiled with pride. "You know the answer to that. Pretty much no. We'll be sucking and stroking it all night! Then tomorrow morning, I'll wake up, limber up my jaw muscles, and maybe wake him with my lips already sliding all over his hot cock-meat!"

"Mmmm," Brenda murmured lustily. "That would be fitting. You should definitely do that! Gaawwwd, it's so exciting for me to be a part of this!"

She suddenly eyed Susan like a hungry dog staring at a raw steak. She put her hands on Susan's bare breasts and started caressing them from below. "Look at you! You really are his big-titted mommy slut. We talk about that on the phone all the time, but watching everything this evening has really brought home just what that means."

"Mmmm," Susan moaned blissfully, enjoying Brenda's fondling. She reached out and did the exact same thing with Brenda's even larger globes.

Brenda considered telling Susan about how Alan had "forced" her to make her "sex toy" pledge, but she decided to save that for later, when they could talk at length. Instead, she leaned forward and whispered in Susan's ear. "Do you think... Is it really possible... that I could suck him some more tonight?!"

Susan whispered back, "You know that's what it's all about. We're his personal cocksuckers, and this whole fashion show is just a fun way to keep his cock throbbing with joy for hours and hours! But what happens is up to you. If you put on a great performance, you could win the penis-tending job again. Maybe more than once!"

Brenda couldn't believe how exciting that sounded. Wooooowww! I wasted so many years of my life. Even after being married twice, I had no idea how great sexual pleasure could be! This is the most fun I've EVER had, and the night is young! I'm gonna suck him so fucking long that my jaw will ache for days!

The two of them continued to talk in this fashion until the short break was over. They also caressed each other in a very familiar manner, even to sharing another French kiss.

Alan did hear every word, despite their whispering, since he was as close to Brenda as Brenda was to Susan. Not surprisingly, his mind was blown all over again. Hot damn! Brenda is as into having fun with my dick as Mom is! Well, just about, anyway. I can't even look at them, much less listen, especially with Sis jacking me off, or I'm gonna blow for sure.

Am I spoiled from too much attention? YES! Hell, yeah! How could somebody be more spoiled? I fucking love it!

Susan's third-round fashion display resulted in Alan's favorite outfit of the evening, at least up to that point. Ironically, it wasn't a new purchase at all: Susan had dressed in Katherine's cheerleader outfit. Since both mother and daughter were nearly six feet tall, the uniform fit Susan almost perfectly, except for the bust where it was much too tight.

Susan charged into the room, leaping about and waving her pom-poms in a great parody of the moves she'd often seen Katherine do.

The others all burst out laughing. Susan had pulled the top up over her chest, though, so her huge tits bounced wildly because she also wasn't wearing any underwear. In addition, it seemed that just about every move she made caused her skirt to rise up, exposing her privates.

Susan focused some of her improvised cheers on Katherine's penis tending. "Go, Angel, go!" She jumped and shook her pom-poms. "Who's going to suck that cock? Angel! Suck, suck, suck! Fuck, fuck, fuck! Stroke, stroke, stroke!" She thrust both pom-poms in a different direction with each repetitive word.

"Stroke that penis, Angel, stroke it good! Stroke that cum-filled boy, stroke his wood! Gooooooooo Angel! Gooooooooo Angel! Suck his cock, suck your brother! Suck his cock or let your mother! Gooooooooo Angel! Gooooooooo Angel!"

Susan crouched down low, and with one last, especially prolonged, "Gooooooooooooo Angel!" jumped high into the air.

She came crashing down onto the table she was standing on, and from there she moved into a splits position that placed her wide open pussy right before Alan's eyes. This final flourish wasn't done nearly as deftly as a real cheerleader would have done it - she even had to adjust her skirt when she was all

done to give him a clear shot of her beaver - but she made up for that with her obvious enthusiasm and effort.

Everyone clapped except for Katherine, who took Susan's encouragement literally and switched to simultaneously sucking the top of her brother's erection while jacking off the rest. She correctly figured that Susan wouldn't object, as that would only heighten Alan's enjoyment of her performance.

Alan was very aroused, and also quite amused. He never imagined he would see his mother prancing around like a sixteen year old high school student, and he laughed out loud during her entire routine, especially at the absurdity of cheering on a cocksucking.

Man, I thought things were surreal before, but this takes the cake. The complete cake. There's no way this is real. It's so completely bizarre! We've definitely crossed into the Twilight Zone tonight with this whole fashion show thing.

Mom is growing more hip and funny every day. She's developed such a sense of humor. I feel like I'm going to wake up from a very long dream at any moment and find the old mom covered from head to toe with her long sleeves and bows and thick blouses... Nah!

Susan came over to stand before him for the newly-traditional outfit inspection, with her cheerleader top pulled up over her breasts.

Katherine kept on bobbing on him with great suction.

Alan commented to the group in general, "You're diabolical, do you realize that? Evil and diabolical. I love it. Whose brilliant idea was this costume?"

Brenda was in seventh heaven. The more pampered and stimulated Alan was, the more aroused she got, because it seemed like her wildest, most submissive fantasies were happening right there before her eyes. She never got over her embarrassment at being naked and acting slutty in front of the others, but she freely fondled herself because she was far too worked up to have any restraint.

Alan initially caressed Susan's ass through the skirt, but he didn't stick with the rule to touch only the outfit and not direct skin. Since it was his mother, he knew she wouldn't exactly complain when he groped her exposed tits and explored underneath the skirt.bender

Susan proudly replied as her son ran a hand through her bush, "It was my idea. I know how much you love putting all your big-titted cheerleaders in their place. Which, naturally enough, is on their knees, between your legs." Interrupting herself, she looked down at her daughter's head where it was bobbing on Alan's cock, then playfully hit it with a pom-pom.

Susan mock-complained, "Angel! Stop that right now. Just because you happen to be a cheerleader, it's like you're trying to make my words come true. You ARE on your knees between his legs, and that's SO HOT!" Her eyes glazed over as she momentarily forgot the point she was trying to make.

But then she remembered, so she continued with a more serious admonition. "A little bit of that is okay, Angel, even if it is against the rules. But I can see from your indrawn cheeks that you're using a lot of suction. If you keep going like that, you're going to make him cum much too soon tonight. This is his day of rest, remember?"

Suzanne chimed in, "Seriously, Angel, even Sweetie has his limits. Give him a breather, okay?"

Alan snickered, "Day of rest?" Are you friggin' kidding me?! This is the exact opposite of that. But hey, I'm not complaining!

Katherine pulled her lips off his shaft. She sat up and returned to merely stroking her brother's rampant hard-on. But she complained, "Mom, no fair. You stole my cheerleader look. It's hard enough to compete with you as it is, and now he totally loves this, too."

Alan interjected, even as his fingers under Susan's cheerleader skirt found their way into her slit. "Sis, I love you in a cheerleader outfit too. It's just that a reversal of roles can be especially arousing. If you try acting and looking like Mom it'll have the same effect. For instance, some morning you could surprise me by cooking breakfast in one of Mom's erotic aprons. If you did that, I just might have to give you the fucking of your life."

That made Katherine feel much better. She resolved to follow his exact suggestion in the near future.

Then he commented to Susan, "And I gotta say, Mom, impressive vertical clearance too! Michael Jordan's got nothing on you."

Everyone laughed good-naturedly at that, as they had throughout Susan's entire faux-cheerleading performance.

Alan's fingers in Susan's pussy caused Susan to buckle over and fall to her knees a minute later as she had yet another climax.

She didn't have time to lie around and recover though, because Alan said, "Sorry, Sis, again, this isn't taking anything from you, but I think Mom won both the penis tending and blowjob prizes with that performance."

Katherine sighed. "Yeah, Big Stalactite Brother, I have to admit it was pretty good."

Susan was already shucking off her skirt and moving into position. She still kept the top on, pulled up over her immense breasts to present a visual reminder of her cheerleader role-play. As soon as Katherine's hand let go of Alan's dick, Susan's mouth engulfed it. She wasted no time in reaching and bobbing over his sweet spot.

Brenda gasped lustily. She still preferred sitting next to him. In fact, she was cuddled up to him so close that she could have easily lent a hand, or stroked Susan's bobbing head. Seeing the others' pleasure Alan was very arousing for her, but seeing Susan do it shot her arousal level clear off the charts, because she was constantly aware of the fact that Susan was Alan's mother.

Brenda was even more turned on by what Susan was doing because it reminded her of the "big-titted cheerleaders" that she and Susan loved to frequently fantasize about. Brenda didn't even know the names or other details of the real cheerleaders, except for Katherine and Amy and a bit about Heather. However, Susan had shown her photos of Heather and Christine, so while Brenda knew that Christine wasn't a cheerleader, she imagined all the other cheerleaders were as gorgeous and busty as those two.

As she watched Susan while rolling her nipples between her fingers, she thought, I was gagging on his incredibly thick cock just a little while ago, and then Katherine was, and now it's Susan's turn! Before the evening's over, probably all five of us will have sucked until our jaws are sore, maybe multiple times! And he just kicks back and enjoys the extreme pleasure, like the lord and master that he is!

As if that isn't fucking, lava-boiling-hot enough, this is just his HOME harem! He's got a second harem at school! Sadly, I don't know the details, but I'll bet the buxom cheerleaders there take turns gobbling on his knob all through his classes! Yes, right through each and every class! The other students and even the teachers can only watch in envy! Gaawwwd, he's such a FUCKING STUD! HNNNRG! He's gonna make me cum again!

Sure enough, Brenda soon had another orgasm. She'd been cumming so frequently ever since the titfuck earlier in the evening that each climax wasn't that powerful, so she didn't have to scream and flail about. But while the orgasms weren't so intense, the fact that there were so many more than made up for that. It was just like what she'd told Susan earlier: she felt like she was experiencing one continual climax nearly all evening long.

Suzanne liked to keep order and liked to keep activities going once they got started. So she shooed all the women except Susan, Alan's current penis tender, out of the room so that they could help each other change into new outfits.

Susan learned from Katherine's mistake of sucking Alan too effectively. She bobbed on him at a slow, contented pace, which allowed her to keep going during the performances.

As the third round came to an end, Brenda's turn came up again. She walked onto the stage in an outfit that a dominatrix would wear. Although she realized that her plan to play hard-to-get had been a flop, she still believed that it was important to be mysterious and a challenge to seduce. She thought that perhaps a dominating look would intrigue Alan.

Her outfit was even more over-the-top than the first two outfits she'd worn. Her black leather left her vital parts exposed, especially her huge tits. She rakishly wore long gloves and boots on just one side of her body. But what was really outrageous was that she wore handcuffs on one wrist, and a chain between her ankles, limiting how widely she could stride. None of the others had ever seen real handcuffs and chains being worn before.

Brenda's face and tits still hadn't been wiped clean of cum, mostly because Susan had insisted she kept her pearly glaze look.

As Brenda got up on the table, Suzanne asked, "Before you start, I'm curious. Are you supposed to be the dominant one or the submissive one? We don't know much about this S-and-M stuff."

"Technically, I imagine this could be a good dominatrix outfit," Brenda cautiously replied.

But Amy asked, "If you're supposed to be all dominate-y, how does that work with your face all soaked with Alan's cum?"

Brenda didn't answer because she had no good answer. She thought, Uh-oh! They can see right through me. I'm afraid to admit what this outfit really means to me, because that'll only increase Alan's power over me. But what difference does it make? It's pretty obvious that he's going to be my master no matter what I do! I have a feeling that soon he's gonna be plowing my ass while I beg for more, and there's nothing I can do to stop it! Look at his big dick and how everyone takes turns serving it. God, the way Susan loves it with her mouth - it's just too much! I just want to fall to my knees and take turns sharing with her!

Gathering her courage, she decided to drop a major hint about what she really wanted. "Good point, Amy. I said it could be a dominatrix outfit, but in fact I don't swing that way. In my mind, this is the outfit of a sex slave. See the chains between my ankles?"

She reached down and touched the chain, setting her big jugs swaying and dangling. "That's to remind me that I'm not allowed to go far without my master's permission. And the handcuffs around one wrist?" She brought her hands to the handcuffs and caressed them. "That's for when Alan, er, I mean my master, ties me to the bedpost and fucks me and spansks me!"

Letting go of the handcuffs, she ran her hands up and down her body, as if lost in the throes of passion. "And while this outfit covers a lot of non-essential areas, my pussy and tits remain fully exposed." She firmly grasped her tits and squeezed them, causing them to bulge forward. "That's at his orders, so he never has any obstacle whenever he wants to show me who's the boss!"

That answer resulted in murmurs of approval all around.

Susan moaned her special "MMMM!" sound around her son's thick shaft to show particular approval, even though she couldn't see what Brenda was wearing.

Suzanne said to Susan, "By the way, your blowjob time is definitely over. Switch just to cock tending, please."

Susan nodded as if in agreement, but she kept right on licking and sucking. In fact, fearing that she wouldn't have much more time, she actually went from a lazy pace to a rather intense one.

Suzanne saw that and rolled her eyes in frustration. "Okay, that's enough. You have to stop now. Tell her, Sweetie."

Alan spoke up. "Mom, please. I can only handle so much! I really need a strategic break." He hated having to admit that in front of Brenda, but he felt he had no choice; his situation was getting desperate.

Susan pulled her lips off with a satisfying smacking sound. "If you put it that way, then okay." She looked around and finally got to appreciate Brenda's latest outfit. As she wiped the cum and drool from her chin, she asked Brenda, "So why the collar? What does that mean?"

