

6 Times 731

Chapter 731 Spraying All Over Susan And Suzanne

Suzanne realized that she was still crying, and she hated getting so "mushy," so she closed her eyes and concentrated on cock licking for a while.

Susan did the same. The strong bond with Suzanne was still there, like a physical thing, but they didn't need to continually stare into each others' eyes to feel it.

For Susan, sucking her son's cock was like a job, in the sense that it was serious business. But unlike many people who hate their job or only tolerate it, Susan felt it was like the greatest, most enjoyable task in the world. Saying it was a job meant that she brought an intense level of focus and dedication to it. While she sucked him, nothing else mattered.

Her tears eventually ran dry as the minutes passed and she concentrated on lapping against his sweet spot, but her joyous feeling surged within her as strongly as ever.

Naturally, the sweet spot was the spot Suzanne was most interested in pleasuring too, but rather than battle over it, they simply both licked it at the same time. This meant their tongues were almost constantly touching, but they considered that intimacy a plus.

At one point, Susan paused in her fevered licking just long enough to breathlessly exclaim, "Suzanne, every single time our tongues touch on his cock... electricity!"

Suzanne nodded. "I know! Goose bumps too!" She considered herself jaded and cynical in general, but at least for this moment, she felt wide-eyed and innocent, and it felt incredible.

Alan had been silent, because he figured that the two beautiful women were sharing such a special moment between each other that he could only ruin it by trying to say something. However, now he was forced to speak, since he was so close to cumming. He gently placed his hands on the tops of their heads so as to not surprise them, and then he said, "Um, if both you lovely ladies don't stop, like, now, I'm gonna cum! Big time!"

Suzanne pulled back, and chuckled. "We wouldn't want that, would we, Susan?"

Susan pulled back too, but before she could answer, Suzanne was already kissing her.

Alan just shook his head in wonder as he watched the two of them make out some more. At times, he could actually see a glimmer of the tongue action by the tongue bulges in their cheeks.

He shook his head some more. Man! Am I the friggin' luckiest guy in the entire world, or what? What a night! First, that totally mind-blowing (and cock-blowing) fashion show. And Brenda! Friggin' Brenda! Spanking her and seeing her go wild. And now this! Mom and Aunt Suzy are going on about sharing my cock like it's some kind of religious experience or something. Even crying tears of joy about it. Talk about good vibes!

Forget about the dual cocksucking altogether, actually. I'm flying on air just because they're both so happy to be somehow bonding even closer together! And with me too. I can feel the love. I swear, my heart flies to see them this overjoyed.

More time passed, and he simply enjoyed the show before him. And a show it was. Both women were having a grand time kissing each other, but it was obvious they were conscious of him watching, because each of them occasionally stole glances in his direction to see where he was looking exactly. They positioned themselves and moved with a mind to keeping him erect and horny. In particular, they made a great show of constantly pressing and rubbing their huge racks together while they kissed.

Susan kept one hand on his cock, and steadily rubbed his sweet spot, but she wasn't doing much with it, just keeping it "warmed up" while her attention was elsewhere.

Alan was thinking things couldn't possibly get any better, but then he remembered the pint of Amaretto ice cream. Dang! Bonus! He opened up the container and was pleasantly surprised to see that it still hadn't melted that much. He plunged his spoon into the less-melted middle, and enjoyed another bite. Aaaaah! Sweetness. Literally. Yum!

"Let me see that, Sweetie."

He was so blissed out, even with his boner being temporarily ignored, relatively speaking, that it took him a moment to figure out that Suzanne was talking to him and that she wanted something. It took him

another moment to realize she wanted the ice cream. The bowl was on the floor, forgotten, but he handed her the spoon and pint.

Suzanne grinned wickedly at Susan as she took the ice cream and spoon in her hands. "Let me show you something fun. Take his cock and bring it right up to my mouth so I'm in position to bob on it, please."

As Susan did that, she bubbled, "Sounds fun already!" She paid more attention to stroking it.

With Alan's cockhead right under Suzanne's nose, Suzanne spooned some of the ice cream into her mouth and savored the amaretto taste. "Mmmm! That IS good!" Then she stretched her lips around Alan's bulbous cockhead and engulfed him down to his sweet spot.

Alan knew that particular pleasure quite well. But this time was different, because Suzanne hadn't swallowed any of the ice cream, and it was still on her tongue. He yelped in shock, because it was just like she'd stuck a frozen Popsicle against his stiff dick.

However, his initial shock passed. Suzanne started bobbing on him with her cold mouth, and his discomfort turned to extreme pleasure.

Nearly a minute of cold, tight, and slurpy cocksucking passed.

His pleasure was so great that he clenched his fists and waved his hands around. Then he exclaimed, "Daaang! That feels so good! My heart almost can't take it. Seriously intense!"

Suzanne pulled off, and matter-of-factly explained, "It is intense, Sweetie. You see - and Susan, take note - everything in the body is connected together. Your skin has nerve endings that fire in response to heat, cold, pressure, pleasure, pain, and the like. With the cold, a lot more nerve endings are getting excited, and that practically doubles the pleasure you feel. This is what a lot of S&M is about: the pain actually heightens the pleasure. But it works with other things, like cold or heat."

"Oooh! Let me try!" Susan said excitedly.

Suzanne obliged her, and fed her a spoonful of the amaretto. Then she held Alan's cock in position, while jacking him off as well.

Susan immediately engulfed all of his cockhead with the ice cream still on her tongue.

He yelped just as loudly as last time. Even though he knew what was coming, that didn't help him much since the ice cream felt so very cold. However, within seconds, Susan was happily bobbing, and the pleasure was suddenly so great for Alan that it was almost too much to bear. He nearly crawled up the love seat because he couldn't handle it.

"Wow!" he exclaimed when Susan's minute was up, her ice cream was all gone, and she pulled off his slicked-up shaft.

"Wow is right!" Susan also exclaimed. "Not only do I get to enjoy my very favorite thing, sucking on Tiger's fat cock, but I get to eat a yummy bite of ice cream too. Suzanne, you're the best!" She kissed her best friend on the lips again.

Suzanne beamed with pleasure and pride. "I try." But then she added to Susan, "Now, are we just gonna sit around here yapping and kissing while this ice cream melts, or are we gonna give him some more cold cocksucking?"

"I vote more cold cocksucking!" Susan said with her usual enthusiasm. But she seriously added, "I just worry about the calories."

Suzanne replied, "Well, you do eat ice cream from time to time; I know it's your secret weakness. That and chocolate. But in the future, don't eat it by yourself. Eat it when you have a big, fat Tiger cock at hand."bender

Susan's eyes went wide as she pictured the possibilities. "Suzanne, you're the best!"

The two women spent the next ten minutes or so exploring the possibilities with the ice cream and Alan. Mostly, that meant more bobbing with ice cream on their tongues, and they repeatedly traded turns doing that. But they also took turns kissing him, and each other, with yet more ice cream in the mouths. That was a lot of fun too.

Alan felt such a continuous peak of arousal that it was pretty incredible, even by his recent standards. Strangely, he grew increasingly relaxed (and melted deeper into the love seat) rather than tensing up and struggling hard with his PC muscle not to cum. Both women knew his dick so extremely well that they had a great sense when they had to ease up, as well as when they could step their efforts up a notch. Although they'd never done this together before, it truly seemed as if they'd shared his cock for years, since they were so comfortable with his erection and with each other.

Eventually, they were down to just a creamy amaretto puddle at the bottom of the pint, and that didn't hold much appeal, so they put that aside and turned all their attention to yet more dual cocksucking.

They generally went back to jointly licking, since that was a sharing activity in a way bobbing could not be. Still, one or the other engulfed his fat knob and bobbed on it when the inspiration to do that struck.

The only snag was that Alan's boner had just spent over twenty minutes enjoying just about the most intense pleasure imaginable, and once they resumed licking together, it was like they were determined to take him to a yet higher level. It was just too much for his overtaxed but very, very lucky cock. He finally tried his hardest to delay matters with his PC muscle, but all the PC muscle moves in the world couldn't stop him from cumming.

For years, Alan had tried not to masturbate while thinking about either Susan or Suzanne because of the incest taboo, but he had been only partially successful. Plus, he had no control over his dreams. One common theme in all his dreams and fantasies featuring both of them was that he shot his cum all over their faces. Now, finally, he was able to do that for real!

It was such a joy that he actually saw stars. His cum rocketed out and splattered all over Suzanne's face. Then he "re-aimed his cannon" at Susan and shot more of his sticky load at her. But he was so inspired that he still wasn't done, so he "fired at will" at both of them, plastering their faces with yet more cum, and targeting some at their big tits as well.

When he was finally all done, he asked incredulously, "Where did all THAT come from?! When I went to bed, I would have sworn that there wasn't any cum left in me. Not after that crazy fashion show. But that was like... a big load! Whoa!"

Suzanne grinned, and said proudly and boastfully, "What can I say? We inspire you. Don't we, Susan?"

"Mmmm!" Susan was already rubbing her nose against Suzanne's. She specifically wanted to do that because both their noses had been nailed with copious cum gobs, and she just loved to rub all that cum together. She was even more eager to start licking Suzanne's face clean.

But before she could do that, Suzanne reached for the discarded pint of melted ice cream. "You know what goes well with Sweetie's sweet sperm? Amaretto!" She used the spoon and playfully smeared a few melted streaks on her face, and some more on Susan's face.

"Ugh!" Susan grunted. "Tonight, you're totally destroying my diet, you know that?" But she gleefully licked all of Suzanne's face, consuming the ice cream as well as the cum.

Suzanne naturally licked Susan's face clean at the same time.

"Oh man!" Alan groaned. "I can't bear to look. Too sexy! I swear, if Alan Junior gets erect one more time today, he's gonna say 'I quit!' and up and run away, claiming abuse. I'm soooo sore!"

Suzanne somehow smirked as she licked. "But it was soooo worth it, wasn't it, Sweetie?"

"Oh yeah! Hell yeah! You two are the best! I've literally masturbated gallons of sperm away dreaming of this very thing, for years! And I say that knowing full well that the average cum load is only a couple of ounces. Although I find that impossible to believe as I see just how delightfully creamy and cummy you two look right now. But my point is, none of my fantasies came anywhere CLOSE to how great the reality was! And still is!" He blatantly ogled their naked, cummy bodies.

Suzanne was delighted to hear that, but Susan looked surprisingly sad. So Suzanne held Susan's chin up and gently asked her, "Is something wrong, love?"

Susan said in a disappointed voice, "No. I'm happy. So very happy. But it's just that... I think about all that seed needlessly spilled upon the ground... Years of wasted, sinful seed, angering God... when it could have ended up on me, or you, or in our mouths... Think how many double blowjobs we missed!"

Suzanne had a hard time not guffawing. For crying out loud! That stupid 'sin of Onan' thing again. She really believes it. Sheesh! But she kept a straight face, and said tenderly, "That's in the past now. Forget

about that. From now on, all of his seed will end up on or in us. Or one of his other lovers, of course. No more seed spilled upon the ground, ever."

Susan gave Suzanne a tight hug, heedless of the cum still on their faces and racks. "Oh, Suzanne! You're just so good to me! What would I ever do without you?! But is such a dream really possible?"

Suzanne kissed Susan's face, and managed to lick up some more cum along the way. "Our man has so many lovers, that I promise you, there won't be a single drop of cum that lands on the ground. Really."

If anyone could die of pure joy, Susan looked like she was in serious danger. She radiated so much love and happiness at Suzanne that Suzanne almost had to pull back, because she couldn't handle the emotional intensity.

Alan cut in. "Yeah, that reminds me. I wanted to say that was so beautiful, when you two cried. I could literally feel the love between you, it was so strong."

Susan pulled back and gazed into Suzanne's eyes again. It looked like she was on the verge of tears again. "It was, wasn't it?" she asked in an awed whisper.

But then she broke the magical spell that had just been cast by looking down at herself and giggling. "Look at me. Look at us! Look at our tits! We're a great big spermy mess!"

Sure enough, the cum on their fulsome globes has been smeared around as they'd hugged, leaving a generally shiny sheen with lots of pearly smears.

Suzanne giggled too, feeling strangely overjoyed by this. "We are, aren't we?" She tilted her head down and licked a particularly large cum gob off the top slope of one of Susan's round breasts.

Susan turned back to Alan. "Look at me! I wish someone could take a picture. This is pure joy for me! Covered in my son's sperm, gloriously nude, holding my best friend in my arms, feeling more sperm on my face and on my tongue... It's all just so... great! Suzanne, Tiger, I love you both so much! I only wish Amy and Angel were here to share in all the love and all the cum as well."

"Maybe next time," he said, suggestively wiggling his eyebrows.

Susan and Suzanne laughed heartily.

Suzanne commented, "You wish! As if you could be any more of a lucky spoiled bastard!"

Unfortunately, that comment brought a twinge of regret to both mothers, because it reminded them of their earlier conversation about spoiling him too much. They both privately rued that rather than doing anything about that, they were only spoiling him even more. The thing was, they were having way too much fun to stop.

But the overall mood was still so joyous that that worry was merely like one sour note in an otherwise glorious symphony.

Alan remembered that Katherine had been taking pictures of Brenda earlier in the evening. He discovered the camera was still in the living room, so he managed to take a few photos of Susan and Suzanne licking cum off each other.

He thought that was the end of the fun, especially since he was growing sleepy, but Susan nonetheless insisted on thoroughly "cleaning" his penis and balls.

While she did that, he said, "You know, that felt so good that... well, I can't even begin to describe it! Sure, I've had a few double blowjobs before, but with you two, there was the pleasure, and so much love, that... geez! It defies description. It's like, beyond the beyond. I mean, how can I want to do anything else, ever, but bask in the pure pleasure of you two sucking me off like that?"

Suzanne snickered, then mimicked his voice. "'Sure, I've had a few double blowjobs before...'"

He immediately blushed. "Oops! I'm taking my lucky position for granted, aren't I? I mean, how many guys get to experience that even once in their lives? And yet, in recent days, well, let's just say I've had a lot of luck." He was about to list the double blowjobs he'd had but changed his mind. He didn't like to kiss and tell, or invite the making of comparisons.

Susan was still busy "cleaning" his privates, and Suzanne was busy watching her, so he continued, "I feel guilty. You two do so much for me; I want to do something for you. Did either of you even have any orgasms?"

Both of them shook their heads 'No'. They were both quite surprised about that, since each of them had really felt so aroused and overjoyed that it had seemed like one continuous orgasm.

Susan paused with her cleaning, looked up at his face, and said, "You know what? That doesn't matter. I swear, I had more fun here than other times when I've had orgasms beyond counting."

She went back to lapping her tongue against his balls. But another thought came to her, so she said as she licked, "Besides, sometimes, joy can't be measured by an orgasm count. I mean, the EMOTIONAL joy I just shared was so great that I'd take that over a thousand plain ol' orgasms."

She looked up at Suzanne and shared a knowing look at her. They even clenched hands together.

Suzanne turned her gaze back to Alan, and added, "Sweetie, I feel the same. Don't worry about fairness. We LOVE sucking your cock, in case you haven't noticed already. Sheesh, are you blind? We get as much pleasure out of it as you do, or nearly so. Maybe more, especially in your mom's case, who knows? It's so hard to measure. The only unfair thing that pisses me off is that you get to eat lots of ice cream, and you don't get fat! Your mom and I are gonna have to step up our exercises tomorrow just to burn off all these extra calories we swallowed while doing that cold sucking technique."

Susan chuckled at that, even though it was true.

All three of them hated to break up the group and go to bed, but it was late and their thoughts started to turn to the morrow.

When Alan was back in bed, he thought to himself, Best. Midnight. Snack. EVER! Ha!

Chapter 732 Blowjob During Breakfast

Alan woke up that Monday morning feeling fantastic. He thought, The fun I had over the weekend was great, and last night... Wow! That fashion show, did that really happen? Brenda! Friggin' ultra busty Brenda! What a great cocksucker she is. And the titfuck she gave me... heaven! And Mom and Aunt Suzy

sucking me off together! Perfection! Dang, that was golden. And all the love we shared together. Boy, that was special. That definitely was THE highlight, out of lots of highlights.

However, a sense of dread soon crept in. But now it's time to pay the piper. I've got a big math test in a matter of hours and I haven't studied at all. Nothing. Nada. I'm screwed! And that's just the beginning; this whole week is an endless gauntlet of tests and papers.

He came downstairs and saw Susan cooking breakfast and Katherine sitting at the dining room table. Both were dressed sexily. Susan was in another one of her erotic aprons; that, and her high heels, was all she was wearing. Katherine was covering up both more and less, with a nearly-transparent white babydoll blouse and a skirt that would have revealed her panties if she were wearing any.

Katherine exclaimed cheekily, "All hail the conqueror! Is it really true that Mom and Aunt Suzy sucked you off together last night, after everyone else was asleep?"

His face lit up, but he tried to stay modest about it. "Yep. And it was great. But it was an accident. It just kind of happened. But how did you know about it already?!"

"Guess," Katherine snickered. "Mom can't stop talking about it. She says it was, and this is a quote for the ages: 'so hot!'" She giggled.

Susan turned from the sink, just about bowling him over with the love and happiness that filled her face. She didn't say anything, but just let the way she joyously licked her lips speak for itself.

He said, "Believe me, it was. But more than that, it was a special loving time, a deep bonding time."

Katherine pouted, "Awww, man. I know. Mom can't stop talking about that either. I'm just bummed that I missed the whole thing. I didn't even get to watch."

Alan was bee-lining for the refrigerator to get a bite to eat. "It was pretty cool, but you've done it with Mom twice, so it's not like there's a big secret ending." He was trying to stop them from getting horny and excitable, as usually happened around breakfast-time.

Katherine still griped, "I know, but it was historic. Someone should have been taking photos or something."

He snapped his fingers in a Eureka moment. "Hey! Now that you mention it, I did take a few pictures of their cummy faces at the end, using the digital camera you used earlier, Sis. Unfortunately, I didn't think of using it until then."

Susan said, while smiling from ear to ear, "Tiger, we'll just have to stage a reenactment really soon, don't you think?"

He shook his head. "Man! Don't even say that, or I'm going to get too horny."

Susan said, "It's impossible for you to get too horny." She wiggled her bare ass at him, and said saucily, "Does someone here want to 'get my attention?'"

He sighed. "Yes, I do, but unfortunately not in that way. Come here, you two. Sit at the table for a minute. This is serious."

Katherine and Susan shared a significant worried look before they complied.

He explained, "This week is going to be really tough for me at school. Really tough. I've got tests coming out my ears and I've fallen so far behind these past weeks having sexual fun that I'm really in deep shit. Pardon my French, but it's true. I have to stop a lot of this sexual stuff, at least for a week! It's that, or I'm not going to get into a good college. I've got a test coming up today that I'm going to completely fail. You can already write a big 'F' across the top of it. My mind is in such a sexual fog that I don't even know what we've been studying lately. So, the bottom line is, we have to take a break for the week. Or else I'm screwed."

Katherine and Susan stared at him without saying a word. They looked as if he'd just told them a long-time family pet had just been run over. Susan in particular was crushed, and it wasn't the talk of failing the test that bothered her. She'd been thinking about awarding Alan the pleasure of her pussy for intercourse for the first time as soon as he came home from school that day. Yet, once again, there was an obstacle.

Katherine, too, was heavily dismayed. She thought, I've had to put up with a "no sex at home" ban for a whole week, and now this?! This is bullshit. But... okay. School is more important, admittedly.

Katherine was the first to recover. "Okaaay... Of course. But what about your six-times-a-day needs? You still have to do that. And with your rescheduled Boy Scouts trip coming up this weekend, you've got to do better than six a day to compensate for two days of going without."