Brenda tenderly fingered her collar and smiled as if in fond remembrance. "I think that's pretty obvious. It's probably the best known, most universal symbol of submission, even ownership. Think of the collar on a pet, like a dog or a cat." She looked intently into Alan's eyes as she added, "Or a human sex pet. A collared woman belongs to her master. Her duty is to serve, and obey!"

"I see. Very interesting." Susan was all smiles since she'd asked a leading question in hopes of getting an answer nearly exactly like the one Brenda gave. She further hoped this would plant a seed in Alan's brain that collars would be a great gift for all of his women.

Chapter 725 Slapping Brenda's Ass

Katherine asked Brenda, "I don't really understand the ankle chain. If you're totally willing and eager to serve your man, and it sure looks that way, then why is the chain needed?"

"That's just how these things work. A sex slave needs to be constantly reminded of her place. For instance, she needs to be spanked regularly, maybe even daily, even when she hasn't done anything wrong."

Brenda turned around and sat on her knees with her ass high up. Her skirt could have only covered the top half of her ass even if she was standing up straight, but she pulled the fabric up to make sure her ass was completely exposed. Then she sensuously ran a hand over her ass cheeks while staring with laser-like intensity into Alan's eyes, as if inviting him to spank her right that moment, in front of everyone.

All this spanking talk was driving Susan wild, as it reminded her of the time Alan had spanked her recently. Seeing that the others were looking only at Brenda's ass, she engulfed Alan's cockhead again and immediately began working her favorite corkscrew and reverse corkscrew moves.

Alan was still dangerously close to cumming, but he couldn't resist flirting with danger. Instead of trying to stop her, he merely put his hands on Susan's head to try to slow her down some.

Katherine was so interested in what Brenda was saying that she temporarily put her jealousy issues aside. She asked, "You seem to be really into the whole spanking thing. Have you ever been spanked, for real?"

Brenda shyly shook her head 'No.' (In reality, she had been spanked many times before. That had actually lasted for most of her childhood and into her teenage years. However, she'd never been spanked as an adult, which is how she chose to interpret the question.)

Suzanne suggested playfully, "I think our 'dominatrix' here needs some practical training. What if we gave you a spanking, Brenda? It looks like Alan is busy..." She glanced Alan's way, and frowned to see Susan bobbing on him again. "But maybe one of us can help. Would you like Mommy to give you a spanking for being so naughty?"

Suzanne was just kidding, as by that point everyone was making running commentary on everyone else's performance, but the effect on Brenda was something extraordinary. Her body staggered about as if she'd been hit by a jolt of electricity. When Suzanne had said "Mommy" it had been like a second, even more powerful shock had hit Brenda. Her eyes went wide. She had just stood back up to face the group again, which was perhaps unfortunate because she nearly fell down. As it was, she had to drop to her knees because her legs failed to hold her up.

"Whoa!" Suzanne said in surprise. "It looks like someone here really likes the idea of a spanking. What if one of us gives you a spanking? Would you like that?"

"No! I've never... Not since I was a kid... It would be so..." Brenda collapsed even more onto the stage, apparently overwhelmed by the idea. "Anyways, I have to do my act. For Alan. I have to..."

Curiously, without any prompting, she thrust her rear up into the air and pulled back her tiny leather skirt to fully expose her ass again. Her wiggling, bare butt looked like it was dying for a good spanking.

Alan idly ran his hand through Susan's hair as she fervently bobbed on his cock. God, I'm flying so high! I'm half-tempted to get up and seriously spank Brenda's awesome ass right now. But I'm hooked on Mom's cocksucking. UH! Oh, man!

Katherine commented, "I think it would be more entertaining for us all if your next fashion show act consists of a spanking. Alan could give it to you. What do you think, Big 18-Wheeler Brother?"

"Hmmm. I'm not really into that kind of thing," Alan replied, while he mused if an 18-wheel truck could qualify as a phallic object. "I'm kind of busy right now."

Again, Susan's lips and tongue were working such wonders that he didn't want to leave his seat. By now, everyone else had noticed that, and it was clear nobody was going to try to stop it.

He added, "But Brenda looks like she really wants it. Needs it, even."

"No! No, you're wrong," Brenda said adamantly, but even as she said this, she spread her legs wider until the ankle chain stopped her, making her ass that much more of a tempting target. The fact was, the fashion show had slowly worn down her defenses, and she was on the verge of completely losing all self-control. She was sorely tempted to loudly beg Alan to give her an extremely thorough spanking, and then fuck her in any and every hole.

"I think that's a yes," Amy giggled. Clearly, she was paying more attention to Brenda's body language than her words.

While her bare ass continued to wiggle needfully, Brenda thought, Good God! I'm a goner! Alan's discovered my secret fetish, thanks to my big mouth! They all have! Forget my fantasies of being one of his favorite sex pets. If he spansks me just once, I'm going to be a true slave to his cock, forever and ever! Oh why did I come here tonight?! I can feel my freedom slipping away!

Good God! To have a master! To have HIM as my master, a firm master, with a firm hand and a stiff cock! Susan is sucking him AGAIN! He's so virile, so sexy, so worthy of owning me, owning us all! Mmmm! AH! Oh God! Oh God! Deep down, I knew this could happen! It's so humiliating! Oh, please, please, please! Master, spank me! Take total control!

Alan looked down at Susan's constantly bobbing head. Since she was focusing so much on sucking his erection, she was the only one who hadn't been paying much attention to Brenda and her needy ass. He said to her, "Sorry, Mom, but I've gotta get up for a minute."

Susan let his boner slide out of her mouth with a crestfallen face. "Okay, Tiger, but please come back quickly. Mommy's not happy unless she has Tiger's stiffy in her hands or mouth." She gave it a "goodbye" kiss and then licked it from the root to the tip before completely letting go of it. bender

Suzanne muttered, "Thank God." She'd gotten distracted by the Brenda spanking issue, and had forgotten about chiding Susan again for sucking him too long. Susan was well meaning, but all too often her cock lust got the best of her.

Alan turned his attention to Brenda. Just one casually uttered word turned her world upside down again. "Strip."

"YES!" Brenda yelled far too loudly. She shed her dominatrix outfit as fast as her hands could manage.

Alan thought, Phew! That was a close call. He'd decided to get off the sofa in large part because he knew that if he stayed there any longer, he'd blow his wad down Susan's throat. He wasn't ready for the fun to end so soon.

As Brenda stripped down, she shyly asked, "Should I take off the handcuffs and ankle cuffs too? They're not really locked."

He replied, "I like the idea of having you chained and bound, but that could get in the way of the spanking. We'll save that for another day."

Those words hit Brenda like a lightning bolt. Oh God! He IS going to spank me! ME! NOW! That prospect sounded so exciting that she practically started to hyperventilate.

She continued stripping until she was buck naked. Almost naked, that is. She kept her high heels on since she knew how much he liked high heels, plus she'd recently developed a sexual pleasure from the mere act of wearing them. In addition, she continued to "wear" his cum on her face.

She climbed down off the table and stood in front of him with her hands behind her back and her chest thrust forward. She struck that pose unthinkingly, but it helped show how strongly her submissive desires ran.

Alan had been dimly aware that Brenda thought she was in some kind of competition with him all evening, though he couldn't quite figure out what she was trying to do with that. He figured that this spanking might put an end to her antics if he could play it well enough. Also, a spanking was right in line with Suzanne's plan for him to act dominant towards Brenda. Furthermore, it sounded like a very enjoyable way to take another strategic break from Susan's insatiable cocksucking lips.

His sweatpants had been off since before the snack break, but now he took the time to get a proper pair of pants from the underwear cabinet and put them back on and even zip up his fly.

This seemed strange to Brenda, not to mention highly disappointing, but there was method to his madness. By this time, all the women were completely or mostly nude and only put on clothes for their turns to show off on the "stage." He didn't fully understand it, but he felt more powerful when he was clothed and the woman he was with was naked. He changed pants because he realized (correctly) that drawing out the process would increase Brenda's humiliation and anticipation. It also helped to ensure that his penis would get a real rest.

To further maximize her humiliation, he patted his lap and said, "Come here, Brenda. Over my lap. You're been a bad little girl."

Brenda was so aroused by his actions that she actually felt woozy and stumbled around a bit as she headed towards him. She was seriously concerned that she might pass out altogether, and miss the spanking. Her face was burning with embarrassment as she submissively bent over his lap, but she loved every second of it.

He said, "Now, what's this about you saying you're a dominatrix?" (She hadn't actually said that at all, but it served his purposes to pretend that she had.) "You? A dominant? That's a laugh, isn't it? You're a submissive through and through, aren't you?"

"I am," she admitted while wriggling her naked body over his legs. Oh God, oh God, oh God! It's about to happen! Say goodbye to free will! This must be exactly what Susan talks about when she goes on and on about being tamed!

Alan hadn't been too sure about the whole spanking idea at first, but seeing Brenda so excited, he started to get quite excited as well. The "Bad Alan" started to surge up within him. "I'm going to give you a thorough spanking now, girl. You've been very bad. Very naughty. You've been forgetting your place around here."

Tears poured down Brenda's face, tears of shame and sheer emotional intensity. It wasn't possible for her to be any more aroused than she was, and she trembled from head to toe. Her whole body stiffened as she braced herself for a hard smack. "Yes, I've been very naughty," she agreed, with abject humiliation clear in her voice. "I was so terribly wrong!"

Alan couldn't understand why she was suddenly crying when he hadn't even started. Nor did he fathom why she had so readily agreed that she deserved to be punished, especially since everyone knew she'd never claimed to be a dominatrix in the first place. He stopped thinking about it and just gave her a solid smack on the butt.

"Ow!" She wailed, then cried out triumphantly, "YES!"

Alan had to hold her and pull her up from falling the rest of the way to the floor, as an incredibly intense orgasm coursed through her. Her body was suddenly a moving target as she writhed around, but Alan was nonetheless able to thrust two fingers into her pussy.

That drove her even wilder. She let out a high pitched squeal. Her legs kicked in every direction as she remained lying helpless across Alan's lap.

She'd never felt so totally humiliated, being spanked like a child in such a ridiculous position with people watching. But her humiliation worsened when she heard some clicking sounds, and looked up to see Katherine using the digital camera to snap some more photos of her.

Katherine was all grins as she explained, "Trust me, you'll thank me later. These will make precious mementos."

Brenda just whimpered helplessly. The exact moment I was tamed by my master, captured for posterity! Shit! The scary thing is, I probably WILL want those photos at some later date! Hell, I know I will!

She thought her heart had stopped completely when she heard the sound of a zipper and realized that Alan was opening his pants. He still wanted to keep his boner out of the action, but he figured it would be more comfortable to give it some air.

Even though he'd been lacking pants for most of the fashion show, the unzipping had a great effect on her - and everyone else in the suddenly silent room. That was doubly so when she felt his wet cockhead pressing up against her belly.

It took some long moments before she realized with relief that her heart was still beating and she was breathing again. Dear Lord! He owns me! He's tamed me! Something clicked when he smacked me; there's no going back now! And now, he's going to fuck me, to seal the deal! I just know it!

With one hand playing with her pussy, he raised his other hand up high and brought it crashing down for an even harder slap on her bare ass cheeks.

Brenda screamed even louder, if such a thing was possible. Then, suddenly, the scream stopped because she passed out. Her body continued to twitch and throb.

A few awkward moments passed as Alan tried to figure out what to do.

Katherine giggled and joked, "I think you killed her, Bro."

But the moment she said that, Brenda started to revive.

It appeared that as soon as Brenda awoke and recalled her situation, the thoughts were too exciting for her to take, because her body immediately resumed flailing about on Alan as if she was being electrocuted. Then she broke into yet another round of orgasms.

Alan just left her alone this time, thinking out loud, "This is oooooone sensitive woman!" He was almost afraid to touch her any further. He was disappointed because he found he was really getting off on giving her the spanking, but he felt obliged to let her cool down some.

When the five minute buzzer went off, signaling the end of Brenda's performance time, she was still bucking wildly in the throes of orgasm. No one was trying to stimulate her or even touch her, but she was lost in her own little world of ecstatic happiness.

Two of the other women had to lift her off Alan's lap. They deposited her on a nearby sofa.

Chapter 726 Susan And Brenda Sucking Alan's Cock

Alan muttered, "Too bad. I'd like to give Brenda the blowjob award for such a unique and inspired performance, but clearly she's too far gone to receive it."

Somewhat surprisingly, Brenda managed to say, "That's not true!" But although she sounded lusty and determined, she didn't sound fully convinced that she was up for it just yet.

It was decided this would be a good time for another snack break. So the fashion show came to a halt for ten minutes, mostly so Brenda could recover. It took her a few minutes just to sit up.

Actually, everyone needed the time to rest, recover, and clean up. All the women took turns using the bathroom to wash up, comb their hair, change clothes, and so on.

Brenda was allowed to wash Alan's cum off her face, since it was starting to dry on her skin. She had mixed feelings about that. Had the cum been able to stay wet and fresh, she would gladly have worn it for hours. It seemed the perfect symbol for her new lifestyle. She even had Katherine take a few close-up photos of her face before she washed the cum away. She knew those pictures would provide great masturbation material for her later.

Alan didn't wash up, since keeping the slobber from a variety of women on his penis somehow seemed like the thing to do. But he did walk around and stretch. His penis even had a chance to go flaccid for a while.bender

Susan helped Brenda to the bathroom. She did everything she could to help, including lightly slapping her ass cheeks a couple of times to revive her as they walked there.

"Thanks," Brenda muttered as she exited the bathroom. She was feeling much better. But then she stopped and her eyes went wide when she suddenly remembered everything that had happened to her.