He sighed an even heavier sigh. "Shoot. I forgot about the trip. Look, I'm all for keeping up my orgasm average, but I just can't take the time now to get ahead and still keep up with my schoolwork. Sex is taking all my time, not to mention my every waking thought. I tell you, I'm obsessed, and it's starting to worry me."

Susan butted in with a welcome thought. "I know! The stealth strokings! Remember that idea? We'll just stroke you while you do other things. That way, you can have the best of both worlds."

"I don't know..."

"Oh, come on!"

"Well, I'm also at my limit mentally. I mean, so many intense sexual experiences a day - the mental is as draining as the physical. I totally loved what happened last night. The way you all treated me like a king will be burned in my memory forever. But it can't happen every single day."

Susan said firmly, as if she were a stern mother laying down the law, "Well, that's as may be. But I think you need a big long cocksucking as a reward for how great you were last night."

"For what? For sitting there and getting my cock sucked? And for that I get to have my cock sucked some more?!"

Susan didn't understand his point. "Yes. You did it so very, very well. It's only right that you get a reward."

He held his head, like he was suffering from a bad headache. "Later. My brain is fried most of the time, and I don't have any mental energy left to do my homework."

"Please, Son. Give it a try. Why don't we try it right now? Your sister and I will play it completely cool. We'll be out of your hair until Friday. You won't even notice us. No mental or physical strain on you whatsoever. But there will always be a hand or mouth around your cock, making you feel good just the same." She amended that, trying to be more understanding, "Well, not always, technically. But, you know... A lot."

Katherine added encouragingly, "You'll hardly notice us. Promise!"

He could hardly resist such a tempting offer. He nodded his head with resignation, as if he'd just agreed to have a painful operation. He almost missed the irony of the situation.

They started immediately. "Oh, goody!" Susan said as she unzipped his fly and saw he was already erect. Since she was sitting next to him already, she bent over and lovingly kissed and licked her way around his cockhead, while her hands jacked off his shaft.

He muttered with chagrin, "This is not exactly how I thought my conversation would go."

Katherine happened to be sitting across the table from him. She reached out and held his hand. "Don't worry, it'll be fine. I swear you'll hardly notice. In fact, Mom and I will even keep our tops on."

"We will?" Susan asked. She had just been in the process of taking her erotic apron off altogether. "Uh I meant, we will. In fact, I suppose I'd better change into something a little more substantial, or I'll get carried away. I really do want to keep this stealthy."

She lavished yet more kisses and licks all over the top of his cockhead while continuing to pump the rest. But then she pulled up and away from it, and said, "Here, Angel, you take over for a while, and I'll go upstairs and change."

Katherine told her as she started walking away, "Oh, and while you're at it, can you bring the camera to us? I can't wait to see the pictures from last night!"

Susan nodded.

All throughout breakfast, Katherine and Susan took turns calmly stroking his boner. There was no outrageous nakedness or dirty talk or aggressive moves, and in fact both of them dressed up in long-sleeve shirts and pants to help keep the mood sedate. But there was a steady stroking that kept him in a state of constant arousal from the time he sat down to eat at the dining table until the time he left for school.

He ate his fried eggs and spinach, as well as a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios, and read the newspaper while a hand (or hands) under the table jacked him off, back and forth, for nearly half an hour.

In truth, there was a lot of kissing, licking, and blowing on his erection from the very beginning. Still, the pretense was that it was just a handjob.

Katherine left for a while, taking the digital camera to the den. She wanted to see the pictures from the fashion show and she wanted to see them right away, and she had time to spare whenever Susan was taking her latest turns on Alan's crotch. After transferring the pictures to the computer, she could have enjoyed viewing them at a very large size on the computer monitor, but she didn't do that. She knew it would be much more enjoyable as a group experience. Thus, she got out the special paper they had for photos, and printed out eight-by-ten glossy copies of every one.

The printing high-quality color prints took extra time. So from time to time, while Susan was having another turn with Alan's cock, Katherine would rush to the den next door to check on the printing and get sneak peeks of how they looked.

Finally, after over thirty pictures were printed, she gathered them up and rushed back into the dining room, waving them up high. "Hey! Check it out! Look what I've got!"bender

Katherine pulled a chair up next to Alan, while Susan sat on the other side. They jointly stroked his cock, leaving it up to him to flip from picture to picture.

More than half of the pictures featured Brenda. Susan took a bunch of close-ups of her giving Alan a blow and then a titfuck, and there were more of her cummy face.

After they'd looked through most of those, Susan commented, "Son, you really scored with her! She's going to make a great addition to your harem."

"Hey," he complained. "Who ever said I have a harem?"

Undeterred, Susan went on, "Whatever you want to call it, she's going to be a great addition. Look at her body! As you go through life fucking dozens if not hundreds of different women, I'll bet you'll never find anyone with a body as outrageous as hers. But more than that, look at her passion." She flipped through the pictures with her spare hand until she found one showing a particularly passionate expression on Brenda's face as she sucked Alan's cock.

Katherine held that picture up closer to her face, and whistled in appreciation. "Wow, you said it! That's passion for you. She's totally enthralled, deep in the throes of pure ecstasy!"

Susan took that picture back and gave it a closer look as well. "Mmmm! I sure know how THAT feels!"

Katherine giggled. "Me too! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Mother and daughter stared into Alan's lap, where their hands were sliding up and down on his shaft as one. Susan licked her lips hungrily. "Mmmm! So much!"

Alan chuckled. "Hold your horses. This is JUST a handjob, okay? Speaking of 'pure ecstasy,' believe it or not, that's what I'm trying to avoid this morning. I don't want to stagger into class totally mentally blown away from too much pleasure, as I often do."

"Oh, poo," Susan pouted weakly. But she added, "You're right. School comes first. That said... let's look at the rest of the pictures!"

"Oooh! Yes!" Katherine led the way, going through the next batch in such a way that all three of them could easily view them. These were of the fashion show performances, mostly, though there were a few focused on the "penis tending." Each woman's outfit typically had one picture taken of it, mostly thanks to Susan wanting to document the event. However, she hadn't been that focused on picture taking, so there rarely was more than one.

The final three pictures were the ones Alan took of Susan and Suzanne with their cummy faces and chests after the conclusion of their pivotal double blowjob experience.

Katherine and Alan were impressed and aroused. Susan was too, but she was emotionally moved as well. Her voice was full of passion as she took her favorite of the three and gave it a close look. "Tiger, thank you SO MUCH for remembering to document that very special moment of our lives. I'm going to treasure these pictures in particular, forever! When I think about how magical it was, my tongue dancing on your sweet spot with Suzanne's longer one touching mine... Oh! I'm so moved just thinking about it that I almost want to cry!"

Susan was so overcome by lust and emotion that she couldn't take it anymore. She bent down into his lap and engulfed his cockhead in her mouth. Then she started bobbing on his stiffness, channeling all her love and passion into her oral effort.

Before Alan could complain, Katherine pre-empted him by saying, "Now, Mom. I'm sure Brother doesn't mind, since he can see how emotionally worked up you are. BUT! You've got to take it easy on him! If he can't keep eating his cereal, then you're doing it too intensely."

Alan was gritting his teeth as a great surge of arousal washed through him. All he could manage to say was, "Yeah! What she said!"

Susan realized that Katherine had a point. She wanted to be a good mother and make sure she had a full breakfast while also not being so mentally blown away to be distracted in school. So she soon settled down. She was careful to take it easy and mostly just lightly suckled on him.

After about a minute of her more relaxed style, he also was able to relax enough to resume eating his bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios.

Katherine noticed the change in her style, and joked, "Well, Bro, looks like we're gonna see how 'stealth sucking' works out. Think you can handle it?"

He was so used to her treatment and so accustomed to multitasking now, that he just nodded and kept eating. However, all the stroking and sucking felt great despite the languid pace.

Chapter 733 Devious Kath And Susan

Katherine had finished eating a while ago already, so she continued to admire the pictures. She commented, "We need more picture taking. Boy, are Brenda going to love these!"

Susan let out a muffled squeal as she sucked. Already, she couldn't wait to show the photos to Brenda. She was sure that would take place later in the day.

That gave her an idea. She was so excited about that she briefly pulled her lips off her son's shaft to explain. "Quick, Angel! Can you do me a super big favor?"

"What?"

"Grab the camera, take some more pictures of us, and then print them out before you go. I'm going to show these to Brenda later, and I'd love to have some more showing her how we do breakfast around here."

Katherine acted a bit put out. She tried to negotiate, "Only if you take some pics of me sucking him too. And some of us sucking him together!"

Susan looked up to Alan hopefully as she lapped on his sweet spot. "That's up to your brother."

He gave a reluctant nod. "Okay. You know I'd love more pics like that too. Just don't get too excited with all the sucking."

Katherine got up to do all that. She was more excited that she let on. After all, she had been the one who had just said "we need more picture taking," and she meant it. Plus, it gave her a good excuse to get in some quality cocksucking time.

Sure enough, a very enjoyable photo session followed. Susan and Katherine started out fully clothed, but about twenty pictures later, they were both topless and tightly wedged in between his thighs,

lapping on his shaft and taking turns bobbing on it too. Alan had to be the one to take pictures from his viewpoint up above, since nobody else was free to do it.

After he put the camera down, he shook his head and laughed. "Remember how things were going to stay restrained? What happened to that?"

Katherine had been suckling on one of his balls, but she pulled off and looked up to make eye contact. "Hey, what's the problem? You finished eating breakfast, we took some sexy pics, we've got some spare time to get a little more into the sexy fun, and you're still not so overwhelmed that you'll stumble down the school halls in a daze. So it's win-win all around!"

He considered that, and admitted, "Yeah, I suppose you're right. I'm a pretty lucky son of a bitch, aren't I?"

Both Susan and Katherine could only respond with muffled "Mmmm!" sounds, since they were busy sucking on his cockhead and balls respectively.

Eventually, Katherine had to leave the room to print the photos out. That needed to be done before school since she didn't think Susan knew how to do it.

Finally, mere minutes before Alan finally had to go to school, he waited until Katherine returned with the new print outs. Then he matter-of-factly said to Susan, "I'm ready to blow now. Assume the position." He pushed his chair back so she could really go at it.

Susan quickly dropped between his knees. She giggled happily, "'Assume the position.' I like the sound of that. Did you hear that, Angel? Tiger is really getting to be such a man! He's taking complete command around here. Son, please always say that when you want my help."

Noticing that Susan was still wearing jeans, Katherine helpfully suggested, "Mom, you should get totally naked, if only for a minute. There's no telling where his cum might fly. Remember that I have say over what you wear, so consider that an order."

Susan smiled from ear to ear as she quickly yanked her jeans off. "Great idea! But only for a minute, of course."

Alan knew the danger of any of his cum getting on Susan's jeans was slim to non-existent. He couldn't even see any of her jeans from where he was sitting. But he knew how much Susan loved sucking him while buck naked, so he didn't put up any objection.

He groaned lustily as Susan briefly stood up and shimmied out of her tight jeans. Katherine leaned in from the side and bobbed on his thickness more than a few times while Susan made a sexy production out of semi-striptease. He groaned even more as Susan knelt back in position and made another production out of letting her huge tits slowly bounce back into place.

As Susan resumed holding and stroking Alan's hot pole, she turned to Katherine with a big, heartfelt smile. "Thanks for keeping Alan Junior warm for me."

"My pleasure. Literally!" Katherine giggled.

Then Susan engulfed his throbbing thickness all over again. Except that this time, she didn't just gently suckle on it, she sucked with great suction and licked with vigor and skill. Both her hands worked his balls as well. She was in seventh heaven.

She desperately needed a big sweet spermy load to soften the blow that intercourse with her son would have to wait still longer. She knew that if she told him that she was starting her period soon and this was the last day for a few days for them to fuck, her son would gladly drop all of his schoolwork and stay in bed to fuck her all day. But she also knew that, as a mother, she couldn't intentionally cause him to fail his classes, so it was better that he didn't know.

Alan didn't immediately shoot his load. His mother's tongue and lips felt so good on his pulsing boner that he couldn't help but use his PC muscle and prolong the experience.

Susan had to resort to using all her tricks to get him to blow, but she didn't mind in the slightest. Every minute with his penis in her mouth was another minute of pure heaven for her, and she loved the challenge of trying to get him to cum. It was like a fun game or sport for her, especially since she was racing against the clock to get her kids to school on time.

She curled her tongue around his erection and tried to essentially jack him off inside her mouth, using her tongue, while her lips continued to suck. She didn't have an exceptionally long tongue like Suzanne

or Xania to actually do it, but she made up for that with her enthusiasm. It was fantastic for both of them, but she couldn't hold it for more than a couple of seconds at a time.

However, the kids had to get to school and the time was ticking.

Katherine took command and came at Alan from behind. She mock sighed. "Brother, Brother, Brother. Big Tomahawk Missile Brother. What's it going to take to get you to cum?" She licked his neck and ear, and breathed her sweet breath into his face. "Brother, your sister and your mother are slaaaaaaves to your cock. What do you think of that?" She licked her way closer to his mouth.

Suddenly, Katherine said to Susan, "Mom! Things are getting urgent! The way I figure, we've only got about ten minutes to get him to blow, and for Brother, that's hardly any time at all. We need to step up the attack! Is it okay if I join you for some more dual blowjob action?"

Susan pulled off to say, "It's alright with me. After what happened last night, not only have I h given up trying to stop those, I've become a number one fan! Two tongues are better than one, in so many ways. But you need permission from your master. Er, I mean your Brother." She winked up at Alan, showing that that slip-up wasn't so accidental.

Katherine quickly got in position on her knees next to Susan. As she moved there, she asked, "Brother, pleeeeeeasse? You know how sad I am that I missed out on last night's big midnight snack adventure? If I miss out again, I'm gonna be really sad. Pleeeeeeeaaaaaasse?!"

He shook his head and smiled at the same time. "Well, I suppose we've thrown the whole stealth thing aside for now, so what the heck. Go for it."

"Yeay!" Katherine was still wearing shorts, but she got out of them in a flash. She skipped the striptease altogether, due to time running out.

Seemingly seconds after he said "Go for it," mother and sister were squeezed in tightly between his legs. Katherine engulfed as much of his shaft as she could, going down enough to flirt with triggering her gag reflex. Meanwhile, Susan took turns sucking on each of his balls until she got her next turn with his cockhead.

At some point, Alan glance at the clock and realized it was well past time to leave. He was going to be late for sure. Then he recalled how Katherine mentioned they only had ten minutes left a few minutes ago, and Susan hadn't contradicted her. He put two and two together, and realized he'd been tricked: either Susan or Katherine had reset the clock before he came downstairs to give them extra sucking time.

He was the opposite of upset about it though, since he was having such a great time. From his point of view, it was like he was able to make the clock stop for ten minutes or so.

But eventually, even his "bonus time" ran out. His mother and sister did everything in their power to get him to cum, making it impossible for him to hold out even if he wanted to. Then, just to be sure, Susan soon employed a "secret weapon," lightly scraping his cockhead with her teeth on top of all her usual lip and tongue technique.

That was the final straw for him. Since Susan was the one sucking on him at the time, she took half of his cum in her mouth and half on her face. She explained afterwards, "Gotta save a snack for later."

She turned to Katherine and said, "Sorry, darling. I would have give you half, which is only fair, but with you heading to school in a couple of minutes, it would be a shame to have you have to wash it off. But I was thinking of you."

With that, she leaned in and gave Katherine a big French kiss. In doing so, she revealed that she'd saved nearly all the cum that had been shot into her mouth. Mother and daughter joyously snowballed the delicious treat back and forth.

When they finally ran out of cum, Katherine broke the kiss and helpfully cleaned Susan's face with her lapping tongue.

Susan still couldn't get up while her daughter was doing that, so she immediately started licking his penis and balls clean.

He was feeling dazed and exhausted after that intense orgasm. But he was struggling to keep his eyes open and stay alert, thinking that he had to stand up and rush off as soon as he could physically manage it. Looking down into his lap, he said, "Mom, you don't have time for that. School! Remember?"

She gave him a naughty grin while lapping on his balls. "Son, I have a confession to make. We set the clock back a little bit. There's just enough time to give you a proper cleaning. I have it all worked out."

He said, "Yeah, I figured that out. But I remember what time it was when I left my room. Even with your clock trick, there's still not enough time! I need to go!"

Susan just grinned as she slurped. "Relax. I set that clock back a little bit too."bender

He tilted his head back and had a good laugh at that surprise. Much of tension due to his worry about being late left him. He let out a long contented sigh.

Katherine was still wedged in between Susan and one of his legs. With nothing else to do, she got busy "cleaning" his privates too.

Susan nodded in approval at her daughter. Then she looked back up to her son. "Tiger, I'm sorry I tricked you with the clocks, but it was kind of necessary. There's simply not enough time to properly take care of your cock, especially in the morning. it's getting to the point where I wonder if someday you'll be able to simply delay your cum forever. Angel, tell me, how on Earth can we conquer his cock?"

Katherine responded, "Mom, you have the wrong attitude. Keep in mind that we can never conquer his cock. It can only conquer us, and it does so repeatedly! The best we can do is sate its needs for a few hours, if we're lucky. It's like an ever-demanding and relentless volcano god, constantly demanding the sacrifice of busty virgins to prevent an eruption."

She thought about her metaphor, and joked, "Except, for some reason, all the virgins we give him makes him erupt more often." After giggling, she continued seriously, "That's why he needs so many of us to help. I figure double and triple blowjobs will soon become the rule of the day around here, because his tolerance and stamina will only grow, until nothing else will stimulate him enough to get him to shoot his wad."

Susan sighed, but her distress was completely feigned. She said, "Oh, poo. I suppose you're right. But it just can't be helped. You're so right about his cock conquering us. We should practice sharing his cock as often as we can, so we can get really good at being a mother-daughter cocksucking team."

Katherine agreed. "Yep. We can work on bananas when he's not around. Learning how to share a cock is an art, I think. But I'm totally into sharing, especially with Amy. She makes it extra fun. I hope she and I can do that ALL the time."

Susan said, "Any two women can slather their tongues all over a cock, and Tiger's is so big that there's plenty of room to share. But true coordination is an art, like you said. For instance, the way you blew on his sweet spot while I lashed it with my tongue yesterday. That was brilliant!"

"Why, thank you," Katherine said proudly.

Susan asked as she kept "cleaning" his privates, "Tiger, did you like that, when we did that? Did that make your big cock tingle with extra pleasure?"

He growled unhappily, "You know it did. But can we not talk about that right now? I feel like things are getting out of control here. Mom, your big tits are bouncing all over the place, and between the way you're cleaning me so thoroughly and all this talk about sharing my dick, I'm liable to get erect again."

Katherine jokingly let out an overly dramatic gasp. "Oh no! That would be TERRIBLE!" Then she burst into giggles.

He gave her an unhappy look. "It is a problem, when we're literally out of time." Then he asked Susan, "Is it really so necessary to clean my privates so thoroughly each and every time I cum?"

She said earnestly, "I assure you, it's VERY necessary! Why, don't you enjoy it?"

"Of course I do, but that's not the point. I mean, how is it cleaning in the first place? How do you clean saliva with more saliva? It seems more like an excuse for you to lick my balls for a few more minutes."

"Well, there is that," she conceded as she kept licking and fondling his balls. "But I can't just let you go to school with a cummy and sticky dick, can I? I mean, what's a girl like Christine going to think when you whip out your cock for her to suck and it's sticky from having obviously been thoroughly licked before?"

Katherine replied, "If she's anything like me, she'll be shocked at your audacity at first. But then she'll get all hot and bothered and probably give him a really passionate combo suck and titfuck with those firm pale orbs of hers to prove that she's a little better than whoever the mystery girl who sucked you last is. I mean, how many guys have the balls to do that? I think he should leave his cock wet and sticky all the time, to show that it's been recently sucked by someone else."

He stood up, forcing Susan to end her cleaning efforts. "Okay, that's enough cleaning. First off, Christine isn't gonna do that to me today, or ever. I think both of you are deliberately talking about her in some desperate Hail Mary attempt to get me erect again, even though we CLEARLY should be leaving!"

Both of them turned away, their faces showing obvious guilt.

He sighed. "And what happened to the stealth approach?" He slapped his hands together. "I shouldn't have to be the one to say this, but let's get a move on! Can we return our efforts to getting ready for school? Both of you, please put some clothes back on, so I can think."

"Yes, dear." She got up and did her best to go back into "mothering" mode.

From that point on, the family was all business, working at double time to get dressed and out the door, to make up for their lollygagging.

As Alan stuffed his books in his backpack, he was already thinking past his school day to future sexual possibilities. He was mindful of the fact that it was a Monday and he and Katherine had plans to have another S-Club meeting after school now that the two of them were no longer technically grounded. In other words, it was high time for another threesome at Kim's house.

Susan also figured she had a big day ahead, though she didn't suspect how it fit into Suzanne's plans for her. One thing Suzanne got Xania to say was that Susan should have an immediate medical appointment with Akami to see if her sexual response fell in the normal range. The real reason for the appointment was that Suzanne wanted to speed Susan's lesbian experiences further along. She hoped that Akami would go all the way with Susan first, so the horny mother wouldn't blame Suzanne for corrupting her.

Furthermore, Suzanne was also continuing to conspire to keep Alan and his mother from having sex. She hoped that she could keep Susan so busy with vibrators and lesbian sex that her friend wouldn't lose control and get properly fucked by Alan before Suzanne wanted her to. Today was especially important,

since Suzanne knew Susan's period was coming up. She planned to have Susan's pussy so thoroughly violated and sore by the end of the school day that Susan would have no choice but to postpone her fucking until another day, and then Susan's period would delay things for a couple more days. Suzanne didn't know about Alan's homework problem, but if she had she would have welcomed the news with open arms.

But what Suzanne didn't expect when the appointment was made for Friday was just how many lesbian experiences Susan would have had in the few days between. Especially given the fashion show the night before, it was clear that Susan had already been thoroughly "corrupted" with lesbian urges. Still, so far it had all been kissing and groping - Susan had yet to do something serious such as eat another woman out. Luck gave Akami the opportunity to be the one to help with the next steps in Susan's continuing sexual education.

When Susan made her appointment, Akami realized she had been given a gift on a silver platter. Susan had her appointment at 9 a.m. on Monday, a time where the office was normally full of patients. But the nurse immediately called up all the other patients scheduled for around that time and had their appointments rescheduled. Even the frumpy receptionist was given the morning off.

Dr. Fredrickson had no objections to rescheduling, thanks to his habit of secretly watching the Plummer medical visits for his own sexual pleasures.

Chapter 734 Sultan Alan

Brenda woke with a start. She sensed there was something important going on, but she couldn't figure out just what. Then the events of the previous night hit her like a truck. Actually, it was more like a convoy of trucks rolling over her. Every time she thought she'd remembered the "worst," yet another humiliating but oh-so-arousing incident came back to her.

Damn! She sat up in bed, breathing heavily. Her flashback was so emotionally intense that she had to struggle for air.

She just sat there for a long time, absorbing the entire situation and not thinking about anything in particular. The emotions washing over her were almost more than she could deal with. The problem was that she was feeling euphoria and crushing sadness in almost equal measure.

Finally, she leaned her bare back against the headboard and sighed heavily. What have I done?! I got tamed! TAMED! Dammit, that's seriously fucked up!

I'm so completely and utterly screwed. No matter what happens now, I'm doomed! On the one hand, I can just walk away and never visit the Plummer house again. No, run! Run away, far away, as fast as I can! Then I might still have a chance at a normal life.

Or, I could accept my fate. My shameful fate of life as a submissive sex pet. An honest to God pet who lives to serve another. And let's face it, that's what's gonna happen. Thinking about that first option, I can't really take it seriously. After all, my master tamed me. When he spanked me... OOOH! I get the most wonderful chills, just thinking about it! There's no going back from that. Not unless he rejects me somehow, because my life is in his hands.

Plus, there's the fact that I just unthinkingly called Alan "my master." Because that's how I think of him. That's what he IS! He just doesn't know it yet, 'cos I'm too scared to tell him.

So I'm doomed. Nothing will ever be the same again. I might as well wear a big sign around my neck that says "SEX FREAK," because that's how I feel. Then again, I'm so messed up that I'd probably get off on that. I sure got off on the way Alan made me wear his dried cum on my face last night, which isn't much different.

She smiled blissfully and ran her fingers across her face, as if she could still feel the strands and gobs of cum there. So much cum, sweet spermy cum... I wish I could take a bath in it...

But then her body twitched with alarm, setting her huge melons shaking. Somehow, fantasizing about a cum bath make her think about Adrian taking his usual morning shower. Oh God! What am I going to do about Aidy?! And Anika, for that matter? How long will it be before my humiliating secret comes out? And then how will I be able to look either of them in the eyes? With Anika, I suppose it wouldn't be that terrible if she thinks bad of me, but I'm Aidy's mom. He looks up to me and respects me!

Speaking of which, what time is it?! She looked around in panic until her gaze settled on her alarm clock. SHIT! I slept in! She clutched painfully tightly at her bare chest, as if punishing herself a little bit could help. I totally missed feeding my son breakfast and getting him ready for school. I'm such a terrible mother. Thank God I have Anika, at least. I'm sure she took care of everything.

But that's part of the problem too. I have too much money, which means too many people helping me all the time. I've cut way back on the staff, but even so I must admit I'm too spoiled to do everything myself. I'm like a bird in a gilded cage. I could fly off at any time, but it's just too comfortable here.

Let's face it, my life has been in a rut for a long time. Until my master came along, the only bright spot really has been Aidy, but Anika is so damn efficient and insistent on doing everything that he hardly needs me, except as moral support. This morning is a good case in point. One could almost say I have no purpose in life, and when Aidy goes to college in a couple of years I really will have no purpose. Sit around and get old...

But now, everything's changed. For the first time in my life, I feel such a strong sense of purpose that it takes my breath away: to serve my master!

She sighed again, looking down at her naked body. She even kicked her sheets further down the bed so she could get a fuller view. You could say that Suzanne picked me out of the crowd because of my unusually curvy, sexy body, but I think there's a lot more to it than that. She's so smart; nothing gets past her. She can stare into my soul and see my profound unhappiness. Somehow, she knew. She could see everything that was happening to me, and she knew that serving a master is what I needed, deep down. Obviously, my body was my foot in the door, but there are countless other beautiful women she could have chosen and she picked me. I'm SURE she knew exactly what she was doing.

But the question is, what do I do now? I've been fucking tamed! Ironically, I bet that Master is clueless about what last night meant to me, but Susan must have a pretty good idea, and I'm sure Suzanne does too. I'm committed now. I'm not sure how it happened, but my future is all about serving and pleasuring Alan and his magnificent cock!

She searched her feelings. There it is! Ever since I've woken up, even with all these powerful emotions rocking me like a hurricane, demanding my full attention, I nonetheless feel this constant craving, this profound need, to do something for his cock. Put it in my mouth, or between my tits, or in my pussy, or even in my ass! Gaawwwd, even my ass! That's how far gone I am. At least hold it and stroke it, for crying out loud! I need it! I need to please it!

It's actually a really annoying sensation, because I crave it so badly and he's not here! In fact, at this very moment I'll bet he's sitting at his dining room table eating breakfast while Susan or Katherine are kneeling naked between his legs jacking him off. Or even sucking him off! Heck, he has such a powerful, insatiable cock that I'll bet both of them are endlessly licking it!

She grabbed her erect nipples and yanked on them. I could go crazy thinking about all the wonderful ways they're keeping it stiff and hot and pulsing with pleasure. Oh sweet Jesus! Have mercy!

She slid a hand between her hefty boobs and used her arms to press them tightly together.

If I were there, I'd want him to fuck my tits, for starters... I could see a special sparkle of delight in his eyes when he did that last night. Susan and Katherine would watch, burning with envy... Or maybe they'd help out and pull on my nipples, and even lick his cockhead clean when it peeks out the top! Wow! Or what if they both sucked on my nipples while I bent my head down and crammed all of his cockhead in my mouth, and then swirled my tongue all over and around it?! Good God! The possibilities are endless!

She found herself almost panting with anticipation, and forced herself to calm down.

Sadly, the Plummer house is so close, yet so far away. All I can do is sit here feeling lonely and horny. Chances are I won't get to see him AT ALL today! I can already tell that my new sex pet life is going to be divided into seemingly endless waiting and then brief bursts of pure joy when I get to be with him and serve him. Let the waiting begin. UGH!

My only tangible sign that last night really happened is this funny feeling tingling in my pussy. Well, that and a slightly sore jaw from sucking him so damn long. Boy, that really was a wonderful suck-fest! I'm really going to have to exercise my jaw muscles until I build up endurance like Susan has managed to do.

She reached down and gingerly fingered her slit. I can't believe I'm still sore there after a full night's sleep - when I didn't even get fucked. This ache is just from cumming and cumming and cumming over and over again. Damn!

An erotic memory from the fashion show hit her like a slap on the face, sending jolts of electric arousal throughout her body. Her thoughts rushed together as she tried to put them into words. Like when he had my naked body lying across his lap like a little girl's and he was wailing on my ass, and then I heard his zipper unzipping and I just knew he was going to fuck me to death once he was done putting me in my place, and I started cumming and cumming and it was all so much that I passed out! Phew!

She laughed out loud as she considered, And to think that just a few weeks ago I wasn't even that interested in sex! I mean, it was good, but not literally 'make me see stars' good. I guess it's the delicious submission that makes all the difference. Well, that and his huge cock, plus his endless stamina, and his handsome face, and how smart he is, or how kind yet firm. God, just everything about him!

But for now, let me bask in the joy of the submission! Mmmm... For instance, when I suck his cock, it's so much more than just a woman giving a man a blowjob. It's like he's this regal sultan and I'm just one of his many harem slaves. I have to put all my heart and soul into making his cock tower hum with arousal or I might not even get noticed. I'd have to dance, and crawl, and show my total devotion!

What a great fantasy, because that's exactly what I am: a harem slave! Just like in the days of old! She vividly imagined herself dressed in golden jewelry and bracelets and little else, as she was chosen to dance for her master while no less than four of his other slaves jointly licked his shaft. Those four others looked just like Susan, Suzanne, Katherine, and Amy.

Without consciously thinking about it, her inspection of her sore pussy was turning into a masturbation session. Mmmm. That reminds me of that wonderful "Sultan Alan" dream I told Susan about. To think that it's coming true for me already, here in modern suburbia! Of course, what happened to me last night for real is even better food for thought. Like the way he forced me to say "I am Alan's sex pet!" in front of everybody! WOW! One of the best and worst moments of my entire life, somehow at once!

But wait. I can't let myself replay those memories, or I'm gonna get too worked up. I'm getting far too thirsty for his spermy cream as it is. I have some serious thinking to do about my future. I can't stop to remember the way he spanked me so hard-

Oh God! He spanked me so damn hard! That was the BEST! She consciously realized what her fingers were doing, so she started pumping deeper in her juicy slit. I can't believe such a young man is so cheeky. So powerful! One forceful slap after another. UGH! I can almost feel it all over again. He really showed me my place!

She briefly kicked her legs up in the air as she felt another rush of arousal. Aaaah... It feels SO good! But I can't do this, not now! Aidy could still be downstairs, about to head for school. I should at least say goodbye. But it's just... too hot! I can't help myself! I'm such a bad, bad person. I'm turning into someone else, some kind of shameless slut, and the problem is that I like it!

Her fingers were pumping steady and deep now.

I have to... control my urges! It's a cop-out to say I can't decide my own fate just because Alan tamed me already. I DO have free will. I can stop playing with myself and think. I can!

She'd been rolling her clit between her fingers with one hand while digging into her slit with the other, but she forcibly withdrew her hands and pinned them behind her back.bender

There, that's better. Although... Dammit, this submissive position gets me way too horny too!

She arched her back, thrusting her big tits forward. She imagined herself in the middle of the Plummer living room with her arms crossed behind her just as they were at that moment. She was standing, but then she heard Alan say "Assume the position!" and she dropped to her knees. That set off another rush of arousal, even though she wasn't touching her privates in any way. Oh God! The three hottest words in the English language: "Assume the position!" No, "Suck my cock" is better. No, "Fuck me, slave!" is even better!

She started to reach for her clit, but then forcibly replaced her hand behind her back. NO! I don't care how arousing that is, I have to think with a clear head. This is important. The fact is, Alan is not all powerful. I know I exaggerate him in my mind. I CAN decide my own fate.

She sat still for a moment, just to make sure she wasn't going to resume masturbating. Let's get to the big question. What's the point of this life? What do I want? That's easy. I want to be happy and I want to be loved. Somehow, I wound up very rich, but that hasn't made me happy at all. And I've tried living a normal life in not one but two marriages, and that hasn't fulfilled me either or made me feel loved. True, raising Aidy has been my one great joy and my one true success, but let's be honest, that doesn't take up much of my time anymore, now that he's getting older. Between his school and homework and spending time on the computer and whatnot, I'm at loose ends most of the day.

With the money I have, it's pointless to look for a job. I've tried doing charity work, but that hasn't fulfilled me. Besides, Aidy will be going to college before you know it... Someone as wealthy as I am should be deliriously happy, right? And what would make me happier than pleasuring Alan's cock and keeping him happy? Nothing, that's what!

I know people would say that's not right, but frankly I don't give a flying fuck!

She removed her hands from behind her back. Within seconds, one was back gently twisting her clit. When I think how he treated me last night, the way he made me service his great cock with my big tits, and then suck and lick him for so very long... THAT'S what I want!

I want to visit the Plummer house every day. I want Susan to be my new best friend, and learn from her how to be a better sex pet. I want to learn from Mistress Suzanne too - she's a living goddess! It seems so right when she tells me what to do. I'd like more of that. Everyone there is great. Katherine and Amy are wonderful. But mostly, I want to be the best fuck pet I can be for my man, my master. Alan! God, I want to churn my hips on his stiff snake so damn bad! I can't wait for him to blast a hot cummy load deep in my TWAT! Yes, slutty women like me have twats, not vaginas. I want him to tie me up and then spank me, HARD! And then fuck the living shit out of me!

She was working her clit aggressively, with her massive globes heaving all over the place. I want to spend hours and hours kneeling next to Susan, together working magic on his fuck stick with our combined tongue attack. And then do the same with Mistress Suzanne, and the girls, and even other totally strange women who qualify as "Alan-worthy." I want to dance naked for him, and crawl to him on my hands and knees, and humiliate myself in public for him in a thousand different ways. I want his cock to LIVE between my tits! I want my jaw to feel constantly sore from too much sucking, and I want the smell of his cum always on my breath and in my cleavage. I even want to eventually give him my anal virginity, after he's spanked the hell out of my butt again!

She sensuously ran her free hand over her immense breasts. I certainly have the body for it. I have the right mentality for it too. This is my natural calling, to serve a superior cock! I'm not doomed after all. In fact, there's hope! And so much promise!

Sure, I know it's going to cause me lots of hardship, dealing with the fallout. The situation with Aidy is going to be especially tricky. But I'm confident that once he sees how happy and fulfilled I am, he'll support me. Anika will roll with the punches, as always. As for everyone else, they can all fuck off! Any of those fuddy-duddies would sell their souls for one night of endless, extreme pleasure like I had last night. You can keep your societal norms; I'd rather have a face splattered with sweet cum!

Her body writhed as she fondled her tits and pussy without restraint. Mmmm. And then I want him to cum again... all the way inside me! Drill my cunt hard! Hard and deep! And then pull out and cum on my tits! HNGGG! Yes! To match my pearly facial... Mmmm, AH! Master... Squirt it, squirt it! Paint me! Keep me naked and covered in cum, like you did last night... always! Always naked and cummy! UGH! UH! So good!

She sighed happily, even as she was working herself up to a monstrous climax. Yes, I've been tamed. I'm a full-grown "perfect ten" woman, and a multimillionaire no less, yet I find myself effectively owned by an eighteen-year-old high school student. And I'm okay with that. In fact, I've never felt better! If I was alone in this, I'd probably be worrying that I'm going crazy, but I'm not alone.

Who says that submissive sex isn't fulfilling? The more I give, the more I receive. Susan is my shining example, and things are working out beautifully for her. Besides, everyone in that house is so supportive. It's not just the hot, sweaty sex there that's got me hooked; it's all the love. I feel like I can do anything, and find true happiness, if I just hitch myself to their cart.

She resolved to put her worries to rest. She knew she still had problems galore, most especially her concern that Alan might not even want her to be around very much. That was such an awful prospect that she refused to even contemplate it, at least for the moment.

Besides, she'd worked herself up into a lather. This was a time to celebrate her taming. She knew she wasn't going to get out of bed until she'd had at least a number of great orgasms as she fantasized about getting fucked by her would-be master, eventually in every hole.

Chapter 735 Naughty Time With Nurse Akami

Susan showed up at Doctor Fredrickson's office right at 9 a.m. She dressed very conservatively, underwear and all, the way she still dressed whenever outside the house.

Akami greeted her, and told her that the receptionist was sick.

Susan thought everything was normal, as she had no way of knowing that there weren't any patients in any of the other rooms.

Dr. Fredrickson passed by the waiting room and said hello, which also assured Susan that the situation wasn't unusual.

Akami led her into the same room Alan had been examined in, and had her sit on the examination table where Susan had stared at Alan's penis so intently only a few weeks previously.

Susan's mind boggled as she recalled what happened then, and how much had changed since.

Akami looked at her medical chart intently. "I see here that we have a request from a psychologist in Los Angeles that we check to see if your sexual reactions are normal. How curious. Apparently there is some concern that you may be becoming a nymphomaniac. Is that true?"

Susan closed her eyes and recalled the fashion show the night before. She shamefacedly whispered, "Yes." Having to dress up in "normal" clothing and leave the house had put her in a bit of a prudish mood.

"Could this be related to the medical treatment of your son? His need for stimulation six times a day?"

Susan grew a bit peeved. "You know it is! Don't blame me, you of all people. This crazy scheme was all your idea, you and Dr. Fredrickson!"

"Now, now, don't worry," Akami soothed. "We're not here to pass any judgments. Anyway, can you honestly tell me that if you had to do it all over again, you wouldn't have agreed to the treatment regimen, just the same? Honestly?"

Even as Akami said this, she took her stethoscope out and began probing Susan's body with it through her clothes, as if she could test truthfulness with it. She did place it on a few of the usual spots, but she curiously seemed mostly interested in placing them on and around Susan's nipples.

Susan's nipples poked up to full erection in a matter of seconds.

Susan was silent, but under Akami's withering stare and probing, she finally and meekly answered, "Yes. Yes, I would gladly do it all over again. You know that already." She added in her mind, How could I live without pleasuring my son's cock? I get shivers of fear just thinking about a bleak future like that!