She turned to Susan and looked at her as if for the first time. I've just been tamed! Now I fully understand what Susan is talking about. I'll never be the same again. Never! My old life is over. Dead and gone forever! I've read so many erotic stories, wishing I could experience something like that, and now I can! My life is going to be part of a hot, endless porn scene! Of course I still have to take care of Adrian for the next few years. But other than that, I have a new purpose: endlessly serving Alan's great cock! He'd better take responsibility soon and be my master, or I'm in big trouble. Damn!

Susan asked, "What are you thinking? Are you okay?"

Brenda replied with breathless, wide-eyed wonder, "I'm so okay! I've never been better! Susan, it's all happening! It's like... my life has been divided into two. There was before. That was only half a life, blah and wasted. Then... today! Tonight! The future! My new life! My REAL life! I've discovered my purpose! My passion! To serve my man!" She wanted to say "my master," but she worried that might freak out even Susan.

She went on, "To be one of his personal cocksuckers! And MORE! This is my true calling. FUCK what I said before, about playing hard to get. That's bullshit!"

Susan smiled widely at that. "All right! Finally, you're starting to talk some sense."

Brenda looked down at herself. "Look at me. Look at my body! This is a body built for SEX! Built to serve! But not just anybody. That would be throwing pearls before swine. It can only be Alan!"

She suddenly grasped both of Susan's shoulders. "I'm so happy! I could cry tears of joy! I've had most sexual pleasure tonight than in the rest of my life combined!"

With that, she pulled Susan in close and passionately kissed her lips.

The two of them shared a long, celebratory French kiss. They also put some effort into rubbing their bare racks together and generally playing with the other's fantastic body.

Back in the living room, Suzanne made a request for everyone to get fully dressed again. The idea was that if things cooled down somewhat, the fashion show could last longer.

Alan simply remained in his shirt and pants. The women all dressed up again except for Brenda. It seemed that there was some unspoken rule forbidding her to wear any clothes all evening long.

When Alan returned to his seat in the middle of the sofa, Susan sat on one side of him and Brenda sat on the other. Susan kissed the side of his face a couple of times and unbuttoned her blouse until her massive melons spilled free. As she pulled his pants down, she cooed in his ear, "Uh-oh! Alan Junior looks very sad and flaccid. He's gonna need a lot of special Mommy loving to get perked up again, isn't he?"

But while Susan was kissing and cooing, Brenda bent down to Alan's lap and started licking the tip of his dick. She hadn't intended to do that, but she was so emotional after her spanking that she couldn't help herself. His penis was only half-erect when she began, but she quickly licked it back to full size.

Susan knew that Alan had said Brenda deserved to be the next penis tender after her spanking performance, so she couldn't tell Brenda to stop. She didn't want to miss out, so she quickly took her blouse off and then bent over too and found room to lick alongside Brenda.

Brenda couldn't have been more euphoric. She had built Alan up in her mind to such a degree that she assumed double blowjobs were typical - that a mere single mouth on his cock would be unusual. YESSSS! Just when I thought the evening couldn't get any better, it does! What could top being spanked by my future lord and master? Sharing his cock with his big-titted mommy! Aaaah! Chills and goose bumps everywhere! This is how it should be... tonight, tomorrow, and forever!

Brenda had a powerful vision of herself in an Ottoman-styled sultan's palace. She was naked but for a gold headpiece and a few gold bracelets and anklets. Alan was lying underneath her and she was bouncing up and down on his hard-on for all she was worth. She closed her eyes as she climaxed again and again and again.

In reality, she was nearly ready to cum. She thought, Fuck false modesty! I'm one of the elite of the elite. We all are. I've basically won the genetic lottery, and my prize is near endless sexual ecstasy! It seems counterintuitive, but the pathway to such divine bliss lies through servicing and serving Alan's cock with all my heart and soul!

I'm feeling it right now. Who'da thunk that simply licking him with Susan would feel so fantastic? And I'm not even lapping at his sweet spot, since Susan took that first. But I'm creaming and buzzing more than I thought possible. My entire body is ON FIRE!

As good as this feels, I know it's just the tip of the iceberg. What'll happen when he really DOES fuck me?! And I know now that he will! Someday soon, I WILL be bouncing on his cock, just like my fantasy! Gaawwwd! I can almost feel being impaled that deep! Maybe by then he'll own me in some official sense. Anything is possible in this sexual wonderland!

With both women going at his crotch full blast, Alan kicked back and ran his hands down their bare backs. Naturally, this only encouraged them, so they kept right on licking and stroking.

He thought, Holy crap! Mom and Brenda are both licking me! With the others watching, no less. This is awesome! I swear, the sheer tit acreage involved staggers the mind! In fact, why am I not getting in on all that busty goodness? He started playing with Susan's and Brenda's giant tits, sometimes together and sometimes alternately.

As Susan lovingly lapped against Alan's sweet spot, her competitive instincts came to the fore. I'll be damned if I'm gonna give an inch to Mrs. Freak Tits! For starters, she's still married, so she shouldn't be doing this at all. Of course, technically I am too, but that's different.

She tried to think how that was different, but she was stumped. She was avidly lapping against his shaft, so she wasn't thinking sharply. But then she decided, I'm his mother. A-ha! Mommies have special responsibilities to make sure their son's cocks are always stiff and coated with mommy saliva. So there! But in any case, I'm not giving an inch, literally. Brenda thinks she can just take over because she has tits the size of watermelons. Not on MY watch!

Susan wasn't really that upset at Brenda. Their growing friendship was trumping her jealousy issues. But she was having fun more or less deliberately bringing out her own competitive nature, because it inspired her to suck and lick with that much more passion.

Since Susan was licking all over Alan's sweet spot, and acting hyper-possessive in general, Brenda had to content herself with licking down towards Alan's balls (and sometimes all over his balls).

This gave Susan a measure of satisfaction. Sure, lick down below where he can hardly feel it, while I'm the one who's really making him feel good! Brenda, watch and learn! She stretched her lips over his cockhead so she could totally engulf it and bob on it.

Suzanne had been in the bathroom while all this was happening. She walked into the room, took one look, and said, "Oh no. Hey ladies, both of you can't do that. I'm sure Sweetie loves it, but he'll be cumming like a fountain in no time, and our fashion show will end far too soon."

There was no reply, since neither Susan nor Brenda were willing to stop long enough to speak. In fact, they were almost defiant with their loud, slurpy moaning.

Suzanne stared at them for a few moments. Seeing how much they were enjoying themselves, she didn't have the heart to tell them to stop altogether. Instead, she said, "Susan, I want you to merely lick him instead of sucking so hard. We do not - I repeat, we DO NOT- want him to cum anytime soon! And as for you, Brenda, I suppose you can keep licking his balls, at least. You do deserve a prize after your last performance. But don't get carried away."

Both busty mothers did their best to nod in grateful understanding. Susan took her mouth off his cockhead and switched to contentedly licking right on his sweet spot. Brenda got busy bathing his balls in her saliva again.

Even so, Brenda was beginning to feel guilty. When Suzanne came back and registered disapproval, Brenda became very worried that Suzanne would feel she was too greedy and not a good guest.

Brenda liked Alan's balls, but she loved his cock. In less than a minute, she found herself slurping all over the base of his shaft, since Susan was still busy with the rest. I have to stop. I have to stop now! Can't I at least just content myself with his balls for a while? That'll show that I can obey Suzanne's wishes and be

a considerate sex pet. But... this is Alan! Jesus, this magnificent cock of his is calling me! Mmmm! Yummy. It just NEEDS more licking! How can I stop?! His cock is so thick and long and powerful! It demands lavish, loving service, from tip to base! He gave me such a good spanking that I just HAVE to reward him and show him how good I can be!

But I have to stop! But... arrrrgh! I can't! I love it too much! Oh, God! Someone help me here! My master needs two tongues at once!

Alan had no clue that Brenda was feeling so emotional, or how deeply she was in love and lust with him. But he certainly knew that she was a gorgeous woman who was very passionate about her cock licking and sucking. He was on top of the world.

Brenda kept fervently licking without pause, a few inches below where Susan's tongue was working, with occasional swoops down to his balls to make sure they weren't feeling neglected. She also adoringly stroked whatever inches of his shaft not covered by her mouth or Susan's.

Katherine and Amy had been getting bored, waiting for the fashion show to resume.

Finally Amy suggested, "Beau, maybe you should just pick one penis tender. Look at them go. Geez Louise! At this rate, you're gonna cum in, like, minutes."

Katherine said, "Come on, Big Submarine Sandwich Brother, pick one or the other. I'm eager to get this show back on the road, so I can dance some more!" She was the best dancer of the bunch, and she enjoyed dancing a lot.

Alan scratched his chin as if in contemplation. He still had tits from both women pressing their way into his hands, and he idly compared the size of their nipples with his fingers while he blatantly stalled for time. "Hmmm. This is a tough call. I may just have to ponder this for a good long while." He couldn't help but grin at that.

Suzanne said with chagrin, "Yeah, I'll bet. We could wait twenty minutes at least while you decide, since I'm sure you're having a grand time. Meanwhile, you're holding up the whole show."

He sighed. He could have stalled some more, but he didn't want to face Suzanne's withering look. "Very well. Mom, you were the last penis tender, so you should just carry on."

Brenda immediately sat up, and complained to him, "But wait! You said you wanted to give me the blowjob reward for the whole spanking thing. I distinctly heard you say that."

He was surprised, since he'd muttered that at a time when he'd assumed Brenda was out of it.

Susan took advantage of Brenda's departure and engulfed his cockhead and then some.

He winced, because he felt a sudden surge of arousal, thanks to Susan suddenly applying tremendous suction, just as if she'd turned on a vacuum cleaner. He put his hands on her head and tried to prevent her from moving too much, for fear that she'd make him cum with her intense long bobs.

With that settled, sort of, he replied to Brenda, "Yeah, but you were too out of it at the time to take advantage. You snooze, you lose." He winced from the intense pleasure.

Amy spoke up. "Awww. That sounds kinda mean. She can't help it if she got too horny. Besides, you did say she deserved a prize, and my mom said as much too."

Hoping that Amy would argue her side for her, Brenda dove back down to Alan's crotch. She had to resort to licking Alan's balls, since Susan wasn't about to give up bobbing over his sweet spot.

"Hmmm." Alan still scratched his chin, and appeared lost in thought.

After a very long pause, Suzanne said, "Oh, come ON, already! You're just stalling for more time. You've got a whole bevy of women who are keen to strip and pose and dance for you. Don't keep us all waiting."

He appeared to seriously ponder that. "Hmmm. Profound, profound observation." But he couldn't help but break into a grin from the way Suzanne was impatiently frowning at him. "Sorry, Aunt Suzy. I'm just having too much fun here yanking your chain while they yank my, well, you know. Anyway, Mom and Brenda, please sit up."

Chapter 727 I Am... Alan's... Sex Pet! - Brenda

Susan and Brenda sat up and disengaged from his crotch. Both their chins were dripping with drool and cum.

Alan waited until they wiped up. Then he said to Brenda, "Amy made a good point. I'll let you be the penis tender for a while, if you show you really want it."

"Oh, I do. I do!" she replied with great sincerity.

"Well then, I want you to stand up."

She quickly did so.

"Put your hands on top of your head, kneel in front of me, thrust your tits out, and say, 'I am Alan's big-titted sex pet.'" Actually, he wanted to tell her to say the "I'm Alan's latest big-titted, sex toy slut" pledge she'd privately whispered to him earlier, but he forgot the exact words, due to his brain being rattled from so much incredible sexual stimulation. He figured what he said was close enough.

The other women were surprised, since Alan wasn't usually this aggressive.

However, he didn't think he was being harsh; in fact he thought that he was doing Brenda a favor. It was obvious that she was very submissive, just like Susan, so he figured this was how she needed to be treated for her "true self" to emerge. He also sensed that this was the exact sort of thing that she craved from him, even if she didn't consciously realize it.

Brenda was both ecstatic and horrified. The term "sex pet" struck her like an arrow shot straight to her heart. That term had invaded many of her daydreams and fantasies in recent weeks, after first hearing it from Susan.

But she thought, WHOA! Hold on! I'm horny beyond belief, sure. Those are like magic words for me. "Sex pet!" Aaaaah! But thinking about that in my fantasies is very different from stating it out loud as

fact in front of him and the others. That's scary! Truly, there will be no turning back if I speak those words. It's not too late to pull back from the brink!

She just stood there, physically paralyzed and mentally freaking out. It would have been one thing to obey those commands with just Alan there, but she was intimidated by all the eyes watching her. She looked to Susan for support.

Susan disengaged from Alan's boner, stood up in front of Brenda, and kissed her on the lips.

Brenda was so surprised by this that she didn't react much at first, and just let Susan's tongue explore inside her mouth. But as the seconds passed, she revived and kissed back.

Susan had often felt jealous towards Brenda and her larger boobs, and sometimes she still did. But those feelings paled in comparison to her growing feelings of friendship. She'd come to realize that she and Brenda were so very similar that they were likely to draw closer and closer, bound together by their mutual submissive love and lust for Alan.

Furthermore, what Alan wanted Brenda to do was just so thrilling for Susan that she wanted to do her best to encourage Brenda, just to make sure she could watch it happen. In Susan's new way of looking at things, this was how the world was meant to be.

When Susan broke the kiss, she quietly purred to Brenda, "All your talk earlier about playing hard to get and whatever - that was a lie. That's not you. THIS is you. You ARE Tiger's big-titted sex pet. Well, one of them, at any rate, and the biggest-titted of us all. Admit it, accept it, and learn to love it! Devote yourself to becoming the best big-titted sex pet you can be!"