Akami was reassuring. "Like I said, no judgments here. To be honest, if I were in your shoes, I think I'd do the same. That Alan is such a hunk, and he sure knows how to please a woman. You have to admit that he has a pretty big and tasty cock." She was working on getting Susan aroused, and kept rocking the stethoscope back and forth over Susan's stiff right nipple.

"Erm, well, I suppose, um, there's no denying that."

"No there isn't."

"Excuse me, nurse, but you just called his member a 'cock.' Isn't the medically correct term a 'penis?'"

"Sure... for most people. But in his case, don't you think 'cock' is much more fitting? Normal guys have a penis, but some special, extra-virile guys have a cock. Such as Alan, of course."

"That's true," Susan agreed.

Akami smiled, secretly pleased at how easy it was to manipulate Susan's submissiveness. "I have to admit that I can't believe my luck with Alan's case. I mean, that I've been able to repeatedly suck him off and even fuck him, and all as part of his medical treatment--"

Susan interrupted. "You mean 'fuck you.'"

"Excuse me?!"

"Alan doesn't get fucked; he's the fucker. He fucks you. And it's not just a grammatical thing; he takes charge! My Tiger takes complete control! Resistance is useless!"

Akami grinned. She could see Susan was getting quite worked up already. "Quite right. My mistake. He definitely fucked me deep and long while I just hung on for dear life! Now let's get started on your examination. Please unbutton your blouse and remove your skirt and underwear."

Susan did so without thinking. Taking off her clothes came to her easily now, especially when she was ordered to do so. In fact, she found it a great relief to shed what she felt was the unnecessarily heavy and constraining clothing that she wore in the outside world. The only reason she wore such unrevealing clothes was because Alan was the only man she wanted to see her looking sexy.

Susan's mood changed as she shed her clothes. When she'd first started coming to see Akami with Alan, she was extremely flustered to have to take any clothes off in what she considered a semi-public place. But now her prudish ways literally came off along with her clothing. The idea of being naked away from home greatly excited her, if it was with someone safe like Akami.

But Susan was nonetheless nervous at how far things would go. She knew the "testing for nymphomania" purpose meant the appointment would get sexual, and she expected that. But she was shy to do any more than grope and kiss with another female. She asked while she finished undressing, "Nurse, what will this examination entail, exactly?"

"We are going to subject you to an exam called the Tompkins-Burnstein Battery. You are subjected to a series of stimulations and give a response from one to ten on how stimulated you feel. One is no stimulation, and ten is the greatest sexual stimulation you've ever felt. Try to think back on an event that would rate a ten right now to get a sense of the scale. Then we'll compare your responses to the national average."

Akami was more or less making this up as she went along, including the name of the test. She knew Susan was normally fairly smart (at least when not in her now typical senselessly horny state), but also extremely naïve and gullible on sexual matters. This no doubt was a lingering effect of the extreme prudishness Susan had exhibited most of her life. Years of conditioning couldn't be completely eradicated in a matter of weeks.

Akami aggressively probed her bare nipples with the stethoscope.

Chills ran up and down Susan's spine, because the cold metal rocking all over her nipple felt so electrifying and arousing.

Akami was impatient to replace the implement with her own hands, but realized she still needed a thin veneer of decorum while warming Susan up.

Susan gasped, "Nurse, when you do that, it feels really, really... good! I think my nipples are super sensitive, because if they're touched at all, or even rubbed by my clothes, I get extremely horny. And if Tiger, er, I mean Alan, looks at them, they seem to heat up and tingle, and that makes my pussy tingle, and then I need to suck his cock so badly that I can hardly stand it!"

Akami knew that Susan did have unusually sensitive nipples, which was unusual for someone with such large breasts. But she pretended uncertainty. "Hmmm." She reached out and pinched both of Susan's nipples at once.

"Aaaah!" Susan squealed. "Please don't! If you keep doing that, I'm gonna, gonna cum!"

"What, you mean you find this arousing?" She rolled Susan's nipples between her fingers, and then pinched them some more.

Susan squirmed and writhed as her chest heaved. "Ah! Oh! MMMM! Please! No!"

As Akami continued to play with Susan's nipples, she asked, "Now, what if you close your eyes and imagine I'm Alan?"

As soon as Susan closed her eyes, she shrieked. She wiggled so vigorously that Akami had a hard time just holding on to her nipples.

Realizing that Susan had just climaxed from nothing but nipple play, Akami had mercy and let go. She said, "Yes, it seems like you do have unusually sensitive nipples."

"Can anything be done about that?"

"Yes. Let Alan play with them to his heart's content. Orgasms are healthy for the body, so it's good if you cum a lot. And seeing you cum will help arouse him, leading to more prolonged orgasms for him too. It's win-win."

Susan bit her lip, trying hard to control her raging lust as she thought about that suggestion. My goodness! To have Tiger play with my nipples... and then fuck my tits... and fuck my mouth too... MMMM! Oh my! When will it end?! It may never end! I could be his big-titted sex pet mommy for LIFE!

Now that there was a pause, Susan thought more about her upcoming testing, and fretted. "Akami, am I going to have to do ... naughty things ... as part of this test? Is this completely proper?" She more or less

knew an honest answer would be yes to the first and no to the second, but she nonetheless felt obliged to ask the questions.

"Of course it's proper!" Akami said with pretend indignation. "You know, there's been a lot of research into sexuality, so this test derives from that. It's admittedly unusual to perform such a test in a general practitioner's office, but the case of you and your son is a very unusual one to begin with. And yes, you're probably going to get quite aroused. Are you prepared for that?"

Susan bit her lip. "I suppose." I'm so horny already!

"Now, let's hurry this up, as we have other patients waiting. First, I want you to run your hands over your skin as you think of the most intense sexual experience you've ever had. Don't touch yourself down below."

Susan closed her eyes, and at first seemed to only move her hands a little bit, as if doing the bare minimum to obey Akami's request. But soon she began roaming her hands all over her legs and chest. Since Akami hadn't prohibited the touching of her sensitive nipples, she concentrated on them, and that drove her wild.

Within a minute or two, she was deeply into it, kicking her feet out of the stirrups and thrashing her legs around in the air. "Nurse Akami, may I stop please! I'm getting too horny!"

"No, you may not. The test has hardly started." Akami knew Alan's mother was hot to trot, but Susan's eagerness surprised even her. "What are you thinking about? Explain in detail what you're thinking out loud."

Susan's voice was growing ragged as she answered, "I dunno. There's not just one most intense experience. There are so many! I have to confess, all of them involve ... my son. My hunky, handsome, well-hung son! For instance, I'm thinking right now about our very first Tuesday, when I gave him the abnormality check for the first time. I gave him so many handjobs and blowjobs that day. That was such a pivotal day in my life. It seems it was one big happy blur of sucking and stroking! Mmmm..."

Susan's eyes glazed over as she vividly recalled the very first time she'd sucked her son's cock on that day. MMMM! Tiger! Let Mommy choke and gag on your fat knob! Mmmm... Let me show you how much I love you with my tongue! And my lips! And my fingers! So much COCK! All for me!

Akami asked, "What are you thinking about now?"

"Sucking Alan's little friend... Alan Junior... It makes me so hot! Oh, I can't help it, nurse! I'm so bad! Can I just touch myself down there, just a little?"

Akami shook her head discouragingly. "Okay, Susan, that's enough of that. Please stop."

Susan reluctantly stopped her hands, but she still panted and her chest kept on heaving.

The sight of a gorgeous woman so easily aroused made Akami extremely horny as well. She was confident Susan would be helping her out directly soon enough, but she had to go ahead with the "test" in any case. Dr. Fredrickson wanted to see certain things happen (literally, as he watched it all on a video screen in the next room), and this was a good way to make sure they would.

The nurse continued authoritatively, "All right. Very good. Now tell me, on a scale of one to ten, how would you rate that experience?"

"Let's see. About a two. Maybe a three."

"That's it?!" Akami asked in disbelief. "Are you sure you understand the scale I've given you?"

"Yes, but I've had so very many extremely erotic experiences lately. I'm practically that horny all the time, just as a baseline. You can see why I've been seeking psychological help. If I'm shopping at a grocery store and see something long and hard like a loaf of French bread, it makes me think of my son's penis, and then I get all tingly and can barely control myself! It's a big problem, and it's just getting worse all the time. Frankly, just about everything makes me think of my son and his penis. I'm always sucking on things. Lollipops, bananas, carrots, asparagus, ice cream bars... Sometimes I have to go to a restroom and bring myself off, 'cos I can't hold out until I get back home. At least it increases my stamina so I can suck on the real thing for hours at a stretch. Well, that's my dream, at any rate. And that doesn't even count all my formal practice time with my vibrator."

"You practice cocksucking?" Akami asked incredulously.

Susan proudly replied, "Oh yes. It's part of my daily workout regimen now. He's got such incredible stamina that our mouths and jaws tend to tire out before his cock does. It's a long story, but I recently got this GREAT custom-made gift. It's an exact copy of my son's cock, down to every last vein, but it's also a fully functional vibrator. It makes practicing so much fun!"

Akami gave her a look that was a mix of chagrin and amusement. "Why does that not surprise me?"

Susan continued, undeterred, "All the practice is paying off. At first, way back on that first Tuesday, my tongue would start to lag after only five minutes. But now I can actively suck him for a good half-hour without getting tired, and I'm getting better day by day."

She was actively salivating and licking her lips as she thought, Someday, I will be able to do it for hours at a time, non-stop! The future is almost unbelievably promising! I probably don't want to go on and on about it with the good nurse, though, or she'll think I'm weird.

"I see." Akami still had the clipboard with Susan's medical chart in her hand, and pretended to make extensive notes. "Okay then. Let's move on to the second test. This time, stimulate yourself anywhere while you think of another erotic memory."

Almost as soon as Akami said "stimulate yourself anywhere," Susan's hands flew to her pussy and she began frigging herself. Her other hand worked on her clit. OH! YESSSS! I really need this!

"What are you thinking of this time?" the nurse asked.

Susan could feel a big orgasm coming on. She had to force herself to calm down so she could respond coherently. She closed her eyes as she blissfully recalled, "Just the other day, Alan needed help getting hard, so he had me kiss Katherine to help him with visual stimulation. It was weird at first, but then I got into it, kissing my own daughter! Then we did it again two days later, and she put her fingers in my pussy as we kissed, just like I'm doing now. But then she wouldn't let me suck on Tiger's cock, 'cos she was sucking it instead. Oh, and now we're sucking him off together! Aren't I bad? I'm so bad! But it's so good. Mmmm... Yes!"

Akami thought, Interesting! Very interesting! I love that she's bisexual. How could I not take advantage of that fact, since I am too!

"Okay, you can stop now," Akami said. She had expected these tests to take longer, but Susan was getting off very quickly. The bombshell mother was already leaking cum after only a minute or so of touching her pussy.

Susan asked plaintively, "Akami, is there something wrong with me, letting my daughter kiss me like that? With Tiger, er, I mean, Alan, it's a medical need, but with her..."

"Don't worry, it's perfectly normal," Akami said reassuringly. "Most women have lesbian experiences at one time or another, and those who don't probably would love it if they just let themselves go. New studies suggest that all women are naturally bisexual." She was making this up too.

That was just what Susan wanted to hear. "Really? Oh, that makes me feel so much better! My psychologist said that too, so it must be true." She failed to think about or mention the additional problem of incest. "That's good to hear, because we've been kissing each other so much lately. In fact, I've been kissing everybody in sight! It's so embarrassing. You should have seen what I did last night at the fashion show we had in our living room."

Akami could only imagine what a fashion show at the Plummer house would be like. Her pussy twitched and pulsed with arousal, but she maintained an outward professional calm. "Yes. Furthermore, your getting into kissing and fondling other women will greatly help arouse Alan, and that's the whole point. His medical recovery and all that. Men get extremely aroused watching two women get it on with each other."

Susan's eyes lit up. "You're so right! I keep telling myself that. I must OBEY my son in every way, even if it means I have to lick pussy every single day!"

Akami found herself increasingly aroused, both by visions of Susan muff diving and by the woman's extreme subservience to her son. She coughed to help clear her head. "Moving on, how would you rate that on a scale of one to ten?"

"About a four. I can't imagine getting much above that without Alan being directly involved."

"Interesting," Akami said plainly as if she was bored, though she was anything but. "Now for this next test, we're going to rate outside stimulation. I'm going to test the sensitivity of your breasts. Are you ready for that?"

"I suppose," Susan said doubtfully. Again she wondered about how far this would go and what Akami's motivations were.

"Now lie back." Akami adjusted the examination chair and then put her hands on Susan's breasts. She explored her patient's big tits for a minute or two.

Akami commented casually, as if making light conversation to pass the time, "I'll bet Alan has a lot of fun with these."

That cheered Susan right up. "Oh boy! Does he ever! It's like his hands just live on my chest! Well, if not mine then Suzanne's, or somebody's. He really loves a nice pair of tits."

"That's good." Then she asked, "Have you been conducting regular breast exams like I showed you how to do?"

Susan blushed again, as that brought back fond memories. "Um, not too many, per se. But lately, I uh, have been masturbating so much, that I think I'm very familiar with my breasts and I would know right away if there was anything unusual about them. In fact, I fondle them daily. A lot. And if I don't, Alan or someone else does."

"Very good. That's healthy. Have you had him conduct an oral exam of your nipples, like this?"

Akami knelt down and began sucking on those very nipples. She'd had a few lesbian experiences before, but she'd never gotten her mouth on such massive mounds. She even felt like her own head was small compared to Susan's twin globes.

For a minute or so, Susan was lost in pleasure.

However, while Akami continued to suckle, she made a noise indicating she was still waiting for an answer.

That prodded Susan to finally rouse herself enough to answer the question. "Oh! Uh, what? No! I didn't even know I could do that. Do you mean to suggest I should suck on my own nipples?"

Akami stopped sucking long enough to ask, "Of course. It's very healthy. You should make it a regular part of your masturbation sessions. By the way, right now you should stop stroking yourself down there. You'll corrupt the data."

"Oh. Sorry." Susan tried to keep her hands still while Akami sucked on, poked at, and twisted her nipples. The sexually-tortured mother put her hands high in the air as if that could help hold back her feelings, but it was no use. She soon began shuddering in an intense orgasm, strictly from Akami's nipple sucking. As the first wave hit her, she cried out, "Sorry! I've gotta... gotta... CUM!"

However, Akami didn't stop, or even slow down. She continued to do things to her breasts that no other woman had yet done there, mostly due to the aggressiveness of her sucking and twisting.

Susan's orgasm ended about a minute later. Even so, she was still so excited and aroused that she had to yell, "Stop! Please stop!"

Akami stopped, mostly. She left one finger tracing circles around the nipple she hadn't been sucking. "What is it?"

"Well, it's just that my breasts are so sensitive. You said so yourself. I just climaxed, if you didn't notice. Is that bad?"

"Of course not."

"Phew! But anyway, when I think about all the things that must be wrong with me, I think about that one too. Akami, you're a medical professional. Do you think it's possible for a pair of tits to control a woman?"

"What do you mean?" Akami was slightly cruel, as she began to lightly pull on both of Susan's nipples. She just couldn't help drive Susan mad with arousal.

"I mean, my tits are so sensitive that I think they control my brain, instead of the other way around. Sometimes I think I'm just a pair of big tits, and the rest of me is just a necessary support network. I mean, now that I don't wear clothes most of the time... UGH! Oh God, keep doing that! ... Uh, anyway, now that my tits are almost always bared, when I wear a blouse I... mmmm! I, uh... I feel it rub against my nipples and it makes so aroused that I can't even think! HNNG! I just want Tiger to throw me down on the floor and fuck me silly!"bender

She paused, realizing that it might be unseemly to be so horny for her son. "Um, I mean, it gets me very aroused. I'm not sure if I'll be able to wear clothing over my chest anymore. But then, when I go around topless, I get even MORE aroused! I want him to throw me on the floor and fuck me silly even more! And then when he touches my nipples, which he does every day... Oh! I can't even tell you!"

Akami chuckled. "I can see that. Let me guess: does it make you want him to throw you on the floor and fuck you silly?"

"YES! You may think that's funny, but it's true! Thank the Lord for handjobs, titfucks, and especially blowjobs. If it wasn't for those, well... that's too bleak of a world for me to even imagine!" She shuddered in horror.

Akami said as she twisted Susan's nipples, "Don't worry about it. Consider yourself blessed. Women with large breasts like yours rarely have super sensitive nipples. You give so many others so much pleasure with your busty, gorgeous body, and you yourself are nearly drowning in constant erotic joy. Everybody in your home loves you best naked, with your huge breasts bouncing and jiggling. So what's to worry?"

Susan grumbled, "I suppose. But my brain isn't happy about the tit takeover... AAARGH!" She cried out because Akami started sucking on her nipples again.

Akami kept at it until Susan came again, having an orgasm that was even louder and lasted longer than her previous one.

Akami pulled back after Susan's orgasm subsided, then asked, "How was that on the scale?"

"Mmmm, maybe a five. But it was a good five."

Akami was a bit chagrined that her ministrations rated so low, but she went to the chart and pretended to mark it. She thought to herself, A mere five? When I got her off again? Unbelievable. Now the fun really begins. I can't wait to see what an eight or nine does to this woman.

Chapter 736 Naughty Time Continued

Akami told Susan, "Okay, now I'm going to do the same, but I'll stimulate your vulva instead." Before Susan could register a response to that, Akami bent down and put her tongue straight on Susan's nether lips.

No woman had ever gone down on Susan before, and she wasn't sure she wanted it to ever happen to her at all, but she was so aroused that she couldn't resist. "Oh my! Well, I'll be!"

Akami launched a triple attack, hoping to so arouse and overwhelm Susan that she'd be helpless to resist. The nurse pulled at Susan's clit with one hand, stuck her tongue into Susan's pussy, and probed at the entrance to Susan's anus with her other hand. It was a good thing that Susan's feet were spread wide in stirrups, or her legs would have gone flying all over, possibly kicking Akami.

Susan tried hard to keep her cool. Oh dear! Oh dear! This is... this is terribly improper! This is as lesbian as anything can be! And Tiger isn't even here to enjoy watching! UNGH! And yet it's SOOOO arousing! My goodness! Maybe... maybe I need to say something. Tell her to stop!

But then again, this is some sort of test. I suppose I have to persevere in the name of science. Besides, and more importantly, I was saying a few minutes ago that "I must OBEY my son in every way, even if it means I have to lick pussy every single day." But that's all talk, so far. I've never licked pussy before today, not even once, nor had my pussy licked. What kind of big-titted sex-toy mommy will I be if I'm nothing but talk about that? Tiger made me kiss Angel on the lips. How long will it be before he makes me lick her pussy, and have her lick my pussy too?! It's inevitable! This is a good opportunity for me to get some practice, so I can wow Tiger, Suzanne, and everyone else at home in the very near future! For once, I won't be completely taken by surprise!

Soon, Susan was making the "Mmmm!" sounds she usually made when she was really aroused. She was very glad she'd decided not to make a fuss about this "test."

They kept on like this for many minutes, until finally Susan began loudly moaning and even screaming. "Oh yes, yes, YES! That's so good!" Susan began orgasming yet again while Akami kept lapping at the delicious wetness that flowed out.

Akami pulled away after Susan climaxed. Her entire nose and chin area was soaked in the horny mother's juices.

"How was that?" the nurse asked. She tried to wipe her face off with her hands and then she sucked her wet fingers into her mouth, but she didn't get it all. She was pleased with Susan's taste.

Susan was still panting hard. "It was great! I love it! Please don't stop!"

"I mean on a scale of one to ten."

"Oh. A six. Definitely a six!" Susan had put her own hands into her pussy and was still working on triggering more orgasms for herself.