Brenda bit her lip with indecision. "I don't know..."

But her head was spinning and her heart was thumping hard. She was downright giddy, even as felt confused and distraught. Even though Alan was just having fun with sexy talk, this was dead serious to her. She felt she was on the precipice of a pivotal moment in her life. God damn! That sounds so intoxicating! So inviting! But maybe I'm not yet fully tamed. Maybe there's still hope for me. I need to show my willpower while I still have some! Is this what I really want?! Well, YES! Fuck yes! But I'm afraid! To lose my freedom... To dedicate my life to serving the cock of this young man... Maybe forever!

With all my money and privilege, to essentially throw all that away just to serve him. I still barely know him!bender

"Here, you need some help." Susan knelt in front of Brenda and started kissing and caressing her all over. For instance, she lavished kisses on each of Brenda's long and erect nipples as they came into range. She even planted a series of kisses down Brenda's clit and pussy lips as she kept moving down her body.

A red-faced Brenda feebly protested to the others, and especially Alan, "I'm not that way. Really." But nobody paid much attention.

Katherine and Amy were still chomping at the bit. Katherine didn't understand the importance of what was happening for Brenda, since she thought this was just more fun and games. She whispered to Amy, "Get on with it, already. This is taking for-EVER!"

Amy whispered back, "Chillax. I've got a feeling that this is really super important for Brenda somehow, so let her have her moment. M'kay?"

"Okay," Katherine grumbled.

Susan was so keen to have Brenda say the words that she wantonly licked her clit and pussy lips.

Brenda just held her hands away from the body, as if indicating she wanted no part of what was happening. But she didn't even take one step away.

After a minute, Susan heard Brenda panting hard, and looked up to see her gigantic tits heaving up and down. She figured she'd done all she could to help, and now it was up to Brenda alone.

So Susan left her and went back to tending Alan's cock with her hands, tongue and lips. She knelt between his knees, even though that meant she couldn't see what was happening with Brenda directly behind her. That pose was highly meaningful for her, and it seemed especially appropriate for Brenda to see at this critical moment.

Her intention was to just lick, but after just a few moments, she was so excited by Brenda's further "taming" that she engulfed her son's cockhead and got busy bobbing on him. She was humming with happiness, and actually hummed a recognizable tune as her lips slid up and down his sweet spot.

Brenda stared at Susan kneeling and bobbing, and felt the last of her resistance ebb away. Is there really ANY choice for me?! Gaaawwd, I want that! I want to be right where she is, pleasuring my master! I know it seems crazy, but I have to find out if this is the life I want to live. There's only one to do that, by saying the words. If I don't I'll always wonder what I missed! I MUST follow my heart!

Her face was lined with worry when she put her hands on her head as ordered. She didn't kneel so much as collapse to her knees. She was emotionally overcome.

Alan still didn't really understand what he'd started, thinking this was just sexy teasing. He wanted to both arouse her and humiliate her by getting her to say such a provocative thing. He probably would have wisened up from examining the intensity of emotions crossing her face, but he was very distracted by Susan's enthusiastic cocksucking and generally being aroused out of his mind.

But for Brenda, this was so deadly serious that her head was spinning to the point that she worried she might simply pass out. She stared up at Alan from her new position. She couldn't see much of his crotch because of Susan's head bobbing up and down. However, she wouldn't have had it any other way.

He was holding a peach smoothie that had been made during the snack break, occasionally stopping to sip it. He was staring at Brenda, but his face was deliberately unreadable because he was trying to act as if he didn't care what she did.

She thought, Oh God! Look at him! Sitting there like some kind of proud Greek God. So powerful and invincible. What was I thinking, acting like I could play hard to get? Oh God, look at the way Susan is lovingly sucking and sucking his huge cock with so much lusty feeling, and he hardly even notices! There's just no resisting that incredible cock! That could be me, right there with her, and not just tonight but countless nights to come, if I can just get through this! If I can freely and publicly admit what I know I really am!

She bowed her head down and started to say, "I am-"

But Suzanne cut her off. "Excuse me, but it's better if you stand up. Remember, that's the last thing he told you to do." Suzanne had more of an inkling about what this meant to Brenda than Alan did, and she understood the importance of ceremony.

Brenda felt another jolt of arousal as she recalled his exact words after telling her to stand: "Put your hands on top of your head, kneel in front of me, thrust your tits out, and say, 'I am Alan's big-titted sex pet.'" Dammit, how can I resist that siren call?! I can't!

She somehow managed to get back up. She put her hands behind her head without being told a second time, since she was eager to obey his every word.

"Good," Suzanne said. "But you're not done. He clearly stated you need to thrust your tits out." She realized Alan needed some help, since he was so close to cumming that he wasn't thinking clearly. "And look him in the eyes."

"Oh. Sorry." Brenda's heart beat faster and harder, until it seemed drums were pounding in her ears. God, this is so utterly humiliating! Look at the girls and Suzanne, just staring!

Brenda stiffened her back and even bent it back, and then tried again. She bravely made eye contact, and said with trembling intensity, "I am... Alan's... sex pet!"

Now, it was Alan's turn to feel a great surge of arousal. He had to grab Susan's head and rather forcefully still her bobbing motion, because he could only take so much. Whoa, man! She's saying that with such feeling! Like she really means it!

Brenda breathed a huge sigh of relief, having gotten through that. Now that I've said it, that makes it true! There's no going back!

With the most daunting part of her confession over, she continued with much more enthusiasm, "YOUR sex pet! One of your many sex pets! And I would very much love to tend to your cock some more with my mouth! May I please... M-, uh, sir?" She almost said "Master," but caught herself. She worried he wouldn't be receptive to that, at least not yet.

Alan nodded gravely, not showing much reaction. But inside he was reeling. Heck, I think she really does mean it! Oh God, fuck me! I'm drowning in erotic ecstasy here. Just look at Brenda's perfect body! She's mine now! And Mom is sucking my dick so good!

He patted Susan's head, indicating that she should give way.

For once, Susan actually gave way without protest or relay, because she felt like Brenda had made an important breakthrough and fully deserved her reward. Susan absolutely adored hearing Brenda proclaim herself one of Alan's sex pets, and she wanted to encourage more of that kind of behavior.

Brenda somehow found herself on all fours, which only deepened her shame. She knew that all eyes were on her as she crawled forward towards him. She breathed a great big sigh of relief when she found her place between his legs and engulfed his cockhead in her mouth.

Susan patted Brenda's head. "That's a good girl. Now, doesn't that feel better? Stop trying to be someone who you're not. Accept who and what you are: a sex pet!"

Brenda nodded, although it was hard to tell since her head was bobbing up and down so vigorously already. She thought, It's true! I have to accept my role. Alan has broken my will. Again! My primary role in life from now on is to serve his cock! Nothing else is more important!

But Brenda soon faced frustration, because just as soon as she got a good bobbing rhythm going, Alan held her head tightly with both hands and pretty much forced her to completely stop her movements. All she could really do was lick his sweet spot. He didn't actually say anything to her, since he wanted to maintain an aura of invincibility with her, but he held her head until she got the message that she had to take it easy on his boner. Then he let go.

In truth, things were way too exciting for him. Between all the attention lavished on his cock and seeing her beg and crawl after making such a heartfelt declaration, he was furtively clenching his PC muscle to the utmost.

Ironically, Brenda saw his need for a break of sorts as yet more evidence of his superiority. Alan wants me to suck his cock all night long! He realized I was on an unsustainable pace. I was gonna tire out after a few minutes if I couldn't get him to cum first. And in his case, that's an impossible dream! This way, I actually CAN go on all night! Oh, it's so exciting, serving him with my lips and tongue!

She kept his cockhead in her mouth, but she was very careful just to suckle and continually tickle his sweet spot with her tongue instead of going all out with bobbing and lots of suction.

Katherine stood up. "Fiiiiinally! Does this mean the fashion show is back on? And can I go next? I'm all ready to dance."

Suzanne nodded.

Katherine added, "Aims, can you put on 'Crazy on You' by Heart? We've got Heart's greatest hits over there, filed with the H's."

"M'kay!"

Brenda thought, Yeah! What a great song for cocksucking! "Crazy on you, crazy on you. Let me go crazy, crazy on you..." I'm going to go crazy all over your great big COCK! Mmmm! Tastes so good! Here comes a crazy tongue attack while my lips keep sliding.

Her tongue flitted like the wings of a hummingbird right over Alan's sweet spot. She wished she could slide her lips back and forth too, but he had prohibited it. That caused her to focus all her attention on improving her tongue technique.

The music started, and Katherine began a beguiling dance.

Brenda tried to restrain herself, but it was nearly impossible. Her lips began to slide on his shaft more and more, because she found the entire situation too exciting. The more she sucked, the more she came to be at peace with the decision she'd made. She'd already been thinking of him as her master for days, if not longer, but now it had an official and permanent stamp in her mind.

Alan was slightly amused by how quickly she "disobeyed" him by failing to restrain her efforts. But he figured that as long as he didn't reach the point where his cum was imminent, he was okay with her oral efforts. Still, he put his hands back on her head to remind her to be careful.

Over the next few minutes, she was rewarded by hearing his erotic groans with increasing frequency. Each one delighted her and inspired her to try harder. Her hands lightly fondling his balls could even feel it when he tightened up and resumed clenching his PC muscle.

She thought, Yes! Take that! Aaaah, so good! Forget the fashion show. Why do we even need an excuse to take turns serving his cock? I'll be happy just to slide my lips and tongue all over it, all night long! I've been brought low. I've been TAMED! Hell, Katherine is dancing and I can't even see what's happening. But I don't care. Defeat has never tasted so sweet. I'm right where I belong, serving my master and his magnificent cock!

Chapter 728 Fashion Show Continues

The fashion show went on through another round.

Alan called for Brenda to take her turn right after Katherine's ended, mostly because he was going to blow his load if he didn't find a way to get her to stop her excellent sucking before long.

Brenda had been barely able to stand the last time the group took their snack break, but all of her cocksucking since then had actually greatly revitalized her. She hopped up and energetically danced around to "Venus" by Shocking Blue.

She didn't even bother putting on clothes, because she was so keen to get going - and also get back to sucking Alan's cock. That meant she had to dance with a rather unusual style, generally keeping her upper arms pinned tightly to her sides as a subtle way to press against her gigantic tits and stop them from bouncing around too much while keeping them totally exposed.

Sometimes, Brenda mouthed the song lyrics, such as the lines "I'm your Venus, I'm your fire, at your desire." At other times, she riffed off the lyrics like some kind of talking DJ, saying things like, "Let me be your Venus, your Aphrodite, your sex goddess! Let me serve you, pleasure you with these big tits of mine! Slide your great cock in between them and let me squeeze it and rub it until you blast your cum on my face!"

Katherine was the one tending Alan's cock during Brenda's routine, as a reward for her latest dancing performance. Since most of Brenda's talking focused on titfucking and blowjobs, she got between his

knees and gave him a combined blowjob and titfuck. Although her tongue couldn't reach any lower than the crown of his cockhead, she made the best of what she could reach.

Alan was anticipating that he'd get a relative break during Brenda's turn on "stage," but Katherine was just as ravenous for his cock as Brenda had been, giving him almost no respite at all. However, he was feeling more arousal than he'd ever thought possible before his six-times-a-day treatment had begun, making it next to impossible to stop the runaway pleasure train.

His one lucky break was that, by this point, Katherine could read the signs of his approaching climax like an open book, so when she sensed he was getting desperate, she eased up just enough to keep him from erupting in orgasmic release.bender

When the song ended and Brenda was done, Alan clapped and said, "Great job, Brenda! You definitely win the blowjob award with that one. And good job, Sis. It's like you and her were working as a team somehow." He patted her head.

Katherine didn't find that insulting in the slightest. She happily slathered her way all around his crown in a clockwise motion, even while she kept his shaft tightly sheathed in her tit-tunnel.

Suzanne cut in. "Hold on. That's all well and good, and I agree Brenda did a good job. Nice song selection too."

"Thanks," Brenda said proudly as she stood there waiting for Katherine to stop so she could claim her reward.

Suzanne continued, "But Sweetie, you're handing out blowjob awards like candy. Your cock is getting sucked and licked constantly, during dance routines and between them too. Even as we speak, Angel shows no sign of letting up." She coughed significantly.

Katherine got the hint and took her mouth off his cockhead. However, she continued with the titfuck.

Suzanne rolled her eyes at Katherine's continued "uppity" defiance. She told Alan, "I know you've got great stamina, but even that has to have its limits. I can see you're right on the brink."

"That's true," he pointed out. In fact, he was so close to cumming that he was suffering from his constant struggle to delay his cum. He was growing tired of the fight. Katherine actually was trying to ease up on him some more, since Suzanne was staring at her disapprovingly, but all the accumulated stimulation had him near his breaking point pretty much no matter what.

Suzanne asked, "How can you get your needed strategic breaks?"

He came up with an idea. "We could cut back on all the excitement... or... we could ramp it up! I'm gonna cum soon, so I might as well go out with a bang! You know what I'd really love to do?"

"What's that?" Suzanne asked, trying to speed things along and get back to the show.

"Mom and Aunt Suzy, I've never had the pleasure of having both of you suck my cock at the same time. And in recent days, I've enjoyed some great cocksucking combos. Including Mom and Brenda just now. That line has obviously been crossed, so why not you two?"

Susan said, "Let me answer that. Son, you know I'd love to do just that. I've been thinking a lot lately about how Suzanne and I could deepen our friendship by frequently sharing your cock. And in fact, earlier today we were both talking about how we were hoping it could happen before the day was over. But unfortunately we can't do that right now because you're just too worked up."

"What?! You've got to be kidding me! Who cares?! Sometimes I need to stop fighting it and just cum, and I can't think of a better way they blasting my load all over your face and Aunt Suzy's too!"

Susan bit her lip. "That does sound... awesome! But we're all having such great fun. I don't want to be the one who's responsible for basically ending the evening, because if your cock goes flaccid and stays that way, that'll be like popping the balloon. What if we do that a bit later? Can you hang on some more first?"

Alan shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. "I've held out plenty. It's time for me to cum! Now that it's on my mind, I want it so much. You two are kind of like my two moms. You both raised me and loved me; I've always thought of you two as a team, kind of like how Amy and Sis are a team. It would mean a lot to me. It's something I've fantasized about for years, actually."

Susan folded her arms defiantly under her huge globes. Actually, she couldn't wait. But her concern about ending the fashion show premature was sincere. Furthermore, she had another reason she felt she couldn't say out loud, and that was that the longer the fun went on, the more Brenda was bonded to him and the group.

Since she couldn't say that, she tried to make up another excuse. "I'm sorry, but it's better if we wait. For one thing, we're in the middle of a party and a fashion show. It would be highly embarrassing for me, for us, if not downright humiliating! You want us to get down on our knees and lavishly love your big fat cock with our tongues and lips while everyone else just sits around and watches?!"

He replied, "In a word, yes! It would be like, the ultimate! Think about it: you two do everything together. Isn't it about time you start sucking my cock together? Think how much fun you could have with all the bonding and teamwork. I'm aaaalmost ready to cum anyways. Probably in less than a minute, I'll be blasting my hot cum all over your faces!"

Susan bit her lip. She obviously was sorely tempted. She wasn't a good liar, and couldn't think up any more plausible excuses. So, lacking other options, she got up, went to Alan, and put her mouth right to his ear. "Son, of course we're going to do that tonight! I can't wait! But later, okay? The main reason is that I think Brenda had a big breakthrough when you had her call herself your 'sex pet.' She's bound to have some second thoughts about that, but the longer the cocksucky fun goes on, the more she'll put those worries behind her and bind herself ever closer to you, and to the rest of us. Remember, she knows the incest secret. It's imperative that you don't cum just yet!"

He wanted to point out that Brenda seemed about as aroused and committed as a person could get. But he didn't know what Brenda was actually thinking, and he realized Susan could be right, that it could be good to let the fashion show continue to run its course. He could enjoy Susan and Suzanne together later in the evening, so it was all good.

Suzanne couldn't hear Susan's whispers, but she saw that after Susan pulled her head away, he still seemed undecided. So she told him, "Sweetie, that's a very interesting idea, and of course I'm all for it too. But I agree it would be better if it happens later. What if you cum and then you can't get it up again? Susan's right that would kind of kill off the whole party. Amy's about to pop off to the next room to get dressed. We need to go back to the earlier rules."

She could have added that the fashion show wasn't a big deal to Alan or any of the other Plummers or Pestrighes, since they could have fun together every day, but it was a very big deal for Brenda. She was thinking along the exact same lines as Susan was.

Alan was disappointed, but he decided to let the issue slide for now. He figured he was enjoying such an incredible run of non-stop pleasure that he shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. But it was one of his greatest fantasies, and he was going to push until it happened, soon.

Suzanne further explained, "Brenda, you can suck him some more as your reward, but only until Amy starts her song. And for God's sake, show that you can take it easy on him! Let's not end the party early."

Brenda had yet another "pinch me, I'm dreaming" moment. This evening had already exceeded her wildest fantasies, and it was far from over. She just hoped her mouth could handle it. She nodded earnestly.

Suzanne added, "Do it while sitting next to him, not on your knees, so you don't get too carried away. Don't think I haven't heard Susan carry on about the special magical feeling of sucking on your knees while wearing only high heels. By this time, she's probably infected you with that idea too."

Brenda looked away in embarrassment, because it was true.

"And again, make sure he does NOT cum! After that, handjobs only! I'm not gonna start the music until after you stop sucking him."

Brenda nodded again. As soon as Katherine got out of the way, she moved like lightning. Within seconds, she had the top third of Alan's erection in her mouth. Thankfully for Alan, after being warned so much, she was very mindful to suckle on him in a slow and tender fashion.

Alan was so close to cumming that it was touch and go for a while anyway. He breathed a great sigh of relief when Amy was ready to begin her next fashion show turn and Brenda was forced to switch to just a handjob.

Amy was the next one up. She wore a cat costume. A leopard skin design covered what little cloth there was. There was some fabric around the waist, but it failed to cover either her ass or pussy, and didn't cover much of her tits. A pair of cat ears made her look cute and sexy at the same time.

But what all the women really loved about the outfit was the cat tail. It came straight out of Amy's ass crack. There was in fact an anal dildo attached to one end of the tail, and the dildo was the only way the tail stayed on.

By this point in the evening, Amy was so sexually aroused (plus a little bit tipsy) that she had no problem getting into the cat role. She naturally crawled around on all fours before she even got up on the "stage," and referred to herself as "the pussy."

As the evening went on, the performances were becoming more interactive, so she didn't end up going on the "stage" (i.e., the table) at all. Instead, she crawled from female to female, asking them to "pet the pussy." They generally reached between her legs and did just that, as well as petting her ass, tits, and everywhere else.

Brenda in particular was fascinated by Amy's smooth and bare crotch, and stroked it whenever Amy was near (while still steadily jacking off Alan's erection with her other hand).

Amy took turns licking all of their toes while many hands ran all over her.

Suzanne, however, restrained herself from touching Amy, because of her incest concerns. Yet she found it tough not to. Only her strong willpower kept her from having a Brenda-like orgasmic breakdown.

Amy eventually reached Alan. She'd passed him by earlier because she wanted to save him for last. When she did get to him she found that Brenda was cuddled up to him as if he was her life preserver. And of course Brenda was still stroking his throbbing boner.

Susan was cuddled up against his other side. Like Brenda and all the other women except for Amy, she was nude but for her high heels. She'd been refraining from touching his cock; instead she'd been whispering into his ear with arousing commentary on what the others were doing. She'd also been running her hands under his shirt and kissing him, but had soon got annoyed with the shirt, so she simply took it off, after which she also began to accost his chest with her big tits.

"Your pet is here, Beau," Amy said as she started in on licking his toes. She knew her big ass was one of her best assets, so she stuck it as high up towards him as she could. "I'm a pussy for you. Your pet. Meeeeeeow! I'm a human pussy! What are you going to do with this pussy in front of you? Are you going to stroke it? It loves to be stroked. Meow, meow. Or are you going to fuck it?! It looooooves to be

fucked! But you're the only master of this pet. Only you can fuck her. So fuck her! Fuck her good. Pleeeeeeassseee!"

Amy looked up at him with hungry eyes, but then bent back down towards his toes.

Alan was surprised and impressed, since Amy didn't normally use that kind of language. Since she said "please" so imploringly and desperately, he felt the need to respond. "Sorry, I can't. You know the rules. But don't worry. Master loves his pet. I'll fuck you again soon."

When Susan heard Amy use the word "Master," that thrilled her down to her toes. She nibbled on and kissed Alan's ear, and purred, "Did you hear that? She called you 'Master!' Isn't that exciting? Look around the room. Look at all the hot and horny women, playing with their pussies. You should be 'Master' to us all!"

Despite her clear submissive nature, Susan had issues with the word "master." However, earlier in the day Suzanne had reassured her about the "harem" idea, pointing out how the Bible mentioned that King David and King Solomon had extensive harems. That made her much more open to freely using "master" as well.

Alan groaned lustily and kept clenching his PC muscle. He felt like there was a vast conspiracy against him - all the women were doing all they could to make him cum before he wanted to.

Amy continued to lick his toes for some more moments, something he found surprisingly arousing. Finally she looked up with a sparkle in her eyes, and said, "Oh, Beau! This pet loves her master too. She'll remember your promise, because she loves to be fucked. She's going to be fucked soon. By her master!"

Brenda was being powerfully affected by Amy's performance, and particularly by her language. "Master!" That's the word. "Master!" Yes! He just admitted that he is one! Look at Amy. That's what I need to be doing, licking his feet, begging to be fucked! I've fallen through the rabbit hole tonight and I'll never be the same because I have a master now! I need a man, a powerful man, a man who knows how to take control! Clearly, he knows exactly what I need.

He's the one for me! And not just temporarily either, like Suzanne suggested. Fuck that! If I've got the best, why should I ever settle for anything less?!

Just look at everyone, cumming and cumming, over and over! There's no pretense at equality. There's none of the bullshit you see when people are dating and trying to act cool. When I attempted to play hard to get earlier, that was serious bullshit. It pains me. The right way of doing things is wonderfully simple: all that matters is serving his cock. Giving is truly better than receiving, because the more I get carried away worshipping his delicious thick cock-meat, the more I cum and enjoy it! Everyone is centered around him, keen on entertaining him and serving him. As it should be. So beautiful! Everyone is so beautiful!

She was so excited by Amy's words and her own thoughts that her hand was like a blurred fist, it slid up and down Alan's shaft so quickly.

Again, Alan had to physically restrain Brenda before she pushed him over the edge. He blocked her hand with his until she got the message. It was becoming increasingly important to him not to cum, because the continuation of the fashion show rested on his stamina.

Amy raised her head up so it was near Alan's crotch. She ostentatiously licked her lips with her tongue at the sight of his erection being serviced. "Oh yes, Master, stroke me! Just like Brenda is stroking you now. Touch me. Feel this pussy's pussy. Yes! I've gotta have your touch. Yes!"

He put one hand on her ass and the other on her shaved pussy. After further pleading from Amy, he shoved his fingers into her tight, wet cunt. Most of the time when she wasn't purring or pleading she was licking her way up his legs.

It was all too much for him. He said, "Quick Amy, come get your reward. You win the blowjob award again. That's a good pet. Get your prize." He thought that might actually reduce his stimulation by forcing Brenda out of the picture for a while.

Amy was having a sexual breakthrough evening, winning the blowjob award more than anyone else, except perhaps for Brenda.

Alan stood up. It helped to make his dick accessible to Amy's mouth, but he mostly did it to shake his crotch free of Brenda's all too eager hands, as well as to pry Susan off his chest.

Brenda groaned loudly with her newfound insatiable desire for the teenage boy who had rather unwittingly but totally rocked her world. Phrases like "That's a good pet" nearly made her hyperventilate. She looked pleadingly at Susan.

Susan scooted closer to where Alan had been sitting and reached out to clutch Brenda's hand. She whispered, "Pretty intense, isn't it?"

Brenda nodded vigorously. She whispered back, "I can't believe how much I'm getting to touch and even suck on his cock! After so many weeks when I couldn't touch it at all, it's totally overwhelming, like being a starving kid in a candy store. I've been able to suck until my jaw hurts!"

She and Brenda squeezed hands and shared a knowing euphoric look.

Brenda added, "I'm cumming so much! I'm sorry, but I think I've ruined your sofa." She shifted in her seat, feeling that she was sitting in a lake of her own pussy juice.

Susan chuckled. "Don't worry about that. We use this sofa the most 'cos it's pretty much cum-proof." She squeezed Brenda's hand reassuringly.

Brenda whispered to her, "This is so much more than just giving a man a blowjob or a titfuck. It's like... an epic adventure! Every second I suck or stroke him, I feel completely OWNED! In the best possible way. It's so thrilling to be here that I can't even describe it. I feel like I'm on a wild roller coaster ride that never stops!"

Susan squeezed Brenda's hand again. "I know exactly what you mean."

Brenda asked, "Is it always this intense and arousing?"

Susan smiled knowingly. "Yep, pretty much. But don't worry; you'll get used to it."

Amy looked up at Alan and briefly panted with her tongue hanging out, more like a dog than a cat. But she was certainly playing the role of a faithful pet in any case. Then she stretched her mouth over his hot pole and went down on him as deeply as she could.

Almost immediately, Alan shot his load far into her mouth and down her throat. He hadn't meant to, but he'd been riding along the edge of climax for so long that he couldn't handle yet one more wonderful stimulus.

Amy was nearly deep throating him, but not quite. She swallowed it all, without any gagging.

Chapter 729 Kath, Suzanne And Brenda

Brenda burned with envy. She wanted the creamy cum currently sliding down Amy's throat, and she felt like she deserved at least some of it since she'd put so much work into pleasuring Alan's cock. But the fact that she didn't get any of it somehow only increased her desire for Alan and his cum.

Brenda had to make do with what she could. She wanted to at least be part of the action in some way, and since she was sitting near where Alan stood, she was able to reach forward and fondle Amy's ass while lovingly stroking Alan's arm with her other hand. She thought, That's it, Amy! Swallow it all! Swallow your master's cum! You're a good, obedient, big-titted sex pet, just like me! Just like me! Like US! Oh GOD! So many of us! That's so fuckin' HOT! I think I'm gonna cum again!

Oh Amy, if I could be in your shoes, and feel his pearly goo sliding down to my tummy! To taste his seed on my tongue! HNGGG! Oh, it's too much!

Between the cock squirting in her mouth and Brenda's fervent caresses, Amy had an amazing orgasm.

Alan too was so overwhelmed that he nearly lost consciousness. His orgasm was so intense that he saw a great white flash, even though his eyes were closed. He collapsed back to the sofa, but since Susan was sitting in his spot, he wound up sitting in her lap.

Brenda squeezed Susan's hand. She whispered, "Lucky you!"

Susan happily wrapped her arms around Alan and kissed the back of his neck. She whispered back, "I am lucky. So very, very lucky to have this sweet boy. And he came! Isn't that exciting?"