Akami thought, Sheesh! I really went all out with my tongue work. I'm beginning to get jealous of just how much sexual pleasure Susan must be getting at home, if this was still only a six. But I can't complain because I sure as hell enjoyed that!

Akami stood by and waited for Susan to calm down, but if anything, the buxom, naked mother was only getting more excited as she wiggled her legs around with great need. It seemed to Akami that now that Susan had started, she could just keep orgasming the rest of the day based on thoughts of previous experiences alone.

Akami again made marks on her chart. "Okay, for the next test, I want to see how the act of merely stimulating someone else makes you feel. I want you to stimulate me in the same way I've been stimulating you."

"I dunno," Susan said, but she was only going through the motions of being reluctant. She was ready to do just about anything by now. "But I suppose it's only fair to return the favor..." she said as if convincing herself.

Susan thought, It IS only fair. And I'm sure this is an important part of the test that can't be skipped. Besides, I should consider this not just a test, but a learning opportunity for me. Since I'm a busty mommy in my son's harem, it's only natural that I'm going to be doing absolutely everything with his other women, if only for his arousal and entertainment. And that even includes pussy licking! Yes! Akami did it to me, so I suppose it's only common courtesy that I reciprocate and do it to her. And I will, if I can gather the courage!

Akami unbuttoned her lab coat and presented her naked chest to Susan, who still sat in the examination chair.

Susan began running her hands over the nurse's tits. Hmm. Akami's tits are unimpressive compared to the much larger orbs of Suzanne, Amy, and Angel that I'm more used to groping, not to mention Brenda's gravity-defying monsters that I had the pleasure of thoroughly exploring the night before, but they still are a good handful. All in all, I'd have to say she's Alan-worthy.

Susan eventually put her mouth on a nipple, but she seemed very awkward and uncertain on what to do next. She'd done a lot of hand groping of breasts, but oral contact was new for her.

"That's good," Akami said encouragingly. "If it helps at all, imagine that I'm Katherine."

Akami definitely said the magic words. Susan went at Akami with a new vigor. "Oh yes, Angel, I'm sucking you! I'm so sorry, but I just can't help myself. I'm just too naughty."

Akami barely knew Katherine, but pretended to be her anyway. "That's okay, Mommy. I like it when you touch me there. When you suck me... with your mouth."

"Yes! Mommy likes it too! She really does. Mmmm... YES!" Susan increased her enthusiasm even more, mostly thanks to Akami's frequent use of the word "Mommy."

Akami felt as if her tits were going to be vacuumed right off her body by such a hungry mouth. Susan had developed unusually powerful suction skills, thanks to all her blowjobs and blowjob practice in recent weeks.

Meanwhile, Susan still had her blouse on her sleeves, and finally shucked it off so she could be completely naked. It gave her a shiver to know that she was now buck naked inside a doctor's office.

Akami did her best to get naked while submitting to Susan's oral assault. However, she was having a hard time getting her clothes off, so she called a temporary halt to the proceedings. "Just a minute, there, Susan. Stop and tell me how that rates."

"Oh, I don't know. A five."

"A five? You don't like me, Mommy?"

Susan grinned. "Okay, a six, if only because you're calling me 'Mommy.'"

The word "mommy" really excited Susan, and she was frustrated Alan still hadn't picked up on her not-so-subtle hints to use it. But she asked uncertainly, "Are my relations with my children improper? They must be."

"I'll answer that question after you lick my pussy," Akami replied, now that she was totally naked. "Mommy, can you get down on your knees and lick me in my special place?"

Susan got on her knees, but seemed a bit hesitant at performing this new act. As if stalling for time, she asked, "What's the magic word, Angel?"

Akami answered, "Please? Could you lick my cunt, please? Alan isn't licking it nearly enough these days."

Again Akami said the real magic words, though it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that bringing Alan into the fantasy would help get Susan more aroused.

Susan again attacked Akami enthusiastically. She boldly placed her tongue onto Akami and began exploring her nether regions with her hands and mouth.

Susan thought, Oh my goodness! I'm licking a pussy for the first time in my life! What would my parents think of me now?! They'd probably kill me! But so what? Their stupid prudish notions don't have much hold over me anymore. I've read the Bible cover to cover more than once, and I don't remember a word against pussy licking. Just because they think nearly all sex is evil, that doesn't mean I have to!

Besides, this is... interesting. I can't say I like it, but then again I don't dislike it. It doesn't make my heart go pitter-patter, like sucking Tiger's cock does, but it is my first time. And it's with Akami. She's a nice woman, but I still don't know her very well. I'm sure this would feel much different to me if I was doing it to Suzanne, or Angel, or Amy. And I will! I will! That's a thrilling thought! We're going to get soooo naughty! And Tiger will watch us, and his big cock will get stiff and hot as it throbs with need! The need to plunge into MY mouth for relief! MMMM!

By considering pussy licking as it might apply to her loved ones, Susan's enthusiasm increased noticeably. In fact, as the minutes passed, she went from feeling non-committal to positively enjoying herself.

Susan didn't really need any more encouragement, but Akami would periodically say things like, "Right there! That feels nearly as good as when Alan fucks me!"

Susan paused in her licking only long enough to shout, "No, Tiger, don't fuck your sister! I'll sacrifice my body instead! You'll have to fuck ME!"

Soon, both women were shuddering and shivering with intense orgasms. Akami had set up a bed, and she fell back onto it.

Susan followed her on top, and the two of them spent more minutes kissing, sucking, fingerbanging, and generally getting it on with each other.

But before Susan could really get satisfied, Akami again called a halt.

"What now?" Susan asked breathlessly, irritated at stopping. She was completely revved up now. "That was a seven. Let's go to the next test already!"

"A seven? What does it take to even get an eight out of you?" Akami asked with exasperation.

"You have no idea what an honor a seven is, given that Tiger isn't here. So what's next?" Susan tried to wipe some of Akami's cum off of her face. She was tempted to mention that she'd never licked a pussy before, or had hers licked, but she felt too embarrassed by her sexual inexperience to confess that.

Akami suddenly changed the subject. "Speaking of men, our next tests involve your reactions to a penis."

"Wait a minute!" Despite her extreme arousal, Susan was suddenly very wary. "Does this involve a real penis that isn't Alan's?"

Akami hated saying what she was about to say, but felt forced to do it. "As a matter of fact, it does, if that's okay with you. This is a very important test. We have someone willing to help-

"Hold on!" Susan interrupted as she reflexively covered her massive breasts. "NO WAY! Period. I don't care what the medical justification is. NO way will I even let another man see me like this, much less touch me! NO. I'm leaving!"

Susan immediately bounced up from the floor and began frantically searching for her clothes.

Akami was taken aback. She thought Susan would agree to anything sexual by this point. "All right. Don't worry. It was just an idea. I think we have enough data in any case to make a determination of your sexuality, so just relax."

Susan slowed down in putting on her clothes, but she was still clearly spooked. The sexual mood had been completely broken by the mention of bringing in another man.

The man Akami had in mind was Dr. Fredrickson, and he was in a nearby room eagerly watching the proceedings and waiting for his chance to come in and join the fun. But luck was not with him that day.

Akami felt bad, and was truly apologetic. Dr. Fredrickson had forced her to make that suggestion, and she was secretly relieved that Susan had turned the idea down. She thought, I KNEW this wasn't what Susan would want! "I'm so sorry. I didn't realize-"

"No, you did not!" Susan cut in angrily. She paced around the room. "You don't realize how special my Tiger is to me, how unique he is. You clearly don't understand anything at all! You've been fucked by him, so you should know. How can you even THINK about fucking another man, after experiencing him? What's wrong with you?!"

Akami indeed had tremendously enjoyed getting fucked by Alan, but she hardly saw it as reason to give up on all other men, forever. Sex with Alan didn't have anywhere near the same emotional depth for her as it did for Susan. In her opinion, Alan was admittedly an excellent lover, but he was still a teenager who had lucked into an incredible situation. He had much to learn, both in and out of bed.

But she said, to calm Susan, "Sorry. You're so right. I don't know what came over me. I was thinking that since it was required for the medical test... But that's no excuse."

"Damn right it's not!" Susan said hotly. But she sat back down.

Akami correctly guessed that the more she talked about Alan, the more Susan's anger would subside and her libido would heat up again. So she said, "I wish I could keep my pussy reserved just for Alan. That would be ideal. If any other man tried to get in my panties, I'd just say, 'Sorry, but this pussy belongs to a real man who knows just how to stuff it.'"

"Damn straight!" Susan huffed.

"But the problem is that I see him so rarely. Once a week or maybe once every two weeks. How can I bear to hold out when I'm so far down his list? I wish I was like you, living in the same house, sucking and stroking that big cock of his every single day..."

Susan smiled briefly as she fondly recalled sucking on Alan's erection before he left for school this morning, but then she remembered to frown. If nothing else, she was still irked that Akami wasn't fully dedicating herself to sexually serving Alan. She very irrationally felt that all beautiful women should completely devote themselves to her son.

Akami told a white lie to mollify Susan, "So what I do is I use the other men as human dildos. I have to close my eyes and pretend they're Alan. But of course it's not the same. Alan's like a human jackhammer, driving, driving, deeper, deeper! There's just no stopping him!"

Although Akami was mostly lying about pretending, she was glad that Dr. Fredrickson was listening now. He wouldn't know for sure if Akami was using him as a human dildo while thinking about Alan, or not. She figured it was a bit of revenge for him putting her in this unethical situation of having him watch without Susan knowing.

She asked Susan, "Has he ever grabbed the back of your head with both hands and rammed that big log of his in your mouth over and over, using it like another cunt? Have you had to stretch your lips as far as they could go just to stuff all that hot cock in your mouth?" She couldn't keep her detached professional mood because she was just too aroused.

"Yeah!" Susan said with growing enthusiasm. "Oh yeah!"

Akami continued to make some sexy small talk while soothingly stroking Susan's ass. She focused on oral sex with Alan, a topic she knew Susan loved. "Let's talk cock! I'm curious about your technique. What parts of his penis do you spend the most time on?"

"Goodness gracious! Where to begin?" Susan launched into a detailed explanation of her favorite techniques. Soon, Susan was as relaxed as if she'd taken a tranquilizer pill. She completely forgot to chastise Akami for insufficient loyalty.

As a happy side effect, Susan learned some new facts about penises. She already had studied the topic and memorized the names of all the parts as part of her desire to be the best cocksucker she could possibly be. As a result, her questions were quite advanced, and some of them stumped Akami altogether (such as, "What percent of the pleasure nerve endings in a penis reside in Tiger's sweet spot? Er, I mean, in the frenulum?").

Satisfied that the situation was back under control, Akami looked at her notes and declared she was ready to make a verdict. "Susan, clearly you are a highly sensual woman with a powerful sex drive. But the fact that you're so adamant about not being with a man other than Alan shows that you are still in control, and not a nymphomaniac in need of treatment. Nymphomaniacs don't have the self-control to discriminate. What I really did by talking about bringing someone else in was actually part of the test,

and I'm glad to report that you passed. My suggestion is that you have sex frequently, and enjoy yourself. You're not ill; you're just someone who needs a lot of sexual satisfaction. Masturbate too, to your heart's content."

Susan stared off into space, fantasizing Alan fucking her. "Really? Huh. But what about my unnatural feelings towards my children? What about wanting to go all the way with both of them? That's more than just helping Alan expel all that nasty sperm."

"That's something for your psychologist to sort out. That's not my department."

"But don't you think it's wrong?" Susan didn't believe it was wrong anymore, but she did have her doubts and she was playing devil's advocate in hopes of hearing Akami's honest answer.

"Speaking as a professional nurse, there's nothing medically wrong with it, as long as you don't have children with your children. And your records indicate you're infertile anyway, so that's not an issue. So if your psychologist thinks it's okay, it must be okay." Akami smiled encouragingly. "I say fuck Alan to your heart's content."

"I don't know... It just seems so..." Susan seemed lost in thought. But then she said more enthusiastically, "Anyway, thanks for the Tompkins whatever test. I found that very, uh, educational."

"My pleasure. Especially the second part. Too bad this was the first and probably last time I'll be able to do that as part of my nursing duties. You know, we could still continue the rest of the test with a dildo..." Akami put her lab coat, stockings, and stethoscope back on, less to dress than to look sexy to help convince Susan to stay.bender

"Thanks, but really, I should be going. I'm sure you have other patients with more important problems than mine."

Susan was still somewhat spooked and afraid that a man might still somehow enter the picture, so she didn't want to get too excited and lose control of herself. Also, the sexual mood had been broken and never fully restored.

Besides, she knew about dildos, or in her case a vibrator, since she used Brenda's custom-made one to practice her blowjob technique nearly every day, but she was dead against using such a thing in her pussy. She felt using one on the outside of it was at least permissible, but putting it in was a no-no. She wanted her vagina to belong to Alan and Alan alone, so even using a plastic 'friend' felt like cheating to her.

Akami replied, "Yes, but none with problems as much fun as yours. I'll have to hold out until Alan's next appointment on Friday." Akami smiled a very devious smile, thinking of all the ways Alan would doubtlessly fuck her then.

"You take it easy on him, okay?" Susan said, smiling.

"I will," Akami smiled back, playfully running her tongue outside her mouth, as if licking her chops at the thought of sucking Alan's penis.

Far from being perturbed at that, Susan imitated the licking with her own mouth for Akami.

Akami wanted to wrap up the appointment, but the tongue licking motions led to more practical discussion on how to give Alan the best blowjobs.

Susan enthusiastically explained some of the techniques she'd been using that Alan particularly liked.

Akami offered some tips in return. As they talked, she thought, I'm amazed by how much this woman had changed in less than two months since the first time she and Alan came here. I've never seen anything like it before. And Good God, does she love blowjobs or what?! For instance, I couldn't help but notice how the puddle on the plastic seating beneath her thighs has been slowly growing just from us talking about blowjobs. Alan is one lucky son of a gun!

At one point, Susan opined, "You know, I'm still thinking about what you said earlier. That all women are naturally bisexual."

"I don't know about that, that it's true across the board," Akami butted in, since she was just making it up. She didn't want to completely bamboozle Susan.

"No, you're right. It makes me so much sense. It's only natural, so that women will better enjoy threesomes, foursomes, and more with Alan. A virile man like him needs a large harem of nymphomaniacs to keep him satisfied. His women need each other to help pass the time when he's fucking someone else and to help provide him visual entertainment."

Akami's mind boggled. This woman is amazing. It's like her brain is damaged or something. How could she be so into one guy that she'd welcome sharing him like that? That must be the power of incest fiddling with her reasoning.

But she merely replied, "Who knows? Guys like Alan are so rare that they aren't fully understood by medical science."

Susan eventually got up and put her hand on the door to go.

But Akami had heard Susan talk earlier about how she'd been "greeting" everyone with a French kiss, and used that to her advantage. "Just a minute, Susan. I don't believe you've given me a proper goodbye kiss."

Susan was puzzled, but then she figured out what Akami meant. "Oh! So sorry. My mistake." Smiling a happy smile, she came back to Akami and they locked lips for several minutes.

After Susan left, Akami looked towards one section of the wall and pointedly shrugged her shoulders, as if to say, "Sorry, but I tried."

Doctor Fredrickson was frustrated. He was on the other side of the wall. He'd watched and heard the whole encounter on video, with his pants at his knees. He'd been so certain that he'd soon be fucking Susan that he'd generally gone easy on masturbating. And now it was all over and he was left high and dry.

He made a mental note to force Akami to get Susan back, as soon as possible. And this time, if he wasn't going to get in on the action directly, he was going to make completely sure that it would be recorded for posterity. Maybe with blackmail material she'd have no choice but to give in to his desires. If she still resisted, he could at least make a ton of money selling the video, but he didn't want revenge; he wanted her. He wanted her bad.

Chapter 737 Dildo Action For Susan !

Susan wasn't lying about being horny nearly all the time lately. Far from being sexually satiated by the appointment with Akami, all the talk about sucking Alan off only left her even more ready for action.

Suzanne came over to the Plummer house minutes after Susan got back home. She was determined to continue to break down Susan's resistance to lesbian lovemaking while Alan and Katherine were in school.

Once again, the two busy mothers "practiced" French kissing at every opportunity.

First they had to do their daily exercises. Suzanne's plan was to keep the conversation focused on nonsexual things during their workout, saving the sexual play for when they began nude sunbathing.

As they were doing their warm-up stretches, Susan told her all about Alan's acute homework problem.

Despite the emphasis on the nonsexual, Susan couldn't keep her clothes on for long. She remembered how Suzanne had "forced" her to exercise in the nude yesterday (with the exception of a frame bra for support), and she rather hoped that would happen again. Mere minutes after they started their workout, she said, "I'm getting hot and sweaty. Do you mind if I just, kind of, get more comfortable?" Neither of them were even beginning to get sweaty yet.

Suzanne too found herself getting "more comfortable." The truth was, lately she enjoyed being naked nearly as much as Susan did. She answered Susan's question by dramatically uncovering her breasts, quickly opening up the front of her unitard right in front of Susan.

This caused Susan's eyes to widen. She quickly got out of her clothes as well.

Suzanne thought to herself, This is so strange. I mean, my skin-tight pink unitard was nearly completely see-through in the first place, so why does taking it all off make me feel so tingly and giddy? Am I getting socially conditioned without even knowing it? But she easily pushed such worries away and just reveled in the feeling of running her hands up and down her silky smooth skin.

The only problem with exercising naked was the way their boobs bounced around. Suzanne said, "Damn these things. They can be such a blessing when it comes to attracting a man, and such a curse the rest of the time. All those killer back aches, too. But I've got an idea. We need to practice baring our chests for Alan-"

"What a great idea!" Susan interrupted. She thrust her rack out proudly.

"Yes," Suzanne continued, a bit chagrined at Susan's excessive enthusiasm. "But we have to fight sag. I suggest that one of us go get our 'training bras.'" She was referring to the soft-cup bras they both wore every night to keep drooping at bay.

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"Great idea, Suzanne." Susan went upstairs and got the special bras, and then quickly returned.

Suzanne hoped to keep Susan naked as much as possible from now on and was pleased at how easy that goal appeared to be. The frame bras weren't much of an impediment, since they only held their boobs up from below, and hardly covered any skin at all.

Suzanne found herself imagining Susan as the Plummer house slut, lying nude in bed all day, getting fucked by one visitor after another. In her vision, all of Susan's visitors were female, except Alan. Suzanne was rather surprised to realize that even in her fantasies now, Alan was the only male to appear. She let the vision fade, as it seemed like a mean thing to wish on her best friend.

Susan liked exercising in the nude because it was easy to find ways to rub one's pussy and tits against the various machines, and Suzanne never seemed to notice how she was masturbating herself (in fact, Suzanne did nearly as much of that as she did). Plus, despite Suzanne's intention to save the sex talk for later, they soon were preoccupied talking about last night's fashion show.

Susan was able to recall what happened to Alan's penis in great detail, even when she wasn't the one tending it. She liked to describe what happened to it nearly on a lick-by-lick basis. She talked about the outfits and dancing and such as well, but she constantly judged these other things by their perceived effect on Alan's erection.

Even a few weeks ago, Suzanne would have gotten bored hearing that level of detail. But not only had she grown used to these kinds of talks, she frequently found her mouth watering or she licked her lips, because Susan retold these events with such arousal and passion.

Amazingly, they actually were able to accomplish their regular workout routine despite all the talking and furtive masturbating. Their heated sexual atmosphere ended up boosting their enthusiasm, making their workout easier, which in turn led them to attack their exercise machines with a passionate intensity as they fed off each other's arousal.