Brenda replied, "It IS! Oh, Jesus! Too exciting for words! It seems like we've been working up toward this all evening and it finally happened. I felt chills run down my spine when I saw the gulping motions on Amy's neck!"

"Me too! So hot! Just think of the millions of wiggling spermies in her stomach right now!" Despite Alan being on her lap, Susan was able to briefly wrap an arm around Brenda, pull her in close, and French kiss her. bender

This time, Brenda kissed back with a torrid passion. She felt like she was part of a great victory with all the other women in the room, since they'd worked together to make Alan have a powerful climax.

After blanking out for a few seconds, Alan slowly came to, and eventually looked around. Brenda was just pulling away, and that probably was what caused him to stir. He was surprised to find himself on Susan's lap with her arms wrapped around his mid-torso, but it felt comfy so he saw no need to move. Everyone's orgasms were done by now.

Amy was still kneeling in front of him, looking up at his face. She was panting with her tongue hanging out and a silly expression on her face, just like a dumb but loyal dog (though he knew now that she was anything but dumb). She'd taken his boner so deep that there was no cum on her face.

He was suddenly struck by her remarkable body. Man, that outfit really pushes her boobs out. That puts her in the Suzanne-Susan zone, and maybe even Brenda-esque. Has she been having a growth spurt lately? That must be what it is, and just in the past few weeks. It would be just my luck - everything is going my way lately. And that ass. What a wonderful big ass! I can't see it from here, but I know it's there! He snickered silently.

Brenda reached out, patted Amy's head and stroked her long hair, again just as if she were a pet. Even doing that sent chills down her spine, because it made her feel as if she was a pet as well.

She even said to Amy, "Good pet. Good pet. You get an extra biscuit for making our master so happy. Do you like that, getting an extra biscuit?" Her eyes were wild and she looked as if she'd partially lost her mind.

Amy wagged her tongue and nodded her head like a housebroken, trained pet. She made more meowing noises. It was a fun game for her, being a sexy cat. But for Brenda it was much more than a game.

Katherine was sitting in a nearby chair, recovering after frigging herself to a nice climax. She looked at Alan gawking in amazement and tried to wow him a little bit further. She said to Amy, "Look. Our lover is awake again. How do you thank him for all of that wonderful cum he just gave you?"

She happened to glance at Brenda, and saw her with a similar dazed gaze. So she said, "Wait. Just a sec. Brenda, why don't you field that question? How should Amy thank Alan for allowing her to suck out all that sweet cum?"

Brenda was confused as to what to say. But she thought on her feet. What does Alan want? Master, I mean. What does MASTER want? Why, I'm sure he wants complete obedience from his women. From US! Can I be so bold as to include myself in that group? God, the thought's making me gush and tingle all over again!

She said, "Amy, show him how excited serving his cock gets you. Show him how ready ALL of your holes are to be filled, anytime. And then clean him up properly."

Amy considered that for some moments. Then she got up and bent over at an obscene angle, putting her ass on display. That was a good choice, because Alan liked her big, wide ass a lot. It also showed how much pussy juice dripped down onto her striped stockings.

She spoke teasingly as she wiggled her ass back and forth. "Gosh, I don't know. Is this what you mean?"

From Amy's high heels to her "tail" still sticking out of her asshole, the sight was simply too much for Alan to handle. He was newly flaccid, but somehow he felt he would accidentally shoot his load just the same.

He felt literally dizzy from the vision of Amy's big naked butt and her leaking pussy, not to mention the way Brenda and Susan were on either side of him and clinging to him like he was a superstar. The sheer sexuality and power of the situation was putting him on the verge of passing out again. He needed to drink something or close his eyes.

Knowing that Amy waited for a response, it was all he could do to mutter, "Good, Aims. Very good."

After that, Amy got back down on her knees and got busy licking Alan's penis and balls clean.

Susan was very impressed that Amy was doing that. She'd worked hard to institute the post-orgasmic cleaning tradition, and she was pleased to see the others were picking up on it. She proudly noted to Brenda, "See what Amy is doing? We never leave Tiger's cock or balls a cummy mess. That would be rude. No, we lovingly lick them clean. It's so much more than cleaning. I like to think of it as a way to give him a special thank you for fucking my mouth again, when he has so many to choose from."

Brenda knew that already, of course. She'd even cleaned him earlier in the evening. But hearing it stated excited her so much that the room seemed to sway and spin. She loved the level of dedication and obedience that it symbolized. She asked, "How do you do it?"

"Oh, it's easy," Susan replied. "First, you start with his balls. When Tiger is flaccid, I like to concentrate on his balls, since he can still feel a lot of pleasure there. I gently hold them in my hands and then carefully lap every last inch--"

Brenda interrupted, "No, I know that, of course. You told me all about it, more than once. I mean, how do you do it? You know, living here, dealing with all this arousal and joy every single day? I think it would kill me!"

Susan chuckled. "Oh, that. Don't worry. You'll feel a certain constant soreness in your pussy from always cumming so much, and my jaw is usually sore too, for obvious reasons." She winked knowingly. "But, like I said, you'll get used to it."

Brenda could relate. She felt a strange feeling in her pussy that she'd never felt before. She correctly guessed it was that "cumming so much" slight soreness. Her jaw was hurting too. But she enjoyed the discomfort because it symbolized her becoming accepted as one of his helpers.

Alan was as relieved as anyone when Susan, who had waited until Amy was finished with her "cleaning," announced that the fashion show had come to its end. He felt grateful, because he simply couldn't take any more stimulation. He was already at his limit, both mentally and physically.

There were groans of frustration from the other ladies, but those didn't last long because everyone was so thoroughly satiated.

He kissed Amy, Suzanne, Katherine, Susan, and Brenda long goodbyes. All of them were nude, or nearly so, and he was able to get in a lot of fun fondling too. Since they were all standing around him, he often fondled one woman while kissing another.

Had everyone not been tired and sexually satiated, he probably would have been there a long time. However, the fact that he was flaccid and again wearing his shirt and pants helped bring the party to an end.

After he broke away and took a few steps towards the stairs, he turned around and bowed. "Thank you, ladies. You were wonderful. I'm not worthy of all this love and attention. This was a truly great evening that I think I'll probably remember forever."

Amy said happily, "Our second official fashion show!"

Grinning from ear to ear, he nodded. "Let's hope it won't be our last. Perhaps we should make it a Sunday night tradition, although it's going to be surreal going from this paradise tonight to blah old school tomorrow. And Brenda, consider yourself invited to the next fashion show."

Brenda beamed. YES! My "hard to get" plan failed, but I must have done something right. At the moment there's nothing more important to me than becoming a member of this group. My master's harem, if you will! I may not be one of his sex pets yet, officially speaking, except in my own mind. Unfortunately, I don't think he took that as seriously as I did. Besides, I don't fully deserve it yet. As Susan has told me, my big tits and sexy body is just my foot in the door. Proving that I'm worthy of that title won't be easy, I'm sure. But I know what I want, and I'm determined to get it! Master!

She was right that he was largely oblivious to how she really felt. In his defense, he'd felt such prolonged and intense pleasure all evening long that he hadn't thought much about anything else at all.

He started to stagger off to take a cold shower.

Susan called out, "Tiger, I'll be up there in a minute to give you your goodnight kiss and tuck-in."

He stopped on the stairs and looked down. "Sorry, Mom. I have a feeling I'm gonna be out like a light as soon as my head hits the pillow. I'm crashing, big time."

"Oh, poo! Well, let me tuck you in now then." She hurried up the stairs after him, still wearing just her high heels.

As he made his way up the stairs, he thought, That was great. Brenda. Wow! She really IS like a human sex pet. It's crazy! What a perfect evening. The only bumner is that I didn't get a double blowjob from Mom and Aunt Suzy. But there's always tomorrow.

Speaking of which, I'm going to pay tomorrow for having too much fun tonight. I didn't do a lick of homework all weekend, and I've got important tests tomorrow! I'm fucked. I was supposed to study right when the fashion show started, but how could I possibly turn that down? It's like there's some kind of magic in this house that keeps the sex on a constant boil setting. But this school week is going to be brutal, trying to play catch up. Dang.

Things kind of got out of control today, between the way everyone is practically worshipping the ground I walk on and the way they're all calling themselves sex pets and sluts and God knows what else. That's not right. It's fun to play games for a little while, like when Amy was pretending that she was a pet and I was her master, but I wouldn't want her to act like that all the time. No way! I should have said something to make my feelings clear to everyone, but I'm such a wimp.

Tomorrow. I'll have more resolve tomorrow. Today is all over. What a weekend!

Susan caught up with him. When he slid an arm around her and fondled her bare ass cheeks, she purred with pleasure. She thought, Brenda may have the biggest boobs, and it turns out she's pretty good at cocksucking and titfucking. It's clear that she belongs with us. But I'm still Tiger's favorite big-titted mommy! She'll never be able to touch that.

He was lost in his own thoughts. Today was supposed to be my "recovery weekend." What a joke that turned out to be. Still, I did get a ton of sleep, so I'm caught up on that at least.

Susan managed to mold her naked body into his side as they walked. She cooed, "Tiger, you were magnificent tonight, just magnificent!"

He muttered, "Why? All I did was sit there and get my dick stroked and sucked while I enjoyed all the sexy dancing and sashaying around and whatnot."

"Yes, but you do that so very, very well!"

He laughed.

Even though Alan figured he was done for the night, the other women weren't quite finished with each other. Getting a group like this to break up and go home was no easy task, now that there were so many "farewell" rituals to observe. The other women were all especially keen to make sure Brenda had her proper goodbyes.

Suzanne watched with amusement as Brenda put on her clothes to leave, including her overcoat. Then she said, "Brenda, strip naked. It's time for the rest of your goodbye kisses, and personally, I want to kiss you in the nude."

Brenda reluctantly took her clothes off again, even as she sputtered, "You know, I don't like this lesbian stuff." She thought back to a matter of minutes before, when she was happily petting Amy's pussy. She also remembered the kisses she'd shared with Susan earlier, as well as the way she'd fondled her boobs. She hoped the others had forgotten about those things.

"You don't have to enjoy the kiss then," Suzanne replied. "I know I will, though." She leaned in and aggressively kissed Brenda on the mouth.

Suzanne loved that she had unlimited and unimpeded access to Brenda's naked body, and she made full use of that fact. She groped at Brenda's immense tits with both hands for many long minutes while they kissed. If she wasn't fondling them, she liked to rub her own bare rack into them.

Although Brenda made some protesting moans at first, in fact, she was still so horny that she kissed back with a passion. Over the course of the evening, all of her willpower was obliterated. She was ready for just about anything.

Their kissing and petting went on so long that they were still at it when Susan came back downstairs. (She'd placed her naked body on top of Alan's while he was in his bed and tenderly made out with him for a few minutes until he'd fallen asleep.)

Amy and Katherine had grown bored watching the two curvy MILFs kiss, so they were busy having their own goodbye kiss with each other.

When Suzanne was finally done with Brenda, she mostly disengaged. While still groping her tits, she said to her, "Amy may have been the pet tonight, but you're the one who's been broken. That one spanking Alan gave you broke your resistance, and now you'll do anything we say, won't you?"

Brenda mutely nodded in shameful admission of the truth. Then she blurted out, "Shit, is it that obvious?"

Suzanne replied, "It is. It doesn't take an expert judge of character to see that something snapped inside of you tonight. 'I am Alan's sex pet.' Saying that out loud in front of everyone meant a lot to you, didn't it?"

Brenda groaned with frustration at that lusty reminder. "Oh no! Don't even say that or I'll go crazy. Was I that obvious?"

Suzanne grinned. "Kind of. But don't worry, you're in good hands with us."

Brenda made a loud moan that was a combination of defeat and great lust.

Susan said happily to her, "Tiger broke you and tamed you with his big cock!"

Brenda moaned again. He did, and she knows it! I AM his sex pet! I was trying to hide my taming but she knows! What a relief. Now I don't have to keep it a secret from her! There's so much we can discuss about living our lives dedicated to serving his cock! Although, sadly, I suppose the time isn't ripe yet to reveal all that to my master.

Katherine giggled. Then she had to explain to Brenda, "Mom always goes on and on about Alan taming busty and beautiful women with his cock, and tonight she was actually right. You made her whole week. She's gonna crow about this for days."

Amy was now hugging Brenda from behind, because she'd been impressed with Brenda's incredible curvy body just like everyone else and she wanted to explore it some more. Soon she had a wetted finger plunging in and out of Brenda's anus while Suzanne continued to pull at Brenda's tits.

Brenda was floating on some never-ending nirvana of sexual ecstasy. She was dazed and dreamy, and just let all the others play with her any way they wanted. Oh God! Oh Lord! I'm helpless! Just a helpless sex toy, born and bred to serve my master and all of his lovers!

Seeing how pliable Brenda was, Katherine poked into her slit with two probing fingers, and asked, "You're Alan's big-titted sex pet, aren't you? You're already hopelessly addicted to his cock, aren't you, you shameless little fuck slut!"

"I am," Brenda whispered in awe. She wasn't just saying that as some kind of sexually arousing game; she really meant it. It's like she's reading my mind. That just proves that it's true! I'm Alan's big-titted sex pet! The dream has become real!

Admitting her subservience seemed to excite Brenda further, and she had yet another orgasm as she stood. She loved everything that happened so much that she was already dreading having to leave shortly.

Suzanne then passed Brenda off to Katherine, and Katherine played with her remarkable body for a little while. However, Suzanne continued to kiss her and lick her face.

Then Suzanne was replaced by Susan, so Suzanne went to find someone else to kiss.

And so it went round and round, a standing lesbian orgy in all but name. Brenda was passed around like a living sex doll, with some of the women kissing and handling her multiple times.

Brenda repeatedly protested her treatment, saying things like, "For the last time, I am NOT a lesbian!" and "Quit playing with my tits, they belong to Alan!" and "Please don't treat me like a slut. It feels too good!" But the wide smile on her face betrayed her true feelings.

Susan said to her as she hugged her while lightly fondling her clit, "Don't worry, Brenda. I've been where you are right now. You think you're in a hothouse of sex. The smell of cum and wet pussy is so thick that you can't breathe. All you can think about is Tiger's big fat cock. The temptation to stroke and suck it is just too much to take, even when he's not around. You don't really want to make out with other women; you want to be solely focused on your all-important task of keeping his cock hot and throbbing with pleasure. But you're so aroused that you'll kiss anyone. And then you're bothered by how good all that kissing feels."

Brenda came out of her sex fog with wide-eyed amazement. "Exactly! Those are my exact feelings, word for word! It's like EVERYONE here can read my mind."

Susan smiled in sympathy, even as she had two fingers in Brenda's slit stimulating her G-spot. "Hey, I've been there. But don't worry, everything's gonna be all right. The pleasure you had tonight? That's just the beginning. It gets even better."

"No way! That's completely impossible!" Brenda's eyes still bugged out in wonder.

Suzanne happened to be groping Brenda from behind. She chimed in, "It's true. I've been there too, and I know you're thinking it's simply not humanly possible to feel MORE pleasure. But it is! You'll see."

Brenda still didn't entirely believe that, but a part of her dared to hope that it could be true. "Oh God! Lord have mercy!"

Susan thought she was literally referring to the Lord. "Don't worry; God fully approves." She kept rubbing Brenda's G-spot. "Can you feel what I'm doing to you there?"

"Are you kidding me?! I feel like I'm gonna simply DIE from too much pleasure, all over again!"

Susan calmly continued, "That's a special part of a woman's body that makes you feel really good. We all have one. God wouldn't have made our bodies this way if he didn't want us to feel this much pleasure."

He even approves of our lifestyle. Earlier today, Suzanne brought up something that you'd mentioned to me once, that King Solomon alone had 300 concubines/ Solomon had the favor of the Lord, which means harems are God-approved! How would you like to be one of Alan's many, many, MANY concubines?"

Brenda shrieked as another orgasm hit her like a truck. Susan's probing fingers had brought her close, but it was the "many, many, MANY concubines" that pushed her over the edge.

Amy was feeling sleepy, so she went home early while the others were still busy with their "goodbye kisses."

Brenda had every orifice thoroughly explored and had many more orgasms before she was finally allowed to put her overcoat on again a full half hour after the goodbyes had begun.

As Brenda sat in her car, still trying to come down off her prolonged emotional, erotic high, she tried to take stock of what just happened.

I've been having these submissive fantasies for years, but now it's finally happened. I've lusted after Alan so much, but I never got to touch him much until tonight. And boy did I get to touch him! I've crossed over to the other side. Am I really his sex pet now?! Whatever happened in there tonight, I want more. A LOT more!

The problem is, it's not up to me. Alan is my master whether he admits it or not. He decides everything! I don't know what I am or what I'll become. What am I to him? Some mindless fuck toy he'll quickly tire of? I'm not even one of his official personal cocksuckers yet, as far as I know. Dare I dream of becoming one of his sex pets too, for real? His highest-prized sex slave, even?! Shit, that's so fucking HOT!

I'll do whatever it takes to be accepted into this magical house of sex and love. I've never felt so alive! I've never cum so hard or so often! To think that he broke me and tamed me completely with just a spanking and some cocksucking. Well, admittedly, a LOT of cocksucking and some fantastic titfucking too! I can't even begin to imagine the heights of pleasure I'll reach when he penetrates my pussy - nay, my very soul! - with that big throbbing monster snake of his! Good God!

It took a very long time before Brenda could calm down enough to drive home.

Chapter 730 Love? Double Blowjob From Susan And Suzanne

Katherine went upstairs to go to bed immediately after Brenda departed.

That left just Susan and Suzanne standing near the front door, since Amy had gone home a little early.

But Suzanne didn't want to go home just yet. She was still energized from all the fun, so she looked at Susan and asked, "Need any help cleaning up?"

Susan smiled widely. "Sure! You're such a great friend." She nodded towards the underwear cabinet. "Clothes?"

"Nah. Who needs 'em? Your house is still warm enough, and it's not like we haven't seen each other nude enough lately."

Susan chuckled at that. "True. I'm beginning to come around to Amy's point of view - nudity is the best. To think how I used to dress: I got worried about showing even a little bit of cleavage."

Suzanne ran a hand down Susan's hair, enjoying its silky smooth feel. "Those days are long gone and they're never coming back. I guarantee it."

She held Susan's big globes from their outer sides, pushing them together. "Aaaah! Look at all that cleavage! I think you're showing more than just 'a little bit' tonight!" She chuckled.

Susan chuckled too. "Behave!" She playfully pushed Suzanne away. "Don't get me started, or I'll literally collapse from too much fun."

"If you say so. Although that doesn't sound too bad." Suzanne gave Susan a saucy wink.

Susan kicked off her high heels, now that Alan was gone, and dropped them near the front door. Then, as she headed back through the house, she said, "Let's corral all the dirty dishes and stuff towards the kitchen."

Suzanne also kicked her high heels off and left them with the other shoes by the door. Then she followed Susan. She'd helped her with household chores many times, so she knew the routine.

As if reading Suzanne's mind, Susan said, "You may think you know the routine, but lately there's one big new wrinkle: cleaning up all the cum leaked everywhere, and generally trying to get rid of the sex smell. Lately, that's become my biggest cleaning task. Seriously!"

She took a couple of steps, and then paused. "My goodness! Even that fact is hot!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes, amused.

Walking through the living room, Susan pointed to where Brenda had sat most of the evening. "Look at the size of that wet spot, for instance. Thank goodness that this sofa doesn't have a cloth upholstery, or we'd never get that out. And look! Her cum even dripped down to the carpet. I'd better get some cleaning material and old rags. Do you mind doing some rubbing?"

"Not at all," Suzanne replied.

So, a minute or two later, Suzanne found herself rubbing the carpet with a rag, while

Susan stood nearby and used more rags to wipe the furniture clean.

As she rubbed, Suzanne complained, "You know, we really spoil our Sweetie."

"We do," Susan agreed.

Suzanne clarified, "No, I don't just mean we spoil him a little bit. I mean, we're spoiling him rotten! Take this party tonight. It was no ordinary party; the entire thing was basically a pornographic fashion show

designed to make his cock stiff and keep it that way. That would have been outrageous enough. But we actually spent more time and energy on stroking and sucking his cock than the fashion show part."

Susan said in confusion, "You say that like it's a bad thing."

Suzanne sighed in frustration. "It IS a bad thing! I mean, sure, tonight was great, overall. We all had lots of fun. And everyone had plenty of orgasms."

She looked at the wet carpet she was rubbing. "Heck, Brenda seems to have been single-handedly trying to turn this room into a cum flood zone, so she obviously had a very good time."

Susan grinned. "I think that's the understatement of the year. I think tonight changed her life. Tiger totally tamed her!"

Suzanne frowned. "Yeah, I suppose. I think he really did, although she didn't need much persuasion. And that was key, to fully win her over, since she knows the incest secret. But that just strengthens my point about how much we're spoiling him. I mean, it's fine for now, but what if this kind of thing continues for literally years to come?"

"Oooh!" Susan stared into space with a blissful, dreamy expression. "That would be so great!"

Suzanne shook her head. "You're not listening to me. Yeah, sure, it's great on one level, but it could turn him into some kind of arrogant monster we really won't want to know. Do you really want him to have 'many, many, MANY concubines,' like you were telling Brenda earlier? When would he have time for you, or me?"

"I suppose," Susan conceded. "It's just fun to think like that."

"I know. But all that sexy talk and action adds up to something that I worry is more than anyone can handle. How could all this royal treatment not go to his head?"

Susan frowned too. "I suppose you have a point." She spaced out, while staring at Suzanne, who continued to rub the spot on the carpet.

Finally, Suzanne said, "Hello? Earth calling Susan. Come in Susan."

Susan snapped back to reality. "Oops. Sorry. It's just that you're so sexy."

Suzanne exhaled in frustration.

"I'm sorry, but you're on all fours and rubbing a spot, which causes your big ripe melons to continually swing underneath you. I mean, come on! I'm only human! Can you turn off the sexy for a few minutes?"

Suzanne grinned proudly. "Sorry. No can do."

Susan deliberately looked away, and then replied, "Well, I'll press on as best I can. Anyway, let's agree that you have a point. We probably got a little carried away tonight. And, I'll admit, at other times. Heck, pretty much every day lately. But what do you think we should do about it?"

Suzanne said, "We have to be careful. Sure, he has his medical need, and we all love licking and stroking his cock anyway, but we need perspective. When his dick isn't hard, we need to treat him just like we always did. For instance, he could have helped clean up afterwards."

"You're so right," Susan agreed. But then she added, "Although... how often is it when his cock is NOT stiff? Not that often."

"True," Suzanne agreed.

"If he had stayed and cleaned up with us, what do you think would have happened? I can make a good guess. Things would have been 'normal' for a while, especially if you and I made a point of wearing clothes. But soon he would have gotten erect again, and so very horny... His big, thick, delicious cock would have been tenting through his pants, and one thing would have led to another, and, well... You get the picture."

Suzanne nodded ruefully. She could easily visualize that scenario.

The two of them kept on cleaning, and all the while, they talked about the need to be responsible and do things in moderation so Alan wouldn't get too spoiled. They were in a serious and sober mood (relatively speaking, at any rate).

Eventually, they finished cleaning. They sat at the kitchen counter stools, chatting and drinking coffee (decaffeinated, since it was so late). Susan had turned up the heat so they could stay naked, but even so, Suzanne had a light blanket around her because it was getting a bit chilly.

They were talking some more about their impressions of Brenda when Alan walked into the dining room area.

He gave a friendly wave. "Hey Mom, Aunt Suzy. How goes it?" Like the two busty MILFs sitting there, he didn't feel any need for clothes. His flaccid penis dangled as he walked, since he didn't bother to cover it up.

Susan exclaimed in surprise, "Tiger! What are you doing here?!"

He walked to the refrigerator. "I live here, remember?" He grinned at that, and opened up the freezer door on the fridge.

"I know that," Susan said, exasperated. "It's just that I assumed you were asleep." She looked down at her bare feet, suddenly dismayed that she wasn't wearing high heels.

He responded while peering into the freezer, "I was. In fact, I think I zonked out the very second my head hit the pillow, I was totally wiped out. But then I woke up, saw that an hour had passed, and felt peckish for a midnight snack." He looked at the kitchen clock on the wall. "And look at that, how close it is to midnight."bender

He pulled out a pint of ice cream. "I haven't had any ice cream in a week or so, and I figured I could treat myself to a little..." - he held up the pint and read the label - "'Amaretto!' Mmmm! Do either of you want any?"

Suzanne replied, "No. Gotta watch my figure."

"Me too," Susan said.

"Suit yourself," he said with a shrug. "Whatever you're doing to keep your perfect figures is working, that's for sure. But do you mind if I have some, even if you don't? If you're on a diet I don't want to tempt you or anything."

He didn't realize the double meaning in his word. Although he hadn't consciously realized it yet, his penis was starting to engorge. Even after everything that had happened that evening, his body was reacting to the sight of two absolutely stunning women sitting there in the nude. He had come downstairs simply to get a snack, but his penis had other things in mind.

The two mothers were greatly tempted, but not by the ice cream. They watched avidly as his dick sprang back to life. Both of them were independently thinking about the one disappointment of the evening, how they hadn't been given a chance to share their first double blowjob together, and how it might be possible to still "fix" that.

He picked up the pint of ice cream, a spoon, and a bowl, and brought all three items to the love seat in the dining room. He sat down in the seat and scooped some ice cream into the bowl. He had the pint with him too in case he wanted a second helping, which he often did.

The two mothers were still adjusting to the fact that he was there alone with them. They both gawked shamelessly at the boner now on view between his legs. They were at a loss over what to say or do. Their desire was strong, but their discussion about spoiling him too much was on their mind.

Susan stood up and walked to the center of the living room, mainly so she could get a full view of his erection, unimpeded by his legs.

Suzanne did too, standing right next to Susan. Interestingly, she realized that she too was feeling naked without her high heels. Both women contemplated making a quick rush to the front of the house to get them.

By this time, there was no way Alan could fail to notice that they were staring with lust at his hard-on. Nevertheless, he pretended to be ignorant of their focus. As he savored another bite of his amaretto ice

cream, he asked, "What? You're both staring at me. Do I have some ice cream on my face or something?"

Both women knew what they wanted - a chance to lick and suck his newly stiff dick. However, the situation was awkward because someone would be the loser. Although they had been thinking and talking about sharing, they'd never done that before, so there were issues to work out first. In the very near time, it was likely to be "first come, first serve." Furthermore, they had talked at length about the need for moderation and not spoiling him, so neither woman wanted to look hypocritical in front of the other.

Susan's cock lust drove her on, but it had to compete with her shyness. "Um, Tiger? Do you need some help there?" She nodded towards his lap.

Again he chose to misunderstand, because it was more fun that way. He pretended not to know what she was referring to with her nodding. "What do you mean? I'm just eating ice cream. It's not like I need help with that. Unless you want a taste?" He held his bowl out towards her.