Later, lying nude on lounge chairs by the pool in the back yard, Suzanne finally allowed Susan to explain the medical appointment with Akami in arousing detail. Even though they were in the outdoors, soon it was impossible not to notice the pungent smell of both her and Susan's pussies. She loved the way Susan got extremely fidgety and breathless while telling her story.

Suzanne was pleased at every development. She'd been waiting a long time, and now she was sure that the time was right to have no-holds-barred sex with Susan. She was tempted to suggest that they "practice" pussy licking on each other immediately, but she resolved not to be too pushy. She preferred to wait a day or two and see if Susan would bring up the idea first.

In fact, Susan was considering that very idea. However, now that she wasn't extremely horny like she'd been with Akami, she was shy about doing it again so soon. She decided it would be best to wait a little while for her experience with Akami to settle in her mind.

Suzanne was surprised that Susan hadn't really done anything new beyond eating Akami's pussy and getting eaten in return. She was disappointed that she wasn't going to be Susan's first with those experiences, but she decided that at least she could be the first one to teach Susan about using a vibrator in her pussy. She figured that had been put off an extremely long time, and the fact that Susan explained how Akami wanted to use one on her gave her a perfect opening.

So, when Susan finished her account of her visit to the nurse, Suzanne said, "You know, Susan, you were right to freak out about Akami's mention about bringing in a real penis. I'm gonna have to talk to her and find out what she was thinking there, and make sure it never happens again. But what's so bad about her suggestion to use a dildo or vibrator in your pussy? What do you have against that?"

"I have nothing against such things. As you know, I use the vibrator Brenda got me to practice my blowjob skills pretty much every single day."

"I know that, but I'm talking about using it to pleasure yourself. You know, on and in your pussy."

"Oh. Well... The other things I've been doing have been entirely to help Tiger get stimulated. But to just pleasure myself in private - that would be completely unseemly and not very ladylike."

Suzanne had a hard time keeping a straight face. She could have pointed out any number of inconsistencies in Susan's overall logic, and the undoubtedly countless times that Susan had masturbated in private lately, but figured that would be counterproductive. Instead, she suggested, "Susan, you want to have uninhibited sex with your son, right?"

Susan blushed, stammering, "Uh, not exactly... What I mean to say is..."

Suzanne chastised her. "Oh come on! Quit pretending you don't want it. You've never wanted anything more in your entire life! You've already admitted to me that you're ready, and it's gonna happen soon anyway, so what's with the shyness? You're talking to your best friend here. Are you ready for his huge boner to fill you?"

Susan closed her eyes, because she was too embarrassed to look at her friend. "I am. Actually, I was thinking about doing it this afternoon. Maybe even, you know, seducing him. But with his homework load, it wouldn't really be fair..."

"Good for you! Do it! But you're right. It wouldn't be fair to him to do it today. DEFINITELY not today. The most important thing is seeing him have a bright future and getting into a good school. If the two of you have intercourse, that'll throw his concentration off for days at a time when his academic work is in complete disarray. It'll make him feel so good that he'll want to do nothing but fuck you all day."

"Really?" Susan asked, hoping against hope it was true.

"Really." In fact, Suzanne was still concerned Alan would very literally do that and push Suzanne down his list.

"Is it even better than blowjobs?"

"It is."

"Really? Sex with my husband was more of a chore than anything, but I should know better than to think my time with my Tiger would be anything like that. But do you really think I'll like it better than cocksucking? You know what a special place sucking my son's cock has in my heart."

She stared off into space in her usual lusty and dreamy manner. "To me, a perfect dream evening would be for him to cuddle up on the big sofa in the living room and watch some epic three-hour movie. Then I'd cuddle up naked between his legs and keep him stiff and throbbing with pleasure for the entire movie with just my mouth, hands, and tits! Having him moan and groan in desperate need, occasionally clutching my head, and sometimes cumming on my face... blasting more and more spermy loads onto me until I'm a total mess... Oooh! Goose bumps!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "I know. Good God, do I know."

Susan went on, "I can't even imagine liking something better than sucking cock, although titfucking comes very close."

"I'm sure you'll love it," Suzanne reassured her. "At the very least, you'll like it as much as a nice long suck. I almost guarantee it. But still, you have this need, today. You know that before long, your son's big jackhammer dick is going to take complete possession of your pussy. But unfortunately, not today. It's so close..."

"YES!" Susan sat up and dared to look Suzanne in the eye. "What about my desires? I'm dying!"

Suzanne smiled a knowing smile. While she was happy for her best friend to fuck Alan eventually, she still wanted a delay to better secure her own spot with him. "That brings us back to dildos. Have you considered that by using your Alan-shaped vibrator down there you could satisfy your need to be plowed by a real penis? That could greatly help your willpower too. Like having decaffeinated coffee instead of the real thing."

She added, "Furthermore, remember how inexperienced you were at blowjobs at first? Do you want to be like that with fucking? Don't you want to start training your pussy now? You have a vibrator that is the EXACT size and shape of his cock. You can start molding your pussy to be a perfect fit for him already!"

Susan frowned. "You make some good arguments. But it's very, very important to me to be as much of a virgin for him as I can. Obviously I had sex with Ron, but that was so long ago, so infrequent, and so uninspiring that I feel like I've been 'revirginated.' Besides, although I appreciate your point that I should have a very skilled cunt even before his first time with me, isn't that why you've been teaching me those Kegel exercises these last few weeks?"

Suzanne was disappointed, but not surprised. "I get that. Besides, he's going to love fucking you no matter what, especially with your Kegel training. But where do you draw the line on insertions? You already are used to a lot of finger play. What's the difference between a finger and a dildo or vibrator about the size of a finger?"

Still frowning, and thinking hard, Susan said, "Well, if it's that small, I suppose that would be okay. I don't want anything that'll stretch or fill me. But if it's that small, what's the point? I much prefer the human touch."

Suzanne said, "There are advantages, believe me. For instance, have you ever put your vibrator on your clit and just let it vibrate? It never gets tired."

Susan admitted, "I avoid that whole area as a rule. Blowjob and titfuck practice only. If I were to start using it down there, I could easily get carried away and lose my new virginity."

"Good point. But we can easily fix that. Also, keep in mind that if your goal is stimulating him, and of course it is, I'm sure he'd be really turned on seeing you use a vibrator on yourself or using it on someone else. Plus, would you have any objection to pushing one into MY pussy?"

"Certainly not."

"Good. Then imagine him sitting on the sofa, with Angel and Amy doing all they can to get Alan Junior erect again after he's had a bunch of orgasms. Then you and I come along and put on a little show right in front of the fireplace. He watches you push one into me, and suddenly gets so hard and long that his

dick would be able to cut through diamond. Our two girls clap their hands in delight and go on a sucking frenzy!"

"Really? You think?" Susan was entranced by the thought, as well as the vision.

"Sure! If you're going to be one of his sluts, a sexy, big-titted mommy slut dedicated to nothing but draining your son's balls dry, then I'd say it's pretty much mandatory that you learn how to use dildos as a way to really turn him on. You can do that AND keep your 'new virginity,' until that's no longer an issue."

"Hmmm. Well, I DO want to be the best big-titted mommy slut I can possibly be. And if it'll help drain those big sperm-filled balls of his, I guess I could try one out, just, you know, to see how it goes. But all I have is the one, you know, the one Brenda gave me."

Suzanne nodded. "By the way, do you have a name for it yet?"

Susan looked down in embarrassment. "Actually, I do. But you'll think it's weird. And that I'm weird."

Suzanne chuckled. "Girl, if I don't think you're weird already, a vibrator name isn't going to change my mind. Come on, I'm dying to know. I'll bet you put a lot of thought into it and came up with something great."

"Well, it works for me," Susan said bashfully. "I wanted it to be something that reminds me of my cutie Tiger, but is something different. 'Tiger II' or 'Alan Junior Junior' or something like that would just get confusing. So I came up with... Tigger!"

Suzanne frowned, not understanding.

Susan earnestly explained, "Remember Winnie the Pooh? Not just the children's books, but the old cartoons? Well, Tiger used to really love that. And one of the characters was Tigger, Winnie's tiger friend who simply couldn't stop bouncing. He bounced and bounced and bounced all day long. It was his main trait."

Suzanne nodded in vague recollection. "Oh yeah."

Susan went on, "I figured 'Tigger' is kind of like 'Tiger,' but different. And the constant bouncing... isn't that fitting for a vibrator?"

Suzanne laughed and patted Susan on the back. "Nice! I knew you'd come up with something great and fitting. Plus, it reminds you of all those warm memories of his childhood, doesn't it?"

Susan clutched her arms around her chest and stared off into space like a lovestruck teenager. "Yeah! I love him so much! I know it's weird to love someone I raised in a carnal way, but to me, it's ideal. There's no man I could ever love more!"

Suzanne gave her a brief hug. "I know just how you feel. But let's stay on track. Forget Tigger for today. What we need is to get you one of the much smaller ones."

Susan frowned with worry. "How? I'd be far too embarrassed to ever buy such a thing. And I couldn't simply borrow one of yours, since that would be, well, you know, kind of gross."

"If that's your only problem, then that's no problem at all," Suzanne said, jumping up. "I have just the gift for you. I'll be back in a sec."

Anticipating that Susan would be ready to at least try small dildos or vibrators, Suzanne had previously put a variety of them in her bag to try out on her friend. She walked naked back inside the house to get them.

Suzanne stood behind Susan's lounge chair a minute or two later. "I'm back already. Aren't you going to greet me?"

"Oh! Sorry!" Susan hopped up and planted her lips on Suzanne. They kissed for several minutes.

Suzanne ran her hands all over Susan's naked form, and Susan wasn't too shy with her hands either. Suzanne had the gumption to stick her fingers into Susan's pussy, but Susan didn't reciprocate.

"Suzanne, you really shouldn't do that with your fingers," Susan protested weakly when their kiss finally ended. "You know, touching me down there like that."

"Why not? Isn't that what you just did to Akami, and then some? And with your tongue, no less?" Suzanne asked matter-of-factly. "I can't think of any reason to stop, except that I have something better to put in there."

She bent over, reached into her bag, and pulled out a dildo almost as wide and long as Alan's penis. It was black and ridged.

Susan actually scowled at it. "No! I'm only interested in the small ones, if even those."

Suzanne asked, "But what about using one on me?"

Susan's face softened. "Oh. That's different. But what else have you got? Do you have a little pencil-shaped one or something like that?"

"I do. Here, get back on your lounge chair, and I'll show you where it works best."

Susan quickly complied.

Suzanne reached into her bag and brought out a much smaller one that was actually a vibrator. "Here. Look at this one. This is the bullet style. It's too small to do much for me, frankly, but it does vibrate nicely. It's good to press on your clit, and you can hide it completely inside your vagina to make a dull board meeting a lot more interesting." She laughed.

Susan appraised it. "Well, I suppose that's small enough and wouldn't really be different than fingers. Okay, you can put it in." She spread her legs in anticipation.

But Suzanne sat on the side of Susan's lounge chair and waved the vibrator around in the air, to frustrate and tease Susan a little. "You can't just stick these things in," she said. "First, you have to prepare your cunt."

Suzanne turned the vibrator on so it began to quiver and buzz, then began rubbing it all over the outside of her best friend's pussy. She pressed it against Susan's clit, and at the same time stuck her fingers into Susan's pussy and friggged her for a bit. Then she took her fingers out and pushed the vibrator against her friend's pussy lips. Sticking the vibrator in a half inch or less, she pulled it back again, but then declared Susan unready.

She repeated this process several times, driving Susan increasingly crazy.

"Come ON!" Susan finally complained. "It doesn't take THAT long to get ready. I'm flowing like a river already!"

"You're right," Suzanne conceded. "I'm just teasin' ya. Now, remember, imagine this is your son penetrating you. Taking you."

Susan was getting quite worked up and seemed on the verge of cumming already. She had her eyes closed to better imagine Alan was there with her. "Oh! Son! Make me a woman!"

Suzanne thought it was a bit bizarre that Susan thought herself a virgin and that her son could take her virginity, but she didn't comment except to say, "Here it goes." She plunged the vibrator in, in one slow but non-stop movement. It had a string on one end so it could be easily retrieved after being fully inserted. When Suzanne was done, all that could still be seen was that string.

In fact, it was quite a small vibrator, less than half the width of Alan's fully erect cock and not nearly as long, but one would have never known that from Susan's intense reaction. She cried out, "Oh, Tiger!" and swooned.

She came so hard that Suzanne had to grab her to prevent her from hitting her head on the poolside concrete. Since Suzanne was just getting started, she figured that most of Susan's excitement must have come from imagining the vibrator really was Alan's full erection.

"How does it feel?" Suzanne asked. "Pretty good, eh?"

"It feels ... filling. Fulfilling," she finally answered. "I'm so happy imagining that it's Alan Junior that I'm having a hard time holding back the tears. He loves me!"

"Well, that's-"

"Oh my GOOOOODDD!" Susan cried.

"You like that, eh?" Suzanne chuckled. "That's nothing. Just think how good it'll feel to have your cutie Tiger's real pussy-splitter in there."

"No! No way! Oh my GOD! This feels too good already! Promise me you won't insert anything in there even remotely as big as Alan Junior. I want feeling him inside me to be the ultimate experience."

"I promise."

Suzanne taught Susan a lot about vibrators that day, focusing entirely on the small ones, since Susan found them much less threatening. But after having two more orgasms each, with vibrator assistance, they went inside for fear of getting too much sun.

But the day was long, and it wasn't even near lunch yet. After the two of them had rested a bit, Suzanne showed Susan an egg-shaped vibrator, which was especially good for clitoris stimulation. It buzzed and shook inside Susan while Suzanne took another one and stuck it in her own pussy.

"God, how many dildos do you carry around with you in your bag?" Susan asked in wonder. "And I thought I was naughty!"

The two of them were still laughing when the phone rang. It turned out to be Susan's husband Ron, calling from Thailand. Susan was no longer bothered by thoughts of morality, religion, or infidelity when it came to Ron. Since it turned out that he was secretly gay, she tried to think of him as someone who was just a long-time friend. She liked him as a person, and tried not to hold any grudges. She chatted amicably with him while Suzanne buzzed the vibrating egg against her pussy and clit.

Susan loved the irony of being pleased while on the phone with her cheating husband, but she couldn't keep up her end of the conversation very convincingly. She made up an excuse that someone was at the door and cut the call off early.

"How's your tiny-dicked husband doing?" Suzanne asked as soon as the phone was put down.

"Suzanne. That's not nice."

"But you were just calling him a 'pencil-dick.'"

"I know, but he's MY husband. Or, at least he was. Despite everything, I still have some lingering loyalty to him. Somehow, it's okay for me to insult him, but not you. Anyway, were you trying to get me in trouble? I could barely keep from moaning out loud."

Suzanne took the opportunity to begin doing so. She joked, "In any case, I think it's more politically correct to call him my 'thick penis-challenged husband.'"

They both had a good laugh. "Was there any special reason for him calling?" Suzanne asked.

"No. It was just his usual twice-a-month phone call. Thank God he's not coming home anytime soon. He says he might come back for Christmas. I can't believe how uppity I got when he was here a few weeks ago. What a waste of good cocksucking time that was! So much has changed since. Just imagine if he had one of those video cameras, and saw me lying naked with you pushing that plastic cock in and out of me even while talking to him on the phone! God, it makes me SO HOT!"

Now that Ron had been brought up, Suzanne said, "By the way, speaking of Ron, remember I told you two weeks ago how I'd hire an investigator in Thailand to get more evidence? Well, I've finally heard a bit more from the investigator about him."

Susan's arousal came crashing down and her anxiety shot up. "Oh really? And what's the latest?"

"Well, as far as STDs go, everything is still thumbs up there. It'll take about six months to be 100% sure for all diseases, but I think you can breathe easy on that front."

"Good. I'm not worried about myself since he hasn't touched me in nearly a year, not counting some kisses when he was here recently, but I'm glad to hear he doesn't have anything nasty. And?"

"And that's about it. More evidence of his cheating was collected, as ammo for any future court cases."

Susan closed her eyes tightly. "Do I want to see it?"

"NO! Definitely not! What would be the point? It would only make you hurt more."

Susan considered that for a while, and then finally said, "I'm hurting pretty badly now. Somehow, I was able to get through the phone call just fine, by pushing negative thoughts out of my mind. But this talk of cheating and possible diseases... UGH! It makes me so sad."

Suzanne gently stroked Susan's hair, offering her love.

After a long pause, Susan said, "You're right, I don't want to see any of that evidence. Not even a single photo. Why should I? You've seen it, and I trust you implicitly. However, the kids might want to see some of it. Which reminds me, we should tell them." She sighed heavily.

"Agreed."

She appeared on the verge of tears, and she sighed again. "So this is it, huh? There's really no other way to look at it. My whole marriage was a sham. Heck, my whole LIFE was a sham. I was completely deluded about everything. Suzanne, if it wasn't for you, I might still be living that nightmare!" She started to tear up. "You're just about the best friend a person could ever have. What would I do without you?!" A trickle of tears was becoming a torrent as she let her feelings flow.

Suzanne was feeling guilty when Susan said "I trust you implicitly," given that Suzanne had been lying to and tricking her about sexual things on a fairly regular basis, ever since she set the six-times-a-day scheme in motion. However, she thought back to how Susan's life was before and how much happier and fulfilled Susan was now, and felt much better. These are just white lies. Pretty huge white lies, but white lies just the same. I'll slowly clue her in so I don't have to lie anymore, once things are too far gone to turn back. Someday we'll all look back on this and laugh.

But with Susan crying, Suzanne pushed those thoughts aside and devoted her attention to giving comfort. She embraced her in a comforting hug. Despite the fact that they were both wearing next to nothing, for once there was no trace of any sexuality in their touches.

Suzanne said soothingly, "There, there. It's gonna be all right. This is good news. Now you can get on with your new life. Your new life with your Tiger. Just imagine if Ron came home for Christmas. You might have to go for DAYS without so much as giving your Tiger a handjob! And think about him and how much he'd suffer blue balls."

"Yes," Susan sobbed, "It would be awful. Awful!" She cried into Suzanne's shoulder some more. "All that sweet cum trapped in his balls when it should be on our faces and in our tummies! Please, don't talk about it."

"Well, why are you crying then? Having Ron turn out to be gay is one of the best things that ever happened to you."

"I know that, in theory. But I think back to the good times. My wedding, for instance. Walking down the aisle with Ron's arm in mine, I thought he was the greatest. But it was all a lie! I was a fool! I'm so easily led. It burns. I feel my heart burning!" She broke into a new round of sobs.

Suzanne let her cry a bit so she could purge her feelings. Then she took action. "There, there. Try not to think about Ron. He's history. Think about your new life, your new love. Think about Alan. I'm going to help you get a divorce, and I'm going to guarantee you'll never want for money, either. You're not just my best friend; that doesn't even begin to cover it. You're a big recipient in my will, for starters. But think about the positives: if Ron is gone from this house for good, what does that mean?"

Susan's tears were drying up and she stared while thinking. Then she said, haltingly, "He's... really... the man of the house now, isn't he? He is!" She perked up a bit.

"That's right. He'll get to make important decisions and do all the ceremonial things. For instance, imagine this Thanksgiving. He can carve the turkey while you and I are probably busy sucking his cock and balls!"

Susan wiped away her tears and brightened a little bit. "That sounds good."

"Sure it does. And once your divorce goes through, you'll have no legal or social obligations to Ron at all. That'll make you that much more one of Alan's girls."

"Well, that is a silver lining. Believe me, I've been thinking a lot about that. Every day, I thank the Lord that Ron is far away and there's no one to interrupt our fun."