Susan licked her lips hungrily while staring at his stiff dick instead of the bowl.

Suzanne, being much more astute about such things than Susan, saw right through Alan's act. She wasn't in the mood to play games or talk things out. She was well aware that Alan had his legs spread wide just to make sure they'd have an unobstructed view of his now fully erect cock. Taking advantage of that, she stepped forward and dropped to her knees right in front of his crotch.

However, crucially, she left plenty of room for Susan to assume the same position right next to her. She was hoping their shared dream of sucking him off together could finally become a reality.

In short, Suzanne decided to save the "act in moderation" and "don't spoil him" stuff for another day, because she suddenly had an intense craving for his cock. She figured this was a perfect opportunity for her first shared blowjob with Susan to happen. She told herself that breaking down Susan's barriers was urgent, while preventing Alan from being spoiled was more of a long term thing she could work on later.

Susan didn't know what was happening exactly, but she certainly didn't want to miss out. She quickly took her place on her knees next to Suzanne. She too was ready to put aside all the moderation talk for

now if she got a chance to lick and suck her son's cock some more. Plus, the thought of doing it with her best friend for their first time together was an enormous thrill.

The two MILFs glanced at each other briefly, nonverbally asking, "Are we going to do this?" Their mutual desire was clear. Their lust and desire was growing by the second as they both realized this was finally going to happen.

While Alan slowly ate his ice cream, Suzanne looked up at him from between his legs, and said, "Sweetie, your mom and I were just talking about how it's important that we don't spoil you from overindulging you. Don't you agree that's an important thing?"

"Certainly." That confused him. He thought he knew where things were headed, but those words didn't fit.

Happily, Suzanne quickly clarified, "Good! We'll talk more about that some other time. Now, just before you came downstairs, your mom and I were having a discussion about your desire to see both of us suck your cock at the same time. We agreed that is a reasonable request."

Susan looked at Suzanne in confusion. "We were? We did?"

Suzanne's body was pressed right next to Susan's, so she was able to nudge her lower leg into Susan's without Alan noticing. She turned to her, and said in a voice that brooked no dispute, "We were!" She considered whispering a quickly formulated argument into Susan's ear to make sure that she was willing, but she was feeling antsy and she didn't want to waste time, especially with Alan's ice cream melting. So she took the direct approach, and simply put her hand on the back of Susan's head and guided her friend's mouth to Alan's erection.

As soon as Susan's lips made contact with Alan's cockhead, whatever puzzlement or concerns she had pretty much flew out the window. It was like some switch was flipped, and she went into her blissful cocksucking mode. Nothing else in the world mattered but pleasuring her son's big cock and making him cum (eventually, after a nice long buildup).

Suzanne smiled knowingly at how predictable Susan was. She guided Susan's head until Susan crammed his entire cockhead in her mouth and started steadily bobbing down it. She loved how Susan managed

to do that and yet also somehow looked like she was smiling up at her son, despite the way her mouth was being stretched wide open.

Then Suzanne looked up at Alan and smiled knowingly at him too. "Like I said, your mom and I were talking earlier. Why haven't the two of us sucked your cock at the same time yet? We both agreed that's just wrong. Unjust, even. We're the two women who raised you. We have the joint duty of looking after you. And of course that means we have the joint duty of making sure your cock is thoroughly serviced and pleased six times a day, at least. It naturally follows that we should jointly suck and lick and slobber our way all over your thick fuckmeat on a fairly regular basis. Daily, hopefully. Anything else is just wrong!"

Alan beamed upon hearing such great news. He joked, "I dare say it's a crime!"

Suzanne grinned. She marveled at the way he could maintain his cool despite Susan feverishly bobbing and licking on his most responsive areas.

Susan thought, while doing her favorite corkscrew move, I remember talking briefly with her about the sharing idea before the fashion show, but I don't remember us discussing all that! Strange... But still, who cares? The important thing is that she's got some GREAT ideas! This is long overdue. Mmmm... I definitely agree with the part about needing to share his thick cock-meat daily!

If I could only stop licking his sweet spot and sliding my lips in a tight ring long enough to talk, I'd say just how much I agree with absolutely everything. We basically raised him together. We're both his big-titted mommies. It's only right that we suck him together. A lot! Maybe several times a day! Wow, wouldn't that be a living dream?!

But hopefully I can show my approval with the quality of my sucking, and the loudness of my moaning. Mmmm... MMMM... God, it's so good! MMMM! Nothing beats a mouth crammed full of son-cock. When I think about all the various ways the five of us stimulated this magnificent fuck pole all evening long, it fills me with such joy! I just wish that Suzanne would stop talking and join in already!

Suzanne was tucked between Alan's legs so close to his privates that she barely needed to tilt her head forward to get her mouth involved too. But instead, she casually asked him, "Can I borrow your bowl for a minute?"

Alan wasn't as calm as he appeared. He was still holding the bowl of ice cream and the spoon, but he was so excited by what he hoped was about to happen that he'd pretty much forgotten all about the ice cream. Since Susan had full possession of his boner, at least for now, she'd taken advantage and was doing her most favorite thing: sliding her lips back and forth over his sweet spot while also licking it with her tongue. It actually was a big struggle for him to think or do anything other than luxuriate in total ecstasy, so it took him some long moments before he recovered enough to silently hand Suzanne his bowl.

"Thank you," Suiznne said with a knowing smirk. She was in her element now, teasing and having sexy fun. The ice cream in the bowl was rapidly melting, and some of it was already syrupy. She brought the bowl close to her chin and then stuck her long tongue out towards it. She angled the bowl at an ideal angle so Alan could see everything, and she licked a dollop of the melted ice cream with the very tip of her tongue.

Finally, she brought her tongue back to her mouth, swallowed the tiny taste of ice cream, and smiled. "Mmmm! Yummy." But she wasn't quite done - she slowly and ostentatiously licked all the way around her lips.

Alan was floored. True, Susan was busy sucking his cock, and the pleasure that was giving him simply defied description (as usual), but he found Suzanne's stunt with her tongue somehow even MORE arousing. Partly, it was the fact that she displayed even more reach with it than he'd thought possible, and partly it was the way she was giving him the most sultry "come hither and fuck the shit out of me" look all the while. And partly, it was the sight of Suzanne's huge bare tits also in his vision, not to mention the rest of her perfect body pressed up tightly against Susan's. But mostly, it was that he was reeling from the implications.

Oh. My. God. That tongue! That impossibly long tongue! I'll bet even giraffes would be impressed at how she scooped that ice cream up! But more than that, imagine adding that tongue and all it can do to Mom's tongue and what it's already doing! Oh my fucking GOD! I'm not certain I can handle it, but I'm damn sure gonna try. This is gonna be the best blowjob ever, and that's saying a lot!

Suzanne could guess well enough what he was thinking, and she loved it. She was having so much fun teasing him with her tongue that it was almost less fun to actually use it on him. But finally, she tapped Susan's shoulder. "Can I join in?"

Susan pulled her lips all the way off his cockhead to make way. A shiver ran through her as she also pondered the implications. This is huge! No, this is massive! True, I've shared Tiger's cock with Angel and Amy and others in recent days, including Brenda only an hour or two ago, but Tiger is right: Suzanne and

I are a team. I was silly trying to stop this from happening for so many days and even weeks, because it was meant to be.

She kept on stroking his cock while she waited for Suzanne to join in. I can't wait to get our coordination really cooking. Slurping two tongues as one! Both of us were put here on this Earth by God to serve and pleasure this one cock, my son's cock!

With that, she lovingly licked it from base to tip before again making way. Mmmm... I'm sure Suzanne and I will be sucking this glorious cock together literally thousands of times in the years to come. Oh my goodness! That is SO HOT!

Suzanne was also considering the implications. This is it! My dream, my vision, my plan. It's all coming true. This is a key piece! Susan's barriers are crumbling. Soon, she and I will be doing this together all the time. It's funny, but the thought of doing this with her is just about the most exciting thing I can think of right now. This is gonna make us even better friends! And it's proof that my sex family future vision is already happening, here and now!

Susan and Suzanne handled Alan's shaft almost reverently as they stared at each other intently right above it. They both realized that this was a moment to treasure and remember, since they'd be doing this with each other so very often in the future.

Suzanne took a tentative lick while still gazing at Susan, and then Susan did the same while gazing at Suzanne. They both started to lick around the top of his cockhead.

Soon their tongues repeatedly brushed against each other at the top of his dick. They closed their eyes to fully concentrate on and savor what they were doing. They both felt shivers race down their spines and goose bumps all over.

Naturally, Alan was just as thrilled, if not even more so. Oh God! Oh shit! Too much! I'm gonna cum already! He wasn't thinking much about long term implications because he was totally consumed with the pleasures of the moment, but he also couldn't fail to realize this was bound to be a "historic" family first.

The two stunning MILFs continued to lick the very top of Alan's bulbous cockhead. Then Susan was suddenly overcome with emotion, and she lunged forward, kissing Suzanne on her lips.

Alan's erection was temporarily forgotten, but he didn't mind. He figured everything that was happening was absolutely fantastic. He could actually feel the kiss, because the tip of his cockhead slid back and forth along their cheeks.

Susan and Suzanne broke their kiss briefly so they could have a chance to readjust their bodies and wrap their arms around each other.

In between kisses, Susan gasped, "Suzanne! I love you so much!"

Suzanne didn't verbally reply to that, because she and Susan were already kissing again as if their lives depended on it. Plus, she was shy to express her feelings, as usual. But she thought, I love you too! Just as much! And now we'll have a new wave to share and show our love for each other, working together to pleasure our man!

Alan was a bit amused that he was kind of forgotten for the moment, but he was more than okay with that. He figured his dick needed a break in any case.

Plus, he remembered his ice cream. He was still holding the spoon and bowl, even though the ice cream in the bowl was completely melted by this time. But he had the pint of ice cream on the arm of the love seat next to him, and that had hardly melted at all, mostly because he'd kept it closed. He opened the lid and spooned another bite of amaretto ice cream directly into his mouth while enjoying a front row seat at the hottest, most passionate kiss he'd ever seen.

Suzanne broke the kiss early, because she noticed tears rolling down Susan's face. Worried, she asked her, "Why are you crying?"

Susan wiped her tears, but more kept coming. "Because I'm so happy! And not just that; I'm just so overcome with emotion that I feel like I'm going to burst! I'm bursting with love! Love for you, love for Tiger, love for sucking his cock! Love for sharing it with you. It's like I can see into the future and I see many, many years of joy with you, Suzanne! We'll be kneeling naked together just like this, loving his cock together for countless hours without end!"

Suzanne felt more chills of delight. That's undoubtedly true! She was on the verge of crying tears of joy too.

Susan looked up at him and saw the spoon in his mouth. She wryly added, "Heck, if we go ten years ahead in a time machine, I hope it'll be exactly like this. We'll be sitting in the nude, between his knees, lapping and loving this great big shaft that tamed us both. I know we will!"

Suzanne another felt a thrill run down her spine, because she loved that vision just as much as Susan did. Just as Susan did, she felt sucking Alan's cock was much more than a sex act; it was a bonding experience that allowed her to express her love for him, and get loving feedback from him. This was especially important to her, because she such trouble expressing her feelings verbally. To her, thousands of double blowjobs meant thousands of shared loving moments between the three of them.

Susan slowly licked his erection from tip to base and then back again, while staring up into his eyes with even more love and adoration. When she finished that move, she playfully added, "He'll probably even be eating another bowl of ice cream."

All three of them had a good laugh at that.

Suzanne realized there were tears rolling down her cheeks too, because she also was overcome with emotion, and in the very same way.

Even Alan started to choke up a little bit as he watched the touching scene.

But since Suzanne had trouble with "mushy moments" and even more trouble verbally expressing her emotions, she wanted to get on with expressing herself with her talented lips and tongue. She took Alan's very needy and erect dick and pinned it against his tummy, at her mouth level. Staring intently at Susan, she snaked her long tongue out and lapped the side of his cockhead and purred, "Come on, Sister, what are we waiting for? We've got a lot of inches of cock to take care of, and only two tongues to do it with."

Susan was still more overjoyed that she could possibly put in words. She too stuck her tongue out as far as it could go, and lapped at her side of Alan's cockhead while staring deeply into Suzanne's eyes. The love expressed between them couldn't be put into words.

She felt such a great joy in sharing Alan's cock while having a deeply moving emotional moment with her very best friend that it almost physically staggered her. She was very glad that this first dual cocksucking

was taking place now and not during the fashion show, because it was a powerful, private moment that only belonged to the three of them.

Susan took some of the great love and joy she was feeling, and channeled it towards Alan and his erection. With tears of joy still rolling down her face, she brought her mouth close to "her" side of his cockhead, and gently kissed it. Then she also stuck her tongue out and licked it a whole lot more. More shivers ran down her spine.

Since Susan and Suzanne continued staring into each other's eyes, they were in perfect position for another French kiss except that Alan's cockhead was pinned between their mouths. As they both got busy licking it, it was like they were also kissing and even making love to each other, because there was so much love flowing between their eyes. Also, mostly thanks to Suzanne's long tongue, their tongues could reach around his cockhead, and they spent almost as much time touching the tips of their tongues together as jointly licking the spongy head.

Suzanne thought, This! This! If I've ever had any doubts about the wisdom or morality of my six-times-a-day plan, this silences all those doubts! This is so perfect and so right that I dare even some fundamentalist preacher to see this and really FEEL the love, and then still say it's wrong! Susan and I are in love, in our own way, and Sweetie's cock is literally like the tie that binds us together!