"Yeah, but I don't know if you've really thought it through. For instance, you sleep in the master bedroom now, which is called that because that's where you and Ron used to sleep. But Alan's bedroom really should be called the master bedroom now, don't you think?"

That gave Susan a crooked grin. "I love the way you think."

"Look. Whenever you feel down, just remember that I love you, Angel loves you, Amy loves you, and Alan loves you. And we all need you."

Susan sniffled as she cuddled closer, "I need to be needed."

"You are! For starters, where would Sweetie's constantly rampant erection be without you? It pains me to say this, but I dare say that you've become his very favorite cocksucker."

"You think so?"

"I know so! Just picture that big slab of manly cock flesh right now, crying out to be stroked and licked. But that's not even the half of it! Once he starts fucking your pussy, you won't even remember Ron's name!"

"Who?" Susan joked.

"That's the spirit!"

"Boy, I do feel better. And a bit horny too. You're like my Rock of Gibraltar. You know exactly what to say to me. Thank you."

"My pleasure," Suzanne said honestly. She reached up and pinched Susan's nipple. "Mmmm. That feels so good. Don't get me started again."

"Too late. Come on, we're both naked and tangled together - how can we not get started? I know! Let's practice greeting each other again!"

Suzanne bent down and buried her face in Susan's ample cleavage.

"I'm quite mad at you," Susan said in mock anger as she tilted her head down to kiss Suzanne's hair. "Keeping dildos and your sexy body away from me all these years! How could you?"

The two of them practiced with dildos for quite a while after that. Suzanne refrained from giving or receiving any pussy licking because that didn't further her goal of getting Susan's pussy too sore to fuck. She did succeed in reaching that goal though, and then some.

Chapter 738 Everyone Ganging Up On Alan !

Meanwhile, back at school, Alan was determined to make a change. As soon as first period ended and he walked into the busy hallway for the five-minute break to get to the next class, he saw Heather pushing through the crowd, headed directly for him.

He thought, I know what's going to happen. She's going to want me to do even more sexual stuff. But I'm putting my foot down. It's time to slow things down so I have the energy to properly focus on the women I love the best, not to mention have time for my homework. Now is when I have to spell it out.

As Heather came up, Alan preempted her and said, "Hey. How was your weekend?" He was making idle chatter, aware that others could hear.

Heather gave a short, routine reply, "Enh. Same ol', same ol'."

He continued before she could say more, "I could really use a smoke next period. Why don't we go share a smoke, if you know what I mean? I'm sure Kim, Joy, and Janice would like one too."

That was the code language to meet in the theater room during the next break. Sure enough, an hour later, Alan quickly made his way to the theater room and found the four cheerleaders he specified already there.

Time was tight with only a five minute break, so Heather started talking before he even finished closing the door. "Nice to see you, kid. I'm glad you called us together because we've got some urgent painting needs to discuss. It seems that Joy and Janice want to go without underwear for the week again, and Kim does too. I'm half tempted myself. I was thinking that maybe we could get the whole team--"

He cut her off. "Now, wait a minute. I know what you're going to say. You want me to be the painter again. I applaud your sexual freedom and daring, but I can't help out this time, or on any other week. I have other responsibilities during lunch and after school."

Kim, meanwhile, was already moving in to jack him off while he stood there and talked. She didn't care if that was wildly inappropriate to the mood or if there wasn't time; she just wanted her hands on his dick. She generally hated men but loved penises. She was successful in undoing his fly with a loud zipping sound.

But then he literally brushed her hands away, saying, "Thanks Kim, but not now."

She reluctantly took a couple of steps back.

Then to the whole group, he went on, "Sorry. I really like all of you, but that's how it goes. The painting is easy. Anyone can do it and I can help with the supplies. You can paint each other. You don't need me to be the one with the brush."

His lecture didn't go over too well. However, they could see that he was unusually determined.

Janice spoke first and used his comments as an excuse to get another dig in at her enemy. "Thanks a ton, Heather." Her voice dripped with sarcasm. "Looks like you're such a bitch that you put him off of all of us."

Heather shot back, "Hey, you brainless twat, the pot calls the kettle black. I'll have you know that--"

He interrupted again. "Stuff it, you two. This recent bickering is annoying me, but that's not the main problem. The problem is, I have to be somewhere else at lunch."

Heather looked at him skeptically. "Your job with Ms. Rhymer, I presume." She said the word "job" as if it deserved quote marks.

"Yes," he said defiantly. "It's a very important job. I help her with some routine tasks like filing papers, filling out forms, engaging in routine..."

Joy snidely whispered to Janice, "He's filling something of Ms. Rhymer's, and it's not a form."

However, he overheard that and stopped in mid-sentence. "Joy, I heard that, and I resent it. This job is completely on the level."

Heather was clever. She suggested, "Then I suppose you won't mind if we sit in on your little lunch work sessions every day. Starting today. What do you think, girls? Doesn't that sound like fun?"

The others all vocally agreed.

His confident demeanor faltered for a second, but then he put on a hurt face. "I'm insulted. All of you! Don't you trust what I'm-"

Heather now cut him off. "Come on, Alan. You can fool everyone else with this 'Ms. Rhymer's assistant' shit, because most folks still think you're the goody-goody nerdy type. Old stereotypes die hard. But we know better; we know you're a fucking stud. Of course you've gonna be fucking somebody, and since you're with her, and she's fuckable, then the answer is obvious."

He started to say, "No, wait a minute."

Heather plowed forward, "Besides, whenever you split your lunch time and come running from her classroom to here, you're practically doused in her perfume. You probably have no clue about the

differences between perfumes, but it's something women notice. And a couple of times you even had traces of her lipstick here and there. Don't insult our intelligence."

He was flummoxed. He paused for some long moments. Even though he was pretty much caught red-handed, he decided not to admit anything, no matter what. "Look, I really don't know what you're talking about. Not EVERYTHING is about sex, you know. I'm also trying to get into a top-notch university, and stuff like this is going to look very good on my applications."

Heather, obviously not believing a word he'd said, replied, "Oh, come on, who do you think you're fooling? What kind of virile teenage guy, given the choice of fucking any of the school's cheerleaders or grading papers, is going to pick grading papers? The only way you'd turn down the likes of centerfold material like me" - she briefly struck a pose for him - "is if you have someone else to fuck. You're with Ms. Rhymer. She's admittedly reasonably attractive, even though she can't hold a candle to me. Ergo, you're fucking her."

He tried to play upon Heather's great ego. "If you're the hottest sex bomb in school, then why would I spend so much time with her instead of you, even if it was fucking? That makes no sense."

"I don't know," she said more defensively, "but that's what's happening. Maybe you get off on the fact that she's your teacher. Whatever. I'm going to prove it, and I'm going to fix it. Either you come to your senses and fuck me regularly just like you promised in our parking lot deal or I'll let everyone know just what you and Glory are really up to."

Kim, though, piped up. "Come on, Heather. As much as I'd like more of his time, I'm not going to blackmail him and fuck up his life and a teacher's life. You go too far."

It seemed the others wanted to say the same thing, but Kim just happened to be the first. There were a few "yeah's." Janice added, "Heather, you are DESPICABLE!" bender

Alan tried the high-road approach. "Heather, people say a lot of nasty things about you, but I think you're better than that. I admire you. You tease and try your best brinkmanship, but you're not the kind of person to actually blackmail someone." He belatedly added, "Not that you'd have any blackmail material, since nothing's happened between her and me in the first place."

Heather found herself saying, "Yeah, I guess blackmail is a bit low." In actual fact she would have done it in a heartbeat, but she realized that she'd be foolish to bite the hand that fed her. She'd hoped the threat would be enough to get him to cave in, so she was surprised that he didn't. She knew that if she actually followed through, she'd make an enemy out of him and that would endanger her ever feeling the fullness of being invaded by his big dick again.

But that didn't slow her down much. She was already thinking up new angles.

Alan spoke. "Look, everyone. Let's call a spade a spade. You don't need me to paint. That's just an excuse so we can get together and fuck and have fun. Why waste that time actually painting? I'm open to playing around, sometimes, but I have an official girlfriend now, Amy, and there's my class responsibilities with Glory, I mean, Ms. Rhymer, and there are some others too. I'm spread thin. Some of you have boyfriends, don't you? In fact, Heather, you have a whole bunch of boy toys from what I understand. Let's get together on special occasions sometimes and your boyfriends will take care of you the rest of the time. Is that so bad?"

The others mumbled and grumbled, but they didn't overtly contest his suggestion.

Alan looked up at the clock. "Would you look at the time? We're all going to be late for class. I've got to run. We can talk about this some more later. But I trust that, if we're going to remain friends, none of you will stab me in the back and ruin our special arrangement by doing anything stupid like blackmail or spreading lies about me and Ms. Rhymer, right? I wouldn't be able to see ANY of you anymore, at all, if that were to happen, because I wouldn't know who was responsible for telling." He stared straight at Heather as he was saying most of this. "Later!"

He finally remembered to zip up his open fly, and then took off. His statement about not knowing who would tell was true, but it was also a subtle bit of blackmail that was clear to all. Despite his protestations against blackmail, he figured he had to play hardball when it came to Heather.

As he closed the door behind him, he thought, Phew. That went much better than I expected. They're really all right. Even Heather seemed somewhat reasonable. I thought she might try something like that, but looks like she won't actually go through with it. That's a big load off my mind.

But as the others made to go, Heather said to them, "Wait a sec. You all agree with me that he must be boning Ms. Rhymer, right?"

The others nodded, even Janice.

Heather said, "Sure he is. And I for one am not going to stand for it. There's only lunchtime with him, either for her or for us, but not for both. Don't you see? We don't have to blackmail either him or his teacher. We only need to get them to break up, and there are lots of ways to do that. Then he'll be ours, each and every lunch period. I've got a plan forming in my mind that involves a video camera. Who's with me?"

There were no takers.

Janice flipped Heather the bird. "Heather, you make me sick. I'm not happy if he chooses that damn teacher over us, but that's his choice. I'm not going to go around ruining people's lives if they aren't actively fucking me over. I mean, sure, he's fun to play with, but he's not like THAT amazing. Stop being so greedy."

The others basically agreed, though they weren't so blatant about it. With time short, they all left the room after only a little more discussion.

But Heather wasn't about to give up. She thought to herself, So. That's the way it's going to be. Everyone else always lets me down. Even my best friend Simone sometimes doesn't have the stomach to do what needs to be done.

Screw them all. I'm going to do whatever it takes to get what I want. Get between him and Ms. Rhymer? Easy as pie. They're in such a vulnerable position. Get between him and Amy? Even easier. Amy's a complete pushover. I could probably talk her into eating her own shoe. And what about these mysterious others he's boning? I've had some strong hints that at least one of them is his sister. Incest. Man, I can knock that one out of the park with my eyes closed. I've got so much on Alan that he'll HAVE to take me as his girlfriend. I just need to do a little legwork, get some evidence, lay some plans...

After all, I AM Heather Morgan, queen of this school! No one gets the better of me!

Chapter 739 Fucking Glory !

Alan's fourth-period class, which was taught by Glory, seemed quite strange.

In the middle of a lecture, she suddenly announced a surprise test in the form of an in-class essay. The students would have to spend the rest of the class writing an answer to a question she posed.

Alan suspected that she had thought up the test and made up the question on the spot.

Then she got up to leave, saying that she'd be back shortly. On her way out, she stopped by his desk and slipped him a note she'd just written during the first couple of minutes of their essay assignment. It read,

My dear favorite Young Man,

This is incredibly dangerous writing you a note like this; our affair is probably going to get me fired. But that just makes me all the more aroused! Crazy, huh? I got so horny looking at you and thinking about what we're going to do during lunch that I can't take it anymore. I have to go fuck myself in the bathroom right now or else I'm liable to start fingering myself in class, right in front of everyone! I started thinking what if I just pretend to be scratching an itch between my legs, maybe no one will notice. I almost did it, too, standing in front of the blackboard, and only refrained because I knew that once I started touching myself down there I wouldn't be able to stop! Stop me the next time you see me starting to do something crazy in class like that, please!

I'm going to go take the edge off with a couple of climaxes. Know that while you write your essay, I'm in a bathroom stall down the hallway with my skirt hiked up and my fingers deep in my vagina, thinking only of you. I want you to fuck me. Hard. For the whole forty minutes of lunch. Drill me! Every single moment that you can! Get ready to whip your clothes off in record time, because I want your monster teacher-pounder to be in me by the time the last student closes the door. Good luck finishing your essay while you think about all that, tee hee hee!

I'm so ready for this interminable class to be over. If you even think about running off to your cheerleader friends today, I'm going to have to strangle you to death with my bare hands, and I'm only half kidding. You're making me crazy with lust!

Please utterly destroy this note. I think eating it as soon as you've read it isn't too extreme a safety precaution. I only wish you could join me in the ladies room right now, but don't!

Love,

Glory

Alan looked around and noticed with relief that everyone was so busy with their tests that they didn't even notice he'd been handed a note. He pondered what a huge scandal it would be if anyone else had read it. He thought, Dang, that's pretty intense. How do I have this effect on women? I don't understand. Up until a few weeks ago, I had trouble getting anyone to even look my way.

He tried to get back to work. But needless to say, he had trouble finishing his essay. All he could think about was Glory jilling herself in the bathroom at that very moment.

But by and by, he began to think about tangential things. Not only did the note arouse him, it also made him wonder if Glory might not be getting too excitable and possessive.

In the end, he switched from writing about the assigned topic to writing about all the things he was going to do to Glory at lunch. As soon as he made the change, his stalled pen started to fly across the page. He figured that she'd get a kick out of reading it later.

He actually didn't eat the note, but he tore it into tiny pieces and flushed it down the toilet when he excused himself for a bathroom break not long before the period ended.

Finally, the end of class came. Glory and Alan waited until the last student closed the door, and then Alan went to lock it. He started fumbling with his clothes, but Glory just sat back in her chair, seemingly in no hurry at all.

The first words he said were, "Aren't you gonna get naked? Like the note said?"

She chuckled. "That was before I got off in the bathroom. Three times, actually. I'm much better now. I have my self control back. If you would have caught me fifteen minutes ago, I would have promised you anything and worshipped your cock like it was the god of a new religion. But now that we're all relaxed..."

"Hey. You're relaxed. I'm still bursting with cum." He finished taking his clothes off, despite her toying with him.

She smiled naughtily. "Correction. Now that I'm all relaxed, let's do this right. I'm up for playing a role-play. How about you?"

He groaned. He wanted instant relief, and this meant more delay. But he was always polite and amenable, and role-plays with her were lots of fun. "Dang it. Okay, but let's make this quick. I'll play the naked student who sees his beautiful history teacher behind her desk and walks straight up to her and fucks her silly." He walked towards her, intent on carrying that out.

She laughed. "Very cute. Far too realistic though. Come up with something better."

He was miffed. She seems to think we have all the time in the world. What's with her? Is this her way of reasserting herself after cravenly begging for cock on the phone over the weekend? That would make sense. But she can only have the control to do it if she gets off first. Grrr. Well, I'll show her a role-play!

"Okay, Glory. But you do as I say, and don't waste time. First off, I'm gonna turn off the light and shut the blinds." He immediately started doing so. "It's night time. You've stayed extra late at school, grading papers. You went to your car, but it wouldn't start. There was no one around to help. So now you're walking home. Get up and start walking."

She did so. She more or less walked in place, since there wasn't far to go in walking from one side of the classroom to the other. But she did make forward progress ever so slowly.

Alan meanwhile continued letting down the Venetian blinds on all the windows, one by one. The room was becoming quite dark.

"Okay. Good," he said. "Unfortunately, you have to walk through a bad neighborhood to get home. A very, very bad neighborhood. It's late. It's dark. You're scared. As you walk down a dark alley way, you hear the sound of footsteps behind you. You turn around, but there's no one there. The steps have stopped. But when you start up again, they start up too. You keep walking. The steps are coming closer. You stop again."

She actually stopped each time he had her stopping in his narrative. She looked over her shoulder.

He was still pulling down blinds, but he finally finished. He rushed his naked body over towards her, but there was nowhere for him to hide in a wide-open room. She was past her desk by that point, more or less standing behind where she usually sat, so he crouched down and hid below the side of her desk.

He continued, "You start walking again now, but you're scared."

She spoke. "I am!"

"Good. The footsteps resume. They're coming closer. Closer." He stood up. Looking around for something to use, he grabbed a ruler off of the desk. Then he rushed behind her and drew the ruler across her neck. It had a metal edge on one side, and he put that edge up to her skin.

She shuddered when she felt the cold metal because she momentarily thought he really did have a knife.

He whispered in a low and gravelly voice, "Lady, your money or your life!"

Glory was trembling, though he couldn't tell if it was acting or if he'd successfully set the scene. She whispered back, "Take what you want. Anything. Just don't hurt me!"

He paused. He breathed down her neck. "Anything, huh?" He started to trace the shape of her collar bone with the edge of the ruler. His voice was gravelly and ugly, not gravelly and sexy like Suzanne's.

She shivered again. She was really getting into it.

"Hmmm. You're a pretty nice lookin' lady. Too bad you were walking down here. Almost makes me think you were asking for it."

"For what?"

"To get raped. By a real nasty man." He suddenly dropped the ruler to just below her skirt and used it to pull the skirt up. Then, holding the skirt with a hand, he used the ruler to pull her panties down. He ripped the panties in the process, which he thought was an appropriate touch. Then he poked at her pussy with the ruler.

She gasped.

He felt around her crotch with his other hand, reaching through her legs.

"A-ha! You're wet. What kind of hussy would be wet from the instant a dirty man starts to touch her in a dark alleyway?" He sloshed his finger around her pussy lips - they were very wet indeed.

She made a signal with her hands and said, "Time out. Alan, that's no fair. I was wet from before. I was soaked before we even started, just thinking what we'd do."

"But why are you flowing so freely right now? You're about as drippy as I've ever seen you." He diddled with her clit until she let out a tortured moan.

She protested, "But that's only because I know it's you and I'm not really being raped. I don't get turned on by rape. I'm a liberated woman."

He brought the ruler back up to her neck, only now it reeked of and dripped her pussy juices. "That may be. All I know is you can't say this isn't turning you on. The time out is over."

He suddenly drew the ruler across her neck, pressing into her skin a little. She shuddered again, and he realized that she just came.

He whispered right into her ear with his ugly voice, "Nice lady, I don't want your money. Or, I don't want just your money. I think I'll fuck you first. Then I'm going to take you back to the warehouse where my whole gang is going to fuck you silly. We're going to tie you up and drench you in cum. There's gonna be nasty men pounding into every hole all at once. You're going to be a sperm receptacle until you can't walk. Then we'll take your cum-glazed body and throw it into the street so other nasty men can find you and do the same to you. If you're walking home, expect it to take you a couple weeks of hard-core fucking before you get there."

Glory suddenly turned around, looked at him right in the eye, and said angrily, "Okay, young man, that's it! I've had enough!"

He wasn't sure what she meant. He wondered, Did I go too far? By using rape as a fantasy did I cross an uncrossable line of bad taste?

But it wasn't her intention to complain. She literally ripped her blouse open. Buttons went flying everywhere. Within seconds she had her skirt off and her bra off. Her sleeves and panty hose still remained only because she couldn't be bothered to take the time to get them off. She said huskily, "Enough playing around. Fuck me already, you nasty man! And don't lose the ruler!"

He roughly pulled her to the floor, and she mewled with great pleasure as he did so. He growled, "Here ya go, nice lady! Take my big, fat, smelly cock, because it's gonna fill your hole and then some!"

She cried, "No! Don't! NoooOOOOoooo!"

For once, he knew not to listen, and not stop. He pushed in deep, and fucked her hard and fast.

She replied with alternate cries of "Don't!" and then "Stop!" "Don't!" "Stop!" Eventually the thrusts were coming so fast that the don'ts and stops were blurring into each other. Finally, she was very clearly and deliberately yelling, "Don't stop! Don't stop! Don't stop!"

Alan in fact didn't stop. These fast, intense fucks were usually over quickly, but not this time. He focused hard on not cumming and held out a remarkably long time. It seemed that, in what was still a fuck of less than ten minutes, he fucked her in every conceivable position. First he lay on top of her, then with barely a pause he flipped her over, then he pulled her up and bent her over her desk and fucked her doggy style. Then, dramatically, he swept the desk clean, laid her across it, draped her legs over each side and then fucked her there.

The entire time, he remained in character, grunting and moaning with a low, menacing, and rough voice. As he picked up Glory and put her on her desk, he muttered, "Move it, pretty lady."

All of that caused her to let out whimpers and sighs of delight.

At one point, she suddenly exclaimed, "Condom! Where's your condom?!"

"Oops."

"Don't 'oops' me, young man. Luckily, I have some in my purse. Put one on and get back here. Hurry!"

"Dang." He really hated getting interrupted like that, but he put the condom on and then resumed his thrusting.

When she got so excited that she started screaming loudly and piercingly, Amy-style, he clasped a hand over her mouth and muffled her cries. He realized with pleasure that not only was his action necessary to prevent their being found out, it was also in keeping with the role-play.

He literally fucked her backwards down the desk. They both came in an Earth-shattering climax before she reached the other end of the desk.

Then they just lay in place on the desk, huffing and puffing for many minutes.

When they finished, the first thing she said was, "I always wanted to do that 'don't stop' thing. 'Don't. Stop. Don't. Stop. Don't stop! Don't stop!' But I never actually did, even with my boyfriend of more than two years. He would have found it childish. You, on the other hand, young man, make me lose all my inhibitions. Whatever am I going to do with you?" She playfully traced her finger along his jaw.

Alan replied in his low rapist voice, "Sorry 'bout that lady. I'm sure we'll find 'em here in the alley somewhere. Now, speaking of missing, where did you put your purse? I still want your money."

She laughed and nudged him in the arm. "Curse you, young man. You just fuck too well and you're far too clever. I could never have imagined that you could equal our first fuck, but you just about did it. Damn! Not only did you knock my pencil sharpener to the floor and break it, but you ripped my blouse. Good thing I figured you'd do that one of these days and kept some spare clothes in my closet."

He just smiled while thinking, I ripped her blouse? Ha! Talk about instant revisionist history. He too was a bit surprised at how intense their love-making could get. She seemed to bring something special out of him, and the role-plays helped a lot too.

As they sat in the afterglow, cradling each other in casual embrace, she commented, "You realize I'll never look at THAT ruler in the same way again, don't you? I'll have to get a new ruler that looks completely different from that one if I ever hope to teach with dry panties again. That one goes back to my apartment. I may break it out from time to time for 'special assignments,' if you know what I mean."

He answered, "I actually know exactly what you mean. I have an image of you standing in front of the classroom holding a ruler and stroking it up and down like you were jacking off a penis. That was just a few weeks ago, but I'm sure it's permanently burned into my brain forever. In fact, isn't it the same ruler?"

She smiled in fond remembrance. "In fact, it is. This puppy definitely goes into the ruler hall of fame." She looked at the ruler, beaming.

But then she looked at him with concern. "But you ARE a bastard, you realize that? I was so keen on regaining some respect in your eyes after what you did to me over the weekend. I had half a mind to spank you really hard today. That's what I fantasized about all last night. But then you had to have this rape role-play and expose me as being even more beholden to your damn cock. That's just plain cruel."

"Sorry. I was just feeling pissed off all of a sudden and decided to run with the emotion. It really wasn't an intentional thing. I just want to have fun."

"Never you mind. But know that you have a surprise spanking in your very near future, young man." She winked. "I'm shocked at the things that you reveal are arousing me. In this case I plead that it wasn't really the rape fantasy so much as knowing how you were going to blow my brains out with the way you fuck. And of course you did. But the good news is, we still have a goodly amount of time left. I've got another surprise test for you. Show me how good you are at licking a cunt. Three climaxes for your teacher is an A."

He saluted. "Yes, ma'am... Oh. By the way, you don't have to worry about me running off to the cheerleaders anymore. I told Heather and her pals that my lunches will be spent only with you from now on. Turns out they pretty much guessed what we've been up to. I still denied everything. At least they've sworn to keep quiet." He bent down, ready to start licking.

But Glory held him back. "Wait. Wait, wait, wait one minute. How did they suspect?"

He had a hard time coming up with an answer. But in the end he decided that with her job potentially on the line if she got found out, he needed to give her the whole truth. "It's kind of embarrassing. They seem to think that you're beautiful, and I like having sex with beautiful women, ergo, if you and I are alone it means we're having sex. The flipside of the argument is, what would a perpetually horny teenage boy rather do for lunch? Fuck cheerleaders silly or innocently grade papers?"bender

"That's it?" she asked.

"Yeah, that's it. They don't have any hard proof, so I'm going to keep stonewalling. Heather did claim to see lipstick on me after coming from you, but that was a lie, I'm sure." He finished bending down and put his tongue to work.

Glory moaned "Oh, Alan!" in response to both his tongue finding her clit and the good news. But after the happy surprise wore off, she began to consider the implications. This is so dangerous. Now a bunch of young, gossipy girls could hold my career in their hands. Especially Heather. I know that Heather. She doesn't like to lose. I'll bet that she's going to strike back, and I'll naturally be in the sights of her guns. But I'm no pushover. Bring it on, baby, bring it on!

At that very moment, Heather stood outside the door to Glory's classroom. She had a cup up to the door, which allowed her to hear some of what was happening inside. Thanks to excellent soundproofing of the classrooms, she couldn't hear any of the words, and in fact she could barely hear anything at all. But from time to time she'd just barely catch what she guessed was the sound of a woman's scream.

She smiled smugly. A-ha! I was right. Naturally. I'm always right. And Alan obviously is the stud I said he was. If a woman is hot and he sees her, he's gonna be banging her over a table before too long.

Shit. It's going to be hard to keep that wandering cock all to myself. But I'm gonna do it or my name isn't Heather Morgan. Hee!

Had Heather been able to hear Glory's "Bring it on, baby" challenge, she would have looked her right in the eyes and replied, "Don't worry. I'll bring it on and then some. You're going down!"

Chapter 740 Call Me Mistress Suzanne!

Susan and Suzanne managed to share quick a meal of jasmine rice pilaf, and then went right back to playing with each other and their vibrators. But they'd only started their after-lunch fun when the doorbell rang repeatedly.

The two beautiful mothers were naked and lying together in the living room, listening to a Debussy nocturne (Suzanne's choice). They were in no mood to be interrupted, and they let the doorbell ring a few times. But after it rang a few more times, Suzanne stopped suckling on Susan's nipple, and asked her, "Who could that be?"

"I have no idea. I can't imagine it being a repairman or Fed Ex or something like that. They're never THAT insistent."

"Hmmm. Well, I think you'd better go answer it then. Throw on a robe or something and get rid of the persistent bastard. I'll take our toys and hide out in the kitchen until you give the all clear."

So Susan went and put on a robe. She was nervous that it could be some horny man who could get the wrong idea if he saw her wearing just a robe, but she figured that if worse came to worst, she could call to Suzanne for help. The doorbell rang again as she closed her robe tightly and peeked through the spy hole to see who it was.

"Oh, Brenda!" she exclaimed in relief. She shouted for Suzanne's sake, "You can come out! It's just Brenda!" Then she opened the door.

Brenda was standing there in a typical blouse and skirt, looking a bit worried and abashed.

Susan said, "Quick, come on in." (She didn't like standing before the open door in just her robe.) "What brings you here? You scared me, since I wasn't expecting guests and I'm not exactly dressed for just anyone to see me."

With Brenda inside the house and the front door closed, Susan flashed open her robe to show what she meant. Then she undid the sash and took the robe off altogether.

About the same time, Suzanne came walking through the house, also bare naked.

Brenda couldn't help but grin as she said, "It looks like I'm overdressed."

"You are," Susan said. "Heck, I can see bra strap lines, and undies are strictly forbidden in this house, so please get nude with us. But why are you here?"

"Don't you remember?" Brenda asked. "Last night, you talked about getting together today, since you'd canceled on me yesterday. I tried calling and calling this morning..."

"We had fun at the fashion show, didn't we?" Susan asked in fond memory as she watched Brenda strip.

"Yes, but you promised some one-on-one time, and I was so looking forward to that. Don't you remember our fun at the neighborhood party the night before that, talking about-"

Susan cut in, "Yes, I do." She didn't want Brenda to mention their Alan wedding fantasy in front of Suzanne, since she figured Suzanne would scoff and think it silly. "And I'm sorry. I've been with Suzanne pretty much all day. We were exercising in the basement, and then hanging out in the backyard, and whatnot. So I must have missed your calls." (Actually, she'd heard the phone ring a few times, but she was having such fun with Suzanne that she didn't bother to answer).

Brenda got a bit nervous as she said, "I wanted to visit so much that I'm embarrassed about it. Last night was one of the most thrilling times in my life! No, make that THE most! I hope I didn't come at a bad time, but I happened to be driving by, and, well, I thought maybe you left your phone off the hook or something..."

Suzanne spoke up as she stood right in front of Brenda with her hands on her hips. She asked harshly, "Brenda, do you make a habit of lying to your natural superiors?"

Brenda, now fully naked, reacted as if she'd been slapped. "What? Me?! No! I would never do that!"

"There, that's a third lie." Suzanne crossed her arms under her massive tits to show increased annoyance. "Brenda, if you 'just happened' to be in the neighborhood, then I'm a monkey's uncle. And if the phone was off the hook, then you'd get a busy signal when you called back. I'll bet from your messages on Susan's answering machine that we can prove you're lying about that."

Brenda looked this way and that, as if searching for a way to escape. She covered up her pussy and boobs in her nervousness (or at least she tried to - she had too much tit-flesh to even begin to cover her bosom using just one hand and an arm).

Susan saw how Brenda was squirming under the intense glare from Suzanne, and said, "Come on, Suzanne, cut her some slack. So she really wanted to visit me, and told a white lie or two to cover her embarrassment. I think it's kind of cute."

Suzanne glowered, "You may be a big softy, Susan, but I'm not. Brenda lied to me, and she needs to understand that is NEVER acceptable! Besides, where are our 'hello' kisses?"

Brenda's face turned red as she recalled just how intimate her 'goodbye kisses' had been the night before. What started with kissing had soon turned into prolonged all-out whole-body fondling. Her heart raced as she imagined being "kissed" like that again.

Suzanne stepped forward, deliberately towering over her as much as she could. "I think a spanking is in order. Just how much and how harsh it is will depend on how much love and effort you put into our 'hello' greeting kisses."

"Oh!" Brenda was very surprised by that. She certainly didn't want to upset Suzanne any further. Besides, she secretly (or even not-so-secretly) relished the idea of getting spanked by her Amazonian friend. She closed her eyes, puckered her lips, and stepped forward into Suzanne's arms.

Suzanne began making out with Brenda, freely fondling her naked body.

Brenda had trouble getting in the mood at first, since she was still frightened. But that changed once Suzanne started repeatedly pulling on her long nipples.

While Suzanne did that, she nodded to Susan, who was just standing there, waiting for her turn.

Susan understood Suzanne's nonverbal gestures and joined in, hugging Brenda from behind. Once she began poking around the edges of Brenda's anus, Brenda started panting so hard with extreme arousal that Suzanne had trouble continuing to kiss her.

In the end the three of them all but fucked standing up, trading kisses, fingering pussies, and rubbing their impressive racks together.

Brenda felt as if she were on cloud nine. Yesterday, Alan tamed me thoroughly. Now it seems like Suzanne and Susan are taming me too! Although, they don't have a big fat cock to suck on, between the two of them it feels almost as good. It kind of puts things in perspective. I've been fretting all day about the implications of last night, but they're reminding me that I'm only a busty sex pet. It's not my job to fret, just to serve and obey!

Shortly after Brenda had a nice cum, Suzanne said to her, "Okay, enough of that. It's time for your spanking."

Without further ado, Suzanne bent Brenda over the backside of the nearest sofa and started walloping on Brenda's ass. This was no sexy spanking meant to arouse; this was a painful spanking meant to punish.

Susan was so shocked that she said to Suzanne, "Stop! Stop! Why are you doing this?!"

Suzanne stopped, and said to Brenda, "You stay right there. Don't move an inch." Then she walked Susan into the kitchen so they could talk in private.

Once there, Susan launched into Suzanne with a quiet yet urgent hiss. "What's gotten into you?! You're being so harsh! Sure, she told a couple of little white lies, but that's no big deal. Everyone tells lies like that all the time, including you."

Suzanne held up her hands defensively. "Whoa! Hold your horses. Give me a chance to explain. Yes, I'm fully aware she didn't really do anything wrong. I was just looking for some excuse to spank her, and that fell into my lap quite nicely."

"But why?! That's not a nice, sexy spanking; it looks like it really hurts! You left her there on the brink of tears."

"Let me explain. Look, we've learned that Brenda is very submissive, and she's pretty much fallen under Sweetie's spell. She needs to understand that I'm a boss around here too. A couple of harsh spankings will make that clear, and then we can carry on like normal. And it's not just that I want to be some bossy bitch; she needs this. She needs to submit. Not just to Sweetie, but to me too. That's what's been missing in her life, and that's what makes her horny and happy. If you think about it, the way he spanked her last night is what really, well... I don't know. Changed her, somehow."

Susan nodded. That was the moment he fully tamed her. I guess Suzanne isn't big on that lingo, but that's exactly what happened. Spanking showed her that Tiger is her superior who needs to be obeyed and pleased at all times.

Actually, now that I think about it, I wish he'd give me a really harsh spanking! That would be so hot! He did give me one, and it was very arousing, but it wasn't that harsh. He really needs to put me in my place and remind me exactly who's the boss!

Suzanne added, "Actually, you should join in. She should understand that this is your house, and your rules are how things are done around here."

Susan thought about that, and then decided, "Well, I suppose that's okay. You spanking her and all. But I don't think it's for me. I'm not that different from her, actually."

Suzanne replied, "I beg to differ. Sure, you love Sweetie dominating you, and even Angel doing the same sometimes, but you also have a spine of steel and you can put your foot down in a forceful way when it's needed. I think it would do you some good to see things from the other side sometimes."

Susan said fretfully, "Maybe, but I wouldn't know where to begin. It's just not me!"

"Watch what I do, and learn. Don't ask her what she wants, give her orders. It'll come to you."

The two nude mothers walked back to where Brenda was still bent over the sofa. As they had ordered, it looked like she hadn't moved an inch. However, the smell of wet pussy was noticeably more pungent than when they'd left.

Suzanne whacked Brenda's ass about ten more times, just as mercilessly as before, and then said to her, "Well, it looks like you're gonna get a bit of a break. I was going to do a lot more, but I got to talking to Susan for so long that I kind of lost my spanking mood. You can get up."

Brenda immediately rose. However, she kept her head down, and fumbled for what to say. "Thank you, uh, er..."

"Mistress," Suzanne said firmly. "You may call me 'Mistress,' or 'Mistress Suzanne.'"bender

"Yes, Mistress." Brenda had been becoming more submissive towards Suzanne day by day, and hadn't known how to feel about that. A visible wave of relief and happiness passed through her as that issue got resolved. She's tamed me too! True, it's not as intense a feeling as what I feel with Master Alan, but just looking at her now, I feel a powerful craving to serve and obey. Bliss! And to call her Mistress Suzanne... Oh! Perfection!

She glanced at Susan. That's curious. I kind of feel it with her as well. It's not as strong, but it's there. I guess if nothing else, the fact that she's the mother of Alan means she deserves to be treated with great respect. And of course, she's the best friend of Mistress Suzanne.

Hmmm. I wonder if she'd let me call her Mistress Susan?

Suzanne raised her head imperially, and said to Brenda, "You may kiss my feet. Then you can kiss my pussy."

Susan looked at Suzanne in total shock. She gave her an upset "You've gone too far!" look.

But Brenda didn't even hesitate. She kissed both of Suzanne's feet quite thoroughly, kissing each toe. Then she got up on her knees and lapped at Suzanne's pussy lips and clit.

As she did so, she thought, If Alan is my master, and he is, of course, then by extension Susan and Suzanne are my mistresses. If that's true, then maybe I won't have to be so tortured waiting for my relatively few interactions with him. I can serve so much more! I'm not really bisexual, but they get me totally hot. So maybe I am.

Surprisingly, thinking that she might be bisexual didn't bother her much, despite having always strongly resisted the idea before. Somehow, it was different if the other woman was Susan or Suzanne. She decided not to think about it if she could help it.

Susan didn't know what to make of these latest developments. But she watched Brenda lick and kiss Suzanne's pussy for a couple of minutes, and it was hard to deny just how content Brenda was. Brenda even kept her arms pinned behind her back, despite the fact that no one had told her to do so. She was obviously working hard to give Suzanne a nice orgasm, and she eventually succeeded, although it was hard to tell, since Suzanne's body shuddered and she suddenly grasped Brenda's head with both hands, but she didn't cry out or speak.

Finally, Suzanne stepped back from Brenda and said to her, "Very good. You may stand. Now, what were you hoping to do with Susan today?"

Brenda was out of sorts. Obviously, everything that had just happened since she'd arrived, from the spanking through to her kissing and licking of Suzanne's feet and pussy, had had a big effect on her. But Suzanne was expecting her to make small talk and carry on like it was no big deal. She stumbled around for something to say. "Um, I, er... Suzanne, I mean, uh, Mistress Suzanne, I..."

Suzanne reached out and tenderly stroked the side of Brenda's face, and then slid her hand down until she cupped one of Brenda's huge globes from underneath. "Calm down, take a deep breath, and start over. It's a simple question. What would you like to do with Susan today?"

Brenda closed her eyes, exhaled, and then opened them again. She looked to Susan hopefully. "Well, as you know, Susan and I have been talking a lot lately, and it's been great. Of course, we've mostly been talking about Alan, and how good it is to be with him and serve his cock. As you know, we've been practicing with our Alan-sized vibrators so we can improve our sucking endurance and technique."

Suzanne nodded. "Good. I take it you'd like to talk about all that some more."

Brenda nodded back shyly. She looked over to Susan and they shared a knowing smile. Susan even licked all around her lips, as if cleaning her face of some cum. That nearly made Brenda giggle.

"I've got some things to do, so I'll leave you two to it." Suzanne felt it was extremely important to keep Susan cumming all day long, so that Susan would be too sexually satiated to be up for a big sex-fest with Alan when he came home. Suzanne had been planning to stay with Susan until Alan came home, but it looked like Brenda could do that, thus freeing Suzanne up to do other things. Suzanne spent so much time keeping Susan perpetually horny as part of her long term plan to turn the Plummer family into her sexual utopia that her other errands and responsibilities were piling up.

She reviewed her thinking as she idly fondled Brenda's great orbs. Then she added, "I'll probably stop by in an hour or two to say 'hi' and see how you're coming along." She wasn't entirely sure how things would go between Susan and Brenda, so she figured it would be prudent to check.

Suzanne exchanged goodbye French kisses with Susan and Brenda, and then went to the underwear cabinet, put her clothes on, and left.